

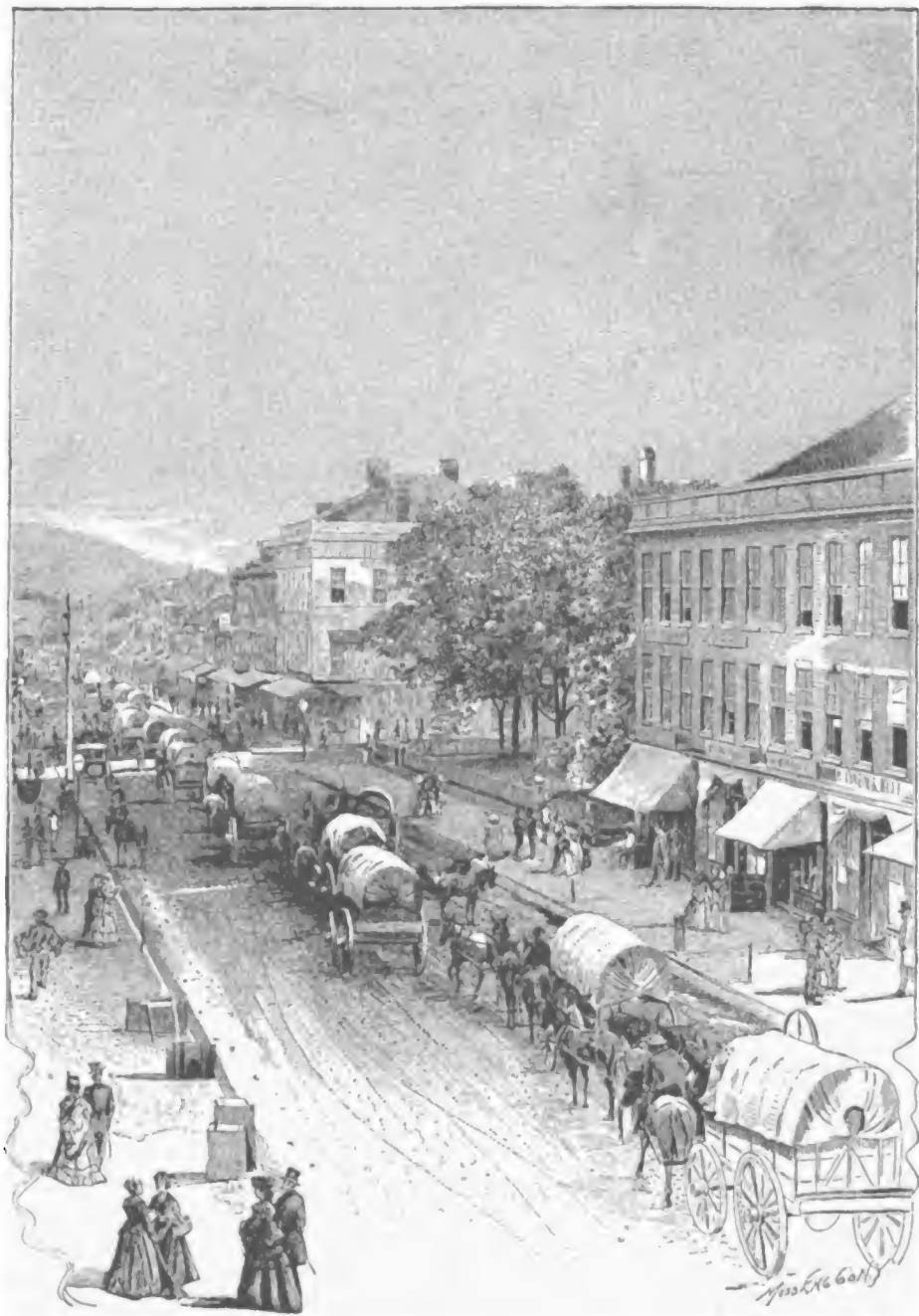
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1907

A N M

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
OF
OHIO.

VOLUME II.



Drawn from a Photograph of the time.

SHERMAN'S ARMY WAGONS GOING THROUGH ZANESVILLE.

JUNE, 1865.

At the close of the war Sherman's army wagons left Washington City for distribution among the frontier posts. Several weeks were occupied in passing through Zanesville.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

OF

OHIO

IN THREE VOLUMES.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE STATE:

HISTORY BOTH GENERAL AND LOCAL, GEOGRAPHY WITH DESCRIPTIONS
OF ITS COUNTIES, CITIES AND VILLAGES, ITS AGRICULTURAL, MANU-
FACTURING, MINING AND BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT, SKETCHES
OF EMINENT AND INTERESTING CHARACTERS, ETC.,
WITH NOTES OF A TOUR OVER IT IN 1886.

ILLUSTRATED BY ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

CONTRASTING THE OHIO OF 1846 WITH 1886-90.

*From drawings by the author in 1846 and photographs taken solely for it in
1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, and 1890, of cities and chief towns, public
buildings, historic localities, monuments, curiosities,
antiquities, portraits, maps, etc.*

THE OHIO CENTENNIAL EDITION.

By HENRY HOWE, LL.D.,
AUTHOR "HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA"
AND OTHER WORKS.

Vol. II.

COLUMBUS:
HENRY HOWE & SON.

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1891

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COUNTIES.

HAMILTON.

HAMILTON was the second county established in the Northwestern Territory. It was formed January 2, 1790, by proclamation of Governor St. Clair, and named from Gen. Alexander Hamilton. Its original boundaries were thus defined: "Beginning on the Ohio river, at the confluence of the Little Miami, and down the said Ohio to the mouth of the Big Miami; and up said Miami to the standing stone forks or branch of said river, and thence with a line to be drawn due east to the Little Miami, and down said Little Miami river to the place of beginning." The surface is generally rolling; soil on the uplands clay, and in the valleys deep alluvion, with a substratum of sand. Its agriculture includes a great variety of fruits and vegetables for the Cincinnati market.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 68,458; in pasture, 19,468; woodland, 10,774; lying waste, 5,619; produced in wheat, 163,251 bushels; rye, 34,390; buckwheat, 110; oats, 116,500; barley, 34,390; corn, 468,501; broom corn, 2,345 pounds brush; meadow hay, 16,573 tons; clover hay, 3,915; potatoes, 190,398 bushels; tobacco, 25,460 pounds; butter, 648,910; cheese, 9,950; sorghum, 15 gallons; maple syrup, 454; honey, 7,413 pounds; eggs, 327,650 dozen; grapes, 235,235 pounds; wine, 3,091 gallons; sweet potatoes, 11,314 bushels; apples, 1,910; peaches, 2,327; pears, 1,195; wool, 9,405 pounds; milch cows owned, 9,714; milk, 3,779,048 gallons. School census, 1888, 99,049; teachers, 1,031; miles of railroad track, 545.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Anderson,	2,311	4,154	Miami,	2,189	2,317
Colerain,	2,272	3,722	Mill Creek,	6,249	11,286
Columbia,	3,022	5,306	Spencer,		996
Crosby,	1,875	1,043	Springfield,	3,092	7,975
Cincinnati (city),	46,382	255,139	Storrs,	740	
Delhi,	1,466	4,738	Sycamore,	3,207	6,369
Fulton,	1,505		Symmes,	1,033	1,626
Green,	2,939	4,851	Whitewater,	1,883	1,575
Harrison,		2,277			

Population of Hamilton, in 1820, was 31,764; 1830, 52,380; 1840, 80,165; 1860, 216,410; 1880, 313,374; of whom 191,509 were born in Ohio; 10,586, Kentucky; 6,468, Indiana; 4,362, New York; 4,185, Pennsylvania; 2,361, Virginia; 53,252, German Empire; 16,991, Ireland; 4,099, England and Wales; 1,787, France; 1,308, British America; 796, Scotland. Census, 1890, 374,573.

Before the war much attention was given to the cultivation of vineyards upon the hillsides of the Ohio for the manufacture of wine, and it promised to be a great business when the change in climate resulted disastrously.

ANTIQUITIES.

THE GREAT DAM AT CINCINNATI IN THE ICE AGE.

The country in the vicinity of Cincinnati owes its unsurpassed beauty to the operations of Nature during the glacial era. It was the ice movements that gave it those fine terraces along the valleys and graceful contours of formation on the summits of the hills that were so attractive to the pioneers. Here it was that the great ice movement from the north ended. As has been remarked, "those were the days of the beautiful lake rather than the beautiful river."

No single cause has done more to diversify the surface of the country, to add to the attractiveness of the scenery and to furnish the key by which the condition of the Ice Age can be reproduced to the mind's eye than glacial dams. To them we owe the present existence of nearly all the waterfalls in North America, as well as nearly all the lakes.

A glacial dam across the Ohio river is supposed to have existed at the site of Cincinnati during the Ice Age, and the evidence supporting the theory is so full and conclusive that its existence can almost be assumed as an absolute certainty.

The evidences of the former existence of this dam and the lake caused thereby were first discovered and the attention of the scientific world attracted thereto, in the summer of 1882, by Prof. G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin, whose valuable researches on glacial phenomena have given him a world-wide reputation. The facts here given are extracted from Prof. Wright's recently published volume, "The Ice Age in North America," a work scientific, but plain to the commonest understanding, intensely interesting and an inestimably valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

"The ice came down through the trough of the Ohio, and meeting with an obstruction, crossed it so as to completely choke the channel, and form a glacial dam high enough to raise the level of the water five hundred and fifty feet—this being the height of the water shed to the south. The consequences following are interesting to trace.

"The bottom of the Ohio river at Cincinnati is 447 feet above the sea-level. A dam of 553 feet would raise the water in its rear to a height of 1,000 feet above the tide. This would produce a long narrow lake, of the width of the eroded trough of the Ohio, submerge the site of Pittsburg to a depth of 300 feet, and make slack-water up the Monongahela nearly to Grafton, W. Va., and up the Allegheny as far as Oil City. All the tributaries of the Ohio would likewise be filled to this level with the back-water. The length of this slack-water lake in the main valley, to its termination up either the Allegheny or the Monongahela, was not far from one thousand miles. The conditions were also peculiar in this, that all the northern tributaries head within the southern margin of the ice-front, which lay at varying distances to the north. Down these northern tributaries there must have poured during the summer months immense torrents of water to strand boulder-laden icebergs on the summits of such high hills as were lower than the level of the dam."

Prof. E. W. Clappole, in an article read before the Geological Society of Edinburgh, and published in their "Transactions," has given a very vivid description of the scenes connected with the final breaking away of

the ice-barrier at Cincinnati. He estimates that the body of water held in check by this dam occupied 20,000 square miles, and that during the summer months, when the ice was most rapidly melting away, it was supplied with water at a rate that would be equivalent to a rainfall of 160 feet in a year. This conclusion he arrives at by estimating that ten feet of ice would annually melt from the portion of the State which was glaciated, and which is about twice the extent of the unglaciated portion. Ten feet over the glaciated portion is equal to twenty feet of water over the unglaciated. To this must be added an equal amount from the area farther back whose drainage was then into the upper Ohio. This makes forty feet per year of water so contributed to this lake-basin. Furthermore, this supply would all be furnished in the six months of warm weather, and to a large degree in the daytime, which gives the rate above mentioned.

The breaking away of the barrier to such a body of water is no simple affair. As this writer remarks:

"The Ohio of to-day in flood is a terrible danger to the valley, but the Ohio then must have been a much more formidable river to the dwellers on its banks. The muddy waters rolled along, fed by innumerable rills of glacier-milk, and often charged with ice and stones. The first warm days of spring were the harbinger of the coming flood, which grew swifter and deeper as the summer came, and only subsided as the falling temperature of autumn locked up with frost the glacier fountains. The ancient Ohio river system was in its higher part a multitude of

glacial torrents rushing off the ice-sheet, carrying all before them, waxing strong beneath the rising sun, till in the afternoon the roar of the waters and their stony burden reached its maximum, as the sun slowly sank again diminished, and gradually died away during the night, reaching its minimum at sunrise.

"But with the steady amelioration of the climate, more violent and sudden floods ensued. The increasing heat of summer compelled the retreat of the ice from the Kentucky shore, where Covington and Newport now lie, and so lowered its surface that it fell below the previous out-flow point. The waters then took their course over the dam, instead of passing, as formerly, up the Licking and down the Kentucky river valleys. The spectacle of a great ice-cascade, or of long ice-rapids, was then exhibited at Cincinnati. This cataract or these rapids must have been several hundred feet high. Down these cliffs or this slope the water dashed, melting its own channel, and breaking up the foundations of its own dam. With the depression of the dam the level of the lake also fell. Possibly the change was gradual, and the dam and the lake went gently down together. Possibly, but not probably, this was the case. Far more likely is it that the melting was rapid, and that it sapped the strength of the dam faster than it lowered the water. This will be more probable if we consider the immense area to be drained. The catastrophe was then inevitable—the dam broke, and all the accumulated water of Lake Ohio was poured through the gap. Days or even weeks must have passed before it was all gone; but at last its bed was dry. The upper Ohio valley was free from water, and Lake Ohio had passed away.

"But the whole tale is not yet told. Not once only did these tremendous floods occur. In the ensuing winter the dam was repaired by the advancing ice, relieved from the melting effects of the sun and of the floods.

Year after year was this conflict repeated. How often we cannot tell. But there came at last a summer when the Cincinnati dam was broken for the last time; when the winter with its snow and ice failed to renew it, when the channel remained permanently clear, and Lake Ohio had disappeared forever from the geography of North America.

"How many years or ages this conflict between the lake and the dam continued it is quite impossible to say, but the quantity of wreckage found in the valley of the lower Ohio, and even in that of the Mississippi, below their point of junction, is sufficient to convince us that it was no short time. 'The Age of Great Floods' formed a striking episode in the story of the 'Retreat of the Ice.' Long afterwards must the valley have borne the marks of these disastrous torrents, far surpassing in intensity anything now known on earth. The great flood of 1885, when the ice-laden water slowly rose seventy-three feet above low-water mark, will long be remembered by Cincinnati and her inhabitants. But that flood, terrible as it was, sinks into insignificance beside the furious torrents caused by the sudden, even though partial, breach of an ice-dam hundreds of feet in height, and the discharge of a body of water held behind it, and forming a lake of 20,000 square miles in extent.

"To the human dwellers in the Ohio valley—for we have reason to believe that the valley was in that day tenanted by man—these floods must have proved disastrous in the extreme. It is scarcely likely that they were often forecast. The whole population of the bottom lands must have been repeatedly swept away; and it is far from being unlikely that in these and other similar catastrophes in different parts of the world, which characterized certain stages in the Glacial era, will be found the far-off basis on which rest those traditions of a flood that are found among almost all savage nations, especially in the north temperate zone."

(Madisonville), eight miles northeast of Cincinnati (in a cross valley about five miles in length, connecting Mill creek with the Little Miami back of Avondale, Walnut Hills and the observatory), is an extremely interesting region, as connected with the glacial period. This valley, or depression, is generally level, from one to two miles wide, and about 200 feet above the low water-mark in the Ohio, and from 200 to 300 feet below the adjacent hills. It is occupied by a deposit of gravel, sand and loam, belonging to the glacial-terrace epoch. In the article, "Glacial Man in Ohio," by Prof. Wright, in Vol. I., page 93, is given a map of this region. The article also speaks of the discoveries of Dr. C. L. Metz of two palæolithic implements, which prove that man lived in Ohio before the close of the glacial period, say from 8,000 to 10,000 years ago, before which there were no Niagara Falls and no Lake Erie.

The first implement was found at Madisonville by him, in 1885, while digging a cistern. "In making the excavation for this he penetrated the loam eight feet before reaching the gravel, and then near the surface of the gravel this implement was found. There is no chance for it to have been covered by any slide, for the plain is extensive and level-topped, and there had evidently been no previous disturbance of the gravel." "It is not smoothed, but simply a rudely chipped,

pointed weapon about three inches long." The other palæolith was found by Dr. Metz, in the spring of 1887, in an excavation in a similar deposit near Loveland, some thirty feet below the surface, and near where some mastodon bones had previously been found. It was an oblong stone about six inches long, four and a half inches wide, which had here been chipped all around to an edge. Similar discoveries have since been made in Tuscarawas county.

Dr. Metz has favored us with the following article upon discoveries in the mounds and earthworks of the lost race which inhabited this region after the glacial era. They are all upon the surface, being built upon the summits of the glacial-terraces or upon the present flood plains.

THE PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS OF HAMILTON COUNTY.

The territory comprising Hamilton county appears to have been one of the great centres of the aboriginal inhabitants. This is evidenced by the great number of earthworks, mounds and extensive burial places found throughout the county.

Mounds and Earthworks.—The mounds and the earthworks are found most numerous in the valleys of the Little and Great Miami, and in the region between the Little Miami and Ohio rivers. Of the mounds, 437 have been observed in the county, the largest of which is located on the Levi Martin estate, about one mile east of the village of Newtown. The dimensions of this mound from actual measurements are as follows: Circumference at base, 625 feet; width at base, 150 feet; length at base, 250 feet; perpendicular height, 40 feet.

Earth Enclosures.—Of the earthworks, or enclosures, fifteen in number have been located, the principal ones being the "Fortified Hill" near the mouth of the great Miami river, figured and described by Squire and Davis in their "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley" [see Plate IX., No. 2, Vol. I., Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge], and the very interesting earthworks located on the lands of Mr. Michael Turner, near the junction of the East Fork and Little Miami river in Anderson township, and which the writer takes the liberty to designate as the "Whittlesey and Turner group of works." This group of works was first described by T. C. Day, Esq., in a paper entitled "The Antiquities of the Miami Valley," *Cincinnati Chronicle*, November, 1839, and subsequently, in 1850, were surveyed and described by Col. Charles Whittlesey in Vol. III., Article 7, Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. Of this work, Mr. Day says: "The site of this stupendous fortification, if we may so call it, is a few rods to the right of the road leading from Newtown to Milford, and about midway between them. It is situated on a ridge of land that juts out from the third bottom of the Little Miami, and reaches within 300 yards of its bed. From the top of the ridge to low water-mark is probably 100 feet. It terminates with quite a sharp point, and its sides are very abrupt, bearing evident marks of having once been swept by some stream of water, probably the Miami. It forms an extremity of an immense bend,

curving into what is now called the third bottom, but which is evidently of alluvial formation. Its probable height is forty feet, and its length about a quarter of a mile before it expands out and forms the third alluvial bottom. About 150 yards from the extreme point of this ridge, the ancient workmen having cut a ditch directly through it, it is thirty feet in depth, its length, a semi-circular curve, is 500 feet, and its width at the top is eighty feet, having a level base of forty feet. At the time of its formation it was probably cut to the base of the ridge, but the washing of the rains has filled it up to its present height. Forty feet from the western side of the ditch is placed the low circular wall of the fort, which describes in its circumference an area of about four acres. The wall is probably three feet in mean height, and is composed of clay occasionally mixed with small flat river stone. It keeps at an exact distance from the top of the ditch, but approaches nearer to the edge of the ridge. The form of the fort is a perfect circle, and is 200 yards in diameter. Its western side is defended with a ditch, cut through in the same manner as the one on the eastern side. Its width and depth is the same, but its length is greater by 200 feet, as the ridge is that much wider than where the other is cut through. The wall of this fort keeps exactly the same distance from the top of this ditch as of the other, viz.: forty feet. Its curve is exactly the opposite of that of the other, so as to form two segments of a circle. At the southeastern side of the fort there is an opening in the wall thirty-six yards wide, and opposite this opening is one of the most marked features of this wonderful monument. A causeway extends out from the ridge about 300 feet in length, 100 feet in width, with a gradual descent to the alluvial bottom at its base. The material of its construction is evidently a portion of the earth excavated from the ditches. . . . "To defend this entrance they raised a mound of earth seven feet high, forty wide and seventy-five long. It is placed about 100 feet from the mouth of the causeway, and is so situated that its garrison could sweep it to its base." The mound above referred to was explored by the writer under the auspices of Prof. F. W. Putnam, curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Cambridge, Mass.,

and we quote from their Sixteenth Annual Report: "The large mound proved a most interesting structure, unlike anything heretofore discovered. It contained a small central tumulus, surrounded by a carefully built stone-wall and covered in by a platform of stones, over which was a mass of clay. On this wall were two depressions in each of which a body had been laid, and outside the wall in the surrounding clay were found several skeletons, one of them lying upon a platform of stones. With these skeletons were found a copper celt, ornaments made of copper and shell, and two large sea-shells. With each of three of the skeletons was a pair of the spool-shaped ear ornaments of copper, and in every instance these ornaments were found one on either side near the skull."

Large Earth Enclosure.—From the base of the graded way heretofore described extend two embankments forming the segments of an oblong oval, enclosing an area of about 16 acres. These embankments extend in an easterly direction, gradually approaching each other until an opening or gateway, 150 feet in width, remains. To protect this gateway a mound is erected just within the opening, having a diameter at base of 125 feet and a perpendicular height of seven feet. Within the above enclosure are fourteen mounds and one large circular embankment, having a diameter of 300 feet and a gateway to the south sixty feet wide. Near the northern side of this circular enclosure was a small mound covering a stone cist containing a human skeleton.

Altar Mounds.—On the southern side of the oval was a group of eight mounds. Several of these mounds contained "Altars" or basings of burnt clay, on two of which there were thousands of objects of interest, which are described as follows by Prof. Putnam in his report: "Two of these altars, each about four feet square, were cut out and brought to the museum. Among the objects from the altars are numerous ornaments and carvings unlike anything we have had before.

"One altar contained about two bushels of ornaments made of stone, copper, mica, shells, the canine teeth of bears and other animals, and thousands of pearls (50,000 have been counted and sorted from the mass). Nearly all of these objects are perforated in various ways for suspension. Several of the copper ornaments are covered with native silver, which had been hammered out into thin sheets and folded over the copper. Among these are a bracelet and a bead, and several of the spool-shaped ear ornaments.

"*Gold in Mound.*—One small copper pendant seems to have been covered with a thin sheet of gold, a portion of which still adheres to the copper, while other bits of it were found in the mass of material. This is the first time that native gold has been found in the mounds, although hundreds have been explored. The ornaments cut out of copper and mica are very interesting, and embrace many forms. Among them is a grotesque human profile cut out of a sheet of mica.

Several ornaments of this material resemble the heads of animals whose features are emphasized by a red color, while others are the form of circles and bands. Many of the copper ornaments are large and of peculiar shape; others are scrolls, scalloped circles, oval pendants and other forms. There are about thirty of the singular spool-shaped objects or ear-rings made of copper. Three large sheets of mica were on this altar, and several finely-chipped points of obsidian, chalcedony and chert were in the mass of materials.

"There were several pendants cut from a micaceous schist and of a unique style of work. There are also portions of a circular piece of bone, over the surface of which are incised figures, and flat pieces of shell similarly carved. Several masses of native copper were on the altar.

Meteoritic Iron and Terra-Cotta Figurines.—But by far the most important things found on this altar were the several masses of meteoric iron and the ornaments made from this metal. One of these is half of a spool-shaped object like those made of copper, with which it was associated. Another ear-ornament of copper is covered with a thin plating of the iron, in the same manner as others were covered with silver. "Three of the masses of iron have been more or less hammered into bars, as if for the purpose of making some ornament or implement, another is apparently in the natural shape in which it was found." "On another altar in another mound of the group were several terra-cotta figurines of a character heretofore unknown from the mounds.

"Unfortunately these objects as well as others found on the altars have been more or less burnt, and many of them appear to have been purposely broken before they were placed on the altars.

"Many pieces of these images have been united, and it is my hope that we shall succeed in nearly restoring some of them.

"Enough has already been made out to show the peculiar method of wearing the hair; the singular head-dress and large button-like ear-ornaments shown by those human figures are of particular interest. On the same altar with the figurines were two remarkable dishes carved from stone in the form of animals; with these was a serpent cut out of mica. On the altar were several hundred quartz pebbles from the river, and nearly 300 astragali of deer and elk. As but two of these bones could be obtained from a single animal, and as there were but one or two fragments of other bones, there must have been some special and important reason for collecting so large a number of these particular bones.

"A fine-made bracelet made of copper and covered with silver and several other ornaments of copper, a few pearls and shells and other ornaments were also on this altar." Near the last group of earth-works are two parallel ways or embankments, 100 feet apart and extending one-half mile in length northwestwardly across the lands of Mr. Gano Martin.

Small Earth Enclosures.—Of the smaller earth enclosures, the one in the Stites Grove, near Plainville, is in the best state of preservation. It consists of a circular embankment, inner ditch, across which is a causeway leading to an opening in the embankment to the southeast. Numerous ancient burial-places are found in the county, and the mortuary customs are varied, indicating that the territory has been occupied by various tribes at different periods. We find the stonecist burials, burials under flat stones, burials in stone circles, burials in the drift gravel beds, burials in pits in the horizontal and also in the sitting positions, original mound burials, intrusive mound burials and evidences of cremation.

Ancient Cemetery, Near Madisonville, O.—The most extensive and interesting of the ancient burial-places is the one known as the pre-historic cemetery, near Madisonville, Ohio, which has become noted for its singular ash-pits, as well as for the skeletons buried in or at the bottom of the leaf-mould covering the pits. One thousand and sixty-five skeletons, 700 ash-pits, upwards of 300 earthen vases, numerous implements of bone, horn, shell, copper and stone have been found.

The *Ash-pits* are discovered after twelve to twenty-four inches of the leaf-mould has been removed and the hard pan or clay is reached, when the pit is discovered by a circular discoloration or black spot. These ash-pits, as they have been well named, are circular excavations in the hard pan of the plateau, from three to four feet in diameter and from four to seven feet deep. The contents themselves are of peculiar interest, and the purpose for which they were made is still a mystery. The average pit may be said to be filled with ashes in more or less defined layers. Some of the layers near the top seem to be mixed with the surrounding gravel to a greater or less extent; but generally, after removing the contents of the upper third of the pit, a mass of fine gray ashes is found, which is from a few inches to over two feet in thickness.

Sometimes this mass of ashes contains thin strata of charcoal, sand or gravel. Throughout the mass of ashes and sand, from the top of pit to the bottom, are bones of fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals. With the bones are the shells of several species of unionidæ. There are also found in these pits large pieces of pottery, also a large number of implements made of bones of deer, and elk antlers have been found. Those made of elk antlers are in most cases adapted for digging or agricultural purposes, and often so large and so well made as to prove that they are effective implements. Among other objects made of bone are beads, small whistles, or bird-calls, made from hollow bone of birds, also flat and cylindrical pieces with "tally" notches and marks cut upon them, short round pieces of antler carefully cut and polished together, with arrow points, drills, scrapers and other chipped instruments of stone. A few polished celts and several rough hammer stones have been found in the pits.

Corn-Pit.—A number of objects of copper, particularly beads, have been taken from these pits, as have also several pipes of various shapes cut out of stone. One pit discovered August 26, 1879, known as the "corn-pit," is of peculiar interest. The depth of this pit was six feet, its diameter three feet. The layers or strata from above downwards were: 1st, Leaf-mould 24 inches; 2d, Gravel and clay 15 inches; 3d, Ashes containing animal remains, pottery sherds, unio shells 10 inches; 4th, Bark, twigs and matting 4 inches; 5th, Carbonized shell corn 4 inches; 6th, Layer of twigs, matting and corn leaves 2 inches; 7th, Carbonized corn in ear 6 inches; 8th, Boulders covering the bottom of the pit 6 inches.

Immediately along-side of this pit was another the same depth, 3 feet 7 inches in diameter; containing leaf-mould, 24 inches; ashes with animal remains, fragments of pottery, shells, etc., 4 feet.

The bottom layer of all the pits was invariably ashes, and in the ashes were found, in good state of preservation, bone implements, representing fish hooks, fish spears, bone and horn digging tools, bone beads, solid cylinders of bone two to three inches in length, one-fourth to one-half inch in diameter, bone awls, needles, fives, grooved bones, cut pieces of antler of deer and elk, copper beads, perforated unios, together with numerous animal remains; of these many were identified as belonging to the deer, elk, bear, buffalo, raccoon, opossum, mink, woodchuck, beaver, various species of birds and water fowls, turkey, fish, together with various species of unio shell.

Pottery.—The skeletons were buried in the horizontal position, and are generally found at a depth of from eighteen inches to three feet; with the skeletons have been found a number of vessels of pottery; the most common of these are small cooking-pots with pointed bottoms and four handles. Most of the vessels are simply cord-marked, but some are found ornamented within with incised lines, or with circular indentations. Several have been obtained on which were small and rudely made medallion figures representing the human face.

Lizard Ornamentation.—On one pot a similarly formed head is on the edge so as to face the inside of the vessel. One vessel lent to the Smithsonian Institute has luted ornaments representing the human face on either side between the handles. A half dozen small vessels have a very interesting form of decoration; these are known as lizard or salamander pots. On some of these vessels the salamander, which is fairly modeled, is on the surface of the broad, flat handles on opposite sides, on others these ornaments are placed between the handles, and on one they form the handles. In all, the head of the salamander is on the edge or lip of the vessel, and in one or two is carried a little to the inside. A few other forms of vessels are represented by single specimens. Such are an ordinary pot attached to a hollow stand a few inches high, two vessels

joined together, one above the other, the upper without a bottom, the two having eight handles and a flat, long dish with two handles at each end.

The *pre-historic cemetery*, near Madisonville, occupies an area of about fifteen acres covered with vast forest trees. Many of the skeletons and pits are found beneath the roots of large oak, walnut or maple trees.

Mardelles or Dug-outs.—In the county but two of the circular excavations designated as “mardelles” have been found. The best preserved of this class of works is the one situated on the lands of the John Turner estate, two miles northeast of the village of Newtown.

This pit has a diameter of sixty feet at the top, depth in the centre twelve feet; six feet from the edge of the pit is a well-marked embankment conforming to the circular edge of the pit. The embankment is two feet high, eight feet wide at the base, and is interrupted by a gate-way or opening fifteen feet wide at the east. There are many interesting objects in the county that warrant a detailed description; we can, however, but briefly call attention to the terraced hill at Red Bank and the old road-way in Section 11, Columbia Township.

The hill at Red Bank, just north from the railway station, has an elevation of about 300 feet, and is terraced on its eastern and southern slopes. The terraces are five in number, and are undoubtedly the work of human hands. This hill is surmounted by a small mound. The ancient road-way in Section 11, Columbia Township, near Madisonville, is cut along the face of a steep hill extending from the creek in a south-westwardly direction to the top of the hill ending near the Darling homestead. The road-way is upward of 1,600 feet in length, having an average width of twenty-five feet, and is overgrown with large forest trees.

Implements of Preglacial Men.—Evidences of preglacial men having existed in Ohio have been given by the finding of rudely chipped pointed implements at Madisonville and at Loveland in the glacial deposits as before stated. The discovery of the altar mounds in the Little Miami Valley similar to those discovered and explored by Squire and Davis in the Scioto Valley, near Chillicothe, would indicate that the territory that is now known as Ross and Hamilton counties was once the great centre of the pre-historic population of Southern Ohio.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

Hamilton county was the second settled in Ohio. Washington, the first, had its first settlement at Marietta, April 7, 1788. The country between the Great and Little Miamis had been the scene of so many fierce conflicts between the Kentuckians and Indians in their raids to and fro that it was termed the “Miami Slaughter House.” In June, 1780, the period of the Revolutionary war, Captain Byrd, in command of 600 British and Indians with artillery from Detroit, came down the Big Miami and ascended the Licking opposite Cincinnati on his noted expedition into Kentucky, when he destroyed several stations and did great mischief. And in the August following Gen. Rogers Clark, with his Kentuckians, took up his line of march from the site of Cincinnati for the Shawnee towns on Little Miami and Mad rivers, which he destroyed. On this campaign he erected two blockhouses on the north side of the Ohio. These were the first structures known to have been built on the site of the city.

The beautiful country between the Miamis had been so infested by the Indians that it was avoided by the whites, and its settlement might have been procrastinated for years, but for the discovery and enterprise of Major Benjamin Stites, a trader from New Jersey. In the summer of 1786 Stites happened to be at Washington, just back of Limestone, now Maysville, where he headed a party of Kentuckians in pursuit of some Indians who had stolen some horses. They followed for some days; the latter escaped, but Stites gained by it a view of the rich valleys of the Great and Little Miami as far up as the site of Xenia. With this knowledge, and charmed by the beauty of the country, he hurried back to New Jersey, and revealed his discovery to Judge John Cleves Symmes, of Trenton, at that time a member of Congress and a man of great influence. The result was the formation of a company of twenty-four gentlemen of the State, similar to that of the Ohio Company, as proprietors of the proposed purchase. Among these were General Jonathan Dayton, Elias Boudinot and Dr. Witherspoon, as well as Symmes and Stites. Symmes, in August of next year, 1787, petitioned Congress for a grant of the land, but before the bargain was closed he made arrangements with Stites to sell him 10,000 acres of the best land.

SETTLEMENT OF COLUMBIA.

Under the contract with Symmes, Stites, with a party of eighteen or twenty, landed on the 18th of November, 1788, and laid out the village of Columbia below the mouth of the Little Miami; it is now within the limits of the city, five miles east of Fountain Square.

The settlers were superior men. Among them were Col. Spencer, Major Gano, Judge Goforth, Francis Dunlavy, Major Kibbey, Rev. John Smith, Judge Foster, Col. Brown, Mr. Hubbell, Capt. Flinn, Jacob White and John Riley, and for several years the settlement was the most populous and successful.

Two or three blockhouses were first erected for the protection of the women and children, and then log-cabins for the families. The boats in which they had come from Maysville, then Limestone, were broken up and used for the doors, floors, etc., to these rude buildings. They had at that time no trouble from the Indians, which arose from the fact that they were then gathered at Fort Harmar to make a treaty with the whites. Wild game was plenty, but their breadstuffs and salt soon gave out, and as a substitute they occasionally used various roots, taken from native plants, the bear grass especially. When the spring of 1789 opened their prospects grew brighter. The fine bottoms on the Little Miami had long been cultivated by the savages, and were found mellow as ash

heaps. The men worked in divisions, one-half keeping guard with their rifles while the others worked, changing their employments morning and afternoon.

Turkey Bottom, on the Little Miami, one and a half miles above Columbia, was a clearing in area of a square mile, and had been cultivated by the Indians for a long while, and supplied both Columbia and the garrison at Fort Washington at Cincinnati with corn for that season. From nine acres of Turkey Bottom, the tradition goes, the enormous crop of 963 bushels were gathered the very first season.

Before this the women and children from Columbia early visited Turkey Bottom to scratch up the bulbous roots of the bear grass. These they boiled, washed, dried on smooth boards, and finally pounded into a species of flour, which served as a tolerable substitute for making various baking operations. Many of the families subsisted for a time entirely on the roots of the bear grass; and there was great suffering for provisions until they could grow corn.

SETTLEMENT OF CINCINNATI.

The facts connected with the settlement of Cincinnati are these: In the winter of 1787-1788 Matthias Denman, of Springfield, New Jersey, purchased of John Cleves Symmes, a tract of land comprising 740 acres, now but a small part of the city, his object being to form a station, lay out a town on the Ohio side opposite the mouth of the Licking river, and establish a ferry, which last was especially important. The old Indian war-path from the British garrison at Detroit here crossed the Ohio, and here was the usual avenue by which savages from the north had invaded Kentucky. Denman paid five shillings per acre in Continental scrip, or about fifteen pence per acre in specie, or less than \$125 in specie for the entire plot.

Denman the next summer associated with him two gentlemen of Lexington, Ky., each having one-third interest, Col. Robert Patterson and John Filson. The first was a gallant soldier of the Indian wars, and John Filson a school-master and surveyor, and author of various works upon the West, of which he had been an explorer, one of them "The Discovery, Settlement and Present State of Kentucky," published in 1784; also a map of the same. Filson was to survey the site and lay it out into lots, thirty in-lots of half an acre and thirty out-lots of four acres to be given thirty settlers on their paying \$1.50 for deed and survey. He called the proposed town Losantiville, a name formed by him from the Latin "os," mouth, the Greek "anti," opposite, and the French "ville," city, from its position opposite the mouth of the Licking river. And this name it retained until the advent of Gov. St. Clair, January 2, 1790, who, being a member of the old Revolutionary army Society of Cincinnati, expressed a desire the name should be changed to Cincinnati, when his wish was complied with.

Preliminary Exploration.—In September, 1788, a large party, embracing Symmes, Stites, Denman, Patterson, Filson, Ludlow, with others, in all about sixty men, left Limestone to visit the new Miami Purchase

of Symmes. They landed at the mouth of the Great Miami, and explored the country for some distance back from that and North Bend, at which point Symmes then decided to make a settlement. The party surveyed

the distance between the two Mianis, following the meanders of the Ohio, and returned to Limestone.

On this trip Filson became separated from his companions while in the rear of North Bend, and was never more heard of, having doubtless been killed by the Indians, a fate of which he always seemed to have a presentiment. Israel Ludlow, who had intended to act as surveyor for Symmes, now accepted Filson's interest, and assumed his duties in laying out Losantiville.

Landing at Cincinnati.—On the 24th of December, 1788, Denman and Patterson, with twenty-six others, left Limestone in a boat to found Losantiville. After much difficulty and danger from floating ice in the river, they arrived at the spot on or about the 28th, the exact date being in dispute. The precise spot of their landing was an inlet at the foot of Sycamore street, later known as Yeatman's Cove.

Ludlow laid out the town. On the 7th of January ensuing the settlers by lottery decided on their choice of donation lots, the

same being given to each in fee simple on condition: 1. Raising two crops successively, and not less than an acre for each crop. 2. Building within two years a house equal to twenty-five feet square, one and a half stories high, with brick, stone or clay chimney, each house to stand in front of their lots. The following is a list of the settlers who so agreed, thirty in number: Samuel Blackburn, Sylvester White, Joseph Thornton, John Vance, James Dumont, — Fulton, Elijah Martin, Isaac Van Meter, Thomas Gissel, David McCleaver, — Davidson, Matthew Campbell, James Monson, James McConnell, Noah Badgely, James Carpenter, Samuel Mooney, James Campbell, Isaac Freeman, Scott Traverse, Benjamin Dumont, Jesse Stewart, Henry Bechtel, Richard Stewart, Luther Kitchell, Ephraim Kibbey, Henry Lindsey, John Porter, Daniel Shoemaker, Joel Williams.

The thirty in-lots in general terms comprised the space back from the landing between Main street and Broadway, and there was the town begun.

The North Bend settlement was the third within the Symmes Purchase, and was made under the immediate care of Judge Symmes. He called it North Bend because it is the most northerly bend on the Ohio west of the Kanawha. The Judge with his party of adventurers left Limestone January 29, 1789, only about a month after that of Denman at Cincinnati, and two months after that of Stites at Columbia. The history of this with other connecting historical items we extract from Burnet's Notes:

The party, on their passage down the river, were obstructed, delayed and exposed to imminent danger from floating ice, which covered the river. They, however, reached the Bend, the place of their destination, in safety, early in February. The first object of the Judge was to found a city at that place, which had received the name of North Bend, from the fact that it was the most northern bend in the Ohio river below the mouth of the Great Kanawha.

The *water-craft* used in descending the Ohio, in those primitive times, were flat-boats made of green oak plank, fastened by wooden pins to a frame of timber, and caulked with tow, or any other pliant substance that could be procured. Boats similarly constructed on the northern waters were then called *arks*, but on the western rivers they were denominated *Kentucky boats*. The materials of which they were composed were found to be of great utility in the construction of temporary buildings for safety, and for protection from the inclemency of the weather, after they had arrived at their destination.

At the earnest solicitation of the Judge, General Harmar sent Captain Kearsey with forty-eight rank and file, to protect the improvements just commencing in the Miami country. This detachment reached Limestone in December, 1788, and in a few days after, Captain Kearsey sent a part of his command in advance, as a guard to protect the pioneers under Major Stites, at the Little Miami, where they arrived soon after. Mr.

Symmes and his party, accompanied by Captain Kearsey, landed at Columbia, on their passage down the river, and the detachment previously sent to that place joined their company. They then proceeded to the Bend, and landed about the first or second of February. When they left Limestone, it was the purpose of Captain Kearsey to occupy the fort built at the mouth of the Miami, by a detachment of United States troops, who afterwards descended the river to the falls.

That purpose was defeated by the flood in the river, which had spread over the low grounds and rendered it difficult to reach the fort. Captain Kearsey, however, was anxious to make the attempt, but the Judge would not consent to it; he was, of course, much disappointed, and greatly displeased. When he set out on the expedition, expecting to find a fort ready built to receive him, he did not provide the implements necessary to construct one. Thus disappointed and displeased, he resolved that he would not build a new work, but would leave the Bend and join the garrison at Louisville.

In pursuance of that resolution, he embarked early in March, and descended the river with his command. The Judge immediately wrote to Major Willis, commandant of the garrison at the Falls, complaining of the conduct of Captain Kearsey, representing the exposed situation of the Miami settlement, stating the indications of hostility manifested by the Indians, and requesting a guard to be sent to the Bend. This request

was promptly granted, and before the close of the month, Ensign Luce arrived with seventeen or eighteen soldiers, which, for the time, removed the apprehensions of the pioneers at that place. It was not long, however, before the Indians made an attack on them, in which they killed one soldier, and wounded four or five other persons, including Major J. R. Mills, an emigrant from Elizabethtown, New Jersey, who was a surveyor, and an intelligent and highly respected citizen. Although he recovered from his wounds, he felt their disabling effects to the day of his death.

Symmes City Laid Out.—The surface of the ground where the Judge and his party had landed was above the reach of the water, and sufficiently level to admit of a convenient settlement. He therefore determined, for the immediate accommodation of his party, to lay out a village at that place, and to suspend, for the present, the execution of his purpose, as to the city, of which he had given notice, until satisfactory information could be obtained in regard to the comparative advantages of different places in the vicinity. The determination, however, of laying out such a city, was not abandoned, but was executed in the succeeding year on a magnificent scale. It included the village, and extended from the Ohio across the peninsula to the Miami river. This city, which was certainly a beautiful one, on paper, was called Symmes, and for a time was a subject of conversation and of criticism; but it soon ceased to be remembered—even its name was forgotten, and the settlement continued to be called North Bend. Since then, that village has been distinguished as the residence and the home of the soldier and statesman, William Henry Harrison, whose remains now repose in an humble vault on one of its beautiful hills.

In conformity with a stipulation made at Limestone, every individual belonging to the party received a donation lot, which he was required to improve, as the condition of obtaining a title. As the number of these adventurers increased in consequence of the protection afforded by the military, the Judge was induced to lay out another village, six or seven miles higher up the river, which he called South Bend, where he disposed of some donation lots; but that project failed, and in a few years the village was deserted and converted into a farm.

Indian Interviews.—During these transactions, the Judge was visited by a number of Indians from a camp in the neighborhood of Stites' settlement. One of them, a Shawnee chief, had many complaints to make of frauds practised on them by white traders, who fortunately had no connection with the pioneers. After several conversations, and some small presents, he professed to be satisfied with the explanation he had received, and gave assurances that the Indians would trade with the white men as friends.

In one of their interviews, the Judge told him he had been commissioned and sent out

to their country, by the thirteen fires, in the spirit of friendship and kindness; and that he was instructed to treat them as friends and brothers. In proof of this he showed them the flag of the Union, with its stars and stripes, and also his commission, having the great seal of the United States attached to it; exhibiting the American eagle, with the olive branch in one claw, emblematical of peace, and the instrument of war and death in the other. He explained the meaning of those symbols to their satisfaction, though at first the chief seemed to think they were not very striking emblems either of peace or friendship; but before he departed from the Bend, he gave assurances of the most friendly character. Yet, when they left their camp to return to their towns, they carried off a number of horses belonging to the Columbia settlement, to compensate for the injuries done them by wandering traders, who had no part or lot with the pioneers. These depredations having been repeated, a party was sent out in pursuit, who followed the trail of the Indians a considerable distance, when they discovered fresh signs, and sent Captain Flinn, one of their party, in advance, to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far before he was surprised, taken prisoner, and carried to the Indian camp. Not liking the movements he saw going on, which seemed to indicate personal violence, in regard to himself, and having great confidence in his activity and strength, at a favorable moment he sprang from the camp, made his escape, and joined his party. The Indians, fearing an ambuscade, did not pursue. The party possessed themselves of some horses belonging to the Indians, and returned to Columbia. In a few days, the Indians brought in Captain Flinn's rifle, and begged Major Stites to restore their horses—alleging that they were innocent of the depredations laid to their charge. After some further explanations, the matter was amicably settled, and the horses were given up.

The three principal settlements of the Miami country, although they had one general object, and were threatened by one common danger, yet there existed a strong spirit of rivalry between them—each feeling a pride in the prosperity of the little colony to which he belonged. That spirit produced a strong influence on the feelings of the pioneers of the different villages, and produced an *esprit du corps*, scarcely to be expected under circumstances so critical and dangerous as those which threatened them. At first it was a matter of doubt which of the rivals, Columbia, Cincinnati or North Bend, would eventually become the chief seat of business.

That, however, lasted but a short time. The garrison having been established at Cincinnati, made it the headquarters and the depot of the army. In addition to this, as soon as the county courts of the territory were organized, it was made the seat of justice of Hamilton county. These advantages convinced everybody that it was destined to become the emporium of the Miami country.

Privations of the Settlers.—A large number of the original adventurers to the Miami purchase had exhausted their means by paying for their land, and removing their families to the country. Others were wholly destitute of property, and came out as volunteers, under the expectation of obtaining, gratuitously, such small tracts of land as might be forfeited by the purchasers, under Judge Symmes, for not making the improvements required by the conditions stipulated in the terms of sale and settlement of Miami lands, published by the Judge, in 1787. The class of adventurers first named was comparatively numerous, and had come out under an expectation of taking immediate possession of their lands, and of commencing the cultivation of them for subsistence. Their situation, therefore, was distressing. To go out into the wilderness to till the soil appeared to be certain death; to remain in the settlements threatened them with starvation. The best provided of the pioneers found it difficult to obtain subsistence; and, of course, the class now spoken of were not far from total destitution. They depended on game, fish, and such products of the earth as could be raised on small patches of ground in the immediate vicinity of the settlements.

Occasionally, small lots of provision were brought down the river by emigrants, and sometimes were transported on pack-horses, from Lexington, at a heavy expense, and not without danger. But supplies, thus procured, were beyond the reach of those destitute persons now referred to.

Stations Established.—Having endured these privations as long as they could be borne, the more resolute of them determined to brave the consequences of moving on to their lands. To accomplish the object with the least exposure, those whose lands were in the same neighborhood united as one family; and on that principle, a number of associations were formed, amounting to a dozen or more who went out resolved to maintain their positions.

Each party erected a strong block-house, near to which their cabins were put up, and the whole was enclosed by strong log pickets. This being done, they commenced clearing their lands, and preparing for planting their crops. During the day, while they were at work, one person was placed as a sentinel, to warn them of approaching danger. At sunset they retired to the block-house and their cabins, taking everything of value within the pickets. In this manner they proceeded from day to day, and week to week, till their improvements were sufficiently extensive to support their families. During this time, they depended for subsistence on wild game, obtained at some hazard, more than on the scanty supplies they were able to procure from the settlements on the river.

In a short time these stations gave protection and food to a large number of destitute families. After they were established, the Indians became less annoying to the settlements on the Ohio, as part of their time was

employed in watching the stations. The former, however, did not escape, but endured their share of the fruits of savage hostility. In fact, no place or situation was exempt from danger. The safety of the pioneer depended on his means of defence, and on perpetual vigilance.

The Indians viewed those stations with great jealousy, as they had the appearance of permanent military establishments, intended to retain possession of their country. In that view they were correct; and it was fortunate for the settlers that the Indians wanted either the skill or the means of demolishing them.

The truth of the matter is, their great error consisted in permitting those works to be constructed at all. They might have prevented it with great ease, but they appeared not to be aware of the serious consequences which were to result, until it was too late to act with effect. Several attacks were, however, made at different times, with an apparent determination to destroy them; but they failed in every instance. The assault made on the station erected by Captain Jacob White, a pioneer of much energy and enterprise, at the third crossing of Mill creek from Cincinnati, on the old Hamilton road, was resolute and daring; but it was gallantly met and successfully repelled. During the attack, which was in the night, Captain White shot and killed a warrior, who fell so near the block-house, that his companions could not remove his body. The next morning it was brought in, and judging from his stature, as reported by the inmates, he might have claimed descent from a race of giants. On examining the ground in the vicinity of the block-house, the appearances of blood indicated that the assailants had suffered severely.

Dunlap's Station Attacked.—In the winter of 1790–1, an attack was made, with a strong party, amounting, probably, to four or five hundred, on Dunlap's station, at Colerain. The block-house at that place was occupied by a small number of United States troops, commanded by Col. Kingsbury, then a subaltern in the army. The fort was furnished with a piece of artillery, which was an object of terror to the Indians; yet that did not deter them from an attempt to effect their purpose. The attack was violent, and for some time the station was in imminent danger.

The savages were led by the notorious Simon Girty, and outnumbered the garrison, at least, ten to one. The works were entirely of wood, and the only obstacle between the assailants and the assailed was a picket of logs, that might have been demolished, with a loss not exceeding, probably, twenty or thirty lives. The garrison displayed unusual gallantry—they frequently exposed their persons above the pickets, to insult and provoke the assailants; and judging from the facts reported, they conducted with as much folly as bravery.

Col. John Wallace, of Cincinnati, one of the earliest and bravest of the pioneers, and

as amiable as he was brave, was in the fort when the attack was made. Although the works were completely surrounded by the enemy, the colonel volunteered his services to go to Cincinnati for a reinforcement. The fort stood on the east bank of the Big Miami. Late in the night he was conveyed across the river in a canoe, and landed on the opposite shore. Having passed down some miles below the fort, he swam the river, and directed his course for Cincinnati. On his way down, the next day, he met a body of men from that place and from Columbia, proceeding to Colerain. They had been informed of the attack, by persons hunting in the neighborhood, who were sufficiently near the fort to hear the firing when it began.

He joined the party, and led them to the station by the same route he had travelled from it; but before they arrived, the Indians had taken their departure. It was afterwards

ascertained that Mr. Abner Hunt, a respectable citizen of New Jersey, who was on a surveying tour in the neighborhood of Colerain, at the time of the attack, was killed before he could reach the fort. His body was afterwards found, shockingly mangled.

The Indians tied Hunt to a sapling, within sight of the garrison, who distinctly heard his screams, and built a large fire so near as to scorch him, inflicting the most acute pain; then, as his flesh, from the action of the fire and the frequent application of live coals, became less sensible, making deep incisions in his limbs, as if to renew his sensibility of pain; answering his cries for water, to allay the extreme thirst caused by burning, by fresh tortures; and, finally, when, exhausted and fainting, death seemed approaching to release the wretched prisoner, terminating his sufferings by applying flaming brands to his naked bowels."

EARLY BEGINNINGS OF CINCINNATI.

Soon as the settlers of Cincinnati landed (December, 1788) they commenced erecting three or four cabins, the first of which was built on Front, east of and near Main street. The lower table of land was then covered with sycamore and maple trees, and the upper with beech and oak. Through this dense forest the streets were laid out, their corners being marked upon the trees. This survey extended from Eastern row, now Broadway, to Western row, now Central Avenue, and from the river as far north as to Northern row, now Seventh street.

Fort Washington was built in the fall of 1789 by Major Doughty, the commander of a body of troops sent by Gen. Harmar from Fort Harmar with discretionary power to locate a fort in the Miami country. The site selected was a little east of Broadway just outside of the village limits, and where Third street now crosses it. The fort was a solid, substantial fortress of hewn timber about 180 feet square with block-houses at the four angles and two stories high. Fifteen acres were reserved there by government. It was the most important and extensive military work then in the Territories, and figured largely in the Indian wars of the period. Gen. Harmar arrived and took command late in December, its garrison then comprising seventy men.

In January, 1790, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, then governor of the Northwest Territory, arrived at Cincinnati to organize the county of Hamilton. In the succeeding fall Gen. Harmar marched from Fort Washington on his expedition against the Indians of the Northwest. In the following year (1791) the unfortunate army of St. Clair marched from the same place. On his return, St. Clair gave Major Zeigler the command of Fort Washington and repaired to Philadelphia. Soon after the latter was succeeded by Col. Wilkinson. This year Cincinnati had little increase in its population. About one-half of the inhabitants were attached to the army of St. Clair, and many killed in the defeat.

In 1792 about fifty persons were added by immigration to the population of Cincinnati, and a house of worship erected. In the spring following the troops which had been recruited for Wayne's army landed at Cincinnati and encamped on the bank of the river, between the village of Cincinnati and Mill creek. To that encampment Wayne gave the name of "Hobson's Choice," it being the only suitable place for that object. This was just west of Central avenue. Here he remained several months, constantly drilling his troops, and then moved on to a spot now in Darke county, where he erected Fort Greenville. In the fall, after the army had left, the small-pox broke out in the garrison at Fort Washington, and spread with so much malignity that nearly one-third of the soldiers and citizens fell victims. In July, 1794, the army left Fort Greenville, and on the

20th of August defeated the enemy at the battle of "the Fallen Timbers," in what is now Lucas county, a few miles above Toledo. Judge Burnet thus describes Cincinnati, at about this period.

Prior to the treaty of Greenville, which established a permanent peace between the United States and the Indians, but few improvements had been made of any description, and scarcely one of a permanent character. In Cincinnati, Fort Washington was the most remarkable object. That rude but highly interesting structure stood between Third and Fourth streets produced, east of Eastern Row, now Broadway, which was then a two-pole alley, and was the eastern boundary of the town, as originally laid out. It was composed of a number of strongly built, hewed-log-cabins, a story and a half high, calculated for soldiers' barracks. Some of them, more conveniently arranged and better finished, were intended for officers' quarters. They were so placed as to form a hollow square of about an acre of ground with a strong block-house at each angle. It was built of large logs, cut from the ground on which it stood, which was a tract of fifteen acres, reserved by Congress in the law of 1792 for the accommodation of the garrison.

The artificers' yard was an appendage to the fort, and stood on the bank of the river immediately in front. It contained about two acres of ground, enclosed by small contiguous buildings, occupied as work-shops and quarters for laborers. Within the enclosure there was a large two-story frame-house, familiarly called the "yellow-house," built for the accommodation of the quartermaster-general, which was the most commodious and best finished edifice in Cincinnati.

On the north side of Fourth street, immediately behind the fort, Colonel Sargent, secretary of the territory, had a convenient frame-house and a spacious garden, cultivated with care and taste. On the east side of the fort, Dr. Allison, the surgeon-general of the army, had a plain frame dwelling in the centre of a large lot, cultivated as a garden and fruitery, which was called Peach Grove.

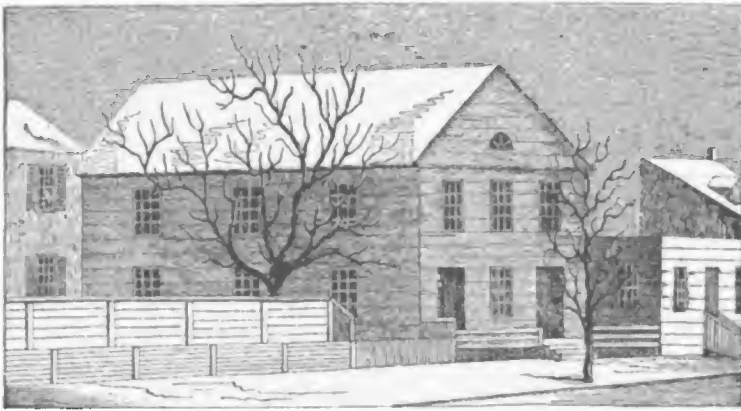
The Presbyterian church, an interesting edifice, stood on Main street in front of the spacious brick building now occupied by the first Presbyterian congregation. It was a substantial frame building about forty feet by thirty, enclosed with clapboards, but neither lathed, plastered nor ceiled. The floor was of boat plank, resting on wooden blocks. In that humble edifice the pioneers and their families assembled statedly for public worship; and, during the continuance of the war, they always attended with loaded rifles by their sides. That building was afterwards neatly finished, and some years subsequently [1814] was sold and removed to Vine street, where it now [1847] remains the property of Judge Burke.

On the north side of Fourth street, opposite where St. Paul's Church now stands, there stood a frame school-house, enclosed, but unfinished, in which the children of the village were instructed. On the north side of the public square there was a strong log-building erected and occupied as a jail. A room in the tavern of George Avery, near the frog-pond, at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, had been rented for the accommodation of the courts; and as the penitentiary system had not been adopted, and Cincinnati was a seat of justice, it was ornamented with a pillory, stocks and whipping-post, and occasionally with a gallows. These were all the structures of a public character then in the place. Add to these the cabins and other temporary buildings for the shelter of the inhabitants, and it will complete the schedule of the improvements of Cincinnati at the time of the treaty of Greenville. The only vestige of them now remaining is the church of the pioneers. With that exception, and probably two or three frame buildings which have been repaired, improved and preserved, every edifice in the city has been erected since the ratification of that treaty. The stations of defence scattered through the Miami Valley were all temporary, and have long since gone to decay or been demolished.

It may assist the reader in forming something like a correct idea of the appear-

ance of Cincinnati, and of what it actually was at that time, to know that at the intersection of Main and Fifth streets, now the centre of business and tasteful improvement, there was a pond of water, full of alder bushes, from which the frogs serenaded the neighborhood during the summer and fall, and which rendered it necessary to construct a causeway of logs to pass it. That morass remained in its natural state, with its alders and its frogs, several years after Mr. B. became a resident of the place, the population of which, including the garrison and followers of the army, was about six hundred. The fort was then commanded by William H. Harrison, a captain in the army, but afterwards President of the United States. In 1797, General Wilkinson, the commander-in-chief of the army, made it his head-quarters for a few months, but did not apparently interfere with the command of Captain Harrison, which continued till his resignation in 1798.

During the period now spoken of, the settlements of the territory, including



Drawn by Henry Howe in Winter of 1846-1847.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN CINCINNATI.

[The engraving represents the first Presbyterian Church as it appeared in February, 1847. In the following spring it was taken down and the materials used for the construction of several dwellings in the western part of Cincinnati then called *Texas*. The greater proportion of the timber was found to be perfectly sound. The site was on Vine street just above where now is the Arcade. In 1791 a number of the inhabitants formed themselves into a company to escort the Rev. James Kemper from beyond the Kentucky river to Cincinnati; and, after his arrival, a subscription was set on foot to build this church, which was erected in 1792. This subscription paper is still in existence, and bears date January 16, 1792. Among its signers were General Wilkinson, Captains Ford, Peters and Shaylor, of the regular service, Dr. Allison, surgeon to St. Clair and Wayne, Winthrop Sargeant, Captain Robert Elliot and others, principally citizens, to the number of 106.]

Cincinnati, contained but few individuals, and still fewer families, who had been accustomed to mingle in the circles of polished society. That fact put it in the power of the military to give character to the manners and customs of the people. Such a school, it must be admitted, was by no means calculated to make the most favorable impression on the morals and sobriety of any community, as was abundantly proved by the result.

Idleness, drinking and gambling prevailed in the army to a greater extent than it has done at any subsequent period. This may be attributed to the fact that they had been several years in the wilderness, cut off from all society but their own, with but few comforts or conveniences at hand, and no amusements but such as their own ingenuity could invent. Libraries were not to be found—men of literary minds or polished manners were rarely met with; and they had long been deprived of the advantage of modest, accomplished female society, which always produces a salutary influence on the feelings and moral habits of men.

Thus situated, the officers were urged, by an irresistible impulse, to tax their wits for expedients to fill up the chasms of leisure which were left on their hands after a full discharge of their military duties; and, as is too frequently the case, in such circumstances, the bottle, the dice-box and the card-table were among the expedients resorted to, because they were the nearest at hand and the most easily procured.

It is a distressing fact that a very large proportion of the officers under General Wayne, and subsequently under General Wilkinson, were hard drinkers. Harrison, Clark, Shomberg, Ford, Strong and a few others were the only exceptions. Such were the habits of the army when they began to associate with the inhabitants of Cincinnati, and of the western settlements generally, and to give tone to public sentiment.

As a natural consequence the citizens indulged in the same practices and formed the same habits. As a proof of this it may be stated that when Mr. Burnet came to the bar there were nine resident lawyers engaged in the practice, of whom he is and has been for many years the only survivor. They all became confirmed sots, and descended to premature graves, excepting his brother, who was a young man of high promise, but whose life was terminated by a rapid consumption in the summer of 1801. He expired under the shade of a tree, by the side of the road, on the banks of Paint creek, a few miles from Chillicothe.

On the 9th of November, 1793, William Maxwell established at Cincinnati *The Centinel of the Northwestern Territory*, with the motto, "open to all parties—influenced by none." It was on a half-sheet, royal quarto size, and was the first newspaper printed north of the Ohio river. In 1796 Edward Freeman became the owner of the paper, which he changed to *Freeman's Journal*, which he continued until the beginning of 1800, when he removed to Chillicothe. On the 28th of May, 1799, Joseph Carpenter issued the first number of a weekly paper entitled the *Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette*. On the 11th of January, 1794, two keel-boats sailed from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, each making a trip once in four weeks. Each boat was so covered as to be protected against rifle- and musket-balls, and had port-holes to fire out at, and was provided with six pieces carrying pound balls, a number of muskets and ammunition, as a protection against the Indians on the banks of the Ohio. In 1801 the first sea-vessel equipped for sea—of 100 tons, built at Marietta—passed down the Ohio, carrying produce, and the banks of the river at Cincinnati were crowded with spectators to witness this novel event. December 19, 1801, the Territorial Legislature passed a bill removing the seat of government from Chillicothe to Cincinnati.

January 2, 1802, the Territorial Legislature incorporated the town of Cincinnati, and the following officers were appointed: David Ziegler, President; Jacob Burnet, Recorder; Wm. Ramsay, David E. Wade, Chas. Avery, John Reily, Wm. Stanley, Samuel Dick, and Wm. Ruffner, Trustees; Jo. Prince, Assessor; Abram Cary, Collector; and James Smith, Town Marshal. In 1795 the town contained 94 cabins, 10 frame houses, and about 500 inhabitants. In 1800 the population was estimated at 750, and, in 1810, it was 2,540.

We give on an adjoining page a view of Cincinnati, taken by J. Cutler, as it appeared about the year 1810. It is from an engraving in "the Topographical Description of Ohio, Indiana Territory, and Louisiana, by a late officer of the army," and published at Boston, in 1812.

That work states that Cincinnati contains about 400 dwellings, an elegant court-house, jail, 3 market-houses, a land-office for the sale of Congress lands, 2 printing-offices, issuing weekly gazettes, 30 mercantile stores, and the various branches of mechanism are carried on with spirit. Industry of every kind being duly encouraged by the citizens, it is likely to become a considerable manufacturing place. It has a bank, issuing notes under the authority of the State, called the Miami Exporting Company. . . . A considerable trade is carried on between Cincinnati and New Orleans in keel-boats, which return laden with foreign goods. The passage of a boat, of forty tons, down to New Orleans, is computed at about twenty-five, and its return at about sixty-five days.

In 1819 a charter was obtained from the State Legislature, by which Cincinnati was incorporated as a city. This, since repeatedly amended and altered, forms the basis of its present municipal authority.

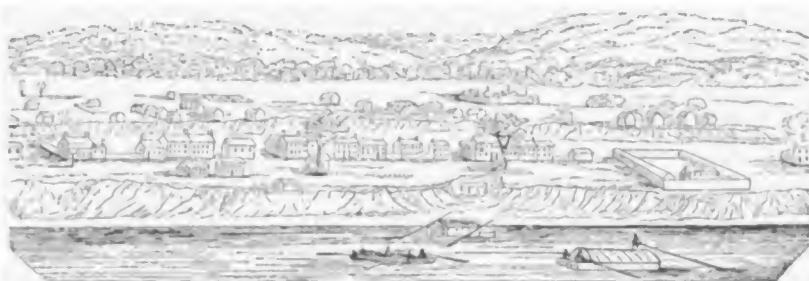
DESCRIPTION OF CINCINNATI IN 1847.

[From the Original Edition.]

Cincinnati is 116 miles southwest Columbus; 120 southeast Indianapolis, Indiana; 90 north-northwest Lexington, Kentucky; 270 north-northeast Nashville, Tennessee; 455 below Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, by the course of the river; 132 above Louisville, Kentucky; 494 above the mouth of the Ohio river, and 1,447 miles above New Orleans by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; 518 by post-route west of Baltimore; 617 miles west by south of Philadelphia; 950 from New York by Lake Erie, Erie canal, and Hudson river, and 492 from Washington City. It is in 39 deg. 6 minutes 30 seconds N. lat., and 7 deg. 24 minutes 25 seconds W. long. It is the largest city of the West north of New Orleans, and the fifth in population in the United States. It is situated on the north bank of the Ohio river, opposite the mouth of Licking river, which enters the Ohio between Newport and Covington, Kentucky. The Ohio here has a gradual bend towards the south.

This city is near the eastern extremity of a valley about twelve miles in circumference, surrounded by beautiful hills, which rise to the height of 300 feet by gentle and varying slopes, and mostly covered with native forest trees. The summit of these hills presents a beautiful and picturesque view of the city and valley. The city is built on two table-lands, the one elevated from forty to sixty feet above the other. Low-water mark in the river, which is 108 feet below the upper part of the city, is 432 feet above tide-water at Albany, and 133 feet below the level of Lake Erie. The population in 1800 was 750; in 1810, 2,540; in 1820, 9,602; in 1830, 24,831; in 1840, 46,338; and, in 1847, over 90,000. Employed in commerce in 1840, 2,226; in manufactures and trades, 10,866; navigating rivers and canals, 1,748; in the learned professions, 377. Covington and Newport, opposite in Kentucky, and Fulton and the adjacent parts of Mill Creek township on the north are, in fact, suburbs of Cincinnati, and if added to the above population would extend it to 105,000. The shore of the Ohio at the landing is substantially paved to low-water mark, and is supplied with floating wharves, adapted to the great rise and fall of river, which renders the landing and shipping of goods at all times convenient.

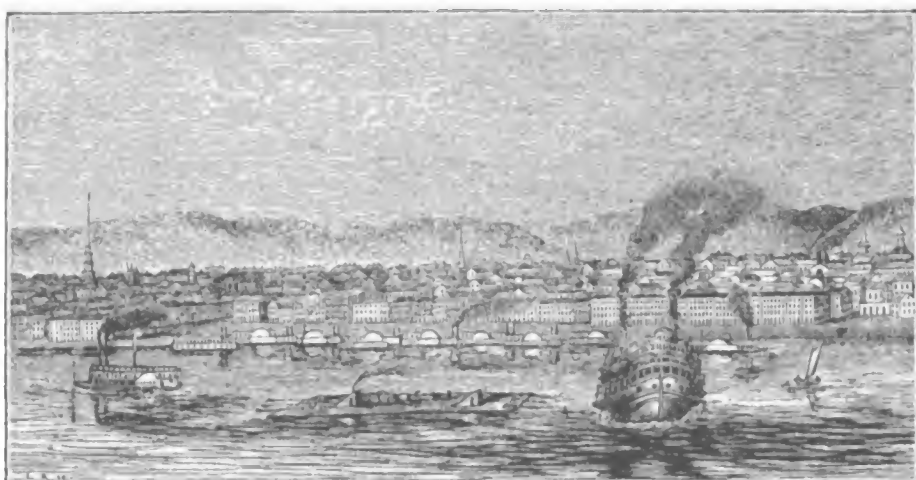
Cincinnati seems to have been originally laid out on the model of Philadelphia—with great regularity. North of Main street, between the north side of Front street and the bank of the river, is the landing, an open area of 10 acres, with about 1,000 feet front. This area is of great importance to the business of the city, and generally presents a scene of much activity. The corporate limits include about four square miles. The central part is compactly and finely built, with spacious warehouses, large stores, and handsome dwellings; but in its outer parts it is but partially built up and the houses irregularly scattered. Many of them are of stone or brick, but an equal or greater number are of wood, and are generally from two to four stories high. The city contains over 11,000 edifices, public and private; and of those recently erected, the number of brick exceeds those of wood, and the style of architecture is constantly improving. Many of the streets are well paved, extensively shaded with trees, and the houses ornamented with shrubbery. The climate is more variable than on the Atlantic coast in the same latitude. Snow rarely falls sufficiently deep or lies long enough to furnish sleighing. Few places are more healthy, the average annual mortality being 1 in 40. The inhabitants are from every State in the Union, and from various countries in Europe. Besides natives of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey have furnished the greatest number; but many are from New York, Virginia,



CINCINNATI IN 1802.



CINCINNATI IN 1810.



CINCINNATI IN 1846.

Maryland, and New England. Nearly one-fifth of the adult population are Germans. But England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and Wales have furnished considerable numbers.

The Ohio river at Cincinnati is 1,800 feet, or about one-third of a mile wide, and its mean annual range from low to high water is about 50 feet; the extreme range may be about 10 feet more. The greatest depressions are generally in August, September, and October, and the greatest rise in December, March, May, and June. The upward navigation is generally suspended by floating ice for eight or ten weeks in the winter. Its current at its mean height is about three miles an hour; when higher and rising, it is more; and, when very low, it does not exceed two miles. The quantity of rain and snow which falls annually at Cincinnati is near 3 feet 9 inches. The wettest month is May, and the driest January. The average number of clear and fair days in a year is 146; of variable, 114; of cloudy, 105. There have been, since 1840, from thirty to thirty-eight steamboats annually built, with an average aggregate tonnage of 6,500 tons.

Among the public buildings of Cincinnati is the court-house, on Main street; it is a spacious building. The edifice of the Franklin and Lafayette bank, of Cincinnati, on Third street, has a splendid portico of Grecian Doric columns, 4 feet 6 inches in diameter, extending through the entire front, was built after the model of the Parthenon, and is truly classical and beautiful. The First and Second Presbyterian churches are beautiful edifices, and the Unitarian church is singularly neat. There are several churches, built within the last three years, which possess great beauty, either internally or externally. But the most impressive building is the Catholic Cathedral, which, at far less cost, surpasses in beauty and picturesque effect the metropolitan edifice at Baltimore. There are many fine blocks of stores on Front, Walnut, Pearl, Main, and Fourth streets, and the eye is arrested by many beautiful private habitations. The most showy quarters are Main street, Broadway, Pearl, and Fourth street west of its intersection with Main.

There are 76 churches in Cincinnati, viz.: 7 Presbyterian (4 Old and 3 New School); 2 Congregational; 12 Episcopal Methodist; 2 Methodist Protestant; 2 Wesleyan Methodist; 1 Methodist Episcopal South; 1 Bethel; 1 Associate Reformed; 1 Reformed Presbyterian; 6 Baptist; 5 Disciples; 1 Universalist; 1 Restorationist; 1 Christian; 8 German Lutheran and Reformed; English Lutheran and Reformed, 1 each; 1 United Brethren; 1 Welsh Calvinistic; 1 Welsh Congregational; 1 Unitarian; 2 Friends; 1 New Jerusalem; 8 Catholic, 6 of which are for Germans; 2 Jewish synagogues; 5 Episcopal, and 1 Second Advent.

There are 5 market-houses and 3 theatres, of which 1 is German.

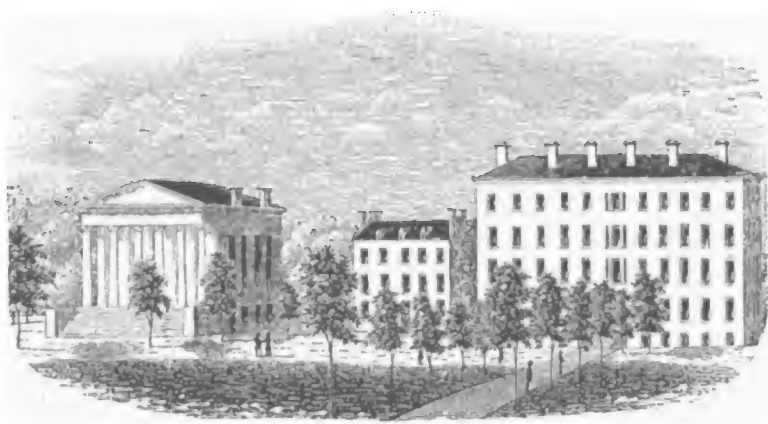
Cincinnati contains many literary and charitable institutions. The Cincinnati College was founded in 1819. The building is in the centre of the city, and is the most beautiful edifice of the kind in the State. It is of the Grecian Doric order, with pilaster fronts and façade of Dayton marble, and cost about \$35,000. It has 7 professors or other instructors, about 160 pupils, one-quarter of whom are in the collegiate department. Woodward College, named from its founder, who gave a valuable block of ground in the north part of the city, has a president and 5 professors or other instructors, and, including its preparatory department, near 200 students. The Catholics have a college called St. Xavier's, which has about 100 students and near 5,000 volumes in its libraries. Lane Seminary, a theological institution, is at Walnut Hills, two miles from the centre of the city. It went into operation in 1833, has near 100 students, and over 10,000 volumes in its libraries. There is no charge for tuition. Rooms are provided and furnished at \$5 per annum, and the students boarded at 90 and 62½ cents per week. The Medical College was chartered and placed under trustees in 1825. It has a large and commodious building, a library of over 2,000 volumes, 7 professors, and about 150 students. The Cincinnati Law School is connected with Cincinnati College, has 3 professors and about 30 students. The Mechanics' Institute,

chartered in 1828, has a valuable philosophical and chemical apparatus, a library and a reading-room. The common free schools of the city are of a high order, with fine buildings, teachers, and apparatus. In the high schools there are not less than 1,500 pupils; in the common and private, 5,000; and, including the



Drawn by Henry Howe, in 1846.
ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

students in the collegiate institutions, there are 7,000 persons in the various departments of education. In 1831 a college of teachers was established, having for its object the elevation of the profession, and the advancement of the interest of schools in the Mississippi Valley, which holds an annual meeting in Cincinnati in October. The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association has a fine library and reading-rooms. The library contains over 3,800 volumes, and



Drawn by Henry Howe, 1846.
LANE SEMINARY.

the institution promises to be an honor and a blessing to the commercial community. The Apprentices' Library, founded in 1821, contains 2,200 volumes.

The charitable institutions of the city are highly respectable. The Cincinnati orphan asylum is in a building which cost \$18,000. Attached is a library and well-organized school, with a provision even for infants; and it is surrounded by

ample grounds. It has trained up over 300 children for usefulness. The Catholics have one male and female orphan asylum. The commercial hospital and lunatic asylum of Ohio was incorporated in 1821. The edifice, in the north-west part of the city, will accommodate 250 persons; 1,100 have been admitted within a year. A part of the building is used for a poor-house; and there are separate apartments for the insane.

The city is supplied by water raised from the Ohio river, by a steam-engine, of forty horse-power, and forced into two reservoirs, on a hill, 700 feet distant; from whence it is carried in pipes to the intersection of Broadway and Third streets, and thence distributed through the principal streets in pipes. These works are now owned by the city.

Cincinnati is an extensive manufacturing place. Its natural destitution of water-power is extensively compensated at present by steam-engines, and by the surplus water of the Miami canal, which affords 3000 cubic feet per minute. But the Cincinnati and White Water canal, which extends twenty-five miles and connects with the White Water canal of Indiana, half a mile south of Harrison, on the State line, will furnish a great increase of water-power, equal to ninety runs of millstones. The manufactures of the city, already large, may be expected to greatly increase. By a late enumeration, it appears that the manufactures of Cincinnati of all kinds employ 10,647 persons, a capital of \$14,541,842, and produce articles of over seventeen millions of dollars value.

The trade of Cincinnati embraces the country from the Ohio to the lakes, north and south; and from the Scioto to the Wabash, east and west. The Ohio river line, in Kentucky, for fifty miles down, and as far up as the Virginia line, make their purchases here. Its manufactures are sent into the upper and lower Mississippi country.

There are six incorporated banks, with aggregate capital of \$5,800,000, beside two unincorporated banks. Cincinnati is the greatest pork market in the world. Not far from three millions of dollars worth of pork are annually exported.

Cincinnati enjoys great facilities for communication with the surrounding country. The total length of canals, railroads and turnpikes which centre here, completed and constructing, is 1,125 miles. Those who have made it a matter of investigation predict, that Cincinnati will eventually be a city of a very great population. A writer, J. W. Scott, editor of the *Toledo Blade*, in Cist's "Cincinnati in 1841," in a long article on this subject, commences with the startling announcement: "Not having before my eyes the fear of men, 'who—in the language of Governor Morris—with too much pride to study and too much wit to think, undervalue what they do not understand, and condemn what they do not comprehend,' I venture the prediction, that within one hundred years from this time, Cincinnati will be the greatest city in America; and by the year of our Lord 2000 the greatest city in the world." We have not space here to recapitulate the arguments on which this prediction is based. The prediction itself we place on record for future reference.—*Old Edition*.

EARLY INCIDENTS.

The few following pages are devoted to incidents which transpired within the city and county up to the time of issue of the edition of 1847. They were derived mainly from newspapers and other publications.

Adventure of Jacob Wetzel, the Indian Hunter.—The road along the Ohio river, leading to *Storrs* and *Delhi*, some four hundred yards below the junction of Front and Fifth streets, crosses what, in early days, was the outlet of a water-course, and notwithstanding the changes made by the lapse of

years, and the building improvements adjacent, the spot still possesses many features of its original surface, although now divested of its forest character. At the period of this adventure—October 7, 1790—besides the dense forest of maple and beech, its heavy undergrowth of spice-wood and grape-vine

made it an admirable lurking-place for the savage beasts, and more savage still, the red men of the woods.

Wetzel had been out on his accustomed pursuit—hunting—and was returning to town, at that time a few cabins and huts collected in the space fronting the river, and extending from Main street to Broadway. He had been very successful, and was returning to procure a horse to bear a load too heavy for his own shoulders, and, at the spot alluded to, had sat down on a decaying tree-trunk to rest himself, and wipe the sweat from his brow, which his forcing his way through the brush had started, cool as was the weather, when he heard the rustling of leaves and branches, which betokened that an animal or an enemy was approaching. Silencing the growl of his dog, who sat at his feet, and appeared equally conscious of danger, he sprang behind a tree and discovered the dark form of an Indian, half hidden by the body of a large oak, who had his rifle in his hands, ready for any emergency that might require the use of it—as he, too, appeared to be on his guard, having heard the low growling of the dog. At this instant, the dog also spied the Indian and barked aloud, which told the Indian of the proximity of his enemy. To raise his rifle was but the work of a moment, and the distinct cracks of two weapons were heard almost at the same time. The Indian's fell from his hands, as the ball of the hunter's had penetrated and broken the elbow of his left arm, while the hunter escaped unhurt. Before the Indian could possibly reload his rifle in his wounded condition, Wetzel had rushed swiftly upon him with his knife, but not before the Indian had drawn his. The first thrust was parried off by the Indian with the greatest skill, and the shock was so great in the effort that the hunter's weapon was thrown some thirty feet from him. Nothing daunted, he threw himself upon the Indian with all his force and seized him around the body; at the same time encircling the right arm, in which the Indian still grasped his knife. The Indian, however, was a very muscular fellow, and the conflict now seemed doubtful indeed. The savage was striving with all his might to release his arm, in order to use his knife. In their struggle, their feet became interlocked, and they both fell to the ground, the Indian uppermost, which extricated the Indian's arm from the iron grasp of the hunter. He was making his greatest endeavors to use his knife, but could not, from the position in which they were lying, as Wetzel soon forced him over on his right side, and, consequently, he could have no use of his arm.

Just at this point of the deadly conflict, the Indian gave an appalling yell, and, with renewed strength, placed his enemy underneath him again, and with a most exulting cry of victory, as he sat upon his body, raised his arm for that fatal plunge. Wetzel saw death before his eyes, and gave himself up for lost, when, just at this most critical juncture, his faithful dog, who had not been an

uninterested observer of the scene, sprang forward and seized the Indian with such force by the throat, as caused the weapon to fall harmless from his hand. Wetzel, seeing such a sudden change in his fate, made one last and desperate effort for his life, and threw the Indian from him. Before the prostrate savage had time to recover himself, the hunter had seized his knife, and with redoubled energy rushed upon him, and with his foot firmly planted on the Indian's breast, plunged the weapon up to the hilt in his heart. The savage gave one convulsive shudder, and was no more.

As soon as Wetzel had possessed himself of his rifle, together with the Indian's weapons, he started immediately on his way. He had gone but a short distance when his ears were assailed by the startling whoop of a number of Indians. He ran eagerly for the river, and, fortunately, finding a canoe on the beach near the water, was soon out of reach, and made his way, without further danger, to the cove at the foot of Sycamore street.

The Indians came up to the place of the recent encounter, and discovered the body of a fallen comrade. They gave a most hideous yell when, upon examination, they recognized in the dead Indian the features of one of their bravest chiefs.

O. M. Spencer Taken Captive.—In July, 1792, two men, together with Mrs. Coleman and Oliver M. Spencer, then a lad, were returning in a canoe from Cincinnati to Columbia; they were fired upon by two Indians, in ambush on the river bank; one of the men was killed, and the other, a Mr. Light, wounded. Mrs. Coleman jumped from the canoe into the river, and without making any exertions to swim, floated down nearly two miles. It is supposed she was borne up by her dress, which, according to the fashion of that time, consisted of a stuffed quilt and other buoyant robes. Spencer was taken and carried captive to the Maumee, where he remained about eight months and was ransomed. A narrative of his captivity, written by himself, has been published by the Methodists. [For some further details see Defiance County.]

Scalping of Col. Robert Elliott.—In 1794 Col. Robert Elliott, contractor for supplying the United States army, while travelling with his servant from Fort Washington to Fort Hamilton, was waylaid and killed by the Indians, at the big hill, south of where Thomas Fleming lived, and near the line of Hamilton and Butler counties. When shot, he fell from his horse. The servant made his escape by putting his horse at full speed, followed by that of Elliott's, into Fort Hamilton. The savage who shot the colonel, in haste to take his scalp, drew his knife, and seized him by the wig which he wore. To his astonishment, the scalp came off at the first touch, when he exclaimed, "*dam lie!*" In a few minutes, the surprise of the party was over, and they made themselves merry at the expense of their comrade. The next

day, a party from the fort, under the guidance of the servant, visited the spot, placed the body in a coffin and proceeded on their way to Fort Washington. About a mile south of Springdale they were fired upon by Indians, and the servant, who was on the horse of his late master, was shot at the first fire. The party retreated, leaving the body of Elliott with the savages, who had broken open the coffin, when the former rallied, retook the body and carried it, with that of the servant, to Cincinnati, and buried them side by side in the Presbyterian cemetery, on Twelfth street. Several years after, a neat monument was erected, with the following inscription :

In memory of
ROBERT ELLIOTT,
SLAIN BY A PARTY OF INDIANS,
Near this point,
While in the service of his country.
Placed by his son,
Com. J. D. ELLIOTT, U. S. Navy.
1835.
DAMON AND FIDELITY.

A Witch Story.—About the year 1814, one of our most wealthy and respectable farmers of Mill creek, who had taken great pains and expended much money in procuring and propagating a fine breed of horses, was unfortunate in losing a number of them, by a distemper which appeared to be of a novel character. As the disease baffled all his skill, he soon became satisfied that it was the result of witchcraft. Under that impression, he consulted such persons as were reputed to have a knowledge of sorcery, or who pretended to be fortune-tellers. These persons instructed him how to proceed to discover and destroy the witch. One of the experiments he was directed to make was to boil certain ingredients, herbs, et cetera, over a hot fire, with pins and needles in the cauldron, which, he was told, would produce great mental and bodily distress in the witch or wizzard. He tried that experiment, and while the pot was boiling furiously, placed himself in his door, which overlooked the principal part of his farm, including the field in which his horses were kept. It so happened, that, while standing in the door, he saw his daughter-in-law, who lived in a cabin about eighty rods from his own house, hastening to the spring for a bucket of water. His imagination connected that hurried movement with his incantation so strongly, that he immediately ordered his son to move his family from the farm.

From some cause, he had formed an opinion that a Mrs. Garrison, an aged woman, in feeble health, fast sinking to the grave, living some eight or ten miles from his farm,

was the principal agent in the destruction of his horses. He had frequently expressed that opinion in the neighborhood. Mrs. Garrison had heard of it, and, as might be expected, her feelings were injured and her spirits much depressed by the slanderous report. One of the charms he had been directed to try was to shoot a silver bullet at a horse while the witch was evidently in him. This he was told would kill the witch and cure the animal. He accordingly prepared a silver ball, and shot it at a very fine brood-mare which was affected by the distemper. The mare, of course, was killed; and as it so happened, that, in a very short time after, poor Mrs. Garrison died, the experiment was declared to be successful, and the experimenter believes to this day that his silver bullet killed the poor old woman. However that may be, his slanderous report had a great effect on her health, and no doubt hastened her death.—*Burnet's Notes.*

Explosion of the Moselle.—The new and elegant steamboat, Moselle, Captain Perkin, left the wharf in Cincinnati, April 26, 1838 (full of passengers), for Louisville and St. Louis; and, with the view of taking a family on board at Fulton, about a mile and a half above the quay, proceeded up the river and made fast to a lumber raft for that purpose. Here the family was taken on board; and, during the whole time of their detention, the captain had madly held on to all the steam that he could create, with the intention, not only of showing off to the best advantage the great speed of his boat, as it passed down the river the entire length of the city, but that he might overtake and pass another boat which had left the wharf for Louisville, but a short time previous. As the Moselle was a new brag boat, and had recently made several exceedingly quick trips to and from Cincinnati, it would not do to risk her popularity for speed, by giving to another boat (even though that boat had the advantage of time and distance) the most remote chance of being the first to arrive at the destined port. This insane policy—this poor ambition of proprietors and captains—has almost inevitably tended to the same melancholy results. The Moselle had but just parted from the lumber raft to which she had been fast—her wheels had scarcely made their first revolution—when her boilers burst with an awful and astounding noise, equal to the most violent clap of thunder. The explosion was destructive and heart-rending in the extreme; heads, limbs and bodies were seen flying through the air in every direction, attended with the most horrible shrieks and groans from the wounded and dying. The boat, at the time of the accident, was about thirty feet from the shore, and was rendered a perfect wreck. It seemed to be entirely shattered as far back as the gentlemen's cabin; and her hurricane deck, the whole length, was entirely swept away. The boat immediately began to sink, and float with a strong current down the river, at the same time receding farther from the shore—while

the passengers, who yet remained unhurt in the gentlemen's and ladies' cabins, became panic-struck, and most of them, with a fatuity which seems unaccountable, jumped into the river. Being above the ordinary business parts of the city, there were no boats at hand, except a few large and unmanageable wood-floats, which were carried to the relief of the sufferers, as soon as possible, by the few persons on the shore. Many were drowned, however, before they could be rescued, and many sunk, who were never seen afterwards. There was one little boy on the shore who was seen wringing his hands in agony, imploring those present to save his father, mother and three sisters—all of whom were struggling in the water to gain the shore—but whom the little fellow had the awful misfortune to see perish, one by one, almost within his reach; an infant child, belonging to the family, was picked up alive, floating down the river on one of the fragments of the hurricane deck.

The boat sunk about fifteen minutes after the explosion, leaving nothing to be seen but her chimneys and a small portion of her upper works.

The "Moselle" was crowded with passengers from stem to stern, principally Germans, bound to St. Louis. Nearly all on board (with the exception of those in the ladies' cabin) were killed or wounded. Most of the sufferers were among the hands of the boat and the steerage passengers. The captain was thrown by the explosion into the street and was picked up dead and dreadfully mangled. Another man was forced through the roof of one of the neighboring houses; the pilot was thrown about a hundred feet into the air, whence he fell and found his grave in the river; and many were the limbs and other fragments of human bodies which were found scattered about upon the river and far along the shore. The number destroyed by the explosion was estimated at over 200 persons.

The Asiatic Cholera.—This dreaded pestilence first visited the United States in 1832 and broke out in October of that year. The total number of deaths by it in Cincinnati was, as reported, 351. [The most fatal year of its visitation was in 1849, when out of a population of 116,000 the total deaths were 8,500. The deaths among the Germans and Irish were one in sixteen persons and among the Americans one in fifty-six. The causes of these results were doubtless owing to the different modes of living. The greatest mortality was in the hot month of July, yet great fires were made in some streets, but the disease went on with its fearful fatality and "the long funerals blackened all the way."]

The Great Freshet of February, 1832.—The Ohio river commenced rising at this place about the 9th inst. On the 12th it began to swell over the banks, and on the 14th many merchants and others near the river were compelled to remove their goods to the second story of their houses. It continued to rise rapidly till Saturday morning, February

18th, when it came to a stand, having risen *sixty-three feet* above low water mark. Differences of opinion exist as to its comparative height with the rises of 1792 and 1815. It is supposed to have been about five feet higher than in 1792 or 1815. About noon, on the 18th, it commenced falling very slowly, and yet continues to fall. In the course of two or three days it probably will be confined within its banks.

The rise was of the most distressing character. It carried desolation into all the lower parts of the city. Hundreds of families were turned houseless upon the community. During the early part of the rise many in the lower part of the city were awakened at night by the water pouring in upon them and were obliged to fly; others betook themselves to the upper stories and were brought away in boats the next morning. Many families continue to reside in the upper part of their dwellings, making use of boats in going from and returning to their stores and houses.

We have heard of the death of but two individuals, Mr. John Harding and Mr. William Aulsbrook; the former a man of family, the latter a single man. They were in the employ of Mr. William Tift, of this city, and lost their lives in endeavoring to keep the water out of his cellar. While at work the back wall of the building gave way; the cellar filled in an instant and they were unable to get out. They both were very worthy men.

The water extended over about thirty-five squares of the thickly settled part of the city, from John street on the west to Deer creek on the east, and north to Lower Market and Pearl streets. The distance of about a mile west of John street was likewise submerged. This part of the city, however, is but thinly settled.

The amount of damage sustained by merchants, owners of improved real estate and others cannot be correctly ascertained. Many houses have floated away, a great number have moved from their foundations and turned over; many walls have settled so as to injure the houses materially, and a great quantity of lumber and other property has floated off. The large bridge over the mouth of Mill creek floated away, and that over Deer creek is much injured. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars worth of dry goods, groceries, etc., have been destroyed or materially injured. Business of almost every description was stopped; money became scarce, and wood and flour enormously high.

Active measures were taken by the citizens for the relief of the sufferers. A town meeting was held at the council chamber on the 15th inst. G. W. Jones was appointed chairman and Samuel H. Goodin secretary. On motion a committee of fifteen (three from a ward) was appointed to take up collections for the relief of the sufferers, consisting of the following persons: E. Hulse, N. G. Pendleton, E. C. Smith, J. W. Gazlay, Jno. Wood, G. W. Jones, W. G. Orr, W.

Holmes, A. Owen, P. Britt, J. Resor, O. Lovell and G. C. Miller.

A committee of vigilance was also appointed, whose duty it was to remove persons and goods surrounded with water. The following persons composed that committee: J. Pierce, Wm. Phillips, Saml. Fosdick, Wm. Stephenson, Chas. Fox, Henry Tatem, I. A. Butterfield, Jas. McIntyre, N. M. Whittemore, M. Coffin, Jas. McLean, J. Aumuck, J. D. Garard, A. G. Dodd and Fullom Perry.

T. D. Carneal, J. M. Mason, J. C. Avery, Chas. Fox and R. Buchanan were appointed a committee to procure shelter for those whose houses were rendered untenable. On motion it was resolved that persons who may need assistance be requested to make application to the council chamber, where members of the committee of vigilance shall rendezvous and where one or more shall at all times remain for the purpose of affording relief. At a subsequent meeting twenty were added to the committee of vigilance.

It gives us pleasure to state that the members of the foregoing committees most faithfully discharged their respective duties. A provision house was opened by the committee of vigilance, on Fourth street, where meats, bread, wood, clothes, etc., were liberally given to all who applied. The ladies supported their well-known character for benevolence by contributing clothing and food to the sufferers. The committee appointed to collect funds found the citizens liberal in their donations. All who had vacant houses and rooms cheerfully appropriated them to the use of those made homeless. Public buildings, school-houses and basement stories of churches were appropriated to this purpose. Mr. Brown, of the amphitheatre, Mr. Franks, proprietor of the gallery of paintings, Mr. R. Letton, proprietor of the Museum, appropriated the entire proceeds of their houses, the first on the night of the 17th; the second on the 18th, and the third on that of the 20th, for the relief of the sufferers. The Beethoven society of sacred music also gave a concert for the same purpose, in the Second Presbyterian church, on Fourth street, on the night of the 24th.

Destruction of the Philanthropist newspaper printing office by a mob, July 30, 1836.—The paper had then been published in Cincinnati about three months, and was edited by James G. Birney. As early as the 14th of July, the press-room was broken open and the press and materials defaced and destroyed. July 23d a meeting of citizens was convened at the lower market-house "to decide whether they will permit the publication or distribution of abolition papers in this city." This meeting appointed a committee, which opened a correspondence with the conductors of that print—the executive committee of the Ohio Anti-slavery Society—requesting them to discontinue its publication. This effort being unsuccessful, the committee of citizens published the correspondence, to which they appended a resolution, in one clause of which

they stated, "That in discharging their duties they have used all the measures of persuasion and conciliation in their power. That their exertions have not been successful the above correspondence will show. It only remains, then, in pursuance of their instructions, to publish their proceedings and adjourn without day. But ere they do this, they owe it to themselves, and those whom they represent, to express their utmost abhorrence of everything like violence, and earnestly to implore their fellow-citizens to abstain therefrom." The sequel is thus given by a city print.

On Saturday night, July 30th, very soon after dark, a concourse of citizens assembled at the corner of Main and Seventh streets, in this city, and upon a short consultation, broke open the printing office of the *Philanthropist*, the abolition paper, scattered the type into the streets, tore down the presses and completely dismantled the office. It was owned by A. Pugh, a peaceable and orderly printer, who printed the *Philanthropist* for the Anti-slavery Society of Ohio. From the printing office the crowd went to the house of A. Pugh, where they supposed there were other printing materials, but found none, nor offered any violence. Then to the Messrs. Donaldson's, where only ladies were at home. The residence of Mr. Birney, the editor, was then visited; no person was at home but a youth, upon whose explanations the house was left undisturbed.

A shout was raised for Dr. Colby's, and the concourse returned to Main street, proposed to pile up the contents of the office in the street and make a bonfire of them. A gentleman mounted the pile and advised against burning it, lest the houses near might take fire. A portion of the press was then dragged down Main street, broken up and thrown into the river. The Exchange was then visited and refreshments taken. After which the concourse again went up Main street to about opposite the *Gazette* office. Some suggestions were hinted that it should be demolished, but the hint was overruled. An attack was then made upon the residences of some blacks in Church alley; two guns were fired upon the assailants and they recoiled. It was supposed that one man was wounded, but that was not the case. It was some time before a rally could again be made, several voices declaring they did not wish to endanger themselves. A second attack was made, the houses found empty and their interior contents destroyed. . . . On the afternoon of August 2d, pursuant to a call, a very large and respectable meeting of citizens met at the court-house and passed a series of resolutions, the first of which was "that this meeting deeply regret the cause of the recent occurrences, and entirely disapprove of mobs or other unlawful assemblages." The concluding resolution was approbatory of the course of the colonization society, and expressed an opinion that it was "the only method of getting clear of slavery."

Negro Riot of September, 1841.—This city

has been in a most alarming condition for several days, and from 8 o'clock on Friday evening until 3 o'clock yesterday [Sunday] morning almost entirely at the mercy of a lawless mob, ranging in number from 200 to 1500.

On Tuesday evening last, as we are informed, a quarrel took place on the corner of Sixth street and Broadway, between a party of Irishmen and some negroes; some two or three of each party were wounded. On Wednesday night the quarrel was renewed in some way, and some time after midnight a party of excited men, armed with clubs, etc., attacked a house occupied as a negro boarding-house on Macalister street, demanding the surrender of a negro whom they said was secreted in the house, and uttering the most violent threats against the house and the negroes in general. Several of the adjoining houses were occupied by negro families. The violence increased and was resisted by those in or about the houses—an engagement took place, in which several were wounded on each side. On Thursday night another encounter took place in the neighborhood of the Lower Market between some young men and boys and some negroes, in which one or two boys were badly wounded, as was supposed, with knives.

On Friday evening before 8 o'clock a mob, the principal organization of which, we understand, took place in Kentucky, openly assembled in Fifth street market, unmolested by the police or citizens. They marched from their rendezvous towards Broadway and Sixth street, armed with clubs, stones, etc. Reaching the scene of operation with shouts and blasphemous imprecations they attacked a negro confectionery in Broadway, next to the synagogue, and demolished the doors and windows. This attracted an immense crowd.

About this time, before 9 o'clock, they were addressed by J. W. Piatt, who exhorted them to peace and obedience to the law; but his voice was drowned by shouts and throwing of stones. The mayor also attempted to address them. The savage yell was instantly raised: "Down with him! run him off!" were shouted and intermixed with horrid imprecations and exhortations to the mob to move onward. A large portion of the leading disturbers appeared to be strangers—some connected with river navigation and backed by boat hands of the lowest order. They advanced to the attack with stones, etc., and were repeatedly fired upon by the negroes. The mob scattered, but immediately rallied again, and again were in like manner repulsed. Men were wounded on both sides and carried off—and many reported dead. The negroes rallied several times, advanced upon the crowd, and most unjustifiably fired down the street into it, causing a great rush down the street. These things were repeated until past 1 o'clock, when a party procured an iron six pounder from near the river, loaded with boiler punchings, etc., and hauled it to the ground, against the exhortations of the mayor and others. It was posted on Broadway and

pointed down Sixth street. The yells continued, but there was a partial cessation of firing. Many of the negroes had fled to the hills. The attack upon the houses was recommenced with the firing of guns upon both sides, which continued during most of the night; and exaggerated rumors of the killed and wounded filled the streets. The cannon was discharged several times. About 2 o'clock a portion of the military, upon the call of the mayor, proceeded to the scene of disorder and succeeded in keeping the mob at bay. In the morning and throughout the day several blocks, including the battle-ground, were surrounded with sentinels and kept under martial law—keeping within the negroes there, and adding to them such as were brought in during the day for protection.

A meeting of citizens was held at the courthouse on Saturday morning, which was addressed by the mayor and others, and a series of resolutions passed discountenancing mobs—invoking the aid of the civil authorities to stay the violence, repudiating the doctrines of the abolitionists, etc. The city council also held a special session to concert measures to vindicate the majesty of the law and restore peace to the city. Intense excitement continued during the day, the mob and their leaders boldly occupying the streets without arrest. The negroes held a meeting in a church and respectfully assured the mayor and citizens that they would use every effort to conduct as orderly citizens, to suppress imprudent conduct among their own people, etc. They expressed their readiness to conform to the law of 1807, and give bond, or to leave within a specified time—and tendered their thanks to the mayor, watch, officers and gentlemen of the city, for the efforts made to save their property, their lives, their wives and children.

At 3 P. M., the mayor, sheriff, marshal and a portion of the police, proceeded to the battle-ground, and there, under the protection of the military, though in the presence of the mob, and so far controlled by them as to prevent the taking away of any negroes upon their complying with the law, several of the negroes gave bond and obtained permission to go away with their sureties, who were some of our most respectable citizens, but were headed even within the military sentinels, and compelled to return within the ground. It was resolved then to embody the male negroes and march them to jail for security under the protection of the civil and military authority. From 250 to 300 were accordingly escorted to that place with difficulty, surrounded by the military and officers, and a dense mass of men, women and boys, confounding all distinction between the orderly and disorderly, accompanied with deafening yells. They were safely lodged, and still remain in prison, separated from their families. The crowd was in that way dispersed.

The succeeding night the military were ordered out, the firemen were out, clothed with authority as a police band. About eighty citizens enrolled themselves as assist-

ants of the marshal. A troop of horse and several companies of volunteer infantry continued on duty until near midnight. Some were then permitted to sleep upon their arms, others remained on duty until morning guarding the jail, etc.

As was anticipated, the mob, efficiently organized, early commenced operations, dividing their force and making their attacks at different points, thus distracting the attention of the police. The first successful onset was made upon the printing office of the *Philanthropist*. They succeeded in entering the establishment, breaking up the press, and running with it amid savage yells, down through Main street to the river, into which it was thrown. The military appeared in the alley near the office, interrupting the mob for a short time. They escaped through the by-ways, and when the military retired, returned to their work of destruction in the office, which they completed. Several houses were broken open in different parts of the city, occupied by negroes, and the windows, doors and furniture completely destroyed. Among these was the negro church on Sixth street. One of the last efforts was to fire or otherwise destroy the book establishment of Messrs. Truman & Smith, on Main street. From this they were driven by the police, and soon after, before daylight, dispersed from mere exhaustion.

It is impossible to learn either the number of killed and wounded on either side; probably several were killed and twenty or thirty variously wounded, though but few dangerously. Several of the citizen-police were hurt with stones, etc.; the authorities succeeded in arresting about forty of the mob, who are now in prison. The mob was in many cases encouraged and led on by persons from Kentucky. About 11 o'clock on Saturday night a bonfire was lighted on that side of the river, and loud shouts sent up as if a great triumph had been achieved. In some cases the motions of the mob were directed and managed by mere boys, who suggested the points of attack, put the vote, declared the result and led the way! After all the negro men had been disarmed and committed to prison for safe-keeping, under a solemn pledge that their wives and children should be protected, a band of white men were permitted to renew their brutal attacks upon these females and children. The excitement continued yesterday. The governor, who had arrived in town, issued his proclamation. The citizens rallied with spirit to aid the city authorities. Strong patrols of military and citizens last night prevented any further outbreak.

Bank Mob, Jan. 11, 1842.—Monday evening, the Miami Exporting Company Bank assigned its effects, and on Tuesday morning (January 11) the Bank of Cincinnati closed doors. Early in the morning, the crowd, in consequence of their failure, began to collect around the doors of these institutions, and by 11 o'clock had broken into them, destroying all the movable property and whatever of

books or papers could be laid hold of. About this time ten of the city guards, headed by their brave captain, Mitchell, appeared, drove the rioters away, and, for a time, gallantly maintained their position; but they were called off. On retiring, they were assailed—they fired, and wounded some one or two persons. The mob had, with this exception, undisputed possession of the city, and commenced, first an attack upon Babes' Exchange Bank, and after that, upon Lougee's exchange office, both of which they destroyed, making havoc of everything which was at all destructible.

Distressing Fire, Feb. 28, 1843.—On Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock, a fire broke out in the smoke-house of Messrs. Pugh & Alvord, at the corner of Walnut street and the canal, which, in its consequences, has been one of the most distressing that ever occurred in this city. The smoke-house was in the rear, and somewhat detached from the main building, being connected with it only by a wooden door and narrow passage-way, through which the meat was usually wheeled. It was thought the fire could be confined to the former, and for that purpose the pork-house was closed as tight as possible, by shutting all the doors and windows, to exclude a rush of air to feed the flames.

In the course of half an hour, the main building was filled with smoke, rarefied air and inflammable gas from the smoke-house; and when the flames burst through the wooden door connecting the two buildings, an instantaneous roar of flame was perceived, and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole of this spacious, substantial building was a mass of ruins. The whole roof was lifted in the air and thrown into the streets in large fragments—the second story walls, on the north and south sides, were thrown down, and the whole eastern end of both stories fronting on Walnut street blown into the streets from its foundation up. The appearance of the explosion was awfully terrific, and its consequences fatal to several of our most estimable citizens. We annex the names of the killed and severely wounded, as far as we can now ascertain them. *Killed*—Joseph Bonsall, Caleb W. Taylor, H. S. Edmands, J. S. Chamberlain, H. O. Merrill, John Ohe, a German laborer, with two or three other German laborers. *Wounded severely*—George Shillito, H. Thorpe, T. S. Shaeffer, Mr. Alvord (of the firm of Pugh & Alvord), Samuel Schooley, Warren G. Finch, John Blakemore, Lewis Wisby, John M. Vansickle, Joseph Trefts, A. Oppenhermer, Jas. Tryatt, Robt. Rice, William H. Goodloe.

A few minutes before the explosion, the smoke settled to the ground around the corner of the building, on the canal and Walnut street fronts, which caused the removal of the masses of people which filled those spaces, unconscious of danger. But for this, the force of the explosion being in that direction, the destruction of life would have been frightfully extensive.

On Sunday morning, a special meeting of

the city council was called, and in obedience to one of the resolutions passed, the mayor issued a proclamation, requesting the citizens to suspend their business on Monday, the 27th inst., and attend the funerals of the deceased. On Monday, the court of common

pleas adjourned for this purpose, shops were closed, and the business of the day was set aside. The bells were tolled, and little was done save to aid in performing the last sad rites of the dead.

REMINISCENCES OF CINCINNATI IN THE WAR TIME.

Cincinnati up to the outbreak of the rebellion largely sympathized with the slave-holders so far as to deprecate any restrictions upon what was termed "their rights under the laws." Many of the leading families by blood and kindred were connected with the South: indeed largely came from there. Through trade with the South its citizens had been greatly sustained. "The establishment of an anti-slavery newspaper had resulted in its destruction by a mob, in which were some of the most prominent citizens, and the driving of its editor, Mr. Birney, to a distant city. The quarters of the negro population at times were subject to attacks from the scum of the city, aided by the rabble from the Kentucky side of the Ohio. Free speech, if it took the form of public protests against the continuance of slavery, was dangerous. Wendell Phillips was driven from the stage at Pike's Opera House, and waited for in the streets to be hung up by a howling pro-slavery mob, the mayor refusing to allow the police to suppress it. At the same era Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, was allowed therein to utter the most bitter disloyal tirade, with threats against the North, without a whisper of dissent from an audience of three thousand.

With the firing upon Sumter, April 12, 1861, a spirit of vengeance for the insult to the flag seemed at once to take possession of the entire population. All thoughts of trade and money-getting were swept completely from the minds of the people as in any Northern city. These incidents illustrate the conciliatory temper of the public just prior to this event. On April 5th three cannon from Baltimore were allowed to pass through the city *en route* for Jackson, Mississippi, marked for the "Southern Confederacy" and on the very day before a slave was remanded into the custody of his master by a United States Commissioner in Cincinnati.

The first authentic despatch of the bombardment reached Cincinnati Friday evening, the 12th, and was posted on the bulletin boards. The fact was a surprise to multitudes. Up to that very moment they had believed the South was not in earnest. It was all bluster; there would be no war. What is noteworthy, the large German population of the city believed differently; among them were many old soldiers who had been engaged in the German revolution of 1848, and they felt war "in the air." And it was the same with the officers of our army. We remember meeting on the street a valued acquaintance, in a Captain of the Topographical Corps of Engineers, on the reception of the news of the fall of Sumter. He greeted us with sadness and in tones of anguish exclaimed: "It is terrible—it is terrible; there is great suffering in store for us all; it is to be a long and bloody struggle. God only knows how it will end." With that he drew in his breath between his closed teeth in his agony of emotion and walked away. This officer was a member of the Cincinnati Literary Club. In a paper read before the club in the preceding fall on the subject of "Fortifications," he criticised the policy of President Buchanan in unsparing terms; for this he was arrested to be tried by court-martial. His strong Union sentiments and his boldness of denunciation early made for him implacable enemies. He did excellent service in the war and is known in history as General John Pope. He was a rather short man, then in his prime, very handsome too, with full chest, sparkling black eyes, pearly teeth, dainty hands and feet, his figure just beginning to round into that fulness which at a certain time of life often overtakes both sexes, and when reached by some specimens of the gentler sex is sometimes happily expressed by the agreeable sentence, "fair, fat, and forty."



FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, FEB. 2, 1858.

The above view was drawn by J. W. Barber for "Historical Collections, U. S.," by J. W. Barber and Henry Howe. The building with Grecian front was occupied as Post-office and Custom House, now the site of the Chamber of Commerce. Mitchell & Rammelsburg's furniture and Shillito's dry-goods establishments and the tower of the Unitarian Church appear beyond.

At the *Gazette* office a man had a sentence in favor of the South squelched by an egg striking him fairly in the open mouth, when amid the jeers of the crowd this egg receiver disappeared. Before night the city was gay with the Stars and Stripes. Never had the flag seemed so beautiful in the eyes of the American people. Until that moment they had no conception of the strength of their patriotism. Everywhere throughout the land it fluttered in its glory and was such an insignia of love for the Union, that even the lukewarm as a defence against the stigma of their more loyal neighbors felt compelled to display it. A comical incident occurred on the outskirts of an Ohio city, where a family of lukewarm proclivities were alarmed by a cry in the street, when the mother called out to her son, "John, they are calling out to us '*Secesh, secesh*;' run quick and put out our flag or we shall be mobbed." John thereupon obeyed. It was subsequently ascertained the cry had proceeded from a pedlar, who going by in a wagon was proclaiming his wares, "fresh fish."

The week that opened with Monday, the 15th, with the news of the fall of Sumter, and the call of Mr. Lincoln for 75,000 troops, was one of intense activity all over the State. The legislature appropriated \$1,000,000 to arm and equip the 10,000 men. These Gov. Dennison telegraphed the President were subject to his orders; Cincinnati also voted by its Council \$200,000 to aid in equipping the troops. These sums were then thought to be sufficient in view of the prediction of Mr. Seward that the "war would be over in ninety days."

Large and enthusiastic meetings were held in the city, participated in largely by leading Democrats, and every voice rang clear in support of the Government. The attitude of Kentucky at this time was alarming, and the citizens at one of these meetings amid a whirlwind of applause adopted resolutions signifying that it was too late to draw nice distinctions between armed neutrality and open rebellion—that both were alike rebellion—that those who did not sustain the Government in the present crisis were traitors. As Whitelaw Reid expresses it, "From the first day that the war was open, the people of Cincinnati were as vehement in their determination that it should relentlessly be prosecuted to victory as the city of Boston." The attitude of Kentucky was indeed at this time peculiarly alarming. Her Governor, Beriah Magoffin, in response to the call for troops had declared—"I say emphatically Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." Whereupon Governor Dennison telegraphed to Washington, "If Kentucky will not fill her quota, Ohio will fill it for her." He more than kept his promise. Some of the first Kentucky regiments, so called, were almost entirely composed of Ohio men and commanders. Sixteen days after the President's call, Ohio had volunteers offered enough to fill the full quota for the nation, 75,000 men.

What made the position of Cincinnati at this trying era especially interesting was that no large Northern city was so exposed, so inviting to attacks from its location and great wealth. If Kentucky should secede the city would have to be defended from her own hills instead of from those on the south side of the river. By wise management Kentucky was saved, but multitudes of her young men from her rich slave-holding centres enlisted under the banner of Secession.

General Henry M. Cist, in his article in the "*Magazine of American History*" entitled "Cincinnati with the War Fever," says:

"During the first week after the fall of Sumter, active work was done in recruiting and drilling companies and in perfecting regimental organizations. On Thursday, April 18th, the heartstrings of mothers, relatives, and dear friends received the first strain of war. When the three companies of Rover Zouaves and Lafayette Guards left the city under order to report at Columbus to take their place in a regiment *en route* to the defence of Washington, these companies were escorted to the depot by the Guthrie Grays and the Continentals, and there amid the tears and farewells of friends the soldier boys started, all aglow with martial ardor, for the fields of glory. During the week four regiments were

started in the city, and recruiting was so active that it became a question who was *not* to go. The Germans turned out with a magnificent soldierly body of men, over 1,000 strong, the regiment known as the famous 9th Ohio."

This was called the Turner Regiment. It paraded the streets as we remember in the white garb of the Turner Society, of which its members were mostly composed. It became one of the most effective of regiments and had the distinguished honor of making at Mill Springs the first bayonet charge of the war. It proved an unhappy punching to the enemy, who, not relishing that kind of tickling, broke and ran. They were, however, composed of "poor whites" and armed mainly with shot-guns.

This regiment was commanded by Col. Robert L. McCook. He was a large-hearted man with a frank, open, laughing manner; a lawyer and a partner with the eminent German lawyer, J. B. Stallo. He so hated pretense and show of any kind that he most unwillingly submitted to the requirement of wearing a military dress. On the occasion of this parade he was mounted on horseback, clad in citizen's dress with stove-pipe hat, his only military insignia a sword buckled to his side. We lately met a lady who, when a child, was a school-mate with McCook and she tells us that he at one time got into a quarrel with another boy and on being separated and reprimanded by the "school-marm," he answered, "It is all right—you are a woman—you don't know anything about war."

McCook, who was idolized by his men, was murdered in the summer of 1862 while riding, sick and recumbent, in a spring-wagon, attended by a small escort of cavalymen, who all but one cowardly galloped off as the guerillas appeared.

The Irish element in Cincinnati was not far behind the German in their alacrity to spring to the cause of the Union, and, says Cist, "The well-known regiment, the Tenth Ohio, that did splendid work under Col. William H. Lytle, the 'Soldier Poet,' was ready for camp. The Fifth Ohio, with Col. J. H. Patrick, with many of the most promising young men of the city as members, formed during the week; and the ranks of the Guthrie Grays—the Sixth Ohio—were well filled, over one thousand strong, with the most prominent young men in all branches of society and business in the city, under W. K. Bosley. The latter part of the week orders were received by General Lytle to establish a camp of instruction, which was done at the Cincinnati Trotting Park, some six miles north of the city, and named Camp Harrison. To this camp these regiments marched with the music of bands and the waving of flags and amid the applauding cheers of vast crowds lining the streets and bidding them God-speed." A little later Camp Dennison was established sixteen miles out on the Little Miami Railroad and became the great rendezvous for Ohio in the war.

None of those early city regiments at this time were in Federal uniforms. The German regiment was in the white clothing of the Turner Society with short white roundabout jackets of linen; the Sixth Ohio in the uniform of the Guthrie Grays; and the Fifth Ohio in red flannel shirts, making a gorgeous display as they marched down Sycamore street one thousand strong in platoons stretching from curb to curb.

In a very few days more, just at the edge of evening, the First and Second Indiana regiments disembarked at the Fifth street depot and marched through the city, the whole length of Fourth street, *en route* for Western Virginia. Oliver P. Morton, the Governor of Indiana, a man of extraordinary executive as well as oratorical ability, had regiments mustered into service in a surprisingly short space of time. A stigma of cowardice cast upon the conduct of Indiana troops at Buena Vista by Mr. Jefferson Davis during the Mexican war had rankled in the hearts of the Indiana people and they were eager for vengeance. These regiments, on departing from Indianapolis for the seat of war, had kneeled before the State Capitol and with bared heads had taken an oath to "Remember Buena Vista." Later they doubtless sang with unwonted gusto, in the war-song of the time,

“We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple-tree,
Glory Hallelujah.”

These Indiana regiments were the first regiments the Cincinnati people had seen beside their own, and they greeted them with great enthusiasm. They were two thousand strong, a fine body of bright young men, and splendidly equipped, with knapsacks slung and like all the early Indiana regiments attired in gray. Regiment after regiment of Morton's gray-attired men soon followed them. One of these, the Seventh Indiana, was reviewed a few weeks later by Major Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, from the residence of his brother, Larz Anderson, on Pike street. The major was a sedate-appearing gentleman and looked care-worn and dejected, the result it was said of the excessive mental strain put upon him by his experiences at Charleston.

The sudden change from the avocations of peace to those of war made the city seem as another place and the people another people. Under the excitement of a great overpowering emotion of patriotism all classes mingled with a surprising degree of friendliness and good feeling; even strangers greeted each other and neighbors that had been estranged for years forgot their petty jealousies. Their fathers and sons touched elbows as they marched away under the old flag amid their tears and prayers. The spirit of self-sacrifice and generosity largely displayed tended to increase one's love of his kind: and it came, too, often from those who had been reputed to be hard and selfish. The angel in their natures came out smiling but blew no trumpet. One whom we knew, still know, and never can get rid of, neither in this world nor in any other, said to his landlord, “These are strange times; my business is dead and now I have this great house of yours on my hands and no income to meet the rent: I shall have to move out and find some humble shelter for my family.” “That,” replied he, “will do me no good. Stay where you are and take care of my property; no matter about rent. These are the times spoken of in Scripture when the hand of the father is against the son and brother against brother. We must help each other. If I get out of bread and you have it, I will call upon you; and if you get out and I have it, come to me and I will divide the last crust.” The dough for that last crust was never kneaded.

War was a matter about which the people were as ignorant as babes. The spirit of humanity, and not of ferocity and blood-shedding, was their natural characteristic. But for years blood-shedding was the great business of the city; its industries were shaped to that end and supported its population. In those beginning days the public meetings were intensely exciting. Two or three of these we distinctly remember. One, about the very first, was in Pike's Opera House. It was packed from pit to dome, tier above tier. The venerable Nathaniel Wright attempted to read some spirit-spiriting resolutions and failing for want of voice they were passed over to Mr. Rufus King, when every syllable went forth in clear ringing tones to the ears and hearts of that packed, enthusiastic mass. Mr. King to this day we are glad to say has that magnificent voice in sound working condition; a voice that always goes out only for what is good.

It was in that very hall later on, on an October evening, 1864, that James E. Murdock read for the first time “Sheridan's Ride,” that fine descriptive poem of Buchanan Read, a Cincinnati production, conceived and born on that very day wherein genius in song illustrated genius in war and the hearts of the nation beat in unison with the music.

A meeting of gentlemen and ladies was held at Smith and Nixon's Hall to learn from O. M. Mitchell what he knew about war. He was an object of pride with the Cincinnatians. Through his exertions they had the honor of having established the first observatory, built by the contributions of a people, on the globe. He was a small and ordinarily silent man, dark complexion, erect in figure, his face strong, keen with its expression of thought. The little man

seemed the concentration of nervous energy. He had often addressed them on the subject of astronomy. His religious and poetical instincts were strong, he was all alive with feeling; he possessed great fluency and command of language and electrified his audiences with this sublime elevating topic as probably no man had ever done before. When the war broke out he said he was ready to fight in the ranks or out of the ranks; and he only asked permission from his country to have something to do. This sentence was the key-note of his character—patriotism and intense activity. On this occasion he spake with fiery energy—the war was to be no child's play. "We read in the newspapers about steel netting for our soldiers to protect the breasts against bullets. What nonsense! And they tell us of a famous cannon just invented that will carry seven miles—seven miles! What? Expect to put down this rebellion and drive the rebels into the last ditch, they talk so much about, and get no nearer than seven miles!" At this sally the audience roared.

Judge Bellamy Storer was another of Cincinnati's fiery, enthusiastic orators, and like Mitchell was overflowing with patriotism united to the religious instinct. The more sublime flights of oratory can never be reached without an infusion of the latter.

At a meeting in Greenwood Hall Judge Storer gave one of his fervid appeals, calling upon the young men to volunteer. As he closed, he drew his tall, imposing form to its utmost height and spreading out his arms exclaimed, "I'm an old man, rising of sixty years," then with a look as though about ready to spring into a fight, added, "and I now volunteer."

A few days later our eyes were greeted with the sight of a company of old substantial citizens called the "Storer Rifles," clad in handsome uniforms, marching through the streets to the sound of drum and fife—old, mostly wealthy, gray-headed men, some of them very obese, with aldermanic protuberances; they were splendidly equipped, each at his own expense, and were named the "Storer Rifles." Among them was the Judge himself, bearing his shooting-piece and evidently as proud of his trainer clothes as any school-boy.

This company was organized to act as Home Guards for the protection of the city and to stimulate "the boys" to enlist for the war.

After a little it seemed as though the entire force of able-bodied men were drilling, and, where not for the army, to act as Home Guards. Within a week from the fall of Sumter at least ten thousand men were drilling in the city. The vacant halls were used as drill-rooms and the measured tramp of the recruits and the cries of the drill-sergeants, "left, left," arose from all over the city. The town wag of the time was Platt Evans, a tailor who had his shop on Main street, just below Fourth. Numberless were the stories told of his witticisms. He was a rather short, red-faced man, advanced in life, with a coarse complexion but of artistic tastes. Withal he stammered in speech, and this defect often gave a peculiar pungency to his wit. On being solicited to act as a captain of a company of Home Guards he blurted out, "you ——— foo-fools; if-if I was m-m-marching you down B-B-Broad-B-B-Broadway, you all would be in the r-r-river b-b-b-before I could ca-call ha-ha-halt!"

The famed Literary Club, converting their rooms into a drilling hall, formed into a military company. They were largely young lawyers, their business for the time crushed and they had no resource for occupation but to turn from law to war, from courts to camps. Some sixty went into the service, almost all became officers and some distinguished generals, as R. B. Hayes, M. F. Force, Ed. O. Noyes, etc. Mr. R. W. Burnet volunteered to drill the club. He was a dignified, quiet gentleman of about fifty years of age, a son of Judge Burnet, and had been educated at West Point. On taking charge he made a short address, in which he said his first military experience on graduating was as a young lieutenant in the nullification times of 1832, when he was sent with his company by Jackson to Charleston to throttle its rebellious citizens if they attempted to execute their

treasonable threats. "And now," said he, "I can but reflect that it is these same pestilential people that have so wickedly plunged the country into a cruel, unnecessary war, and I am again in service against them."

Finding himself, after the lapse of thirty years, somewhat rusty in his tactics, Mr. Burnet resigned and his place was supplied by a drill sergeant from the Newport Barracks. He was a coarse, rough, ignorant foreigner, and occasionally forgetting himself at some exhibition of awkwardness, would let slip an oath, "D——n you there, on the left, hold up your heads!" Then, remembering where he was, he would bow himself and in tones of great humility say, "I ask your pardon, gentlemen." Then, a minute later, again flying into a passion, he would let slip another oath, to be in like manner followed with another "I ask your pardon, gentlemen." And thus it was the Literary Club was initiated into the school of the soldier by oaths alternated with expressions of humility.

Cincinnati was especially prominent for the large number of eminent characters she supplied for the cabinet and the field—Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the great war secretary, and two of Ohio's war governors, Dennison and Brough, and many of the distinguished Union generals, as Major-Generals Rosecrans, McClellan, Mitchell and Godfrey Weitzell; Brevet Major-Generals R. B. Hayes, August Willich, Henry B. Banning, Manning F. Force, August V. Kautz and Kenner Garrard; Brigadier-Generals Robert L. McCook, William H. Lytle, A. Sanders Piatt, E. P. Scammon, Nathaniel McLean, M. S. Wade and John P. Slough; and Brevet Brigadier-Generals Andrew Hickenlooper, Benjamin C. Ludlow, Israel Garrard, William H. Baldwin, Henry V. N. Boynton, Charles E. Brown, Henry L. Bennet, Henry M. Cist, Stephen J. McGroarty, Granville Moody, August Moore, Reuben D. Mussey, George W. Neff, Edward F. Noyes, Augustus C. Parry, Durbin Ward and Thomas L. Young; also Joshua L. Bates of the Ohio militia. A host of other Cincinnatians served in various civil and military capacities. Especially useful were its medical men; more than half the entire number of "United States volunteer surgeons" were from this city; they entered the service independent of special commands. Among the medical men were William H. Mussey, George Mendenhall, John Murphy, William Clendenin, Robert Fletcher, George H. Shumard, etc. After the bloody battles of Fort Donaldson and Shiloh the Cincinnati surgeons went down to the fields in streams, attended to the wounded and their transportation to hospitals in the city, a number of buildings being improvised for the purpose. A very efficient citizen of that era was Miles Greenwood, an iron founder, who cast cannon, rifled muskets and plated steamboats with iron for war purposes.

The Cincinnati branch of the United States *Sanitary Commission* was particularly efficient; an outline of their work is given on page 190. Alike efficient was the local branch of the United States Christian Commission. It was under the management of A. E. Chamberlain, H. Thane Miller, with Rev. J. F. Marlay Secretary, and B. W. Chidlaw general agent. It distributed stores and money to the amount of about \$300,000, the contributions of Soldiers' Aid Societies and Ladies' Christian Commission, mainly from the patriotic men and women of Ohio.

The most marked events in the war history of the city were what has been termed the "Siege of Cincinnati" in 1862 and the raid of John Morgan in the following year.

THE SIEGE OF CINCINNATI.

After the unfortunate battle of Richmond, on the 29th of August, Kirby Smith, with his 15,000 rebel veterans, advancing into the heart of Kentucky, took possession of Lexington, Frankfort, and Maysville. Bragg with his large army was then crossing the Kentucky line; while Morgan, with his guerilla cavalry, was already joined to Smith. Ponderous-proportioned Humphrey Marshall was

also busy swelling the rebel ranks with recruits from the fiery young Kentuckians. Affairs looked threateningly on the border.

General Lewis Wallace was at once placed in command at Cincinnati, by order of Major-General Wright. Soon as he arrived in the city, on Thursday, the 4th of September, he put Cincinnati and the two cities on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, Newport and Covington, under martial law, and, within an hour of his arrival, he issued a proclamation suspending all business, stopping the ferry-boats from plying the river, and summoning all citizens to enrol themselves for defence. It was most effective. It totally closed business, and sent every citizen, without distinction, to the ranks or into the trenches. Nor was it needless, for the enemy, within a few days thereafter, advanced to within five miles of the city, on the Kentucky side, and skirmished with our outposts. Buchanan Read, the poet, painter of the time, draws this picture of the events. Read was a volunteer aid to General Wallace.

The ten days ensuing will be forever memorable in the annals of the city of Cincinnati. The cheerful alacrity with which the people rose *en masse* to swell the ranks and crowd into the trenches was a sight worth seeing. Of course, there were a few timid creatures who feared to obey the summons. Sudden illness overtook some. Others were hunted up by armed men with fixed bayonets; ferreted from back kitchens, garrets and cellars, closets and even under beds where they were hiding. One peacefully excited individual was found in his wife's clothes, scrubbing at the wash-tub. He was put in one of the German working parties, who received him with shouts of laughter.

The citizens thus collected were the representatives of all classes and many nationalities. The man of money, the man of law, the merchant, the artist, and the artisan swelled the lines, hastening to the scene of action, armed either with musket, pick, or spade.

But the pleasantest and most picturesque sight of those remarkable days was the almost endless stream of sturdy men who rushed to the rescue from the rural districts of Ohio and Indiana. These were known as the *squirrel-hunters*. They came in files, numbering thousands upon thousands, in all kinds of costumes, and armed with all kinds of firearms, but chiefly the deadly rifle, which they knew so well how to use.

Old men, middle-aged men, and often mere boys, like the "minute men" of the old Revolution, they dropped all their peculiar avocations, and with their leathern pouches full of bullets, and their ox-horns full of powder, by every railroad and by-way, in such numbers that it seemed as if the whole State of Ohio were peopled only with hunters, and that the spirit of Daniel Boone stood

upon the hills opposite the town beckoning them into Kentucky.

The pontoon bridge over the Ohio, which had been begun and completed between sundown and sundown, groaned day and night with the perpetual stream of life, all setting southward. In three days there were ten miles of intrenchments lining the Kentucky hills, making a semicircle from the river above the city to the banks of the river below; and these were thickly manned, from end to end, and made terrible to the astonished enemy by black and frowning cannon.

General Heath, with his 12,000 veterans, flushed with their late success at Richmond, drew up before these formidable preparations and deemed it prudent to take the matter into serious consideration, before making the attack.

Our men were eagerly awaiting their approach, thousands in rifle pits, and tens of thousands along the whole line of fortifications, while our scouts and pickets were skirmishing with their outposts in the plains in front. Should the foe make a sudden dash and carry any point of our lines, it was thought by some that nothing would prevent them from entering Cincinnati.

But for this provision was also made. The city above and below was well protected by a flotilla of gunboats, improvised from the swarm of steamers which lay at the wharves. The shrewd leaders of the rebel army were probably kept well posted by traitors within our own lines, in regard to the reception prepared for them, and taking advantage of the darkness of night and the violence of a thunder storm made a hasty and ruinous retreat. Wallace was anxious to follow, and was confident of success, but was overruled by those higher in authority.

To the above general view of the siege we contribute our individual experience. Such an experience of the entire war in a diary, by a citizen of the genius of Defoe, would outlive a hundred common histories; centuries hence be preserved among the choice collections of American historic literature. It would illustrate as nothing else could, the inner life of our people in this momentous period, their varying emotions and sentiments; their surprise and indignation at the treason to the beautiful country of their love; their never-equalled patriotism and generosity;

their unquenchable hope; the almost despair that at times settled upon them, when all seemed but lost, through the timidity and irresolution of weak generals in the field; the intrigues and intended treachery of demagogues at home. Then the groping forward, like children in the dark, of millions of loyal hearts for some mighty arm to guide; some mighty intellect to reveal and thus relieve the awful suspense as to the future; as though any mere man had an attribute that alone is of God. Finally, through the agony of sore adversities, came the looking upward to the only power that could help. Thus the religious instincts became deepened. Visions of the higher life dwarfed the large things of this: and through faith came greater blessings than the wisest among the good had hoped.

On the morning the city was put under martial law, I found the streets full of armed police in army blue, and all, without respect to age, compelled to report at the headquarters of their respective districts for enrolment. An unwilling citizen, seeing the bayonet levelled at him, could but yield to the inexorable logic of military despotism. It was perilous to walk the streets without a pass. At every corner stood a sentinel.

The colored men were roughly handled by the Irish police. From hotels and barber shops, in the midst of their labors, these helpless people were pounced upon and often bareheaded and in shirtsleeves, just as seized, driven in squads, at the point of the bayonet, and gathered in vacant yards and guarded. What rendered this act more than ordinarily atrocious was, that they, through their head men, had, at the first alarm, been the earliest to volunteer their services to our mayor, for the defence of our common homes. It was a sad sight to see human beings treated like reptiles.

Enrolled in companies we were daily drilled. One of these in our ward was composed of old men, termed "Silver Grays." Among its members were the venerable Judge Leavitt, of the United States Supreme Court, and other eminent citizens. Grandfathers were seen practicing the manual, and lifting alternate feet to the cadence of mark-time.

At this stage of affairs the idea that our colored citizens possessed war-like qualities was a subject for scoffing; the scoffers forgetting that the race in ancestral Africa, including even the women, had been in war since the days of Ham; strangely oblivious also to the fact that our foreign-born city police could only by furious onslaughts, made with Hibernian love of the thing, quell the frequent pugnacious outbreaks of the crispy-haired denizens of our own Bucktown. From this view, or more probably a delicate sentiment of tenderness, instead of being armed and sent forth to the dangers of battle, they were consolidated into a peaceful brigade of workers in the trenches back of Newport, under the philanthropic guidance of the Hon. William M. Dickson.

The daily morning march of the corps down Broadway to labor was a species of the mottled picturesque. At their head was the stalwart, manly form of the landlord of the Dumas house, Colonel Harlan. Starting

back on the honest, substantial, coal-black foundation, all shades of color were exhibited, degenerating out through successive gradations to an ashy white; the index of Anglo-Saxon fatherhood of the chivalrous American type. Arrayed for dirt-work in their oldest clothes; apparently the fags of every conceivable kind of cast-off, kicked-about, and faded-out garments; crownless and lop-eared hats, diverse boots; with shouldered pick, shovel, and hoe; this merry, chattering, piebald, grotesque body, shuffled along amid grins and jeers, reminding us of the ancient nursery distich:

"Hark! hark! hear the dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Tuesday night, September 9, 1862, was starlight; the air soft and balmy. With others I was on guard at an improvised armory, the old American Express buildings, on Third street near Broadway. Three hours past midnight from a signal tower three blocks east of us a rocket suddenly shot high in the air; then the fire-bell pealed an alarm. All was again quiet. Half an hour passed. Hurrying footsteps neared us. They were those of the indefatigable, public-spirited John D. Caldwell. "Kirby Smith," said he quickly, "is advancing on the city. The military are to muster on the landing and cross the river at sunrise."

Six o'clock struck as I entered my own door to make preparations for my departure. The good woman was up. The four little innocents—two of a kind—were asleep in the bliss of ignorance, happy in quiet slumber. A few moments of hurried preparation and I was ready for the campaign. The provisions were these: a heavy blanket-shawl, a few good cigars, a haversack loaded with eatables, and a black bottle of medicinal liquid—cherry bounce—very choice.

As I stepped out on the pavement my neighbor did the same. He, too, was off for the war. At each of our adjoining chamber-windows stood a solitary female. Neither could see the other though not ten feet apart, a house dividing wall intervening. Sadness and merriment were personified. Tears bedewed and apprehension elongated the face of the one. Laughter dimpled and shortened the face of the other. The one thought of

her protector as going forth to encounter the terrors of battle; visions of wounds and death were before her. The other thought of hers with only a prospect of a little season of rural refreshment on the Kentucky hills, to return in safety with an appetite ravenous as a wolf's for freshly dug pink-eyes and Beresford's choice cuts.

We joined our regiment at the landing. This expanse of acres was crowded with armed citizens in companies and regiments. Two or three of our frail, egg-shell river steamers, converted into gun-boats, were receiving from drays bales of hay for bulwarks. The pontoon was a moving panorama of newly made warriors, and wagons of munitions hastening southward. Back of the plain of Covington and Newport rose the softly rounded hills; beyond these were our bloodthirsty foe. Our officers tried to manoeuvre our regiment. They were too ignorant to manoeuvre themselves; it was like handling a rope of sand. But in my absence they had somehow managed to get that long line of men arranged into platoons. Then as I took my place the drums beat, fifes squeaked, and we crossed the pontoon. The people of Covington filled their doorways and windows to gaze at the passing pageant. To my fancy they looked scowlingly. No cheers, no smiles greeted us. It was a staring silence. The rebel army had been largely recruited from the town.

March! march! march! We struck the hills. The way up seemed interminable. The boiling September sun poured upon us like a furnace. The road was as an ash heap. Clouds of limestone dust whitened us like millers, filling our nostrils and throats with impalpable powder. The cry went up, Water! water! Little or none was to be had. The unusual excitement and exertion told upon me. Years before, I had, bearing my knapsack, performed pedestrian tours of thousands of miles. Had twice walked across New York, once from the Hudson to the lake; in the hottest of summer had footed it from Richmond to Lynchburg. No forty or fifty miles a day had ever wilted me like this march of only four. But my muscles had been relaxed by years of continuous office labor. I had been on my feet on guard-duty all night.

Near the top of the hills, some 500 feet above the Ohio level, our regiment halted, when our officers galloped ahead. We broke ranks and lay down under the wayside fence. Five minutes elapsed. Back cantered the cortège. "Fall into line! fall into line! Quick, men!" was the cry. They rode among us. Our colonel exclaimed, "You are now going into battle! The enemy are advancing! You will receive sixty rounds of cartridges! Do your duty, men! do your duty!" I fancied it a ruse to test our courage, and so experienced a sense of shame.

I looked upon the men around me. Not a word was spoken; not one smiled. No visible emotion of any kind appeared, only

weary faces, dirty, sweaty, and blowsy with the burning heat.

I dropped my cartridges into my haversack along with my food. Our captain, in his musical, pleasant voice, gave us instructions, though he had never studied war. "Gentlemen! these cartridges are *peculiar*; you put the ball in first and the powder on top!" Some one whispered in his ear. "Gentlemen," he again exclaimed, with a significant scowl and shake of his head, "I was mistaken; you must put the powder in first and the ball on top!" We did so. We had elected Billy captain, for he was genial and of a good family.

We again shuffled upward. Suddenly as the drawing of a curtain, a fine, open, rolling country with undulating ravines burst upon us. Two or three farm mansions with half concealing foliage and corn-fields appeared in the distance; beyond, a mile away, the fringed line of a forest; above, a cloudless sky and a noon-day sun. The road we were on penetrated these woods. In these were concealed the unknown thousands of our war-experienced foe.

On the summit of the hills we had so laboriously gained, defending the approach by the road, ran our line of earth-works. On our right was Fort Mitchell; to our left, for hundreds of yards, rifle-pits. The fort and pits were filled with armed citizens, and a regiment or two of green soldiers in their new suits. Vociferous cheers greeted our appearing. "How are you, H.?" struck my attention. It was the cheerful voice of a tall, slender gentleman in glasses, who did my legal business, John W. Herron.

Turning off to the left into the fields in front of these, and away beyond, we halted an hour or so in line of battle, the nearest regiment to the enemy. We waited in expectation of an attack, too exhausted to fight, or, perhaps, even to *run*. Thence we moved back into an orchard, behind a rail-fence, on rather low ground; our left, and the extreme left of all our forces, resting on a farm-house. Our pioneers went to work strengthening our permanent position, cutting down brush and small trees, and piling them against the fence. Here, we were in plain view, a mile in front, of the ominous forest. When night came on, in caution, our camp-fires were extinguished. We slept on hay in the open air, with our loaded muskets by our sides, and our guards and pickets doubled.

At 4 o'clock reveille sounded and we were up in line. I then enjoyed what I had not before seen in years—the first coming on of morning in the country. Most of the day we were in line of battle behind the fence. Regiments to the right of us, and more in the rifle-pits farther on, and beyond, it seemed a mile to the right, the artillerists in Fort Mitchell—all those on hills above us also stood waiting for the enemy. Constant picket firing was going on in front. The rebels were feeling our lines. Pop! pop! pop! one—two—three, then half a dozen in quick succession, followed by a lull with

intervals of three or four minutes, broken perhaps by a solitary pop. Again continuous pops, like a *feu-de-joie*, with another lull, and so on through the long hours. Some of our men were wounded, and others, it was reported, killed. With the naked eye we caught occasional glimpses of the skirmishers in a corn-field near the woods. With a glass a man by my side said he saw the butter-nut-colored garments of the foe.

Toward evening a furious thunder-storm drove us to our tents of blankets and brush-wood bowers. It wet us through and destroyed the cartridges in our cotton haversacks. Just as the storm was closing, a tremendous fusilade on our right, and the cries of our officers, "*The enemy are upon us; turn out! turn out!*" brought us to the fence again. The rebels, we thought, had surprised us and would be dashing down in a moment with their cavalry through the orchard in our rear. Several of our companies fired off their muskets in that direction, and to the manifest danger of a line of our own sentinels. It was a false alarm, and arose in the 110th Ohio, camped on the hill to our right.

You may ask what my sensations were as I thus stood, back to the fence, with uplifted musket in expectant attitude? To be honest, my teeth chattered uncontrollably. I never boasted of courage. Drenched to the marrow by the cold rain, I was shivering before the alarm, and so I reasoned in this way—"Our men are all raw, our officers in the same doughy condition. We are armed with the old, condemned Belgian rifle. Not one in ten can be discharged. All my reading in history has ground the fact into me, that militia, situated like us, are worthless when attacked by veterans. An hundred experienced cavalrymen dashing down with drawn sabres, revolvers and secesh yells will scatter us in a twinkling. When the others run, and I know they will, I won't. I'll drop beside this fence, simulate death, and open an eye to the culminating circumstances." I was not aching for a fight. Ambitious youths going in on their muscles, alas! are apt to come out on their backs.

Unlike Norvel, I could not say :

"I had heard of battles and longed

To follow to the field some warlike *chap*."

When at school I never fought excepting when my pugnacity was aroused on seeing large boys tyrannize over small ones. I never slew anything larger than a cat, which had scratched me, and at this, as soon as done, I child-like, as child I was, repenting, sat down and cried. I am soft-hearted as my uncle Toby with the fly—"Go, poor devil! the world is large enough for both you and me." To pit my valuable life against one of these low Southern whites—half animals, fierce as hyenas, degraded as serfs—appeared a manifest incongruity. It never seemed so plain before. It was tackling the beast in the only point where he was strong.

Some things were revealed to me by this soldier life. The alarming rumors current. The restraints upon one's liberty, imprisoned within the lines of the regiment. The sensation of being ordered around by small men in high places, and not admirable in any. The waste of war, piles of bread, water-soaked by rain into worthless pulp. The vacuity of mind from the want of business for continuous thought. The picturesque attitudes of scores of men sleeping on heaps of straw; seen by the uncertain light of night. The importance of an officer's horse beyond that of a common soldier, shown by the refusal of hay on which to sleep on the night of our arrival, because the colonel's beast wanted it. Didn't our good mother earth furnish a bed?

In our company were three of us—William J. Flagg, Samuel Davis and myself, not relatives in any way—who, in a New England city, distant nearly a thousand miles, had, over thirty years before, been school-mates. It illustrated a peculiar phase of American habits. We had some odd characters. Our fifer, a short, spare-built, wan-faced man, had been in the British army—had seen service in Afghanistan, the other side of the globe. Another, a German lieutenant, had experience of war in our country—was at Shiloh. He was imaginative. I talked with him in the night. To my query of the probability of a night attack, he replied, "Yes, the secesh always attack in that way." Past midnight as he was going the rounds of the pickets as officer of the guard, he said he saw crouching in the shadow of a ravine a large body of rebels. He ran to headquarters and aroused our colonel and staff; but when they arrived at the seeing point, lo! the foe had vanished. A fat, gray-headed captain with protuberant abdomen came to me soon after our arrival and with an impressive countenance discoursed of the perils of our position. In this I quite agreed with him. Then putting his hand to his stomach and giving his head a turn to one side, after the usual manner of invalids in detailing their woes, he uttered in lugubrious tones—"I am very sick; the march over has been too much for me; I feel a severe attack of my old complaint, *cholera morbus*, coming on." After this I missed him. He had got a permit from the surgeon and returned home to be nursed. Our medical man, Dr. Dandridge, was old Virginia born; and I had, notwithstanding his generous qualities, suspected him of secesh sympathies. I wish to be charitable, but I must say this confirmed my suspicion; it was evident he wished to get the fighting men out of the way!

Saturday afternoon, the 13th, we began our return march. The militia were no longer needed, for the rebels had fallen back, and thousands of regular soldiers had been pouring into the city and spreading over the hills. Our return was an ovation. The landing was black with men, women and children. We recrossed the pontoon amid cheers and the boom of cannon. Here, on the safe side

of the river, the sick captain, now recovered, joined his regiment. With freshly shaven face, spotless collar and bright uniform, he appeared like a bandbox soldier among dust-covered warriors. Escaping our perils, he shared our glories, as, with drawn sword, he strutted through street after street amid cheers of the multitude, smiles of admiring women, and waving of 'kerchiefs. Weary

and dirt-begrimed, we were, in a tedious, circuitous march, duly shown off by our officers to all their lady acquaintances, until night came to our relief, kindly covered us with her mantle, and stopped the tomfoolery. The lambs led forth to slaughter thus returned safely to their folds, because the butcher hadn't come.

It is now known that Kirby Smith was never ordered to attack Cincinnati, but only to demonstrate; and about this very time the advance of Buell seemed to Bragg so menacing that he made haste to order Smith back to his support. The force that approached so near the city at no time comprised 12,000 men and were under the immediate command of General Heath. In speaking of this event after the war, Kirby Smith said that at one time he could "have very easily entered Cincinnati with his troops, but all h—ll could not have got them out again."

MORGAN'S RAID.

Morgan's raid in July of the next year was the next event to arouse an excitement in the city. He came within a few miles and slipped around it in the night. The details of the raid are given elsewhere. After the battle of Buffington Island the prisoners, amounting to about 700 men, were brought to the city in steamers. The privates were sent from here to Indianapolis. The officers, about 70 in number, were landed at the foot of Main street from the steamer Starlight, and marched up the street under a strong guard to the city prison on Ninth street. The people had regarded them in the light of horse-thieves, and greatly rejoicing at their capture, as they passed along, in places expressed their contempt by howls and cat-cries. No other bodies of prisoners brought to the city during the war were otherwise than respectfully received. Indeed the only word of disrespect we heard towards any of them came from a little boy and of our own family. It was early morning when in our residence on East Fifth street, near Pike, we were attracted by sounds in the street. Rushing to the door our eyes were greeted by the sight of a body of say 200 unarmed men dressed in gray, with about a third of their number in blue on each side with muskets in hand, and the whole mass were on a run in the middle of the street hurrying to the depot of the Little Miami Railroad *en route* for Camp Chase. At this sight the little one at my side called out, "Rebel traitors—rebel traitors!" Curious to know the effect of so much war time education he was receiving had upon the same young mind we about then inquired: "Would you like to be a soldier?" "No, sir; not one of the kind that go to war." "Why not?" "Because, I should expect to get killed."

Morgan and a number of his officers were confined in the State Prison at Columbus, from whence the great raider made his escape on the night of the 27th of November. The following particulars of the flight were detailed in a Richmond paper:

"It had been previously determined that, on reaching the outer walls, the parties should separate, Morgan and Hines together, and the others to shape their course for themselves. Thus they parted. Hines and the General proceeded at once to the depot to purchase their tickets for Cincinnati. But, lo! where was the money? The inventive Hines had only to touch the magical wand of his ingenuity to be supplied. While in prison he had taken the precaution, after

planning his escape, to write to a lady friend in a peculiar cypher, which when handed to the authorities, to read through openly, contained nothing contraband, but which, on the young lady receiving, she, according to instructions, sent him some books, in the back of one of which she concealed some "greenbacks," and across the inside wrote her name to indicate the place where the money was deposited. The books came safe to hand, and Hines was flush. Going boldly up to

the ticket office, while Morgan modestly stood back and adjusted a pair of green goggles over his eyes, which one of the men, having weak eyes, had worn in prison.

They took their seats in the cars without suspicion. How their hearts beat until the locomotive whistled to start! Slowly the wheels turn, and they are off. The cars were due in Cincinnati at 7 o'clock A. M. At Xenia they were detained one hour. What keen anguish of suspense did they not suffer! They knew at 5 o'clock A. M. the convicts would be called, and that their escape would then be discovered, when it would be telegraphed in every direction; consequently the guards would be ready to greet them on their arrival. They were rapidly nearing the city of abolition hogdom. It was a cool, rainy morning. Just as the train entered

the suburbs, about half a mile from the depot, the escaped prisoners went out on the platform and put on the brakes, checking the cars sufficiently to let them jump off. Hines jumped off first, and fell, considerably stunned. Morgan followed, unhurt. They immediately made for the river. Here they found a boy with a skiff, who had just ferried across some ladies from the Kentucky side. They dared not turn their heads for fear of seeing the guards coming. "Hines," whispered the General, "look and see if anybody is coming." The boy was told they wanted to cross, but he desired to wait for more passengers. The General told him he was in a hurry, and promised to pay double fare. The skiff shot out into the stream—they soon reached the Kentucky shore, and breathed—free."

THE CINCINNATI NEWSPAPERS IN THE WAR TIMES.

The press of the city sprang into an importance never before experienced. Extras were being continually issued, and the newsboys persistent everywhere filled the air with their cries, "all about the battle." Not only in the city, but the carriers penetrated to the armies in front to sell their wares. Colonel Crafts Wright, in writing a description for the *Gazette* of the battle of Fort Donaldson, said: "Sunday morning we were ordered to advance on the trenches of the enemy. While standing there a new cry was heard—a carrier came along crying, 'Cincinnati Commercial, Gazette and Times,' and as I sat upon my horse, bought them and read the news from home, and this too within an hour after the fort had surrendered."

The colonel had been a room-mate and class-mate with Jefferson Davis, and through life remained a personal friend, though not agreeing in politics; this was not to be expected from one of the proprietors of the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

The press had correspondents everywhere, and these were untiring in gathering the news from the "front." In the early stages of the war every skirmish was published and magnified, and little minor matters detailed that later on were not noticed, as anecdotes of individual heroism, descriptions of the appearance of the dead and wounded, illustrating the savagery of war.

The city being so close upon the border found its business in diverting its industries to prosecution of the war. After a short period of stagnation there were but few idle people, and when it was seen that the war had come to stay, there was no scarcity of money and the entire community were prospering. Among the peculiar industries of the time was the putting up of stationery in large envelopes called "paper packages." The amount of letter-writing between the soldiers and their friends at home was enormous. These packages were peddled everywhere, alike in town, country and camps, at a cost of about a dime each, and consisted of envelopes, paper, pencil, pens, holder and ink; most of the stationery was miserable. Soldiers' letters went postage free.

The city was often alive with troops through the war period. Regiments came from every State. At first they were looked upon with interest and pride. Familiarity changed this. Then came sad scenes. One was the bringing in of the wounded from the battle-fields. After Donaldson and Shiloh the physicians and nurses, notably the Sisters of Charity, went down from the city and large numbers were brought here by boat and taken to the hospitals in ambulances. Just at the edge of a winter's evening we saw a line of ambulances filled with the sufferers. They had stopped before an improvised hospital, that had been a business building on Fourth street, near Main, and were being carried in on stretchers or in the arms of others. Among them were some wounded prisoners, who received equally good

treatment with the others. On the bloody field of Moskwa, Napoleon, as he stooped over the Russian wounded and ordered relief, said, "After battle we are no longer enemies."

We asked one of the medical men, a personal friend, Dr. George Mendenhall, President of the Sanitary Commission, who had come up the river with them from Donaldson, if he had, while ministering to their wounds, talked with them. "No," said that good man, "I felt so indignant when I reflected what a miserable business they had been engaged in that I had no stomach for social intercourse." Personally, we think it instructive to get at the bottom thought of all sorts of people in religion, business, politics and war—and even in wedlock, which, alas, often results in the same. It often teaches charity for what is wrongdoing. In a deserted rebel camp, Laurel Hill, Western Virginia, was found "a love letter," in which was expressed the bottom thought of at least one poor secessionist: "I sa agen, dear Melindy, weer fitin for our libertis to do gest as we pleas, and we *will* fit for them so long as GODDLEMITY gives us breth."

The hospitals were sacred places to the ladies of the city who were alive in ministering to the wants of the soldier boys; and to the latter they seemed angelic. One very great occupation was writing letters at the dictation of the suffering and often dying soldiers to their loved ones at home. A melancholy duty, but purifying and ennobling, as they often found among the most humble of these men the choicest of spirits, the most noble of natures, and could but feel as they saw them sinking away into their last sleep, it would be to awake again in ethereal brightness to be appreciated in the higher immortality.

A Soldier's Funeral awakens different emotions from that of any other. If he be an officer high in rank no pageant can be so affecting as the funeral procession. Cincinnati had several such. One was that of General Wm. H. Lytle, the poet soldier killed at Chickamauga, and was most imposing. The entire city seemed anxious to pay their last tribute to the illustrious dead. The houses were draped in mourning, the bells tolled, and the flags hung at half-mast. The procession passed through Fourth street, a long line of military with reversed arms moved slowly and solemnly along, the band playing a dirge. The horse of the General, according to military custom, was led by a military servant, with a pair of cavalry boots hanging from the empty saddle. On each side of the sarcophagus marched a guard of honor, officers high in rank and attired in their full parade uniforms; tall, showy, splendid-looking men. It was evening ere they reached Spring Grove, the moon silvering that repository of the dead as they entered its imposing gateway.

Regiments Returning from service in the field often looked war-worn and in ragged condition. After the Union defeat at Richmond we saw two Indiana regiments which had surrendered and the men then paroled, marching through Third street, *en route* for Indianapolis. They had left that city only a few weeks before, newly formed troops, and had passed through ours for Kentucky, in high spirits and excellent condition. On their return they were in a deplorable state, ragged, dirty with the dust of the roads, and many of them bare-footed. The enemy must have largely robbed them of their clothing and shoes. The city at the time was destitute

of troops; but few persons were on the street to look upon this sad, forlorn, woe-begone-looking body of young men. Kirby Smith had taken out their starch. We felt they ought to have been received with open arms, but no one was around to help brighten their spirits. The few who saw them gazed in staring silence. Another dilapidated-looking body we saw, and in 1864, was the Fifth Ohio. After three years of bloody and heroic service they had been reduced to little more than a company and were drawn up in line on Third street before the Quarter-master's department to draw new clothing. It was quite a contrast to that same regiment as we saw it just after the fall of Sumter marching down Sycamore street 1,000 strong, attired in red-flannel shirts and aglow with patriotic ardor. Their brave Colonel, J. H. Patrick, had been killed only a few weeks before down in Dalton, Georgia, while gallantly leading a charge. The heroic band were home on furlough.

The Sixth, or Guthrie Gray Regiment, marched away in gray and came back in the army blue after an absence of three years, when they were mustered out of service, about 500 strong. They were received in a sort of ovation by the citizens as they marched through the city. Their Colonel, N. L. Anderson, brought back "the boys," largely from the elite of the city, in splendid physical condition. They had an entirely different appearance from the ordinary returning regiments, being very neat and cleanly in their appearance. Some thoughtful friends had supplied them, as they neared the city, with a due quantity of fresh paper collars—as we were told—which were quite striking in contrast with their bronzed war-

hardened countenances. It was a proud moment for the young men to be welcomed after their long absence by their lady friends from the streets, doors, and windows, with smiles and the waving of handkerchiefs. Eleven of their number subsequently received commissions in the regular army.

To have lived anywhere in our country during the long four years of the rebellion was to have had a variety of experience and emotion; especially was this true of Cincinnati. They were grand and awful times. What was to be the outcome no one could divine. Our first men could not tell us anything. They seemed insignificant in view of the stupendous, appalling events. At the beginning all dissenting voices were hushed in one general outburst of indignation. Later on, what were termed the "copperheads" raised their hissing heads. One mode of striking their fangs into the Union cause was by trying to weaken respect for those at the head of affairs. Mr. Lincoln seemed an especial object for their abuse. The most obscene anecdotes were coined and circulated as coming from him, to arouse disgust and destroy all respect and confidence in him. One of their public prints described him "as an ape, a hyena, a grinning satyr, and the White House at Washington but a den where the baboon of Illinois and his satellites held their disgusting orgies." Going through our lower market one morning during the war, our ears were greeted with an expression that was new to us. We turned to see the speaker and there stood before us an immense, fat, blowsy-faced market woman, evidently from the Kentucky side of the Ohio half a mile distant. It was she that had just belched forth in bitter, contemptuous tones the epithet, "Old Link."

During the gloomy period when news of defeat was received, the faces of some of those around us would light up with exultation; then they would say: "O, I told you so: they are better fighters than our soldiers, more warlike, and in earnest. We can never conquer them. The old Union is dead. We shall probably have three confederacies. The New England States and the East; the West; and the South, its geographical situation in connection with the Mississippi making it a necessity." Such was the talk to which those who loved the Union were compelled to listen in those times. It added to their distresses, while it excited their indignation and loathing. Not to record it would be a rank injustice to those who sacrificed for their country and a falsification of the truth of history by its concealment.

In such a time as we had in Cincinnati there are very many isolated scenes and incidents that each in itself is perhaps of no especial consequence, but if itemized and given in bulk are instructive, illustrating life there in the time of the rebellion. We give some within our personal experience.

The First Funeral.—When our volunteers left for Western Virginia it was generally

thought the trouble would soon be over. Never was there a greater hallucination. In a few weeks came tidings of skirmishes and deaths among those who had but just left us. At this juncture one day I was brought to a realizing sense of what war was. By chance I saw on Broadway, just above Fifth street, a group of servant-girls and children, with others, standing before a small brick house, evidently the home of humble people. A hearse and a few carriages were in front. The group looked on with sad, curious eyes. On inquiry I learned it was the funeral of a young man who had been killed in a skirmish in Western Virginia. In a little while an old man with his wife leaning on his arm, parents of the deceased, came out, bowed and heart-broken, followed by sorrowing brothers and sisters; they got into the carriages, which then slowly moved away. And this was what war meant. Tears and heart-breaks and lives of sorrow and suffering to the innocent and helpless.

The Gawky Officer.—There was, ordinarily, very little pride of military show among those engaged in so serious a business as war. The officers, when not on duty, generally appeared in undress. Our streets at times were thick with such. It was near the beginning when there passed, walking on Fourth street, by Pike's Opera House, a very tall, gawky officer, over six feet in stature. He was in full parade dress, with spreading epaulettes, and his stride was that which showed he had passed his days in plowed fields straddling from furrow to furrow. He evidently felt he was creating a sensation in the big city—and he was. Every one turned and looked at this specimen of pomp, fuss and feathers, with comical emotion.

Falling in Battle.—We asked a young man, a captain who had come home on furlough, by the name of Emerson, whom we well knew, if he had ever seen any one fall in battle. He laughed as though the thought was new and replied, "No, I don't know that I ever did," and then turning to a companion said, "Tom, did you?" The latter replied the same. Being always in front they had their eyes only to watch the enemy before them. Both had seen plenty after they were down, but never one in the act of falling. A few months passed. Emerson had gone to the front. He had command of a small fort down in Tennessee, built to protect a railroad bridge. The enemy made an attack and were repelled. One man only had they killed. It was its commander, Emerson, his head carried away by a cannon ball. He was a handsome fellow, black eyes and rosy cheeks. His character was of the best. His pastor, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, said in speaking of his sacrifice: "So pure and noble was he that his very presence on our streets was a continued fragrance." That laughing, pleasant face is now before me, just as though it was yesterday that he said, "Tom, did you?"

Contraband Soldiers.—Ordinarily, men in uniform are so transformed that it was rarely that we could tell, on seeing a regiment

marching through the streets, whether it was Irish, German or American. In regard to one class of Union soldiers there could be no mistake—the negro. On Fifth street, close to Main, on the large space in front of the present Government Building, was reared a huge, shed-like structure, one story high, for barracks. Late in the war it was occupied briefly by a regiment or more of plantation blacks, clad in the Union uniform. They were a very different-looking people from our Northern blacks, many of whom possess bright, interesting faces. These were stolid-appearing, their faces with but little more expression than those of animals. When I saw them they had finished their suppers and were engaged in whiling away their time singing plantation melodies in the gathering shadows of the evening. The voices of this immense multitude went up in a grand orchestra of sound. The tunes were plaintive, weirdlike, and the whole exhibition one that could not but affect the thoughtful mind. It was singularly appealing to one's best instincts to look upon these poor, simple children of nature,

who were acting their humble part in the midst of events so momentous.

At times our city was alive with troops, and then it was that the theatres and places of amusement—and places of wickedness—as in Paris during the Reign of Terror, were extraordinarily prosperous. At other times only a few people were seen on the streets, so many of the men having gone to the war. After the fall of Richmond it was felt that the great bulk of the fighting was over; but it was largely feared that the South would for years continue a scene of guerilla warfare and keep society in a state of chaos. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln came—a terrible blow in the midst of rejoicings at peace. Strong men could only speak of it with swelling throats and choked utterance. The nation writhed in agony. Then came the return of the regiments to their varied homes; but everywhere, amid the general rejoicings, were the stricken families to be reminded only the more vividly of the terrible loss of fathers, sons and brothers, who had died that the nation might live.

CINCINNATI IN 1877.

In 1877, after a residence in Cincinnati of thirty years, we returned to our native city, New Haven, when we gave, in a publication there, the annexed description of Cincinnati as it then was. The article is now historical, and hence proper here for permanent record; beside, we wish to preserve it as a heartfelt tribute to a city where, and a people among whom, our children were born, and where we had so much enjoyment of life. The caption of the article was "Cincinnati on the Hills."

Recently an Eastern gentleman, a divine of national reputation, at one time like the writer a resident of Cincinnati—a gentleman of broad experience of travel and association in this and other lands—remarked to us: "Cincinnati is the exceptional city of the world, for the social character of its people and the wise generosity and the public spirit of its wealthy men and citizens generally." We had long felt this, and were pleased to see it so emphasized by one with such opportunities for a correct opinion.

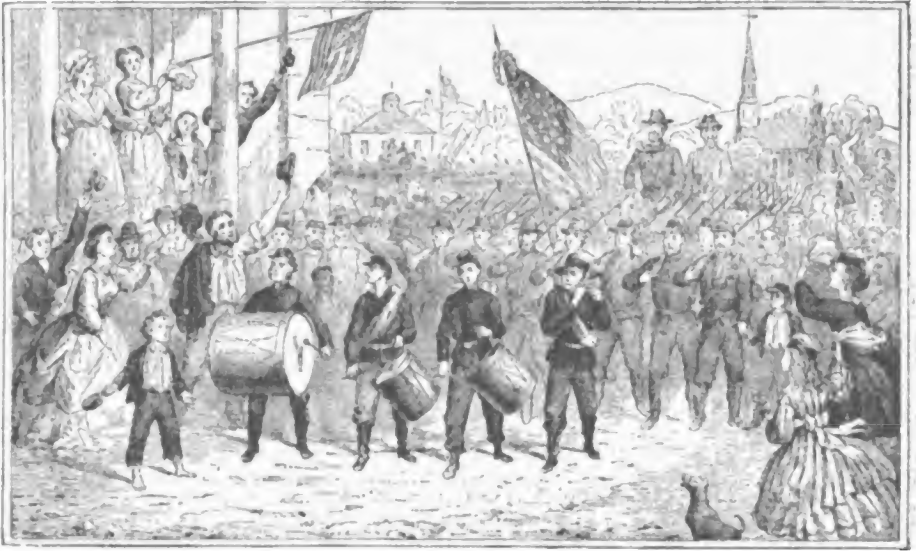
In April, 1832, Catherine Beecher first arrived at Walnut Hills, then largely in the primeval forest, and before her sister Harriet had come to eventually marry Calvin Stowe, and fill up for the writing of "Uncle Tom." To her Catherine wrote: "I never saw a place so capable of being rendered a paradise by the improvements of taste as the environs of this city." Thirty years later the improvements were well started when out came Theodore Woolsey, president of Yale College, to Walnut Hills for a visit, and, alike enthused, said: "No other city on the globe has such beautiful suburbs."

Prevalence of Public Spirit—While other of our great cities may each point to one or two living citizens who have contributed in single gifts tens of thousands to objects promotive of the public welfare, Cincinnati can

point to five gentlemen of this class now walking her streets, pleasant to meet, as seeing them recalls their beneficence. They are Reuben Springer, who gave \$175,000 toward a music hall, and later regretted that he had not given its full cost, \$300,000; Joseph Longworth, \$50,000 for a Free Art School; Henry Probasco, \$105,000 for a public fountain; David Sinton, \$33,000 for a Christian association building, and also \$100,000 for the Bethel Sunday-School, where every Sabbath from 2,500 to 3,000 children of the poor are gathered under one roof; and William S. Groesbeck, \$50,000 for music in the parks. Beside these are scores of others equally liberal, according to their means, often dispensing hundreds and sometimes thousands in their gifts.

Cincinnati's Blessings.—The people are so social, come together so much for social objects, that everybody worth knowing is generally known. Pride in themselves, in their city and in their public spirit, is a manifest and righteous characteristic. They stand on tiptoe when their city is named, and feel a foot taller.

The city is near the centre of population, in the very heart of the Union. It is said to be more familiarly known on the continent of Europe, more noticed in the public prints, especially in Germany, from its peculiar

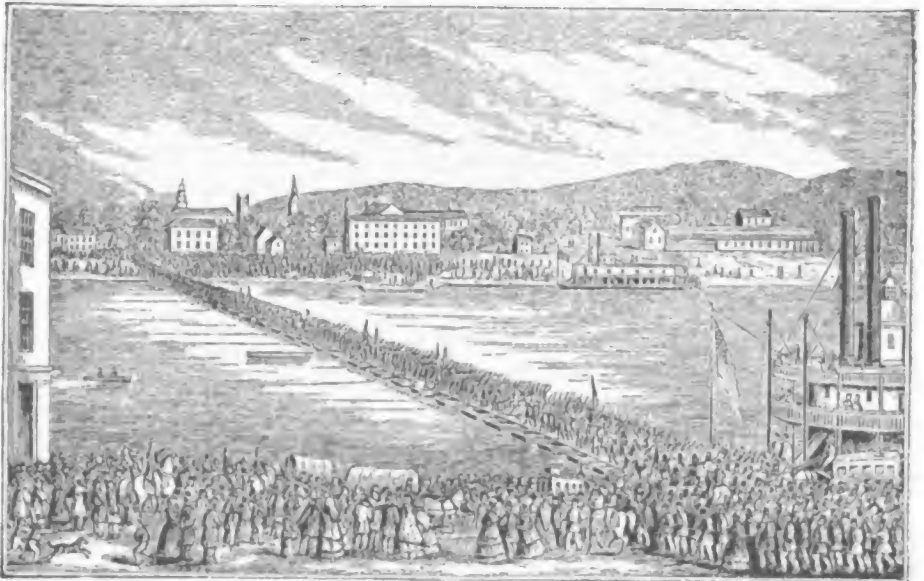


RETURNING FROM THE WAR.

The War is ended, and now we are marching home,
Our noble girls rejoicing to see us soldiers come.

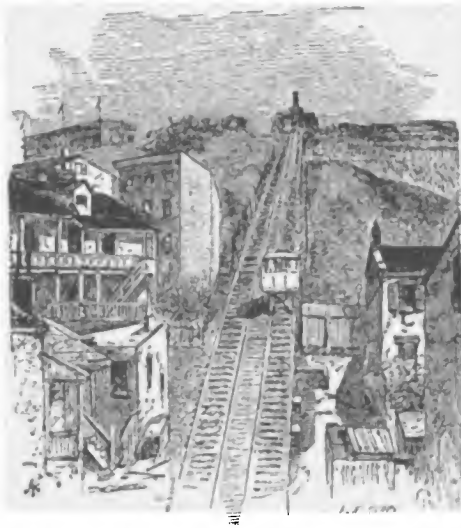
They love the drum-beat, the shrill notes of the fife;
They love our dear old flag—are UNION, too, for life.

—*American Revolution Song Modernized.*



SQUIRREL HUNTERS CROSSING THE OHIO AT CINCINNATI.

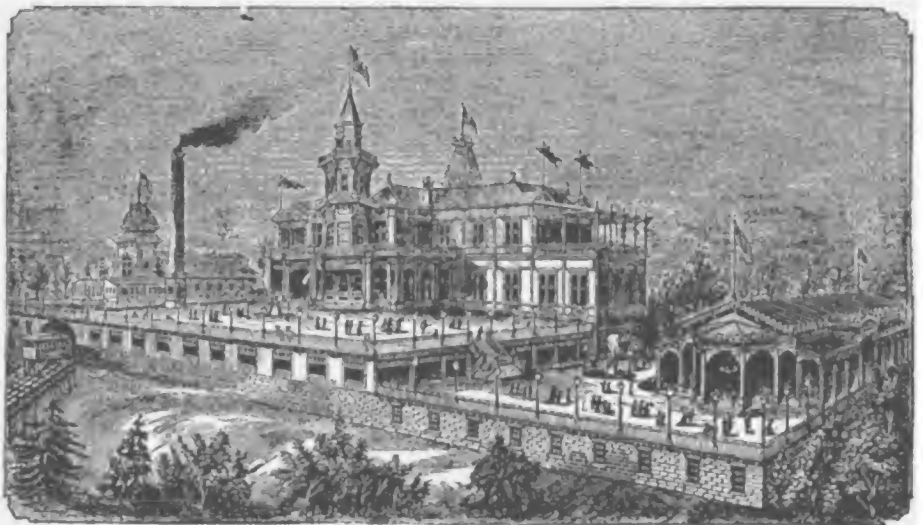
The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio and Indiana, many thousands strong, having poured into Cincinnati to defend it from invasion, are crossing the Ohio on pontoons, Wednesday morning, September 10, 1862, to meet the enemy, only five miles distant.



MT. AUBURN INCLINED PLANE.



ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.



THE HIGHLAND HOUSE.

bright points, than any other of our large cities. Among these is its zoölogical garden, established by an association of gentlemen simply as a matter of public beneficence. It occupies a half-mile square of undulating, picturesque ground on the summit of the hills, and is the only one in the country with a single exception. Within the inclosure are numerous buildings containing a great variety of animals, beside those in the park outside the buildings, where is a town of prairie dogs and dens with white and grizzly bears.

Within the city is a public fountain, a free gift, the finest in the Union; a free public library of over 80,000 volumes, in a magnificent library building, where nearly a score of assistants stand ready to loan out the choicest books to the humblest citizens without money and without price; a free art school, where one can learn, without cost, to draw and paint, carve and mould, and listen to attractive lectures from Benn Pitman on art; and a music hall and organ, both the largest on the continent, and costing unitedly nearly a third of a million, also a free gift. The steam fire engine is a Cincinnati invention, and the city the first to adopt it, which it did through a severe conflict, largely through the indomitable pluck and will-power of Miles Greenwood, one of the city's strongest citizens, literally an iron man.

Musical Festivals.—A distinguishing feature of the city has been her musical festivals, to be still greater, for she is to be the centre of music in this country, especially so now that she has secured as her guiding spirit the graceful, manly maestro, Theodore Thomas, whom simply to see while wielding the baton is alone worth the price of admission. The opening of these festivals is always a gala day. The streets are gay with flags, the hotels and public buildings resplendent with artistic adornments, illustrative of music and musical celebrities, and at night illuminated. Multitudes come, some from hundreds of miles away, to attend these festivals; from Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, and other Western States; and it is said that once there was a man who came all the way from Boston! But we never believed it. At the seasons of these festivals the streets are crowded with a body of ladies and gentlemen, elegantly attired, with refined and thoughtful expressions, perhaps beyond anything seen there on any other public occasions, thus attesting to the elevating influence of music upon her votaries, and the elevated class which the art divine brings within the circle of her magic wand.

Industrial Expositions.—In the past years Cincinnati has taken the lead in her industrial expositions. Her experience was so great that when Philadelphia gave her Centennial she wisely went there for her Director General. This she found in Alfred C. Goshorn, the Cincinnati manager, a gentleman of but few words, who, by silent energy and brain power, could bring order from chaos and master inharmonious and distracting elements to unite and move together as in

the harmony and beauty of a grand symphony.

Inclined Planes.—The city proper is on two planes, one called the "Bottom," 60 feet and the other 112 feet above low-watermark in the river. This, with the exception of New York and Boston, is the most densely populated area in the Union. Owing to the contracted dimensions of the plains, population is rapidly extending on to the river hills. These are nearly 400 feet above the city, and take one on to the general level of the country. Besides roads leading to their summits, there are in all four inclined railway planes—on the north, east and west—where, by stationary engines at the top, people are taken up, sometimes nearly a hundred in a car, and in ninety seconds. They are hauled up by a wire rope large as one's wrist, which winds around a drum with a monotonous humming sound, quick resounding, as though in a hurry to get you up. An extra rope is attached to each car as a precaution in case the one in use should break.

Bird's-eye Views.—The views from the hills are unique. Seemingly within a stone's throw one looks down from a height of between 300 and 400 feet into a huge basin-like area filled by a dense, compact city. Beyond this wilderness of walls, roofs and steeples, is seen the Ohio, with its magnificent bridges, the Kentucky towns of Covington and Newport opposite. Encircling hills everywhere bound the view, through which the Ohio pierces, turning its broad silvery surface to that sun which shines equally for us all.

Beer Gardens and Music.—At the summit of these planes are immense beer gardens with mammoth buildings, where on stifling summer nights the city hive swarms out thousands upon thousands of all classes and nationalities, who thus come together and alike yield to the potent influences of music and lager. One, the Highland House, travelers say, is not only the largest in the world but is unequalled in splendor and appointments. It is on Mount Adams, east of the city plain, where nearly 40 years ago John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," delivered his oration on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Cincinnati Observatory, the first astronomical building erected in human history by the joint contributions of private citizens. Thus early had this people initiated those habits of public beneficence which bring down blessings from the stars. In the summer of 1877 Theodore Thomas with his orchestra gave there three continuous weeks of music, with audiences on some nights of from 6,000 to 8,000 people, many of them around tables and taking in music with their beer.

Viewed from the city the long lines of hundred lights, in places rising tier above tier, marking the spot, made the place appear as an illuminated palace in the skies; while the lighted car in incessant motion up and down the inclined plane looked like a huge fire ball in transit.

The city itself, hundreds of feet below,

with its miles of street lamps vanishing in the distance, and the broad Ohio with its moving steamers lighted up, gave to those on the hill top an equally picturesque view as they sat there listening to the music, their brows whilom fanned by the cool breezes from the west. This was comfort, solid comfort up there as one might say at an alighting place between the basin-placed city and its overhanging stars.

The Germans.—The prevalence of music and lager in the city is largely owing to the Germans. Of the 300,000 inhabitants at this centre nearly one-third are Germans or of German stock. In these respects the Americans have become largely Teutonized.

The Germans are notably frugal and thrifty. The ambition of each family is to own its dwelling—their great ambition a three-story brick. They associate with and cultivate the acquaintance of their own families more thoroughly than our people do theirs. They resort on Sunday afternoons, with their wives and children, to the beer gardens on the hill tops, where there is music, green arbors, kindly skies and soft airs. The utmost decorum prevails. All classes of Germans with their families to the toddling infant thus mingle in calm, peaceful recreation. They learn to know and sympathize with each other, a matter seemingly impossible with a certain class of our snobbish countrymen who ever seem dreadfully apprehensive of soiling their gentility.

Love of Flowers.—A pleasing characteristic of the Germans is their passion for flowers. While an American woman of humble rank will spend her money for an article of personal adornment that perchance may destroy all grace of movement and crucify all beauty, a German woman will purchase a pot of flowers. On passing even tenement houses occupied by Germans, one will often see every window, may be thirty or forty in all, story upon story, filled with pots of flowers. These please the thoughtful passer-by as he thinks of a people who thus endeavor to make fragrant their hard work-day lives.

German Peculiarities.—The original Germans are largely of the working class. Like old-country folk, generally, they are clannish and let their affections go back to the fatherland, while their children take especial pride in being thought Americans; indeed some manifest shame at being overheard by Americans talking in the German tongue.

A very common sight in the German quarters is to see old men, grandfathers, on their last legs, acting as nurses for babies, pushing them around in carriages or dangling them on their knees, they meanwhile regaling themselves with their everlasting pipes.

The common class of Germans in the city know next to nothing of the inner life of Americans. Some of them stigmatize us as "Irish." Their gross ignorance after a residence on our soil of often half a life-time impressed us with the sheer folly of people travelling in Europe, fancying they receive anything more than a surface knowledge of

Europeans. Of the earnest spiritual life of our orthodox Christian people they have not the faintest conception. Nothing like it exists among them. As to Sunday, even the Protestant Germans attach to it no especial sanctity, while with the Catholics everywhere every day is equally "the Lord's."

The Crusaders Among the Germans.—When the temperance crusade opened the Germans were dumbfounded. Beer is with them as water is with us, and is used from infancy to old age. They received the crusading bands with stolid silence, looking at the ladies from out of their round blue eyes with an expression that showed that their sensations must have been queer, indescribable. Not a saloon in the city was closed. The ladies might as well have prayed and sang before the Rock of Gibraltar.

One day the crusade among the Germans came to a sudden end. An entire band of ladies, wives and mothers of the very best citizens, were arrested by the city police—respectfully arrested and escorted to the police station, and charged with violating the city laws in obstructing the sidewalks. As is usual with criminals, they were compelled to register their names, residence and ages! As they were not put in "the lock-up," their pockets were saved the usual emptying.

During these exciting times the temperance meetings were crowded, and men and women alike addressed the multitudes, the exercises being varied with prayer and song. It was noted that while the men always more or less hesitated, the women never. Their words always flowed as from an everlasting fountain. Pathos, poetry and matter of fact were the concomitants in varied measures of their speech.

At some of these meetings the narratives were so touching that hundreds were melted in tears. We remember one we attended when we were so affected by an involuntary twitching of the facial muscles, that to conceal anything that might happen we bowed our head and looked into the bottom of our hat to study and see if we could not improve the lettering of the hatter's advertisement. And we believe we succeeded!

And the speaker who so aroused our emotions by the plaintive melody of her voice and the heart-melting scenes of her narrative, was a woman, and she with crispy hair and black as the ace of spades! The earthly tabernacle is as nothing, but it is the divine spirit, wherever it enters, that gives dignity to its possessor, lifts and unites with the Infinite.

In the interior of the State, among an American orthodox population, the Crusaders were for a time wonderfully successful. Peter the Hermit had come again—this time in the form of Dio Lewis. In some villages every saloon was closed. It seemed for a time as though another age of miracles had dawned upon mankind.

Some ladies spent weeks in the open air, often exposed in cold, inclement weather. Two whom we knew of caught colds and died; another, from being lean, dyspeptic and com-



Farny del.

THE TRANSRHENANE WAITER.



Farny del.

THE SAUSAGE MAN.



Farny del.

THE WIENER WURST MAN.



Farny del.

OVER THE RHINE SALOON.

plaining, grew fat and cheerful and has looked smiling from that day to this. She had been to Palestine and got back.

This speaking of the Holy Land carries us back by association to childhood years, to our father's house, to a pretty picture acted there, wherein the maid of the broom, moving from room to room, rosy, blithe and happy, doing the useful things, as making the beds and spitting the pillows, was wont, from the abundance of her heart, to burst out, birdlike, in song, her mind being upon love and the gay cavaliers in the days of chivalry, as she carried forth:

"It was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine."

The word "Crusade," which the good ladies used to designate their forays upon the saloons, we verily believe, by the association of ideas—the romantic word with the prosaic fact—helped to lighten their disagreeable labors. To them every saloon was as a Jerusalem to be taken, but without the *holy* places.

The Original German Immigrants to Cincinnati are mainly of the humble classes. But very few people of elegance are among them. They are a highly valued body of citizens, commanding respect for their industry and general sobriety of deportment.

An excellent and very wealthy part of the German element is the Hebrew. They, however, are German but little more than in language. Everywhere they are the same peculiar people.

The routine of their domestic daily lives, the preparation of their food, etc., is regulated by certain rules and ceremonies which form an essential part of their religion, so that they never can socially assimilate with other people. There is but little visiting between the families of Jews and Gentiles.

Cincinnati is a sort of paradise for the Hebrews. They number about 10,000 souls. Among them are some very learned men, as the Rabbis Wise and Lilienthal. Finer specimens of mercantile honor and integrity do not exist than are exemplified in some of their leading merchants.

These people—we speak from knowledge and neighborhood—carry out among themselves more closely perhaps than is common even with Christians, the Christly injunction, "Love one another." This is not surprising, as previous to the year A. D. 1, they had all the Christianity there was anywhere. They allow none among them to sink into pauperism, but help each other with no stinted hand. And when one returns from a journey his friends run to embrace and kiss him. Music, dancing, theatricals, gayety, bright colors and a good time in this life are the cardinal objects with them. Originally an Oriental people, they naturally take to bright, sensuous things. As many of them nowadays have serious doubts of immortality, these act on the principle of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." This is pitiful when we reflect that the highest joy and the loftiest

virtue only can come to the soul when it feels its inestimable value through its conviction of immortality.

The Cause of Cincinnati's Pre-eminence.—It may be asked, why has Cincinnati obtained its pre-eminence in art, literature and public spirit over other Western cities, for instance Chicago? We answer, Cincinnati is older than this century. More than forty years ago, when Chicago was a mere fort and Indian trading post, Cincinnati was a city of 25,000 people with a cultured society noted even then for its fostership of literature and art. In those days Cincinnati had such men as Chief-Justice McLean, Salmon P. Chase, Jacob Burnett, Dr. Daniel Drake, James C. Hall, Nicholas Longworth, Nathaniel Wright, Nat. G. Pendleton, Charles Hammond, Henry Starr, Bellamy Storer, Larz Anderson, Bishop McIlvain, Lyman Beecher, D. K. Este, John P. Foote, Nathan Guilford, General William Lytle, General William H. Harrison, Colonel Jared Mansfield, etc. The last named had been Surveyor-General of the N. W. Territory and Professor of Mathematics at West Point.

Brilliant Women.—Colonel Mansfield, with Mrs. Mansfield, were natives of this city, and she it was who introduced into Cincinnati society the custom of New Year calls. Probably there is scarcely a single individual, aside from the writer, in this, the city of her birth and childhood, who remembers this lady, now long since deceased, but New Haven never produced, nor Cincinnati ever held, a more queenly woman. Her son, the Hon. E. D. Mansfield, the statistician of Ohio and well-known writer of Cincinnati, who graduated at the head of his class at Princeton, and then second at West Point, is New Haven born. Although about as old as the century, his spirits are as buoyant, as youthful as those of any school-boy who now carries a happy morning face through the streets of his native city. Among other ladies who have figured in the old society of the city were Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Wright Darusemont and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Cincinnati's and Chicago's Characteristics.—Cincinnati has ever been a great manufacturing and creating centre, instead of a great trading, distributing, and speculating point like Chicago. The latter in consequence has drawn to itself from its first uprising out of the bogs, hosts of wild speculators and adventurers of all sorts, who came under the influence of the elixir of an exhilarating climate, with their imaginations excited to money making by the sight of vast prairies of wonderful fertility stretching away in easy gradations from its site, forming a greater body of rich land than lies around any other city in all Christendom.

The growth of Cincinnati having been comparatively slow, its best elements have had time to take root, unite and strengthen with the rolling years. Her population has been stable and not changing. Hence there is in this generation an aristocracy of "town born," of culture united to wealth, as the

Longworths, Groesbecks, Dexters, Pendletons, Andersons, Goshorns, etc., who take immense pride in their native city, forming a nucleus around which gather those forces which are impelling it on its upward career.

Cincinnati a Literary Centre.—Cincinnati, more than any other Western city, has been a literary centre—a great book-publishing, book-selling mart. The bookstore of Robert Clarke & Co. is the literary focus of the city and adjoining States. There one meets with the most eminent characters of society. Said a prominent bookseller of Chicago to a member of this firm: "I don't understand how you in Cincinnati can sell such quantities of the higher class of scientific works—the books of the great thinkers and specialists; we have very little call for them here." A partial solution of this may be found in the capacity of the Cincinnati bookseller! The value of a bookseller, genial, book-loving and book-knowing to any community that has his services, are they not, Oh! appreciative reader, beyond your arithmetic?

The Hills and Clifton.—Eventually the city plain will be devoted entirely to business and the homes of the people be "Cincinnati on the Hills." Now the finest of the palatial residences are there with the outlying districts of Mount Auburn, Walnut Hills, Price Hill and Clifton.

Clifton is a collection of magnificent cha-teaux, four miles from the city, amid groves and grassy lawns, which in architectural display, combined with landscape adornment and picturesque outlooks, has not, says a German author, its equal but in one spot in Europe. Clifton has been the astonishment of foreigners who have accepted the hospitalities of its prince-like dwellers, among whom may be mentioned the Prince of Wales, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and those Queens of Song, Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. There in a palace resides Henry Probasco, once a penniless youth, who gave the Tyler-Davidson fountain to Cincinnati. He alike proposes the same with his magnificent picture gallery valued at \$200,000 soon as the citizens erect a suitable building, which they are certain to do some day. Another resident is William S. Groesbeck, who gave \$50,000 for music in the parks. He it was who told his brother Democrats at the close of the rebellion, that they must accept the issue of the question of State Rights as ended. Said he, "war legislates, the trial of arms is the final Court of Appeals." George Pendleton, the famous Democratic leader, is also there. He is sometimes called "Gentleman George," from the suave manners and good fellowship generally. He is what is termed "a handsome man," compact, full rounded, with dark sparkling eyes. Richard Smith, proprietor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, also dwells in Clifton. He is a plain, unostentatious citizen, who will receive in his office with more attention a poor crone of a woman who comes to crave charity than any swelling individual who calls under circumstances of pomp and state.

Beauty of the Country.—The country on the hills is surpassingly beautiful. The formation is the blue limestone, and geologists say peculiar. Trilobites—petrified marine shells—are found in abundance. The surface is disposed in soft, exquisitely graceful swells with no abrupt transitions. In places the beech woods stretch away over hill and through dale in billowy swells, the ground one continuous green lawn with no underbrush to mar the prospect under the lights and shadows of the leafy canopies. For height combined with massiveness and luxuriance of foliage, no tree within our knowledge is equal to the beech of the Ohio valley, as there is none in picturesque beauty and graceful sweep of branches equal to the New England elm. Where the beech grows the soil is fat and luxuriant for the corn, the wheat and the good things, that plump out the ribs, rejoice and make laugh the inner man.

On these hill sides, amid the lesser vales, within easy rides from the city are many charming suburban homes of the well-to-do citizens, sweet surprises to the stranger as they suddenly burst upon him from out a wilderness of green things. These are often reached by some sequestered by-road, winding through some lesser vale, where one might easily fancy they were a hundred miles away from any city. There are many such places all unknown to the masses who delve and sweat out their lives in the great hot, sooty town. At one of these, on a lofty eminence opposite Clifton, called "Makatewah" from the Indian name of the deep, broad valley which they each overlook—the first from the east and the last from the west and near two miles apart—we had passed so many happy days, escapes from the heat, dust and brain worrying life of the hot city, that although unused to versification, we could not refrain from a tribute.

MAKATEWAH.

O, Makatewah! peaceful spot,
Where Nature's sweetest charms are spread,
My weary spirit finds repose,
To calmest thought is led.

Bright, sparkling morn, mild, tranquil eve,
Hope, retrospection here by turn inspire;
Imagination, charming fancies weave,
As softly sighs the leafy lyre.

The mansion strong and massive stands
Where love and virtue cheer the guest;
Where life's best gifts with blessings fill
And earthly scenes bring heavenly rest.

There swelling slopes rise decked in green,
Mid summer suns lie cooling shades,
Flowers quaff the morning dews
And zephyrs stir the tender blades.

Ripe luscious fruits in red and gold,
Mid emerald settings blush and glow;

While generous vines the nectar yields
That lifts sad hearts in genial flow.

Mid fragrance, insects happy hum,
The wood bird beats his rataplan,
The peacock* struts with speckled mates
And stately swings a glittering fan.

When evening's shadows solemn steal
O'er Clifton's leaf-crowned height,
There sweet to watch the fading day
Die in the arms of night.

The valley sounds rise on the air,
The tinkling bells, the rolling cars,
While o'er the deep'ning gloom below
Look down the sad, mysterious stars.

O, Makatewah! peaceful spot,
Where Nature's sweetest charms are spread;

My weary spirit finds repose,
To calmest thought is led.

This region, like that of Athens of old, has the prime requisite for a perfect climate, being just in that latitude where one can remain out of doors in comfort the greatest number of days in the year. The time is not distant when this centre will number a million of people. Then "Cincinnati on the Hills" will be one of the choice spots of this earth. This from the extraordinary resources and beauty of the country, combined with the extraordinary public spirit of her citizens:—the latter moving with an accelerated increase from the habits already established, all combining to render this a great art centre and focus of all which broadens life and renders it sweet and beneficent.

CINCINNATI (STATISTICAL) IN 1888.

CINCINNATI, county-seat of Hamilton, largest city in the State, is in a direct line about 100 miles from Columbus. It is on the north bank of the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Licking river, about midway between Pittsburg at the source, and Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio river. It is within a few miles of the centre of the population of the United States. Railroads entering the city are the O. & N. W.; C. H. & D.; C. I., St. L. & C.; C. L. & N.; C. G. & P.; C. C. C. & I.; C. S., B. & O.; C. W. & B.; N. Y. P. & O.; O. & M.; C. & M. V.; P. C. & St. L.; C. & W.; C. H.; K. C.; N. N. & M.; C. J. & M.; L. & N.; C. & O., and C. N. O. & T. P.

County Officers in 1888.—Auditor, Frederick Raine; Clerk, Daniel J. Dalton, John B. Peaslee; Commissioners, William Anthony, Luke A. Staley, Herman H. Goesling; Coroner, John H. Rendigs; Infirmary Directors, Charles S. Dunn, John H. Penny, Tilden R. French; Probate Judge, Herman P. Goebel; Prosecuting Attorney, John C. Schwartz; Recorder, George Hobson; Sheriff, Leo Schott; Surveyor, Albert A. Brasher; Treasurer, John Zumstein.

City Officers in 1888.—Amor Smith, Jr., Mayor; Edwin Henderson, Clerk; E. O. Eshelby, Comptroller; Albert F. Bohrer, Treasurer; Theo. Horstman, Solicitor; John A. Caldwell, Judge of Police Court; Emil Rense, Clerk of Police Court; John G. Schwartz, Prosecuting Attorney; Philip Deitsch, Superintendent of Police.

Newspapers.—The number of periodicals of all kinds is 133, of which there are 14 dailies and 46 weeklies. The principal dailies are, *Enquirer*, Democratic, John R. McLean, Editor and Publisher; *Commercial Gazette*, Republican, Murat Halstead, Editor; *Times Star*, Independent; *Evening Post*; *Evening Telegram*; *Sun*, Democratic. *German*: *Abend Presse*, Independent; *Freie Presse*, Democratic; *Volksblatt*, Democratic, Henry Haacke, Editor and Publisher; *Volksblatt*, Republican. *Religious Weeklies*: *American Christian Review*, Disciples; *American Israelite*; *Catholic Telegraph*; *Christliche Apologete*; *Christian Standard*, Christian; *Herald and Presbyter*, Presbyterian; *Journal and Messenger*, Baptist;

* The peacock on the place in 1874 lost its mate. A respectable period of mourning having been passed he suddenly disappeared.

After over two years of absence he as unexpectedly returned, leading in stately procession on to the grounds two new-found wives. As there were none of his kind in that vicinity, the distance and direction of that matrimonial journey remain a mystery. That he should bring back two to replace the one he had lost, in view of his long abstinence from the companionship of any, was probably justifiable to the peacock judgment and the peacock morals.

Sabbath Visitor, Jewish; *Wahrheits Freund*, Catholic; *Western Christian Advocate*, Methodist.

Churches.—Cincinnati has over 200 churches, among which are Roman Catholic, 51; Methodists, 37; Presbyterian, 24; Congregational, 5; Protestant Episcopal, 19; Baptist, 18; German Evangelical, 15; Jewish Synagogue, 7; Disciples of Christ, 6; United Brethren, 3; Friends, 2; also 1 each Hollandsche Reformed; Church of the New Jerusalem, Universalist and Unitarian.

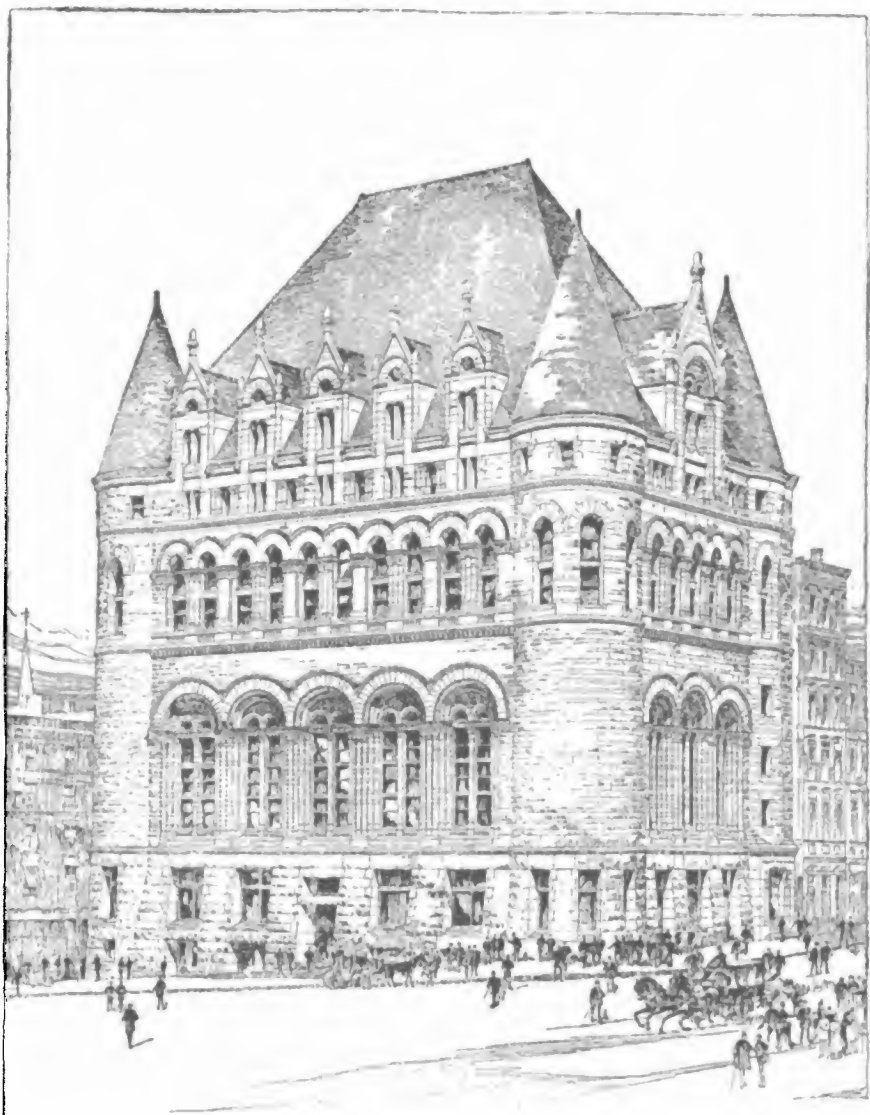
Charities.—There are five hospitals, viz.: the Cincinnati, two Catholic, one Jewish and one Homœopathic; and other charitable institutions are numerous, as Children's Home, Christian Association's Home of the Friendless, Orphan Asylums, the Widows' and Old Men's Home on Walnut Hills, the Relief Union, Board of Associations, and the Bethel on the River, where destitute and homeless people are temporarily fed and sheltered. With it is a church and Sunday-school for the children of the poor, which for many years has had an attendance of 3,000 and attracts many visitors.

Banks.—Cincinnati National Bank, Joseph F. Larkin, president, Edgar Stark, cashier; Citizen's National Bank, B. S. Cunningham, president, George W. Forbes, cashier; Commercial Bank, Charles B. Foote, president, W. H. Campbell, cashier; Fidelity Safe Deposit and Trust Company, Briggs Swift, president, J. G. Brotherton, superintendent; First National Bank, L. B. Harrison, president, T. Stanwood, cashier; Fourth National Bank, M. M. White, president, H. P. Cooke, cashier; Franklin Bank, John Kilgour, president, H. B. Olmstead, cashier; German National Bank, John Hauck, president, Geo. H. Bohrer, cashier; Merchants' National Bank, D. J. Fallis, president, W. W. Brown, cashier; National Lafayette Bank, W. A. Goodman, president, J. V. Guthrie, cashier; Ohio Valley National Bank, James Espy, president, Theo. Baur, cashier; Queen City National Bank, John Cochnower, president, Samuel W. Ramp, cashier; Second National Bank, Charles Davis, president, Wm. S. Rowe, cashier; Third National Bank, J. D. Hearne, president, Wm. A. Lemmon, cashier; Union National Bank, Edward Weil, president, L. Kleybolte, cashier; S. Kuhn & Sons; Seasingood, Sons & Co.; A. Seinecke, Jr.; Simon & Huseman; A. C. Conklin & Co., brokers; Geo. Eustis & Co., brokers; H. B. Morehead & Co., brokers; Albert Netter, broker; Cincinnati Clearing House Association, James Espy, president, W. D. Duple, manager.

Industries.—For the year 1887, the report of Colonel Sidney D. Maxwell, superintendent of the Chamber of Commerce, gives the number of industrial establishments in Cincinnati as amounting to 6,774, employing 103,325 hands, and producing in value \$203,459,396, viz.: Iron, \$26,966,999, hands, 14,741; other Metals, \$7,674,160, hands, 5,056; Wood, \$20,440,182, hands, 12,589; Leather, \$10,484,425, hands, 6,404; Food, \$23,526,858, hands, 5,821; Soap, Candles and Oils, \$11,165,200, hands, 1,845; Clothing, \$23,202,769, hands, 21,951; Liquors, \$29,012,711, hands, 2,242; Cotton, Wool, Hemp, etc., \$2,258,983, hands, 1,968; Drugs, Chemicals, etc., \$4,913,150, hands, 874; Stone and Earth, \$4,972,730, hands, 3,384; Carriages, Cars, etc., \$11,109,950, hands, 6,601; Paper, \$6,670,986, hands, 2,976; Book Binding and Blank Books, \$598,724, hands, 860; Printing and Publishing, \$4,456,876, hands, 4,138; Tobacco, \$3,784,868, hands, 3,305; Fine Arts, \$1,046,250, hands, 756; Miscellaneous, \$11,174,375, hands, 7,814.

In 1860 the annual value was \$46,995,062; in 1880, \$163,351,497; since which last date as above shown there has been an increase of about one-quarter in value. The First Ohio Revenue district, in which is Cincinnati, in 1881 paid a larger revenue than any other in the Union, amounting to over \$12,000,000, having been mainly from distilled liquors, tobacco and beer.

Population in 1840, 46,338; 1850, 115,438; 1870, 216,239; 1880, 255,139; 1890, 296,908.



(By courtesy of Publishers of the New England Magazine.)

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

LITERARY SYMPOSIUM ON CINCINNATI.

In the *New England Magazine* for September, 1888, under the head of "Illustrated Literary Symposium on Cincinnati," was a series of ten articles by nine authors of the city. They were "Prehistoric Cincinnati," by M. F. Force; "Cincinnati, Historical and Descriptive," by W. H. Venable; "Education," by the same; "Newspapers and Literature," by George Mortimer Roe; and "The Art Museum and the Art Academy," by A. T. Goshorn; "Decorative Art," by Benn Pitman; "History of Cincinnati Expositions," by W. H. Chamberlain; "Clubs and Club Life," by Chas. Theodore Greve, and "Political Reminiscences of Cincinnati," by Job E. Stevenson. The object of these articles was to present to the public in the centennial year of Ohio's settlement a picture of the progress of the great city from its beginning, with a view of its present characteristics. Nothing can be so well adapted for our purpose to accomplish the same end as their review, with extracts, abridgments, itemized facts. We begin with

PREHISTORIC CINCINNATI.

Before the advent of the white man the "Mound Builders" had possession here. When the whites first came the plateau extending from near the present line of Third street to the hills was literally covered with low lines of embankments, and an almost endless variety and numbers of figures. Among them were several mounds, one large mound on the bluff at the intersection of Third and Main streets; the great mound at the intersection of Fifth and Mound streets, which, if mounds were really used for watch-towers and beacons, communicated by means of a system of such, not only with the little valley of Duck creek, lying behind the Walnut Hills, but also with the valleys of both the Miami rivers.

Among the various articles found in these works were some very interesting, especially that from the great mound at the intersection of Fifth and Mound streets. That was the incised stone known to all archaeologists as "the Cincinnati tablet."

There were, in the year 1794, stumps of oak trees at the corner of Third and Main streets, showing that mound was over 400 years old. The site of Cincinnati was temporarily occupied by bands of the Miami Confederacy.

CINCINNATI, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Dr. Daniel Drake, in his "Picture of Cincinnati," published in 1815, called it the "metropolis of the Miami country." In 1824 its importance as a trade-centre became such that merchants distinguished it as the "Tyre of the West." The unclassic name of "Porkopolis" clung to the place for many years until Chicago surpassed it in the pork industry. The poetical appellation, "Queen City," was proudly worn by this Ohio valley metropolis, and recognized gracefully in Longfellow's praiseful song—

"To the Queen of the West
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the beautiful river."

The latest designation, the "Paris of America," the city earned from its reputation as a pleasure resort and a seat of the polite arts.

A majority of the early settlers came from New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Their religion was as austere as that of the Puritans, but not so aggressive. The New England and Virginia forces came only a little later with their powerful influences. The history of society presents no chapter more interesting than that which describes the interaction of ideas in Cincinnati from the close of the war of 1812-1815 to the end of the civil war. The three elements of population, and we might say of civilization, northern, central and southern,

met together on the shores of the Ohio, and Cincinnati became a cauldron of boiling opinions, a crucible of ignited ideas. There was a time when Southern alkali seemed to prevail over the Northern oxide, and the aristocratic young city was dominated by cavalier sentiment; but the irrepressible Yankee was ever present with his propensity to speak out in town-meeting. One of the significant factors of culture was the class that organized the "New England Society," to which belonged Bellamy Storr, Lyman Beecher, Calvin Stowe, Salmon P. Chase and others.

All sorts of questions, theological, political, social, came up for radical discussion in early Cincinnati. The foundations were taken up and examined. Every sentiment and every ism had its chance to be heard. Several new sects were differentiated. Scepticism, by the powerful voice of Robert Owen, challenged faith as held by Alexander Campbell; Protestantism encountered Romanism in hot debate. Religious controversies became involved with political (for if we dig deep we shall find the roots of all thought entangled together), and theoretical differences became practical issues at the polls.

When the tide of emigration was swollen by a foreign flood then arose the "Know Nothing" movement, directed by powerful newspapers in Cincinnati and Louisville. The discussion of the status of foreigners was radical, and dealt with the primary rights of man, and with the most essential functions of government, education and society. The relations of Church and State were considered.

The German population form a most important element, enough to make a large city—more than a hundred thousand. It is liberty-loving, and distinguished for thrift and intelligence. The Germans are devoted patrons of education and the arts, and especially music. German is taught in the public schools. The Irish element is also large and powerful.

Cincinnati, by the accident of her geographical position, became the focus of Abolitionism, and also of the opposite sentiment. In this city Birney was mobbed; Phillips was egged; colored men persecuted. In this city "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was planned, and here the Republican party was born. When the war came on Cincinnati did not waver. All sects and all parties, foreign and native, followed the Union flag. As soon as the war was over the citizens resumed their discussions. The Queen City is the arena of wrestling thoughts. Therefore it has become a city of practical toleration. Extreme radicalism lives side by side with extreme conservatism. Jew and Gentile are at peace. Orthodoxy fights heterodoxy, but each concedes to the other the right to exist. The people like to read Ingersoll and Gladstone. The Prohibitionists have a strong party here, and the drinkers of beer have a hundred gardens on the hills. In politics, Republicans and Democrats are pretty equally divided, and there is a lively class of "scratchers" in each party. All things considered, there seems to be good ground for the opinion often expressed by enthusiastic Cincinnatians that their city is the *freest city on the globe*. This is a bold claim, but it would be difficult to name a city in which the rights of the private individual are less interfered with than they are in the Queen City. This status of its people is the best for an ultimate true result. It is only by agitation and experience that the race anywhere can advance; and nothing is a final settlement until it is settled right.

The tract known as the Miami Purchase, on the north shore of the Ohio, was first settled at Cincinnati and Columbia (this last now in the city limits) in 1788. Surrounded by a region of unsurpassed fertility, and located on a stream which floated the principal commerce of the West, Cincinnati in a few decades naturally took the leading rank. The farm products of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, whether in the form of grain or live-stock, poured into her markets. The steamboat interest was vast and far-reaching, and until after the middle of the century Cincinnati profited greatly not only by river commerce but by boat-building. The river landing was then a scene of bustle and business, with the loading and unloading of goods and the movement of steamers; its varying stages and phases



THE TYLER DAVIDSON FOUNTAIN.



MUSIC HALL AND EXPOSITION BUILDING.

were in everybody's thoughts and talks. "How's the river to-day? Good stage of water, eh?"

In the period of its early life it was largely visited by foreign travellers, for it was regarded as the brightest, most interesting place in the West—as Volney, Ashe, Basil Hall, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Capt. Marryat, Harriet Martineau, Chas. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope. The latter, with her four children, resided here two years, from 1828 to 1830, and lost thousands in what she named "The Bazaar," which came to be known as "Trollope's Folly." It stood on Third street, just east of Broadway. Among its attractions was a splendid ball-room, long the pride of the city.

The civil war wrought miracles in the development of Cincinnati. Its manufacturing enterprises have developed prodigiously, property values multiplied and large individual fortunes accumulated. A population of fully half a million dwells within a radius of ten miles, and the city proper has a third of a million. A wide and rich field of traffic and investment has of late years opened in the South by means of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, and also by that through the Virginias by the Chesapeake and Ohio.

The Cincinnati Southern Railway was built at a total cost of \$20,000,000, and runs to Chattanooga, a distance of 336 miles, into the heart of the South. It was leased in 1880 until the close of the century to the Erlanger Syndicate. It was built by the city by an issue of its bonds nearly to the entire amount, which being regarded as an abuse of its corporate rights, the construction being even outside of the State, met with strong opposition in the courts. The act was sustained, its prospective immense importance to the well-being of the city overcoming all adverse arguments of illegality.

Freight by it consists largely of live-stock, coal, iron, stone, lumber, bark, flour, whisky, turpentine, grain, cotton, hemp, fruit, tobacco, salt provisions and beer. In 1883 it carried six hundred thousand passengers and earned nearly two and a half millions in freight.

The river trade is still very great, especially in coal; its weekly consumption in the city is about a million of bushels. Freight is largely conveyed up and down the river by powerful steamboats with fleets of barges. About one-quarter of the imports and exports of Cincinnati are moved by water.

Cincinnati is a composite city, an aggregation of towns once separate, which, however, retain their old names, as Walnut Hills, Columbia, Pendleton, etc., and just outside lie some charming villages which practically enjoy the benefits of the city, yet control their own local affairs by a mayor and aldermen, as Clifton and Avondale. Then, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, are Covington and Newport, with the Licking dividing them, and Bellevue, Dayton and Ludlow. Several bridges connect Cincinnati with the Ohio, among them the beautiful suspension bridge to Covington, completed in 1866 by the engineer, Roebling, at a cost of \$1,800,000. It is 103 feet above low water, and is the largest single span of its class in the world. The towers over which the gigantic cables pass are 1,057 feet apart, are 230 feet in height, and thus are higher, and each contain more stone, than the Bunker Hill Monument. The others are pier bridges, and built to accommodate railroads, viz.: the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, the Louisville Short Line Railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio. This last cost nearly \$5,000,000, and was opened January 1, 1889.

Cincinnati now extends along the Ohio ten or twelve miles, with an average width of about three miles. Forty years ago its corporate limits were only about four square miles, and with scarce an exception was the most densely populated area of its size in the Union. Above the flood plain it is built on a terrace, and then rise the hills about 400 feet higher. The canal roughly bounds a quarter long known as "Over the Rhine," because of its great German population. In the Exposition of 1888 the canal was utilized to represent a Venetian street, and

was supplied with gondolas. The great Music Hall, Arbeiter Hall and Turner Hall are in that quarter.

Access to the hill-tops is by steeply graded roads, cable-car and horse-car roads, and by four inclined planes up which cars are drawn by powerful engines. The principal lines converge at Fountain Square.

The pavements are excellent, consisting of granite, asphalt and Ohio river boulders. The sewerage and underdrainage is perfect, and few cities are so healthy. Within the city limits is EDEN PARK, which is on the hills above the city plain, a pleasure-ground of 240 acres, on which is the reservoir which supplies the city with water. BURNET WOODS, a tract of beautiful forest of 170 acres, is also on the hills not far from the ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS, which last front on the Carthage pike. They are the largest and finest in America, and the buildings are as costly and substantial as those of the Zoölogical Gardens in Europe. The grounds, sixty acres in extent, are beautifully improved. There are about 1,000 specimens of animals and birds from all parts of the world. Frequently there are balls, picnics and special attractions, and on Thursday evening there is a *fete*. The gardens were opened in 1875, and since then over \$300,000 has been expended.

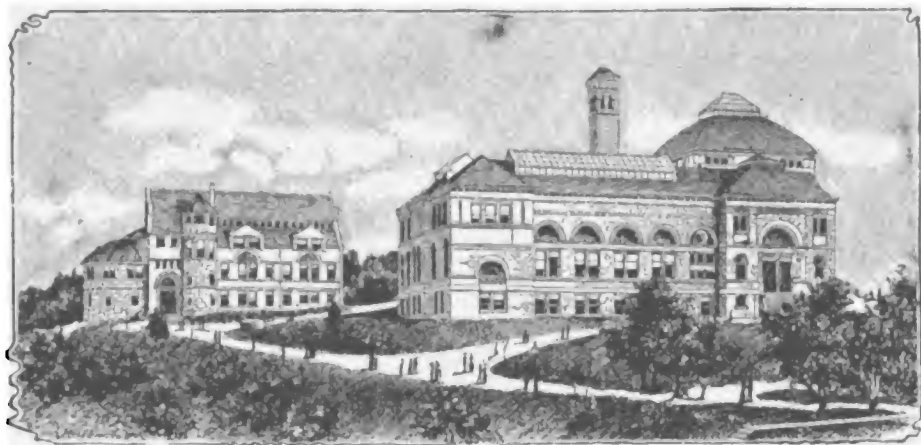
Each of the four inclined planes leads to a famous resort. On the east is the Highland House, on the north Lookout and Bellevue, and on the west Price Hill. Thousands flock to these, especially summer evenings and on Sundays.

SPRING GROVE CEMETERY is six miles from the river, in the valley of Mill Creek, on Spring Grove avenue. It comprises 600 acres, and has had therein about 35,000 interments. Its numerous springs and groves suggested the name. It is probably the most picturesque, as it is the largest cemetery in the world. It is on the plan of a park, to relieve the ground of the heavy, incumbered air of a churchyard, and to present the appearance of a natural park. It is exquisitely laid out, with far-stretching lawns, miniature lakes and shrubbery, and ornamented with stately monuments, chapels, vaults and statues. There are about 7,000 lot-holders. The more prominent objects are the Mortuary Chapel, the Dexter Mausoleum and the Soldiers' Monument. Many eminent historical characters are interred here. The spot is so enchanting that it seems as an earthly Paradise rather than a home of the dead.

The great beauty of the cemetery is largely due to the late Prof. Adolph Strauch, landscape gardener and arboriculturist, who died in 1882, and who was for many years its superintendent. "To him belongs the credit of giving to Cincinnati her renown for beautiful suburbs, with landscapes lovely as a dream." He estimated, exclusive of funerals, that in a single year (1880) it had a quarter of a million of visitors.

THE TYLER DAVIDSON FOUNTAIN is the grandest fountain on the continent. It stands on the Esplanade in the centre of Fountain square, which is a raised stone structure twenty-eight inches in height. This square is near the centre of the city and from which distances are calculated and the car lines mostly start. The fountain is a work in bronze consisting of fifteen large figures, of which the most prominent represents a woman from whose outstretched prone hands water is falling in fine spray. She is the Spirit of Rain. The head of this figure rises forty-five feet above the street level. The fountain was designed and cast in Munich, at a cost of \$200,000. The work was presented to Cincinnati in 1871 by one of her public-spirited citizens, Henry Probasco, a patron of arts and literature, whose magnificent residence is one of the palaces of the suburbs.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING is on the same street near it, and is a magnificent and convenient structure. Herein are the custom house, court rooms and post-office. It is built of gray stone, and cost \$5,000,000, the most expensive building in the city. Close by it also is the EMORY ARCADE, one of the largest in the world; extends between two streets, a passage way of 400 feet protected by a glass roof. It is lined with varied shops, and is decidedly Parisian



The Art Academy.

The Art Museum.

ART BUILDINGS, EDEN PARK.



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

in character. A few squares from the fountain, near the Lincoln Club House, is the colossal statue of Garfield, by Niedhaus, a Cincinnati artist.

The Broadway of the city is Fourth street, the aristocratic East end—where faces the once famous Longworth mansion and garden—to the railroad environed West end. Several blocks on Fourth street are solid, lofty structures. Among these is PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE and the new CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, dedicated January 30, 1889, ex-Gov. Edward F. Noyes being the orator of the occasion. It is a most striking work of art in Roman Provencal style, one of the best designs of the celebrated Richardson—its cost was over \$700,000. Two other remarkably fine structures, both designed by Hannaford, are now in the course of construction—the New City Hall and a City Armory.

Two admirable buildings of stone stand high upon a hill in Eden Park. They are the ART MUSEUM and the ART ACADEMY, designed by McLaughlin. The first of these cost nearly \$400,000, and the other is correspondingly costly. These buildings were bestowed upon the city by the munificence of several liberal individuals. Charles W. West gave \$150,000, David Sinton \$75,000, Joseph Longworth \$37,100. Reuben Springer and Julius Dexter then subscribed largely. Over a million of dollars have been given to the museum since 1880, and the art school is the best endowed in the United States.

The Art Academy building, completed in October, 1887, was entirely the gift of David Sinton. The Art Academy is an outgrowth of the old "School of Design," a branch of the McMicken University. In 1887 it had 400 students and twelve instructors, teaching and lecturing. Excepting an initiation fee of \$10, the institution is free.

The greatest pride of the city and its greatest ornament is the MUSIC HALL AND EXPOSITION BUILDING. It occupies most of a block and faces Washington Park. Its architect was McLaughlin. The building is brick and in the modernized Gothic style. The whole front on Elm street is 402 feet; 95 feet being given to each of the exposition buildings, and 178½ feet to the music hall. The widest part of the building is 316 feet. The buildings are so arranged that they can be used separately or together, and the upper stories so they can be connected by bridges. In these buildings is the grand music hall. It will hold 8,728 persons—seat 4,228, give standing room for 3,000, while the stage will accommodate 1,500. The GREAT ORGAN is one of the largest in the world. It was built in Boston, but the artistic screen of wild cherry was designed and carved by residents of Cincinnati. It has 96 registers, 6,237 pipes, 32 bells, 42 pedal movements, and 4 keyboards of 61 notes each. Its cash cost was \$32,000.

The College buildings, adjoining the magnificent Music Hall, contain forty class and study rooms, libraries, waiting-rooms, offices and a large and beautiful concert hall, "THE ODEON," seating 1,200 persons, with a stage thoroughly equipped for operatic and dramatic performances. The Cincinnati College of Music is open throughout the year, Peter Rudolph Neff, president; Professor Schradieck, musical director.

The amount of taxable property in Cincinnati is over one hundred and seventy-two millions. Next to Chicago this is the chief pork-packing place in the world. The brewing of lager beer is an industry that ranks next to the pork business. Over twenty million gallons of beer are produced annually in its breweries; distilling; heavy capital is engaged in the manufacture of iron, stone and wood; other important lines of manufacture are clothing, and in food products it is the largest mart in the world. For over half a century Cincinnati has held a leading rank as a printing, publishing and lithographing centre. It has the largest school-book house in the world—that of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., publishers of the eclectic series of text-books.

EDUCATION IN CINCINNATI.

The public-school system embraces schools of every grade, from kindergarten to university; the number of pupils enrolled in 1887 was 53,402. The schools are celebrated for their general excellence and for several special features of reform. They made a famous exhibit in the Exposition of 1876 in Philadelphia. They set the example now so widely followed of celebrating *Arbor Day* and *Author Day*.

The Public Library is under the management of the Board of Education, and free to the people. It is in a spacious and elegant building, has 164,000 volumes and an annual circulation of about 400,000 volumes; it is under the charge of A. W. Whepley. Beside this is the Mercantile and other public libraries, and some fine private libraries. The most noteworthy of the latter is that of A. T. Goshorn, in consequence of its peculiarly honorable history. He had been director-general of the National Exposition of 1876 at Philadelphia, and refusing pecuniary compensation for his services, the citizens presented him with \$10,000 in value in books of his choice, and sent on a committee to fit up a room in his residence for their reception; this was done in exquisite taste. The library of Enoch I. Carson, burned some years since, was extraordinary as the most complete Masonic collection in the world, beside a fine Shakespearian collection.

The University of Cincinnati is a municipal institution, forming part of the system of public instruction. It was founded on a bequest of Charles McMicken; its endowment is over \$750,000; its faculty numbers fifteen professors, Hon. J. D. Cox, ex-governor of Ohio, being president. Both sexes are admitted and college degrees conferred. The Cincinnati Observatory, on Mount Lookout, four miles in a direct line from the city, founded by Gen. O. M. Mitchell, belongs to the university; there is also an organic connection between the university and the medical colleges—the Miami and the Ohio—and also with the College of Dental Surgery and that of Pharmacy.

The Medical College of Ohio was established in 1819, and has ten professors; the Miami Medical College has twelve professors. The homœopathists have an excellent institution, the Pulte College; and there is an Eclectic College, a Physico-Medical Institute and other schools. The city hospitals are large and admirably conducted; the Cincinnati Law School, founded in 1833, J. D. Cox, dean, is a flourishing institution, with many pupils; the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the Cincinnati Technical School, the Society of Natural History with its museums and lectures, the system of kindergartens and the kitchen garden are all of a high order of efficiency.

As a centre of musical education the Queen City claims to be without a rival on the continent. The College of Music, with splendid quarters in Music Hall and the Odeon, draws students in all departments of the art, from all parts of the United States. The famous opera festivals and May musical festivals of the city are visited annually by thousands and thousands of people. Miss Clara Bauer's conservatory is also widely known; there are other music schools, especially piano schools. Beside the Art Academy, the arts of drawing and design are well taught in the public schools, in the Technical School and in many private schools, and by special teachers of art in their studios.

Lane Theological Seminary, on Walnut Hills, went into operation in 1832, under the Presidency of Lyman Beecher, D. D., and has since graduated about 700 students. It is well endowed, and has a fine library. St. Xavier College, on Sycamore street, is the great Roman Catholic institution of the Ohio valley. The Catholics possess a powerful system of public schools in connection with their many churches, and have a monastery near the city for the training of priests.

The Jews are numerous and influential in Cincinnati, possessing several synagogues of striking architectural beauty. The *American Israelite*, the organ of liberal Judaism, is conducted by Dr. I. M. Wise, who is also President of the

Hebrew Union College, a flourishing institution for the education of rabbis. The Wesleyan Female College was founded in 1842, and is controlled by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many Cincinnati ladies, prominent in charitable and educational works, are alumni of this college, among them the wife of President Hayes.

Business education is a prominent feature: commercial colleges are numerous, and there are schools of type-writing, telegraphy and all the graphic arts; among them the Cincinnati School of Phonography, which enjoys the hearty recommendation of Mr. Benn Pitman, so favorably known for his discriminating lectures on Art in the Art Academy. Cincinnati has been a centre for short-hand since 1849. Benn Pitman came from England to America in 1853, and settled here to advance his brother's system of short-hand, invented in 1837.

Fry's Carving School is one of the unique institutions of the city. It is conducted by Henry L. and Wm. H. Fry, father and son, and granddaughter, Laura H. Fry. Some of the most exquisite wood carving ever executed in the country is by them. The Frys did a large part of the elaborate carving in Henry Probasco's residence, in Clifton, and of the casement of the great organ in Music Hall. Art furniture of all kinds is made to order, and many specimens of their handiwork are to be found in various parts of the Union.

Clays for the manufacture of tiles and the finer grades of pottery are plentiful in the vicinity of Cincinnati. The artistic ceramic wares made here have a high reputation. The Rookwood Pottery, founded by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, daughter of Joseph Longworth, was designed to advance artistic culture in the line of ceramics. The establishment is an admirable one, managed wholly by ladies, and its products are chiefly sold at the East and in Europe. Its decorators were mostly educated at the Cincinnati Art Academy. The wares are unique, resembling Limoges. They display unusual richness and harmony of coloring. In style of decoration they are peculiarly American, the native plants, flowers and other objects having been much used in the designs. Carving in clay is a feature in the ornamentation. A specialty of this establishment is that the color of the body is utilized as a part of the decoration.

EXPOSITIONS.

The Industrial Expositions of the city had their origin in the annual fairs of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the first of which was held in Trollope's Bazaar building, in 1838. These fairs ceased owing to the civil war. In 1869 the Wool Growers' Association of the Northwest gave a Textile Fabric Association which lasted four days, and was such a great success as to lead, through the exertions of Mr. A. T. Goshorn and his associates, to uniting the three great organizations—the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce and the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, in a plan to give "the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of Manufactures, Products and Arts in the year 1870."

Each of these bodies was represented by a committee of five members chosen for their zeal and peculiar capacity. They received no salary although their services involved much labor and time. To be an exposition commissioner was thought to be a distinguished honor. An exposition organized in this way could only be a public trust. There were to be no profits, no dividends to anybody. As a financial basis a guarantee fund was subscribed of \$24,000. The form of subscription was a note by the guarantor for the amount of his individual guaranty, payable to the Exposition Commissioners only in case the receipts of the Exposition failed to pay expenses, and then only in proportion to the amount of deficit. The city banks advanced money on these notes.

The Exposition was held in a massive building erected for the National Saengerfest of the same year. With additions the exhibiting space covered seven acres. This entire space was filled with interesting exhibits, and the exposition was open from September 21 till October 22. Admission 25 cents. When it

closed it was found that over 300,000 visitors had passed through its gates ; that the receipts had been about \$54,000, leaving a small surplus over all expenses.

Not only was the city delighted with the great success but a wide interest was aroused throughout the country, whence visitors were drawn by the thousands to the great exposition. For the four following years expositions were held, and so far successful that no assessments were made on the guarantors.

"No exposition was held in the year 1876, on account of the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia ; but it was a high compliment to the Cincinnati plan and management that, as early as the year 1872, the Philadelphia Commissioners visited the great Cincinnati Exposition of that year, studied its details carefully, and afterwards chose for the important office of director-general of their exhibition A. T. Goshorn, then the President of the Cincinnati Board of Exposition Commissioners."

Meantime Music Hall had been built as one of the outgrowths caused by the exposition, all the people uniting to this end, even the school-children giving concerts with their massive child choruses in aid of the enterprise.

In 1888 was inaugurated "The Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States," for the support of which a guarantee fund of \$1,050,000 was subscribed by the people of Cincinnati. Honorary Commissioners were appointed from thirteen States, including their respective governors, thus giving national significance to the event, which was intended also to celebrate the settlement of the Northwest Territory. Buildings occupying a large part of Washington Park and spanning the canal were erected, which in connection with the permanent Exposition Buildings furnished a floor area of about thirty-two acres.

In this was gathered a magnificent collection of manufactured articles, products of the soil and works of art, illustrating the mighty progress of a century. Congress appropriated \$250,000 towards a national exhibit of some of their rarest and most valuable archives, which were placed in charge of government officials.

The Exposition was opened July 4, 1888, by a great daylight procession, much of it illustrative of the early history of the country and its wonderful progress. The streets were thronged with hundreds of thousands of people, all bearing testimony to the manner in which the popular heart was responding to the demands of the celebration.

The Exposition continued over 100 days, and the entire enterprise was a grand industrial and artistic success, reflecting great credit and honor upon the citizens of Cincinnati, Exposition Commissioners and exhibitors.

CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE.

Cincinnati abounds in clubs, social, literary and scientific. It being largely a collection of suburban towns, difficult of access one directly with the other, gathered around a central town readily accessible from each, has tended to the establishment of clubs. The Historical and Philosophical Society is located on Garfield Place. It has a Museum of Natural Curiosities, a Historical Library of 7,000 volumes and over 40,000 pamphlets, many of them rare and containing a mine of information on the early history of this region. A club of a similar character is the Natural History Society, located on Broadway. This society has quite an extensive museum, and it stimulates an interest in the natural characteristics of the surrounding country. Connected with the club is a section devoted to photographic work which makes excursions to the various points of beauty and interest about the neighborhood. These have resulted in a collection of beautiful views, which, supplemented by plates obtained by exchange with similar societies, furnish the material for an annual exhibit of remarkable variety and excellent workmanship. Lectures are given of a popular character on scientific subjects which are free to the public at large. The society has regular meetings at which papers are read and discussed. The Unity Club supplies a regular course of Sunday after-

noon lectures, open to the public at a nominal fee. These are usually given in the Grand Opera House, where are heard during the winter some of the best lecturers in the country. Through the efforts of Librarian A. W. Whelpley, they are largely attended, and have become a permanent feature in the life of the city. The Unity Club comprises both sexes and has varied objects. Its membership is very large and far reaching. Throughout the winter on Wednesday evenings a regular course of exercises is carried out. One night it is a lecture by some member on some literary subject, the next night a debate, the following an amateur dramatic performance, or an opera, and so on throughout the year. These lectures are so arranged that they form a connected whole on some subject, each member being assigned a particular branch of the topic under study for treatment.

The Cuvier Club was organized in 1874, for the protection of game and fish and for social purposes. It has a very fine collection of 3,000 specimens of birds and fish. The building of the Club, on Longworth street, is excellently designed, with a large room for a museum above, where are trophies of the chase and social rooms with a small library and periodicals. The club claims to make the best laws, to catch the best fish and game in season, and to have in its membership the best whist-players of this section. The club has been of great service in keeping before the public and various legislatures the great harm that arose from the indiscriminate pursuit of game and fish; and it has been indefatigable in its efforts to procure the enactment and enforcement of suitable laws.

Then there are the Ladies' Musical Club, a Press Club composed of journalists and four large purely social clubs. Two of these, the Allemania and the Phœnix, are limited entirely to those of Jewish extraction. The Queen City Club has the handsomest building, and here are gathered the men of wealth of the city. It has attached a ladies' apartment, which is enjoyed by the wives and daughters of its members. Billiard rooms and card rooms are plenty, and its table excellent. Within the club is another club, the Thirteen Club, with thirteen members, which seats itself and dines on the Thirteenth hour of the Thirteenth day of each month. The Ananias Club, devotes itself entirely to dining. The object of this club is good fellowship and the promotion of *truth*. It numbers among its members newspaper men, lawyers, doctors, artists and musicians. It has no Constitution and only one officer, whose business it is to attend only to his own. At its dinners, which are only occasional, there rests in the centre of the table the original hatchet used by G. Washington in his famous cherry tree difficulty, surmounted by the skull of Ananias, which is alike original—the identical skull which he used when living. The annual meeting is always held on Washington's birthday; of course, his first and only one.

The Country Club has a very comfortable place near Carthage, with a convenient club-house and large grounds, where can be had tennis, shooting, or any sports that suit the fancy. It is sufficiently far from the city for a pleasant drive for the members and their friends. The University Club is composed entirely of college graduates, and about all the principal colleges in the country are represented. As with the Queen City Club a large number of its members lunch here regularly.

Two other characteristic clubs are the U. C. D. and the Literary Club. The U. C. D. is a club organized of ladies and gentlemen in 1866 on Mount Auburn, for the reading of essays, music and theatricals.

The Literary Club is the oldest of the kind in the country. At the first meeting were Judge Stanley Matthews and A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. The club was devoted to the discussion of various topics, social, literary, theological and political, the reading of essays and a monthly newspaper; also recitations. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected a member in 1859, and on March 9th of that year, acting as chairman, he decided in the negative on the merits of the question: "Has the agitation in the North on the slavery question been an advantage?" On the merits of the question the club also voted in the negative.

The same year the club discussed and decided in the negative, "Are there any causes at present existing from which we have reason to fear a dissolution of the Union?" Among its members have been many prominent men beside those here mentioned. Buchanan Read, Salmon P. Chase, Fred. Hassaurek, O. P. Morton, James Beard, Generals McClellan and Pope, John W. Herron, John M. Newton, W. F. Poole, Ainsworth Spofford, Moncure D. Conway, Henry Howe, Chas. Reemelin, J. B. Stallo, Donn Piatt, E. F. Noyes, Alphonso Taft, etc. At the outbreak of the war the club organized itself into the Burnet Rifles, about 60 in number; a larger part of the members became officers in the Union army. The club is very flourishing, with an increased membership.

HISTORIC MISCELLANIES.

THE OHIO STATE FORESTRY ASSOCIATION.

When in 1881 the Von Steubens came to America to unite in the centennial celebration of the Surrender at Yorktown, in which their ancestor, General Von Steuben, had taken such an illustrious part, they visited Cincinnati. Among them was Baron Richard Von Steuben, the Royal Chief Forester of the German Empire.

In conversation with him some of the gentlemen of the city became so deeply interested on the subject of forestry, that they met in conference in January, 1882, to take measures to interest the people in the subject. They were Col. W. L. De Beck, Rev. Dr. Max Lilienthal, the Hebrew rabbi; John B. Peaslee, School Superintendent; Hon. John Simpkinson, the first President of the Association; Col. A. E. Jones and Hon. Emil Rothe. Through a committee then organized, for the next three months the press of the country laid before the people the subject of forestry in its various important aspects. The continuous history of the subject we take from a pamphlet, "Trees and Tree Planting," with exercises and directions for the celebration of Arbor Day, by John B. Peaslee, Supt. Public Schools, issued by the Ohio State Forestry Association, Cincinnati, 1884.

The work of the committee culminated in a three days' meeting at Music Hall, April 25th, 26th and 27th, at which most of the distinguished foresters of this country and Canada were present and read papers before the scientific department. The excellent programme for this meeting was principally made by Dr. John A. Warder and Prof. Adolph Leu . Governor Foster made the address of welcome.

The public schools were dismissed on the 26th and 27th, to enable the pupils and teachers to take part in the celebration of tree planting in the public parks. The 27th had been appointed as Arbor Day by proclamation of the Governor. Extensive preparations had been made for its appropriate celebration in Eden Park.

The city was in holiday attire. The soldiery and organized companies of citizens formed an immense procession under command of Col. S. A. Whitfield, and marched to the park, where the command was turned over to Col. A. E. Jones, the officer in charge. The school-children were under the charge of Superintendent Peaslee. Fifty thousand citizens covered the grassy slopes and crowning ridges, those assigned to the work of transplanting trees taking their respective places.

At the firing of the signal gun "Presidents' Grove," "Pioneers' Grove," "Battle Grove," "Citizens' Memorial Grove" and "Authors' Grove" were planted and dedicated with loving hands and appropriate ceremonies.

Addresses were made by ex-Gov. Noyes, Dr. Loring, Cassius M. Clay and Durbin Ward, and others. No sight more beautiful, no ceremonies more touching had ever been witnessed in Cincinnati. An important lesson in forestry had indeed been brought home to the hearts of the people, and a crown of success was awarded the AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS. This was the first Arbor

Day celebration in Ohio. And thus closed the first session of the American Forestry Congress, which embraces in its scope the United States and Canada.

In 1883 the Ohio State Forestry Association, the outgrowth of the American Forestry Congress, was organized. The organizers were Dr. John A. Warder, Prof. Adolph Leué, Col. A. E. Jones, Hon. John Simpkinson, Supt. John B. Peaslee, Gen. Durbin Ward, Hon. Emil Rothe, Hon. Leopold Burckhardt, D. D. Thompson, Prof. R. B. Warder, Prof. Adolph Strauch, Dr. A. D. Birchard, Hon. Charles Reemelin, Prof. W. H. Venable, Dr. W. W. Dawson, John H. McMakin, Esq., and perhaps a few others. A convention was held in April.

By authority of a joint resolution adopted by both branches of our State Legislature, Governor Foster issued his proclamation, appointing the fourth Friday in April as Arbor Day, which was the last day of the convention. Accordingly, the association had made extensive preparations for its celebration in Eden Park by the citizens and by the public schools.

This second celebration of Arbor Day in Cincinnati was thus described at the time.

"The east ridge of the park was thronged with the associations planting tablets to the memories of the Presidents of the United States, the heroes of Valley Forge, and the pioneers of Cincinnati in their respective groves, while the northern projecting slope of the ridge was occupied by fully seventeen thousand school-children in honoring 'Authors' Grove.' Viewed from the summit of the ridge immediately west, the sight was one of the most animating ever brought before the eyes of Cincinnatians. The entire ridge, nearly a third of a mile in length, was occupied by those persons taking part in the first-named ceremonies, while the slope designated was occupied by a dense mass of gayly dressed children in active motion over a surface of about five acres, and whose voices, wafted across the deep hollow to the western ridge, sounded like the chattering from a grove full of happy birds. The eastern slope of the west ridge was occupied by three thousand or four thousand spectators, who, reclining on the green spring sod of the grassy slopes, quietly surveyed the scene from a distance. In all there were over twenty thousand persons present. Over in the centre of the east ridge was the speakers' stand, with a tall staff bearing the national colors rising from the centre, while smaller flags marked the trees dedicated to each author. The grove to the honor of Cincinnati pioneers had been planted by the association, and yesterday the tablet was laid to their memory. All the tablets were of uniform size and construction, each being of sandstone, twenty-four by thirty-six inches surface, and eleven inches depth. That for the Cincinnati pioneers contained at the upper centre a figure of the primitive log-cabin, and the following inscription, 'Planted and Dedicated to the Memory of the Pioneers of Cincinnati by the Forestry Society.' Below were cut the names of the pioneers.

"'Presidents' Grove' bore a tablet with the following inscription: 'Presidents' Grove, Planted and Dedicated to the Memory of the Presidents of the United States, by the Forestry Society, 1882, Cincinnati, April 27th.' Then followed the names of all the twenty-one Presidents, down to President Arthur.

"'Centennial Grove' was planted in 1876 by Colonel A. E. Jones, from trees brought from Valley Forge. The tablet he had laid yesterday was dedicated to the heroes who served with Washington at Valley Forge. Following is the inscription: Eagle bearing the scroll 'Centennial Grove. Dedicated to the memory of 1776, and the patriots who suffered with Washington at Valley Forge, brought from that historic ground and planted by A. E. Jones, April 27, 1876.' Then followed the names Washington, Knox, Lafayette, Greene, Hamilton, Gates, Wayne, Putnam, H. Lee, Steuben, Weldin, Muhlenburg, Sullivan, Stark, Warren, McIntosh, Potter, Maxwell, Woodward, Patterson, Allen, De Kalb, Kosciusko, Marion, C. Lee, Glover, Poor, Larned, Scott, Pulaski, Sumter, Lincoln, Morgan, Smallwood, Eberhardt.

"At eleven o'clock the school exercises commenced at 'Authors' Grove.' The

trees having previously been planted, small granite tablets, about eight inches square, bearing the name of the author honored and the date of the ceremony, were sunk, in most cases uniformly with the surface of the sod, in the immediate vicinity of the tree. Thus the exercises were dedicatory only."

These were the first *memorial* groves ever planted in America; the first public planting of trees in honor of the memory of authors, statesmen, soldiers, pioneers, and other distinguished citizens.

The credit for the inauguration of Arbor Day anywhere is given to Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who suggested the propriety of the day and was instrumental in effecting the first observance, while he was governor of Nebraska, in 1872. Since that date it is stated that in Nebraska have been planted six hundred millions of trees.

The two following articles upon floods and riots were written for this work, by Mr. Harry M. Millar, of the editorial corps of the *Commercial Gazette*.

OHIO RIVER FLOOD.

By HARRY M. MILLAR.

The Ohio river, one of the greatest national waterways, 950 miles in length, is formed at Pittsburg by the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, coming from opposite directions. The Allegheny sources are numerous creeks in the mountains of New York, and is fed by hundreds of other tributaries that traverse Western Pennsylvania and parts of Ohio, draining an area of 13,000 square miles. The sources of the Monongahela are not large streams but they are numerous, especially in Maryland and West Virginia.

The Cheat river, its largest tributary, drains much mountainous country, and its sudden fluctuations are a wonder to not only visitors but the inhabitants along its banks. It is a frequent thing in the early spring or during the rainy season for this stream to rise over thirty feet within twenty-four hours. The Youghiogheny is also an important feeder of the Monongahela. The estimated drainage of the Youghiogheny and its tributaries is 2,100 square miles, the Monongahela and its tributaries 4,900 square miles, making the total watershed of the Monongahela 7,000 square miles, which, added to that of the Allegheny, gives a grand total area of 20,000 square miles drained by the sources of the Ohio river. From the forking of these rivers in Pennsylvania to its mouth at Cairo there are tributaries innumerable, many of which are navigable and at a good boating stage the greater part of the year.

These geographical and topographical situations are important causes which lead to the frequency of floods in the Ohio river. The month of February in the Ohio valley along the course of the river in later years has been looked for with dread. The highest stages of the river, the greatest floods and the most suffering, and great property losses within the past decade have occurred at that time of the year. The melting of snows in the mountains, sudden thawing spells, added to which are the early spring rainfalls alternated with sleet, all combine to bring on these freshets. The encroachments upon the

bed or channel of the river have in a great measure caused a narrowing of the width of its bed. So many large cities, towns and villages are strung out along its shores that the debris from sawmills, cinders and other material by being "dumped" over its banks have confined the rush of the waters to a fastly filling-up canal bed. In fact such has the Ohio river become within the past few years. Great stone pier bridges have been erected in the river bed, dams have been built, and these things combined have had a tendency to yearly increase the danger to the lowlands along the valley.

The greatest floods in the Ohio river were on February 18, 1832; December 17, 1847; February 15, 1883; February 14, 1884, and March 26, 1890. In 1832 the highest stage reached was 64 feet 3 inches; 1847, 63 feet 7 inches; 1883, 66 feet 4 inches; 1884, 71 feet and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, and in 1890, 59 feet 2 inches. These heights are measured from low-water mark, which is 2 feet and 6 inches above the bed of the channel.

The flood of 1884 exceeded all the others, and at the present writing stands on record as having attained the highest stage. Beginning on the 14th day of December, 1883, it continued rising until noon of February 14th, a space of two months, during which time there was much suffering among the people, loss of life and property. The meteorological causes began at the date mentioned, when the winter's first snow fell throughout the Ohio valley—a fall of a fraction less than an inch, with the stage of water in the Ohio at 10 feet 7 inches at Cincinnati, a minimum to which it did not again decline for a period of over six months.

During the month of December the total fall of snow, sleet and rain, reduced to rainfall, was 5.61 inches, while the highest stage of the river during the month was 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the 28th, after which it began to decline.

The first two weeks in January were cold, with frequent light snows, with a heavy two days' fall on the 14th and 15th. Cold weather then set in and the river alternately rose and

fell, varying from 15 feet 9 inches on the 29th to 31 feet 3 inches on the 31st, when the great flood of 1884 properly began.

At Cincinnati, at this time, the solidified snow previously fallen was from 18 inches to 4 feet deep, which was packed upon the hills, mountains and valleys of the Ohio river and its tributaries and the smaller streams tributary to the latter. A depth of 10 inches of snow fell in January, and the rainfall of the month was 1.23 inches. From the 30th of January to the 13th of February a general thaw progressed with rain day after day, all combining to affect the river accordingly.

The Ohio river continued rising steadily and rapidly, and at Cincinnati on February 2d had reached a stage of 49 feet 11½ inches, having entered the buildings at the foot of Broadway, Main and Walnut streets. The same afternoon there was a heavy fall of rain that carried much of the solidified snow into the river and local tributaries, and a rise again set in that did not cease until noon of the 14th, when it culminated in the highest stage of water at the mouth of the Licking river that had ever been seen at that point by an enlightened people. The total amount of the rainfall on the 4th was 1.35 inches; a dense fog came over the city and in the bottoms became so dense that artificial light was necessary in all buildings south of Third street.

The thermometer had crept up to 62°; there was a miasmatic feeling in the atmosphere that was stifling, and the general darkness prevailing cast great gloom among the populace. At all river points above there was a heavy rainfall, while the Monongahela and Licking rivers had started on a second freshet and were rising several inches per hour.

Daylight the next day found all the buildings fronting on the river between the Suspension Bridge and Main street, and Ludlow and Broadway, invaded by the water. The Mill creek bottoms of Cincinnati, as well as the lowlands in Pendleton and Columbia, were submerged, and later in the day the alarming news came that Lawrenceburg and Aurora were partly submerged, the river steadily rising, and grave apprehensions were felt for the security of the levees in front of those cities.

All day on the 5th a steady downpour of rain fell, measuring 1.56 inches, and more rain had fallen in eight hours on the days of the 4th and 5th than fell in four days preceding the same stage of water on February 8, 1883. The river was 20 feet and ½ inch higher than at the same time of the previous year, and there had been but nine years in which the stage of the water exceeded that at midnight of the 5th.

The Kentucky river, when it pours into the Ohio, prevents the water of the latter from passing off freely, and is thus a factor in producing high water at Cincinnati. At 1 o'clock of the morning of February 6th the levee at Lawrenceburg gave way and her citizens called upon the people of Cincinnati

to come to their relief. The Chamber of Commerce immediately called a meeting, and committees were appointed to adopt measures of relief.

At Cincinnati the water extended above Second street on Sycamore and Broadway, and was two feet deep at Third and Wood streets, while communication with the Suspension Bridge was cut off except by boats. On the 8th the Cincinnati Gas Works became submerged at noon, when the stage of the river had reached 62 feet 6½ inches. The next day, at 9 o'clock A. M., the stage of water was 63 feet 7 inches, the high-water mark of December 17, 1847, and by midnight covered the high-water mark of February 18, 1832, 64 feet 3 inches.

Heavy rains again set in at headwaters on the 10th, and all the streams again began rising. Point Pleasant, Va., was entirely inundated, there being four feet of water in parts of the town that had escaped the flood of 1883, while the back-water from the Ohio extended up the Kanawha fifty miles, inundating farm houses and villages of the valley and entirely wrecking the track of the Ohio Central Railroad. The width of the Kanawha varied from three to five miles. Between Ripley and Cincinnati, all houses on both banks of the river, that remained in their places, were invaded or entirely covered by water, and some towns were nearly washed out of existence. The Ohio back-water extended up the Little Miami to Milford, with the Little Miami also rising.

On the night of the 12th a wind-storm from the south rocked from their foundations many houses that had withstood the force and buoyancy of the current. Dayton and Bellevue, Ky., were invaded and the greater part of the northwest portion of Covington was covered. There were 13,000 applicants for relief at Newport—half of the city being under water.

On the 13th a decided cold wave set in throughout the Ohio valley, and this gave assurance that its climax was near. The temperature grew colder and colder at Cincinnati, lowering to 20°, and the great flood of 1884 reached its maximum at noon on the 14th of February, when the stage of water was 71 feet and ¾ of an inch. The situation at Cincinnati at this time was that not a street in Pendleton was free from water, and the line extended up Deer creek valley to the foot of the Highland House Inclined Plane. Up the Mill creek valley it had spread eastwardly until Lincoln Park was entirely covered, and reached Baymiller street or Clark.

The water first licked the streets north of Pearl on Race, Vine, Walnut, Main and Sycamore streets, and the first floors of buildings at the north side of Lower Market were covered with water to Broadway. The water from the Ohio river on the south, and from the Mill creek bottoms on the west, met and commingled at the southwest corner of Fourth and Mill streets. It extended above Longworth street on Hoadley, and from the west

on Sixth covered the railroad tracks that lead out of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad passenger depot. On Eighth street the water extended eastwardly to Harriet. South of Third street and west of Rose, extending northwestwardly past Clark and Baymiller streets, all avenues were navigated by skiffs and small boats. Mill creek bottom was one bay of water so deep that the largest steamboat that navigates the Ohio river could have passed over.

The Licking and Ohio rivers met in Newport at the corner of Columbia and Madison streets; half of the city of Newport was under water, and part of the Newport and Covington Suspension Bridge that spans the Licking river was covered by water several feet deep.

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad established boat communications, carrying their traffic to places between Cincinnati and Aurora. There was not a railroad track entering Cincinnati which was not submerged, except that of the Cincinnati Northern or Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad. Merchants in the bottoms had at great labor and expense removed their wares to places of safety, the various stock-yards ceased doing business, the river business for steamboats was entirely suspended, and the boatmen royally and heroically gave their time and labor to the saving of property and the rescue of people and live-stock. Boats were chartered by the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce Relief Committee, and carried clothing

and provisions to the destitute and suffering at points above and below Cincinnati.

Cincinnati contributed \$96,680.12 for the relief of flood sufferers, this amount being realized from private subscription. The sum of \$97,751.22 was contributed by persons not citizens of Cincinnati; all this money was applied, with the exception of \$5,260.74, which was turned over to the Sinking Fund Commission of Cincinnati.

The fall of 1889 and the first three months of 1890 were remarkable for the steady and heavy rainfall. This, of course, produced much water, and during February, 1890, it was feared that Cincinnati would experience another flood. There had fallen but little snow in the mountains, and that was favorable; yet there were two good-sized freshets, and of such proportions as to cause much alarm and apprehension throughout the Ohio valley. The greatest damage, however, this section of the country escaped; but the Missouri and Upper Mississippi rivers, rising to an unprecedented stage at the same time the Ohio and its tributaries were bank-full, caused the Lower Mississippi to reach the highest stage recorded in history, causing great suffering, privation, loss of life and damage to homes all along the Mississippi valley from Cairo to New Orleans. The highest stage reached by the Ohio river during the spring freshet in 1890 was on March 26th, when the marks at the city water works at Cincinnati indicated 59 feet 2 inches.

THE COURT-HOUSE RIOT OF 1884.

With the possible exception of the first bank riot that occurred in 1820 upon the suspension of the Miami Exporting Company, and on the occasion of the second suspension on the 10th of January, 1842, of the same organization, Cincinnati has never witnessed such violations of law, defiance of authorities, and so much bloodshed as attended the great Hamilton County Court-House riot on the night of March 28, 1884, and continued several days, there being open conflict between the militia and police on one side, and an excitable, yet determined, lawless mob upon the other.

The circumstances that led to this most unfortunate affair was the trial for murder of Wm. Berner, who killed his employer, Wm. Kirk.

It was one of the most outrageous assaults upon society, and a dastardly, cold-blooded crime that unsteadied the nerves of the populace, causing excitement to run high, and incensed all law-abiding citizens when the case came to trial by the methods pursued by criminal lawyers, who sought to perjure witnesses, bribe juries, and resorted to open-handed means to have their client acquitted against all principle of law or justice.

The newspapers published the proceedings of the trial in detail. The court-house was, during the examination, crowded to its capacity. The methods resorted to by the

lawyers was the subject of general conversation, and culminated in there being called at the great Music Hall, on the evening of March 28, 1884, of a mass-meeting of citizens. At this meeting speeches were made by Dr. Andrew C. Kemper, Judge A. G. W. Carter (since deceased), and General Andrew Hickenlooper, who each denounced in strong terms the methods pursued in acquiring a verdict. It was here asserted that the verdict was acquired by the cunning and adroitness of lawyers known for their legal talent. Five hundred and four people had been called to form a jury of twelve. It was a self-confessed murder, a murder committed deliberately for the sake of robbing a man of \$285, the proceeds from the sale of a horse; and had been planned weeks beforehand and then coolly consummated. The criminal lawyers were denounced as equally culpable of violation of law and order as the murderer. The jury had only returned a verdict of manslaughter after hearing Berner's self-confession, and it was openly alleged in the speeches at the mass-meeting that the criminal lawyers were instrumental in securing, by bribery and other nefarious methods, such a verdict.

Resolutions were adopted condemning the verdict. Excitement ran high; but while the speeches were being made by three of the most honored and respected citizens, there

was a death stillness. Every word uttered was weighed. Every sentiment expressed seemed to find endorsement from every person in that crowd of at least six thousand souls.

Immediately after the meeting, as the masses were surging out upon Elm street, some one in the crowd shouted, "Fall in! Let's to the jail!" and a great mob from the meeting proceeded directly to the county jail in the court-house on the Sycamore street side, above Court street.

On the way the mob was increased by hundreds of others. Upon reaching the jail it was surrounded by a howling, angry crowd. A piece of joist was procured, and with it the basement doors, at the foot of the stone steps, were battered down. Bricks and stones were hurled by men in the street above at the windows. Clubs, huge pieces of timber, crow-bars, and other weapons were quickly procured and passed down to the men who were at work upon the heavy outside entrance doors of the jail, and it at last yielded, the work being done speedily. The crowd then poured into the jail office, and there found other obstructions in the matter of stone walls and heavy iron grated doors.

Morton L. Hawkins, the county sheriff, and his few deputies faced the mob upon their entrance between the outer and inside doors. They were powerless to stem the fierce human tide, and besides the sheriff had given orders to his officers not to use their weapons on the mob, believing that such proceeding would only make bad worse. The mob completely filled the interior of the jail, yelling and searching for the murderer they had come to hang. They filled the corridors, and a force of men succeeded in so forcing the iron grated door that it at last gave way, and the mob ran up the winding stone stairway to the cell rooms, peering into each cell and demanding of other prisoners the whereabouts of the murderer whom they sought.

While this was going on within a squad of fifteen policemen arrived on the scene and began clearing the jail, meeting with but little success, as they were set upon by the mob and hurled to one side as though they were not there. At 9.55 P.M. the fire-bells sounded the riot alarm. This brought people to the scene from all sections of the city, and they turned in with the mob, the greater majority being in sympathy. It called the police from their posts of duty and the various stations; and through good management they were formed above and below the jail in two sections, and, headed by the patrol wagons, advanced upon the crowds assembled on Sycamore street, in proximity to the jail. The crowd outside was estimated to be between nine and ten thousand. The patrol and police advancing in two solid columns caused a stampede, the rioters escaping through side streets. Ringleaders and some of those who had been active inside the jail were taken in the patrol wagons to the station houses. The patrols were permitted to leave amid much jeering and denunciatory

language, and after their passage the gap was closed up and another onslaught made upon the jail; the rioters in the meantime having armed themselves with axes, stones and bricks.

Two or three attacks were made upon the jail, and about midnight a hand-to-hand conflict between the police and the rioting mob occurred inside. The police had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the jail through the court-house, going in on Main street. By the same means the militia had been admitted, and were stationed on the platform at the head of the cell-room stairs. Inside the mob had reached the gates separating the prisoners' cells from the office. These were broken down with sledge-hammers, and the mob had entered. They were in hand-to-hand conflict with the police, and overpowered them, making a grand rush up the stone stairway. Just then the militia stationed on the platform fired into the crowd. Two of the militia and four officers were shot. None of the mob were injured, but the latter retreated, giving the alarm to those on the outside. Fires were then started in the jail-yard and around the court-house. A barrel of petroleum was rolled into a cellarway where burning fire-brands had been cast. The mob again assaulted the jail, gaining admittance in reinforced numbers, and armed with every conceivable kind of weapon except firearms.

The militia again fired upon them, using blank cartridges, although this was not known to the mob, and, aided by a largely reinforced police force, again drove the mob to the street. From the Court Street armory the militia were reinforced, gaining admittance to the jail through the court-house, the mob not up to this time making any attempt to effect an entrance to the jail by way of the court-house.

Upon their being repulsed, however, a great crowd rushed over toward Main street and down town. Simultaneous attacks were made upon the entrances of several gun stores, and the places completely gutted of firearms, powder, cartridges and other ammunition. In the meantime others of the mob had fired the jail and the court-house, in a score of places, coal oil and powder being liberally used, and neighboring stores and groceries being sacked for the purpose. Affairs were assuming a serious and critical aspect. The light of the fires illuminated the whole city, causing hundreds of other citizens, upon the hilltops and in the suburbs, to hasten to the scene.

Immediately after the sentence had been pronounced that afternoon the murderer Berner had been hurried to Columbus, going in a buggy to Linwood, where the train was taken. He was in custody of Dominick Devots, a watchman or deputy sheriff, and through the latter's negligence the prisoner managed to escape from him while the train was at Loveland. All these things the rioters of course were ignorant of. They had been told by Sheriff Hawkins that the prisoner was not in jail upon the first attack, but this was looked

upon as a subterfuge to cause them to cease their violence. The fires around the jail and court-house had been put out, and towards early morning the mob, almost worn out with their labors, thinned out, but hundreds remained about the scene throughout the night, and as the hours approached the working hour their numbers were increased.

All day long Saturday the militia and police were on duty, and the court-house and jail were surrounded by tired-out but determined men, and thousands of others drawn there by the excitement of the occasion.

There were no attempts at attack made during the day, but Saturday night for several blocks above and below to the east and the west of the jail and court-house the streets were choked by rioters who had greatly increased their strength, and another attack on the jail was made.

This proved to be the most serious attack of all, and the most disastrous. Admission was gained to the court-house. The militia in the streets were held in a hollow square formed under the masterful leadership of some of their number. Once inside the court-house, the work of demolition began. The whole magnificent stone building seemed to become ignited at once. The whole place was gutted and the valuable records of three-quarters of a century's accumulation were destroyed.

The building burned to the ground. The governor of the State had called out the militia of the State, and they were arriving by every train. Their appearance upon the scene seemed to more aggravate and incense the mob, and being fired upon a bloody riot began in the streets, men being mowed down like grass under the keen sweep of a scythe.

Captain John J. Desmond, of the militia, was shot and killed inside the burning court-house, while leading an attack on the mob. Many prominent citizens received wounds from stray shots of the militia. Windows, doors and even walls of houses in the vicinity of the riot to this day bear evidence of that time of terror and bloodshed.

United States Secretary of War Lincoln ordered to the scene the United States troops, and their appearance seemed to have the desired effect, as the rioters gradually dispersed. The result was, however, that 45 persons were killed and 125 wounded.

Berner, the cause of all this terrible loss and destruction to life and property, was recaptured late on Saturday afternoon in an out-of-the-way house in the woods on a hill-

side near Loveland. When captured by Cincinnati detectives, aided by the marshal of Loveland, he was coolly enjoying a game of cards, and was unaware of the riot and the attack upon the jail. He was taken to Columbus and lodged in the State penitentiary under the sentence that had been passed upon him on the 26th day of March of confinement for twenty years.

The Jail Riot of 1848.—The most disastrous jail riot preceding that above related by Mr. Millar, in the history of the city, occurred in the summer of 1848, the details of which are given in the Reminiscences of Judge Carter, who is alluded to in the preceding article. Two returned volunteers (Germans) from the Mexican war, who were boarding in a German family consisting of a man and wife and daughter of eleven years of age, were arrested by the parents on the charge of having committed a horrible outrage upon their child. At the examination at the old court-house, the bed-clothes and under-garments of the little girl were shown covered with blood, which, with her testimony and that of the parents, so frenzied the spectators that it was with difficulty that the sheriff, Thomas J. Weaver, could lodge them in the jail, and then had to call in the service of the Cincinnati Grays and Citizens' Guards to protect it from the mob.

That night the mob made an attack upon the jail. The sheriff first tried expostulation but this was useless. Then he ordered the military to fire with blank cartridges, which only the more enraged them. Finally he repeated the order to fire, with ball, when eleven persons fell dead, some of them innocent bystanders, and the mob dispersed.

"But," writes the judge, "the sequel. I was the prosecuting attorney at the time, and know of what I speak. At the next term of court a bill of indictment against these poor volunteer soldiers was unanimously ignored on the plain and simple ground of their entire innocence. They had served their adopted country, and were hard-working, industrious, honest men. They had been the victims of these Germans, who, because they could not induce them to give up their land warrants entitling them each for honorable service to 160 acres of land, had conspired with their little daughter to get up and maintain this awful charge. After their discharge there was a hunt after their guilty prosecutors to lynch them, when it was found that father, mother and daughter had disappeared and were never heard of after."

THE PIONEER CELEBRATION AT COLUMBIA.

Columbia, included in the city limits, and in its first ward, since 1873, was, on the 4th of July, 1889, the scene of an eventful celebration. This was the celebration of the centennial of the 4th of July since the first boatload of pioneers landed there in November, 1789. On this occasion a monument was dedicated to their memory; and the first monument that has been erected over the graves of pioneers in the Northwest.

It stands on the beautiful knoll whereon stood the old Baptist church, the first Protestant church organized in the Northwest.

This knoll contains two acres of ground, deeded in 1804, by Benj. Stites, to the Baptists of Columbia township. The gravestone slabs of the pioneers whiten the spot, and noble old elms bending over give it a pensive charm.

The monument is just five miles from Fountain Square, with a grand outlook up and down the Ohio valley, and up that of the Little Miami; just at that point where the railroad trains, whisking around a curve, bid farewell to the former and go up the varied windings of a stream, whose ever changing vistas bring forth admiring exclamations from hosts of travellers, who, though they should keep on to the uttermost parts of the earth, would never find a valley more sweet.

The monument was erected by the Columbia Monumental Association, George E. Stevens, President; consisting of fifteen delegates from five Baptist churches now in the original bounds of Columbia township. The present title of this body is the Mount Lookout Duck Creek Baptist church.



OLD BAPTIST CHURCH AT COLUMBIA.

This church was taken down in 1835. The Society which worshipped in it was constituted in 1790, by Dr. Stephen Gano. The engraving shows it as it appeared in 1830, when it was in ruins.

On one side of the freestone pedestal is engraved, "To the Pioneers Landing near this spot November 18, 1788."

On the obverse side—"To the first boat-load of pioneers landing near this spot—Major Benj. Stites, Mrs. Benj. Stites, Ben. Stites, Jr., Rachel Stites, Ann W. Stites, Greenbright Bailey, Mrs. Greenbright Bailey, Jas. F. Bailey, Reason Bailey, Abel Cook, Jacob Mills, Jonathan Stites, Ephraim Kibby, John S. Gano, Mrs. Mary S. Gano, Thos. C. Wade, Hezekiah Stites, Elijah Stites, Edmund Buxton, Daniel Shoemaker, ——— Hempstead, Evan Shelby, Allen Woodruff, Hampton Woodruff, Joseph Cox, Benjamin Cox."

On the third side is—"The Baptists of Columbia Township in 1889 erected this pillar to commemorate the heroism and piety of the first Baptist pioneers of 1788-90. The first church in the Northwest Territory was the Columbia Baptist Church, organized January 20, 1790. Constituent members, Benj. Davis, Mary Davis, John Ferris, Elizabeth Ferris, Isaac Ferris (deacon), Joseph Reynolds, Amy Reynolds, John S. Gano, Thos. C. Wade."

On the fourth side—"The Columbia Baptist Church erected its first house of worship on this spot in 1792. The lot contains two acres of ground purchased of Benj. Stites, was deeded to the Baptists of Columbia Township."

The celebration consisted of a procession headed by the Newport Band, prayer, reading the Declaration of Independence, sing-

ing "America," firing of cannon, and speaking under a huge tent, Rev. G. W. Lasher, presiding. Rev. Dr. Galusha Anderson, President of Dennison University, opened with a history and eulogy of the Baptist Church, wherein he proclaimed the Baptists had ever been peculiar friends of religious liberty. But he did not allude to their early persecutions; did not speak of Roger Williams in Puritan New England, nor to their treatment in Episcopal Virginia, where, 140 years ago, over thirty Baptist ministers were thrown into dungeons, and outrageous mobs broke up their meetings; in one case tossing a snake and a hornets' nest into their midst.

Gen. Sam'l F. Cary occupied an hour and a half with a rousing good speech, consisting of pioneer reminiscences, with humorous allusions and anecdotes.

After him, Judge Joseph Cox spoke instructively upon the Mound Builders and their works.

Henry Howe, who was supposed to know something about Ohio, having been present by invitation, was called upon to make a few remarks. He did not speak of Ohio at all, but alluded to a historical tour he made over New Jersey 47 years before, and of the excellent qualities of Jerseymen, which especially fitted them to make the best kind of pioneers: and it was well that Columbia got

such, and as was proved a superior quality of Jerseymen.

The thought of one of the speakers of the occasion is a sad memory to all who knew him. That is Surgeon-General A. F. Jones, of Walnut Hills, who a few months later was murdered by his negro servant. It was that old historian of this region and patriotic man who inaugurated the planting of trees in Eden Park to the memory of the pioneers, now known as "Pioneer Grove." And to him does this very monument owe its origin,

Oliver M. Spencer, then a boy, was at Columbia as early as 1790. He was in 1792 taken prisoner by the Indians. In his "Reminiscences" he has left this description of the life of the first settlers:

It is, perhaps, unknown to many, that the broad and extensive plain stretching along the Ohio from the Crawfish to the mouth, and for three miles up the Little Miami, and now divided into farms, highly cultivated, was the ancient site of Columbia, a town laid out by Major Benjamin Stites, its original proprietor; and by him and others once expected to become a large city, the great capital of the West. From Crawfish, the small creek forming its northwestern boundary, more than one mile up the Ohio, and extending back about three-fourths of a mile, and half way up the high hill which formed a part of its eastern and northern limits, the ground was laid off into blocks, containing each eight lots of half an acre, bounded by streets intersected at right angles. The residue of the plain was divided into lots of four and five acres, for the accommodation of the town. Over this plain, on our arrival, we found scattered about fifty cabins, flanked by a small stockade nearly half a mile below the mouth of the Miami, together with a few block-houses for the protection of the inhabitants, at suitable distances along the bank of the Ohio.

Fresh in my remembrance is the rude log-house, the first humble sanctuary of the first settlers of Columbia, standing amidst the tall forest trees, on the beautiful knoll, where now (1834) is a grave-yard, and the ruins of a Baptist meeting-house of later years. There, on the holy Sabbath, we were wont to assemble to hear the word of life; but our fathers met with their muskets and rifles, prepared for action, and ready to repel any attack of the enemy. And while the watchman on the walls of Zion was uttering his faithful and pathetic warning, the sentinels without, at a few rods distance, with measured step, were now pacing their walks, and now standing and with strained eyes endeavoring to pierce through the distance, carefully scanning every object that seemed to have life or motion.

The first clergyman I there heard preach was Mr. Gano, father of the late Gen. Gano, of this city, then a captain, and one of the earliest settlers of Columbia. Never shall I forget that holy and venerable man, with locks white with years, as with a voice trem-

ulous with age, he ably expounded the word of truth.

The subject of "Progress" ended the exercises in the form of a carefully written paper upon that topic read by Dr. M. C. Lockwood.

The monument is a Corinthian pillar of Ohio freestone, with pedestal and base of granite; it is 43 feet in height and eventually is to be surmounted by the statue of a pioneer.

ulous with age, he ably expounded the word of truth.

I well recollect, that in 1791, so scarce and dear was flour, that the little that could be afforded in families was laid by to be used only in sickness, or for the entertainment of friends, and although corn was then abundant, there was but one mill (Wickerham's), a floating mill, on the Little Miami, near where Turpin's now (1834) stands; it was built in a small flat boat tied to the bank, its wheel turning slowly with the natural current running between the flat and a small pirogue anchored in the stream, and on which one end of its shaft rested; and having only one pair of small stones, it was at best barely sufficient to supply meal for the inhabitants of Columbia and the neighboring families; and sometimes, from low water and other unfavorable circumstances, it was of little use, so that we were obliged to supply the deficiency from hand-mills, a most laborious mode of grinding.

Pleasant Rural Scenes.—The winter of 1791-2 was followed by an early and delightful spring; indeed, I have often thought that our first western winters were much milder, our springs earlier, and our autumns longer than they now are. On the last of February some of the trees were putting forth their foliage; in March the red bud, the hawthorn and the dog-wood, in full bloom, checkered the hills, displaying their beautiful colors of rose and lily; and in April the ground was covered with May apple, bloodroot, ginseng, violets, and a great variety of herbs and flowers. Flocks of parroquets were seen, decked in their rich plumage of green and gold. Birds of various species, and of every hue, were flitting from tree to tree, and the beautiful redbird, and the untaught songster of the west, made the woods vocal with their melody. Now might be heard the plaintive wail of the dove, and the rumbling drum of the partridge, or the loud gobble of the turkey. Here might be seen the clumsy bear, doggedly moving off, or urged by pursuit into a laboring gallop, retreating to his citadel in the top of some lofty tree; or, approached suddenly, raising himself erect in the attitude of defence, facing his enemy and waiting his approach; there the timid deer,



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
Ninth President of the United States.



BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Twenty-third President of the United States.

watchfully resting, or cautiously feeding, or, aroused from his thicket, gracefully bounding off, then stopping, erecting his stately head and for a moment gazing around, or sniffing the air to ascertain his enemy, instantly springing off, clearing logs and bushes at a bound, and soon distancing his pursuers. It seemed an earthly paradise; and but for apprehension of the wily copperhead, who lay silently coiled among the leaves, or beneath the plants, waiting to strike his victim; the horrid rattle-snake, who more chivalrous, however, with head erect amidst its ample folds, prepared to dart upon his foe, generously with the loud noise of his rattle, apprised him of danger; and the still more fearful and insidious savage, who, crawling upon the ground, or noiselessly approaching behind trees and thickets, sped the deadly shaft or fatal bullet, you might have fancied you were in the confines of Eden or the borders of Elysium.

Turkey Bottom.—At this delightful season, the inhabitants of our village went forth to their labor, inclosing the fields, which the spring flood had opened, tilling their ground, and planting their corn for their next year's sustenance. I said, went forth, for their principal corn-field was distant from Columbia

about one and a half miles east, and adjoining the extensive plain on which the town stood. That large tract of alluvial ground, still known by the name of Turkey Bottom, and which, lying about fifteen feet below the adjoining plain, and annually overflowed, is yet very fertile, was laid off into lots of five acres each, and owned by the inhabitants of Columbia; some possessing one, and others two or more lots; and to save labor, was enclosed with one fence. Here the men generally worked in companies exchanging labor, or in adjoining fields, with their fire-arms near them, that in case of an attack they might be ready to unite for their common defence. Here, their usual annual crop of corn from ground very ordinarily cultivated was eighty bushels per acre; and some lots, well tilled, produced a hundred, and in very favorable seasons, a hundred and ten bushels to the acre. An inhabitant of New England, New Jersey, or some portions of Maryland, would scarcely think it credible, that in hills four feet apart, were four or five stalks, one and a half inches in diameter, and fifteen feet in height, bearing each two or three ears of corn, of which some were so far from the ground, that to pull them an ordinary man was obliged to stand on tiptoe.

BIOGRAPHY.

GOVERNORS OF OHIO FROM CINCINNATI.

Thirteen of the Governors of the State have been at some time citizens of Cincinnati, one of whom only, William Dennison, was born in the city. They were Othniel Looker, 1814; Ethan Allen Brown, 1818–1822; Salmon P. Chase, 1856–1860; William Dennison, 1860–1862; John Brough, 1864, 1865; Charles Anderson, 1865, 1866; Jacob D. Cox, 1866–1868; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1868–1872; also 1876, 1877; Edward F. Noyes, 1872–1874; Thomas L. Young, 1887, 1888; Richard M. Bishop, 1878–1880; George M. Hoadley, 1884–1886; Joseph B. Foraker, 1888–1890.

We annex slight sketches of those not elsewhere noted:

OTHNIEL LOOKER was born in New York, in 1757; was a private in the war of the revolution and a man of humble origin and calling, and of whose history but little is known, but, being Speaker in the Ohio Senate, by virtue of that office became acting Governor for eight months when General Meigs resigned to go into Mr. Madison's cabinet. He was later defeated as a candidate for Governor against Thomas Worthington.

ETHAN ALLEN BROWN was born in Darien, Conn., July 4, 1766; studied law with Alexander Hamilton; settled in Cincinnati in 1804; from 1810 to 1818 was a Supreme Judge, when he was elected Governor and began agitating the subject of constructing canals. In 1820 was re-elected over Jeremiah Morrow and General Wm. Henry Harrison; in 1822 was elected to the United States Senate; from 1830 to 1834 U. S. Minister to Brazil; later Commissioner of Public Lands; then retired to private life and died in 1852 in Indianapolis after a long and useful career.

THOMAS L. YOUNG was born on the estate of Lord Dufferin, in North Ireland, Dec. 14, 1832; came to this country at fifteen years of age; served ten years as a private in the regular army, entering on the last year of the Mexican war; in 1859 came to Cincinnati; graduated at its law school. When the rebellion broke out was assistant superintendent of the House of Refuge, Reform School, and on the 18th of March wrote a letter to Gen. Winfield Scott, whom he personally

knew, offering his services for the coming war, thus becoming the first volunteer from Hamilton county. He eventually entered the army, was commissioned colonel and for extraordinary gallantry at Resaca was brevetted general. In 1866 he was elected to the legislature; in 1872 served as a Senator, and in 1876 elected Lieut.-Governor and succeeded R. B. Hayes when he became President. As Governor of Ohio during the railroad riots he showed extraordinary pluck. Being asked to call upon the general government for aid from the regular troops he replied tersely: "No, not until the last man in Ohio is whipped." He died July 19, 1888, singularly admired for his thorough manliness.

RICHARD M. BISHOP was born in Fleming county, Kentucky, in 1812, and at the age of thirty-six came to Cincinnati, where for many years he was at the head of a wholesale grocery house; in 1859 was elected Mayor of the city and in 1877 Governor of the State. He has ever been a public-spirited and highly respected citizen and now, in advanced life, is erect as in youth and possesses a fine patriarchal presence, wearing a long flowing beard, as grand we dare say as that Moses had when on Pisgah. From early life he has been one of the most prominent men of the Disciples or Campbellite Baptist Church, the same as that with which President Garfield was identified.



JOHN CLEVES SYMMES—Father.



ANNA HARRISON—Daughter.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born at Berkley, on James river, twenty-five miles from Richmond, Virginia, in 1773. He was the youngest of three sons of Benjamin Harrison, who represented Virginia in Congress in 1774–1776 and was chairman of the committee of the whole house, when the declaration of independence was agreed to, and was one of its signers. He was elected Governor of Virginia, and was one of the most popular officers that ever filled the executive chair. He died in 1791.

Wm. Henry Harrison entered Hampden Sydney College, which he left at seventeen years of age. He then began the study of medicine, but the death of his father checked his professional aspirations; and the "note of preparation"

W. H. Harrison

which was sounding through the country, for a campaign against the Indians of the West, decided his destiny, and he resolved to enter into the service of his government.

His guardian, the celebrated Robert Morris, opposed his wishes; but it was in vain that he placed the enterprise before the enthusiastic youth in all its hardships and privations. General Washington yielded to the importunities of the youth; presented him with an ensign's commission. With characteristic ardor he departed for Fort Washington, now Cincinnati; where, however, he arrived too late to participate in the unfortunate campaign of St. Clair. The fatal 4th of November had passed, and he was only in time to learn the earliest intelligence of the death of Butler, and of Oldham, and of the unparalleled massacre of the army of St. Clair.

The return of the broken troops had no effect in damping the zeal of young Harrison. He devoted himself ardently to the study of the theory of the higher tactics; and when, in the succeeding year, Wayne assumed the command, Ensign Harrison was selected by him for one of his aids, and distinguished himself in Wayne's victory.

After the treaty of Greenville, 1795, he was given command of Fort Washington; and shortly after married the daughter of Judge Symmes, the proprietor of the Miami purchase.

The idleness and dissipation of a garrison life comported neither with the taste nor active temper of Captain Harrison. He resigned his commission, and commenced his civil career, at the age of twenty-four years, as secretary of the Northwestern Territory. He was elected, in 1799, the first delegate in Congress. The first and general object of his attention as a representative was an alteration of the land system of the Territory. He was appointed chairman of the committee on lands, and though meeting with much opposition from speculators, secured the passage of a law for the subdivision of public lands into smaller tracts. To this measure is to be imputed the rapid settlement of the country northwest of the Ohio.

The reputation acquired by the young delegate from his legislative success created a party in his favor, who intimated a desire that he should supersede the venerable governor of the Territory. But Mr. Harrison checked the development of this feeling as soon as it was made known to him. He cherished too high a veneration for the pure and patriotic St. Clair to oppose him. Shortly after, when Indiana was erected into a separate Territory, he was appointed by Mr. Adams the first governor. Previously, however, to quitting Congress, he was present at the discussion of the bill for the settlement of Judge Symmes' purchase; and although this gentleman was his father-in-law, he took an active part in favor of those individuals who had purchased from him before he had obtained his patent. This was the impulse

of stern duty; for at the moment he felt he was jeopardizing a large pecuniary interest of his father-in-law.

In 1801 Governor Harrison entered upon the duties of his new office, at the old military post of Vincennes. The powers with which he was vested by law have never, since the organization of our government, been conferred upon any other officer, civil or military; and the arduous character of the duties he had to perform can only be appreciated by those who were acquainted with the savage and cunning temper of the northwestern Indians, with the genius of the early pioneers, and the nature of a frontier settlement. Among his duties was that of commissioner to treat with the Indians. In this capacity he concluded fifteen treaties, and purchased their title to upwards of seventy million of acres of land.

The whole Territory consisted of three settlements, so widely separated that it was impossible for them to contribute to their mutual defence. The first was Clarke's grant at the falls of Ohio; the second, the old French establishment at Vincennes; and the third extended from Kaskaskia to Kahokia, on the Mississippi; the whole comprising a population of about five thousand souls. The Territory, thus defenceless, presented a frontier, assailable almost at every point, on the northeast, north, and northwest boundaries. Numerous tribes of warlike Indians were thickly scattered throughout the northern portion of the Territory, whose hostile feelings were constantly inflamed by the intrigues of British agents and traders, if not by the immediate influence of the English government itself, and not unfrequently by the uncontrollable outrages of the American hunters themselves. Governor Harrison applied himself with characteristic energy and skill to his duties. Justice tempered by mildness; conciliation and firmness, accompanied by a never slumbering watchfulness; were the means he used. These enabled him to surmount difficulties, under which an ordinary capacity must have been prostrated.

During the year 1811, however, the intrigues of British agents operating on the passions of the Indians, brought affairs to a crisis which rendered hostilities unavoidable. Harrison called upon Colonel Boyd, of the 4th United States regiment, then at Pittsburg (who immediately joined him), and embodied a militia force as strong as the emergency would permit. To these were added a small but gallant band of chivalrous volunteers from Kentucky, consisting of about sixty-five individuals. With these he commenced his march towards the prophet's town at Tippecanoe. On the 6th of November he arrived in sight of the Indian village, and made several fruitless attempts to negotiate with the savages. Finding it impossible to bring

them to any discussion, he resolved to encamp for the night, under a promise from the chiefs to hold a conference next day. The men reposed upon the spot which each, individually, should occupy, in case of attack. The event justified the anticipations of the chief. On the morning of the 7th, before daylight, the onset was made with the usual yells and impetuosity. But the army was ready; Harrison had risen some time before, and had roused the officers near him. The Indians fought with their usual desperation, and maintained their ground for some time with extraordinary courage. Victory declared in favor of discipline, at the expense, however, of some of the most gallant spirits of the age. Among the slain were Colonels Daveis and Owen, of Kentucky, and Captain Spencer, of Indiana. Governor Harrison received a bullet through his stock, without touching his neck. The legislature of Kentucky, at its next session, while in mourning for her gallant dead, passed the following resolution, viz.:

"Resolved, That Governor William H. Harrison has behaved like a hero, a patriot and general; and that for his cool, deliberate, skilful and gallant conduct, in the battle of Tippecanoe, he well deserves the thanks of the nation."

From this period, until after the declaration of war against England, Governor Harrison was unremittingly engaged in negotiating with the Indians, and preparing to resist a more extended attack from them. In August, 1812, he received the brevet of major-general in the Kentucky militia, to enable him to command the forces marching to relieve Detroit. The surrender of Hull changed the face of affairs; he was appointed a major-general in the army of the United States, and his duties embraced a larger sphere. Everything was in confusion, and everything was to be done; money, arms and men were to be raised. It is under circumstances like these that the talents of a great general are developed more powerfully than in conducting a battle. To do justice to this part of the biography of Harrison requires a volume of itself. Becoming stronger from reverses, collecting munitions of war, and defending Fort Meigs, were the prominent features of his operations, until we find him in pursuit of Proctor, on the Canadian shore. On the 5th of October, 1813, he brought the British army and their Indian allies, under Proctor and Tecumseh, to action, near the river Thames. The victory achieved by militia over the disciplined troops of England, on this brilliant day, was decisive; and like the battle of the Cowpens, in the war of the revolution, spread joy and animation over the whole Union. For this important action, Congress presented General Harrison with a gold medal. The success of the day is mainly attributable to the novel expedient of charging through the British lines with mounted infantry. The glory of originating this manoeuvre belongs exclusively to General Harrison.

The northwestern frontier being thus re-

lieved, Gen. Harrison left his troops at Sacket's Harbor, under the command of Col. Smith, and departed for Washington by the way of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and on the whole route he was received with enthusiasm.

Owing to a misunderstanding between Mr. Secretary Armstrong and himself, Gen. Harrison resigned his commission in the spring of 1814. Mr. Madison sincerely deplored this step, and assured Governor Shelby, in a letter written immediately after the resignation, "that it would not have been accepted had he been in Washington." It was received and accepted by Secretary Armstrong, while the President was absent at the springs.

Gen. Harrison retired to his farm at North Bend, in Ohio, from which he was successively called by the people, to represent them in the Congress of the United States, and in the legislature of the State. In 1824-5 he was elected to the Senate of the United States; and in 1828 he was appointed minister to Colombia, which station he held until he was recalled by President Jackson, not for any alleged fault, but in consequence of some difference of views on the Panama question. Gen. Harrison again returned to the pursuits of agriculture at North Bend. In 1834, on the almost unanimous petition of the citizens of the county, he was appointed prothonotary of the Court of Hamilton county.

In 1840 Gen. Harrison was called by the people of the United States to preside over the country as its chief magistrate. His election was a triumphant one; of 294 votes for President he received 234. From the time when he was first nominated for the office until his death, he had been rising in public esteem and confidence; he entered upon the duties of his office with an uncommon degree of popularity, and a high expectation was cherished that his administration would be honorable to himself and advantageous to the country. His death, which took place April 4th, 1841, just a month after his inauguration, caused a deep sensation throughout the country. He was the first President of the United States that had died in office.

President Harrison was distinguished by a generosity and liberality of feeling which was exercised beyond what strict justice to himself and family should have permitted. With ample opportunity for amassing immense wealth, he ever disdained to profit by his public situation for private emolument. His theory was too rigidly honest to permit him to engage in speculation, and his chivalry was too sensitive to permit him to use the time belonging to his country for private benefit. After nearly fifty years devotion to his duties in the highest stations, he left at his death but little more to his family than the inheritance of an unsullied reputation.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, son of Senator John Scott Harrison and grandson of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, was born in North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833; graduated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in 1852. While at college he formed an attachment for Caroline

L. Scott, daughter of John W. Scott, president of Oxford Female Seminary, and they were married October 20, 1853.

He studied law in the office of Storer & Gwynne, in Cincinnati, and in 1854 removed to Indianapolis, Ind. He was elected reporter of the State Supreme Court in 1860, and in 1862 entered the army as second lieutenant of the 70th Indiana Volunteers—a regiment which he assisted in raising, and of which, when completed, Governor Morton appointed him colonel.

He was a valuable and efficient officer, greatly beloved by his men, to whom his many acts of kindness and consideration greatly endeared him, and he was by them called "Little Ben." His actions at the battle of Peach Tree Creek greatly pleased Gen. Hooker, who said of him: "My attention was first attracted to this young officer by the superior excellence of his brigade in discipline and instruction—the result of his labor, skill and devotion. With more foresight than I have witnessed in any officer of his experience, he seemed to act upon a principle, that success depended upon the thorough preparation in discipline and esprit of his command for conflict more than on any influence that could be exerted upon the field itself; and when collision came, his command vindicated his wisdom as much as his valor. In all of the achievements of the 20th Corps in that campaign (from Chattanooga to Atlanta), Col. Harrison bore a conspicuous part. At Resaca and Peach Tree Creek the conduct of himself and command was especially distinguished."

"LET us go in; these ladies have some conspiracy together." Such was a remark playfully made to us in a garden, near sunset, on an August evening in the summer of 1845. Two old gentlemen and their wives, two old ladies, were present, beside the writer; the ladies were a little one side, looking at the flowers glinting in the declining rays, and, true to their sex, busy talking. The speaker was Henry Clay, and this was his home, Ashland, near Lexington, Ky. He had invited us to tea, and directed through the house but a few moments before, we had found him in his garden. The other was JACOB BURNET, to whom he had introduced us. No man then living had made such an impress as he upon the history of Ohio and the Northwest. He looked every inch the peer of Mr. Clay, as indeed he was. They were strong friends; but in person and manners antipodal. Mr. Clay was all geniality, his voice deeply sonorous and musical. Judge Burnet was a trifle less in stature than Mr. Clay, but

He served to the close of the war, and was mustered out in the grand review in Washington, in June, 1865, with the rank of brevet brigadier-general.

Gen. Harrison had been re-elected, in 1864, while still in the army, to the office of State Supreme Court reporter, and assumed the duties of the office on his return to Indianapolis. In 1879 he was appointed by President Hayes a member of the Mississippi River Commission. At the National Republican Convention of 1880, held in Chicago, he was chairman of the Indiana delegation, and his name was placed in nomination, but he withdrew it. In 1880 he was chosen U. S. Senator, and held that seat until March 3, 1887. In 1884 he was a delegate at large from Indiana to the National Republican Convention; and his name was again mentioned in connection with the presidency.

In the National Republican Convention, held in Chicago in June, 1888, he was nominated for the presidency on the eighth ballot, receiving 544 votes. The Democratic party renominated Grover Cleveland, and the tariff issue became the main question of the campaign. All through the campaign Gen. Harrison made almost daily speeches to visiting delegations, giving free expression to his views and opinions on almost every question of the day; and his remarkably sound judgment and comprehension of all vital questions was signally illustrated in language of unusual simplicity and clearness. He received 233 votes in the Electoral college against 168 for Grover Cleveland.



JACOB BURNET.

broader. He was then seventy-six years of age; Mr. Clay several years younger. The Judge was a thorough gentleman of the old school, of Scotch descent, his complexion very dark, swarthy; eyes black, and general expression forbidding, and manner reserved and dignified. He walked with a cane, his hair in a queue, and we think he wore a ruffled shirt. His residence at this time was in a large old-style mansion, square in shape, with a broad hall running through the centre, on Seventh street, corner Elm, Cincinnati, of which city he was its first citizen.

This eminent man was the son of Dr. William Burnet, surgeon-general of the Revolutionary army, and a member of the Continental Congress; was born at Newark, N. J., in 1770; was educated at Princeton, and in 1796, when twenty-six years of age, came to Cincinnati to practise law, then a village of a few log-cabins and 150 inhabitants. The entire territory, now comprising five States and ten millions of people, was mostly a wilderness, containing scarcely the semblance of a road, bridge, or ferry. This territory was divided into four counties—Washington, Hamilton, St. Clair, and Knox. The seats of justice were respectively at Marietta, Cincinnati, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, in each of which Courts of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace were established. From 1796 to 1803 the Bar of Hamilton county occasionally attended the General Court at Marietta and Detroit, and during the whole of that time Mr. St. Clair (son of the General), Judge Symmes, and Judge Burnet never missed a term in either of those counties. These journeys were made with five or six in company and with pack-horses. They were sometimes eight or ten days in the wilderness, "and at all seasons of the year were compelled to swim every water-course in their way which was too deep to be forded." They had some hair-breadth escapes. One night their horses refused to go any farther, and they were obliged to camp; the next morning they found they had halted on the verge of a precipice.

In 1799 Judge Burnet was selected by the President of the United States as a member of the Legislative Council of the Territorial Government, of which he was the leading mind.

"Thus," said the late Judge Este, "in less than four years he was at the head of the bar of the West, the popular, intelligent and official leader of the Legislature. Almost an entirely new system of laws was undertaken, and the labor devolved on him. He cheerfully engaged in it and was so clearly convinced of the necessity of giving himself up to the business of legislating for the Territory that he would not listen to the friends who urged him to be a delegate to Congress. Thus early and permanently did his mind make its impress upon the legislative history of the country."

Judge Burnet was the author of the first constitution of Ohio. From 1812 to 1816 was a member of the State Legislature. In 1821 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, serving until 1828, when he resigned to accept the position of United

States Senator, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of General Harrison. As a senator he was the intimate personal and political friend of Webster. From the notes taken by Senator Burnet in the celebrated discussion between Hayne and Webster the latter in part framed the reply which stamped Webster as the matchless orator of our country.

He was the life-long friend of General Harrison, and as a delegate to the Harrisburg Convention secured his nomination for President. He influenced Congress to relieve the settlers of the West and Southwest from much of the indebtedness for their lands, which otherwise would have involved the great mass in irretrievable ruin. Mr. Burnet possessed great public spirit and was eminent for solid integrity and acuteness of intellect. Mansfield says such was the construction of his mind that "it was impossible for Burnet not to have been a partisan." His likes and dislikes were held with great tenacity. When Aaron Burr was in Cincinnati he was peremptorily refused an interview by Judge Burnet, who sent him word that he would never shake hands with the murderer of his own and his father's friend.

Originally a Federalist, he became a strong Whig, and in the United States Senate came up to the level of its great leaders, Webster and Clay. He died in 1853, a firm believer in the inspiration of the Bible, a Presbyterian in faith, but was far removed from sectarian bigotry.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH was born in Newark, N. J., in 1782, was for a time a clerk in his brother's store in South Carolina, came to Cincinnati in 1803 and died in 1863, leaving an estate of many millions from early investments in Cincinnati land. He studied law and practised for a while, and in 1828 began the cultivation of the Catawba grape, and from it manufactured wine of a high marketable value. He had 200 acres of vineyards, a large wine-house, and was favorably known by his experiments on the strawberry. The Catawba grape was cultivated with great success for a number of years, producing about 500 gallons of wine per annum; then it gradually failed. It is thought that the clearing of the forest has changed the climate of Southern Ohio, which is now afflicted with what is regarded as destructive to the grape culture, that is—heavy fogs, wet atmosphere, changes from warm to cold without wind—a condition from which the islands and shore of Lake Erie are free, and where the grape culture is so successful.

Mr. Longworth lived in a huge stone cot-

tage mansion, in the centre of a three or four-acre lot, at the east end of Fourth street, originally built by Martin Baum, now the residence of David Sinton. Forty years ago the spot was known as Longworth's Garden, and was one of the chief attractions of the city from its display of flowers and fruits, notably grapes. "He was very shrewd, quick witted; with great common sense and acquisitiveness. He had little dignity or learning, but had a quiet good humor and a readiness at repartee which made him very popular." He was a friend to artists and kindly to the poor, and very eccentric. He was short in person and careless in his dress. As was often his wont, he had shown a stranger through his grounds, when the latter, mistaking this man of millions for a serving man, on leaving him at the gate dropped a dime in his hand, which

will help the devil's poor, the miserable drunken dog that nobody else will do anything for but despise and kick." And he did. He used to talk of himself in the second person, as once we heard him say, "There's Longworth; it takes \$30,000 to pay his taxes, and it keeps him poor to raise the money." This was true; he owned much earth, but had little cash. His son Joseph and grandson Nicholas were noted as patrons of art, as is his granddaughter, Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer. The entire family is unusually popular from its beneficence and public spirit, especially in the fostering the things of beauty that give to life its efflorescence and fragrance.

The first banker west of the Alleghenies, a successful merchant and most enterprising citizen, was JOHN H. PIATT. He did so much



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

Mr. Longworth accepted with thanks and put in his pocket. Every Monday for a term of years he had at his house a free gift distribution to the poor. At the appointed hour strings of old ladies, German and Irish, would be seen, flocking there with baskets to receive at their option a loaf of bread or a peck of corn meal or a dime. When he started out in the morning to make calls upon his numerous tenants or otherwise, he would have the business of each call written on a separate slip of paper and pinned on his coat-sleeve. These would be pinned on in the order of his calls and torn off in rotation.

He had continuous appeals for charity, and he was wont to say in certain cases, "Ha! a poor widow, is she? Got a struggling family of little ones? I won't give her a cent. She is the Lord's poor—plenty to help such. I



JOHN H. PIATT.

for Cincinnati in developing its resources that President William H. Harrison, in his last speech at home before going to his inauguration, gave most of it to an eulogy of Mr. Piatt, saying among other things that a statue should be erected on the river landing to the memory of the man who had done so much for the city. That he has no monument and now scarcely a memory, that the one street named for him had its name changed, does not speak well for Cincinnati.

From Mr. Henry B. Teetor's "Past and Present of Mill Creek Valley," we quote: "Mr. Piatt entered with great energy and intrepidity indeed upon business enterprises. He was among the foremost in starting institutions, foundries, banks, launching steamboats, building houses and imparting a spirit of progress to the young city. He founded in

1817 the first bank west of the mountains. One of the bills of this bank is in the hands of Mr. George H. Schoenberger, and greatly prized by him. His prosperity and success were unequalled—evidenced by the possession of a large estate and a commanding position as a banker and a merchant. His name had gone out over the Northwest Territory. He knew its leading men and was familiar with its resources when the war of 1812 came on.

"In an evil hour for Mr. Piatt he contracted with the government to furnish provisions to the Northwest army, then under Harrison. Congress adjourned without making appropriations for a continuance of the war. The consequences to the country at large were disastrous, to John H. Piatt fatal. Rations that he agreed to furnish at twenty cents rose through a depreciated currency to forty-five cents. After six months he had drawn on the government for \$210,000, the drafts for which had gone to protest for non-payment.

"During this time about \$46,000 had come into Mr. Piatt's hands as a commissariat fund, resulting from the sales as commissary of the army. He applied this sum to the payment of debts incurred for supplies. This was treated by the department as a violation of law. This was the state of his offending. This condition obtained on the 26th of December, 1814, when Gen. McArthur made a requisition on him for 800,000 rations to be delivered in thirty days which at existing rates would have cost \$360,000 more.

"Unable to meet this requisition and unwilling that the public should suffer Piatt immediately repaired to Washington to lay the matter before the Department, accompanied by the Hon. Justice McLean, then his representative in Congress. They found the war minister of the United States sitting in the ashes of the burned capital, in an agony of despair over a bleeding country and an empty treasury.

"The Secretary appealed to Mr. Piatt's patriotism for help, and gave him verbal assurances, that if he could furnish the supplies called for he should be remunerated and allowed the market price for the rations regardless of the original contract.

"Upon these assurances John H. Piatt returned home, and put his entire fortune and credit in the service of his country.

"When the final settlement came the government refused to allow him the difference between the first contract price of rations and the market value of supplies purchased under the assurances of Secretary Monroe.

"We have not the space to follow in detail the heart-breaking struggle of this great patriot for justice at the hands of a government he had so nobly served. For years he haunted in vain the ante-chamber of a department that had once only been too glad to welcome him. Once thrown into prison by the department for his technical violation of law, he was released only to have his creditors imprison him again.

"At last, heart-broken and bankrupt, he

died a prisoner, without enough money to give him a decent burial.

"Sixty years after the Supreme Court of the United States adjudicated the claim and allowed the principal. But to this day the government has not paid the interest."

The PIATTS are all descended from John Piatt, a French Huguenot, who settled in New Jersey about 1740. Four of his five sons were soldiers of the American revolution. One, Captain William Piatt, was killed at St. Clair's defeat; two others emigrated with Judge Symmes to North Bend. The family were numerous and of high intellectual reputation.

JACOB WYKOFF PIATT.—This noted citizen of Cincinnati was born in Kentucky in 1801. Brought to Cincinnati when quite young, he grew to man's estate in the home



JACOB WYKOFF PIATT.

of his father, Benjamin M. Piatt, elder brother of the more famous John H. Piatt.

Jacob Wykoff became a successful lawyer, and accumulated quite a fortune in his practice, and successful operations in real estate.

The one event in his life was his success in establishing a paid fire department, that is now known in every city of the civilized world. The old volunteer fire system, once the pride of the citizens, had fallen into disrepute.

The better class had either neglected the companies to which they belonged, or had been shouldered out by the worse elements of a prosperous town. This evil was not confined to Cincinnati. Every city in the Union suffered from the same cause. The Mose of New York, the brazen-checked, red-shirted ruffian was duplicated in every

municipality that possessed a fire department. Mr. Piatt returned to the city council at a time when the most reputable citizens considered it an honor to be a councilman, opened war on the volunteers, by introducing an ordinance providing for the selection of, and paying the firemen for their services.

There was scarcely a member of council that did not privately admit the necessity for such a reform, and yet when the vote was taken, in a chamber crowded by roughs, whose noisy demonstrations left no doubt as to their opposition, but one man was found brave enough to vote with Mr. Piatt in favor of this measure. This gentleman was Judge Timothy Walker, the well-known author and jurist.

Nothing daunted Mr. Piatt continued his efforts. At every assembly of a new council, his ordinance was offered to be again voted down. But the minority grew slowly in spite of the brutal opposition. Mr. Piatt was wont to defy the crowd in the debate that preceded defeat, and the feeling got so intense, that it was dangerous for the bold reformer to go to and from the chamber. As it was a volunteer guard of Irish constituents accompanied their representative. One night after a heated debate a mob assembled in front of Mr. Piatt's residence and amid groans, hisses, howls and yells, he was burned in effigy.

This contest continued for years. A happy event, however, came to end it. This was the invention and building of the Latta fire-engine. After being tested by a commission of experts, the engine was accepted. What to do with it was the question. 'turn it over to the volunteers was to insure its immediate destruction. It was resolved, at length, to organize a paid company to use and protect the machine. A committee was appointed having on it Messrs. Piatt, Walker, Kessler and Loder to organize a company. To the amusement of his associates Mr. Piatt nominated Miles Greenwood as the captain of the new company. Judge Walker remonstrated. It was, he said, putting the new engine in the hands of the enemy, for Miles Greenwood was the pet of the volunteers, and had been loud in his denunciation of what he called the degradation of the paid system. Mr. Piatt persisted and asserted that Greenwood was the only man in the city who would make the new machine a success.

"Well, try him," was the response, "he wont accept."

Greenwood was sent for. He was startled at the offer but immediately accepted, provided that he could select the men.

"The machine will be attacked at the first fire, and I want to know whom I am to rely on."

The first alarm of fire that brought out the new engine proved the correctness of Greenwood's prophecy. The fire was a serious one on Sycamore street above Fourth. The general alarm brought all the engines to the fire and among the rest the new steam machine. Drawn by huge horses at a gallop, driven by Miles himself, a noble figure in his brass helmet, red shirt and speaking trumpet swung

to his side, the impression made on the swiftly gathering crowds was impressive. Miles had about him the newly made firemen in their splendid uniforms. He had in addition all the men of his great foundry and workshops; and hurrying to the front of his first and only fight came Jacob Wykoff Piatt, followed by two hundred and fifty bold Irishmen from the old Thirteenth.

The volunteers were prompt to a redemption of their word. They attacked the new fire company. The fight was fierce, bloody and brief. Miles Greenwood led the van. His tall figure, bright helmet and trumpet-toned voice, made him a leader to follow and a man to fear. The engagement lasted about thirty minutes. A few bloody heads, and damaged countenances, and the tumult ended in the volunteer companies striving to put the steam "squirt," as they called the new engine, out of public favor, through their own superior management and work.

It was all in vain. The new device won, and in less than a month all the fire companies were clamoring for the new invention, organization and pay.

We write with unusual gratification the name of MILES GREENWOOD, who died in 1885. He was one of the strongest, most useful, public-spirited men in the annals of Ohio. He was of a large, strong physique, a great worker, labored incessantly in his own business and in many public enterprises. He was of Massachusetts stock, but was born in Jersey City, March 19, 1807; mingling in his veins were English, Huguenot French and German blood. In 1831 with ten hands he started iron founding in this city and eventually had an immense establishment.

In 1861 he turned it into a United States Arsenal for the manufacture of implements of war. Upward of 700 hands were employed, and among the goods turned out were over 200 bronze cannon, the first ever made in the West, hundreds of caissons and gun carriages, also a sea-going monitor; and forty thousand Springfield muskets were turned into rifles and supplied with percussion locks—a very effective weapon with tremendous "kicking qualities," so the soldiers who used it laughingly said.

To Mr. Greenwood the Cincinnati Fire Department was greatly indebted for its efficient organization.

Having been a leading spirit in the old volunteer fire department, he was induced by Jacob Wykoff Piatt to assume the leadership of the paid steam fire department. Once enlisted in behalf of the paid system, he quickly perceived the possibilities of vastly increased efficiency, and with iron will and never shrinking bravery determinedly fought and overcame all opposition. At one time the City Council failed to appropriate money to pay the men, and during this time Mr. Greenwood advanced for this purpose \$15,000, to keep the men together by paying them regularly.

Night and day he was constantly engaged in fighting the opposition to the organization.

He had no time to attend to his own business, but paid a man \$1,500 to attend to it for him. Of this sum the city subsequently reimbursed him \$1,000, which he at once paid into the funds of the Mechanics' Institute. Eventually every difficulty was overcome, and to-day such a thing as a volunteer fire department is unknown in any city of the first class in Europe or America.

The first steam fire-engine ever built that



MILES GREENWOOD.

was used at a fire was constructed at Greenwood's establishment by Messrs. Shawk & Latta, and was first used on a Sunday morning in May, 1852. It was named the Uncle Joe Ross. It initiated a moral reform, as under the old system the engine houses had been the nurseries where the youth of the city were trained in vice, vulgarity and debauchery.

DR. DANIEL DRAKE was born in Plainfield, N. J., in 1785, and died in Cincinnati in 1852. He was a man of genius and did more to advance the intellectual life of Cincinnati than any one who had lived there. His family first emigrated to Mayslick, Ky., where they dwelt in a log-cabin. When a lad of 16 he came to Cincinnati to study medicine, and then finished his course at the University of Pennsylvania. He was at one time a medical Professor in the Transylvania University of Kentucky, and at another in that of the University of Louisville. In 1835 he organized the medical department of the Cincinnati College. In this city was past most of his life. An eloquent summary of the qualities of this distinguished man was given by Dr. Comegys before a medical convention in Cincinnati, wherein he said in conclusion :

"Nothing seemed to escape him for the adornment of the city and the comfort of the people. The line of elm trees on the south side of Washington Park were planted under his own direction over sixty years ago.

"He was a voluminous writer on professional and general topics, but the work with which he crowned his life's labor was his 'Systematic Treatise on the Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America,' to which he devoted more than twenty years of travel throughout the vast Mississippi Valley. It was, so to speak, 'dug out of the very elements of the continent and society of America.' It is a great work of absolutely original research in medical topography, and will always remain a monument to his fame that has no parallel in the science and literature of medicine.



DR. DANIEL DRAKE.

"Though Drake has long been dead, yet all of his great undertakings remain and are flourishing. The Cincinnati College is the large Law School of the Ohio Valley; the Medical College of Ohio, now a Medical Department of the University of Cincinnati, was never so prosperous; the Clinical and Pathological School of the Hospital is attended by four hundred students. It has a large and growing library and museum, and is now undertaking to establish a pathological laboratory for original research. The beautiful elm trees are now as verdant as ever.

"The wonderful activity of Drake's mind, which led him to undertake the most severe professional labors and throw himself besides into every struggle for the advancement of the interest of society, is readily explained when we consider the philosophic spirit which

animated his mind; for he was possessed of that gift of genius which sees beyond all the apparent disparity of phenomena; that severe unity, after which all true philosophy is continually aspiring.

"To him the universe was not a summation of material phenomena conveying sensuous impressions merely, but a revelation. His was a reverent and devout soul. He felt like Von Barden, who declares that 'he who seeks in nature nature only and not reason; he who seeks in reason reason only and not God; he who seeks God out of and apart from reason, or reason out of and apart from God, will find neither nature nor reason nor God, but will assuredly lose them all.'

"All the institutions he planted exhibit his

great powers of mind and will always preserve his memory fresh and venerated in the great Western Valley. In the medical firmament bending over the world, reaching from the past and stretching indefinitely away, amidst all the glittering galaxy and burning orbs that represent the immortal dead, the orb of Drake will shine as a star of light forevermore."

BENJAMIN DRAKE, a brother of the above, who died in 1841, was the author of several works of value on Cincinnati, *Lives of Tecumseh*, *Gen. Harrison*, etc. Another brother, CHARLES, born in Cincinnati in 1811, represented Missouri in 1867 in the U. S. Senate, and later became Chief Justice of the Court of Claims in Washington."

EARLY INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN CINCINNATI.

As mentioned, no one so stimulated the intellectual life of Cincinnati as Dr. Drake. A great factor was his SOCIAL and LITERARY REUNIONS. And what a galaxy of characters he brought together under his roof! Mr. Mansfield, in his "Personal Memories," has described them, and also "THE COLLEGE OF TEACHERS," from which we quote in an abridged form:

In 1833 my friend and relative, Dr. Daniel Drake, instituted a social and literary reunion at his house, which possessed all the charms of information, wit, and kindness. They were really formed for his daughters, then just growing into womanhood. They were small enough to meet in his parlor and conversational, thus avoiding the rigidity of a mere literary party. We met at half-past seven, when the Doctor called attention by ringing a little bell, which brought them to the topic of the evening, which might be one appointed beforehand and sometimes then selected. Some evenings essays were read; on others nothing. Occasionally a piece of poetry or a story came in to relieve the conversation. These, however, were interludes rather than parts of the general plan, whose main object was the discussion of interesting questions belonging to society, literature, and religion.

The subjects discussed were always of a suggestive and problematical kind; so that the ideas were fresh, the debates animated, and the utterance of opinion frank and spontaneous. There, in that little circle of ladies, I have heard many of the questions which have since occupied the public mind, talked over with an ability and fulness of information which is seldom possessed by larger and more authoritative bodies. These were persons of such minds whose influence spreads over a whole country. They were of such character and talent as seldom meet in one place, and who, going out into the world, have signalized their names in the annals of letters, science, and benevolence.

Dr. DANIEL DRAKE was himself the head of the circle and a man of great genius, whose suggestive mind furnished topics for others, and was ever ready to revive a flagging conversation. He studied medicine with

Dr. Goforth, the pioneer physician of Cincinnati, and for thirty years a leader in medical science and education.

Gen. EDWARD KING, another member, was, in spirit, manners, and education, a superior man. He was a son of the eminent statesman and senator from Massachusetts, Rufus King, and father of Rufus King, today eminent lawyer of Cincinnati, and author of "Ohio," in the American Commonwealth series of State Histories. Gen. King married Sarah, a daughter of Gov. Worthington, at Chillicothe, practised law, became speaker of the Ohio legislature and, in 1831, removed to Cincinnati. He was both witty and entertaining. He died in 1836. His wife, later known as Mrs. SARAH PETER (having eight years later married Mr. Peter, the British Consul at Philadelphia), was a most instructive member of the circle. Mr. Peter died in 1853, and then again, until her decease, Cincinnati was her home.

Her life has recently been published by Robert Clarke & Co., and illustrates the truth of the statement made by Mr. Mansfield, viz., that "The activity, energy, and benevolence of her mind accomplished in the next forty years probably more of real work for the benefit of society than any one person, and that work has made her widely known at home and abroad." Not any Ohio-born woman has probably done so much.

She was one of the founders of the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum, which has cared for thousands of orphan children the last fifty years. She was also active in church and Sunday-school work, in improving church music, and relieving the poor. In Philadelphia she was prominent in founding "The Rosina Home for Magdalens," which still continues its noble work. She devoted a room in her house to a school of design for

women, and engaged a teacher to conduct it. From this germ sprang the Philadelphia School of Design, which now has over 200 pupils, and an institution of great utility. She also founded an institution there for the protection of poor sewing women.

Her accounts of her several journeys to Europe and the Holy Land are among the best books of travel. When in Europe, Mrs. Peter urged the art-loving people of Cincinnati to secure good copies of painting and sculpture. In this and other regards she made a broad mark upon its art-history.

"It was in 1852, while visiting Jerusalem, that Mrs. Peter found herself tending toward



MRS. SARAH PETER.

the Roman Catholic Church, and she was soon in full communion with it. She was one of the most active and powerful members it has ever had in America. Her devotion to the sisterhoods and the hospitals was untiring and most generous. She was one of the good angels of the sick and wounded soldiers during the civil war. Her passion for charity was so great that she lived herself a simple convent life. She went to the battle-field of Shiloh with a relief-boat, and her ministrations continued until the war ended.

"This good woman, of so many noble achievements and of such commanding influence, passed to her rest February 6, 1877."

Another member of our circle was JUDGE JAMES HALL, then editor of the *Western Monthly Magazine*, whose name is known both in Europe and America. He also, in the long time that elapsed before his death, accomplished much and good work as a writer, citizen and man of business. The *Western Monthly Magazine*, which he then

edited, was an excellent periodical, to which many of the literary young men of Cincinnati contributed. Judge Hall left the magazine to become cashier and president of the Commercial Bank, a much more profitable business. In the meanwhile he published several stories, novels, and essays on the West, which made him widely known, and deserves the success they receive, by their very pleasant style and pictures of Western life.

Professor Calvin E. Stowe, then a comparatively young man, was also present, and contributed his share to the conversation. He is the best Biblical scholar I ever knew. His first wife, a New England lady, quite handsome and interesting, also attended the reunions. His present wife, then Miss Harriet Beecher, was just beginning to be known for her literary abilities. Two or three years after this time, I published in the *Cincinnati Chronicle* what I believe was her first printed story. I had heard her read at Miss Pierce's school, in Litchfield, Conn., her first public composition. It surprised every one so much that it was attributed to her father, but in fact was only the first exhibition of her remarkable talents. In the reunion I speak of she was not distinguished for conversation, but when she did speak, showed something of the peculiar strength and humor of her mind.

Her first little story, published in the *Chronicle*, immediately attracted attention, and her writings have always been popular. Notwithstanding the world-wide renown of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her real genius and characteristics were as much exhibited in her short stories as in her larger books. Her sister, Miss Catharine Beecher, was a far more easy and fluent conversationalist. Indeed, few people had more talent to entertain a company, or keep the ball of conversation going than Miss Beecher, and she was as willing as able for the task.

Conspicuous in our circle, both in person and manners, was Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, whom none saw without admiring. She was what the world called charming; and though since better known as an authoress was personally quite remarkable.

I have thus mentioned, out of a small circle gathered in a parlor, names which have been renowned both in Europe and America, and whose public reputation has contributed to the fame of our country. I have dwelt more particularly on these meetings to illustrate what I think I've seen in other cases, and to which people in general seldom give due weight. I mean the influence of social sympathy in forming and developing individual minds.

About the year 1833 was founded what was called "The College of Teachers," which continued ten years, and was an institution of great utility and wide influence. Its object was both professional and popular; to unite and improve teachers, and, at the same time, to commend the cause of education to the public mind.

At that time public education was just beginning, and almost all in the Ohio educational system was created and developed in that period. To do this was the object in view, and, accordingly, a large array of distinguished persons took part in these proceedings. I doubt whether in any one association to promote the cause of education there was ever in an equal space of time concentrated in this country a larger measure of talent, information, and zeal.

Among those who either spoke or wrote for it were Albert Pickett, the president, and for half a century an able teacher; Dr. Daniel Drake, the Hon. Thos. Smith Grimke, the Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, Alexander Kinmont, and James H. Perkins, Professor Stowe, Dr. Beecher, Dr. Alexander Campbell, Bishop Purcell, President McGuffey, Dr. Aydelotte, E. D. Mansfield, Mrs. Lydia Sigourney, and Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.



LYMAN BEECHER.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The BEECHERS lived in Cincinnati (Walnut Hills), from 1832 to 1852, twenty years, and were so closely connected with the anti-slavery and educational history of this region as to require a further notice than that given by Mr. Mansfield. Dr. Lyman Beecher, the head of this remarkable family, was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1775, the son of a blacksmith and the direct descendant of the Widow Beecher, who followed the profession of midwife to the first settlers there about 1638. Lyman was educated at Yale, but as we heard in our youth could not "speak his piece" on graduating day from the inability of his father to supply him with a suit of new clothes in which to appear. He studied theology under the famous Timothy Dwight, and was settled as an Orthodox Congregational minister successively over churches at East Hampton, Long Island; Litchfield, Conn.; and Hanover Street Church, Boston. To fight evil in whatever form he saw it and help on the good was the love of his life. Old men who remember him in his prime pronounce him the most eloquent, powerful preacher they ever heard, surpassing in his greatest flights of oratory his highly gifted son Henry Ward.

In 1814, in New England, the vice of intemperance had become so demoralizing, even the clergy at their meetings often indulging in

gross excesses, that Dr. Beecher arose in his might and wrote his wonderfully eloquent six sermons against it, which were translated into

many languages and had a large sale even after the lapse of fifty years. The rapid and extensive defection of the Congregational Churches under the lead of Dr. Channing was the occasion of his being called to Boston to uphold the doctrines of Puritanism ; which he did with such great power as to soon be regarded as "unequalled among living divines for dialectic keenness, eloquence of appeal, sparkling wit, vigor of thought and concentrated power of expression. His personal magnetism was intense and his will unconquerable."

Mansfield in his Personal Memories writes that "Dr. Beecher's spells of eloquence seem to come on by fits." One hot day in summer and in the afternoon, says he, I was in church and he was going on in a sensible but rather prosy half sermon way, when all at once he began to recollect that we had just heard of the death of Lord Byron. He was an admirer of Byron's poetry, as all who admire genius must be. He raised his spectacles and began with an account of Byron, his genius, wonderful gifts, and then went on to his want of virtue and want of true religion and finally described a *lost soul* and the spirit of Byron going off and wandering in the blackness of darkness forever! It struck me as with an electric shock.

The Lane Theological Seminary having been established at Walnut Hills and the growing importance of the great West having filled the thought of the religious public at the East, a large sum of money was pledged to its support, on the condition of Dr. Beecher accepting the presidency, which he did in 1832. Then to eke out his salary for ten years he officiated as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati. One of his first acts here was to startle the Eastern orthodoxy by a tract upon the danger of Roman Catholic supremacy at the West.

Soon after, in consequence of a tract issued by the abolition convention, at Philadelphia, the evils of slavery were discussed by the students. "Many of them were from the South ; an effort was made to stop the discussions and the meetings. Slave-holders went over from Kentucky and incited mob violence in Cincinnati, and at one time it seemed as though the rabble might destroy the seminary, and the houses of the professors. In the absence of Dr. Beecher, a little after, the board of trustees were frightened into obeying the demands of the mob by forbidding all discussion of slavery ; whereupon the students withdrew *en masse*. A few returned, while the seceders laid the foundations of Oberlin College."

Dr. Beecher in person was short and substantially built, his complexion was florid and he had such a genial, fatherly expression and withal was so very odd one could not but smile on meeting him. He was proverbially absent-minded, cared nothing for the little conventionalities of life ; as likely as anything else when out taking tea with a parishioner to thrust his tea-spoon into the general preserve dish and eat direct therefrom ; evidently

unconscious of his breach of manners. Like many not so great, he never could remember where he put his hat. Topics of vital welfare to humanity seemed to fill his mind to the exclusion of thoughts of himself, or to what people thought of him, or where he had last put his hat. In 1846 we made his acquaintance and walking with him on Fourth street one day he described the situation at the time of the mobbing of the *Philanthropist*. The seminary was some three miles distant and over a road most of the way up-hill, ankle-deep in clayey, sticky mud, through which the mob to get there must of necessity flounder, even without being filled as they would undoubtedly have been with Old Bourbon. The mud was really what probably saved the theologian. "I told the boys," said he, "that they had the right of self-defence, that they could arm themselves and if the mob came they could shoot," and then looking in my face and whispering with an air that was irresistibly comical, he added, "but I told them not to kill 'em, aim low, hit 'em in the legs! hit 'em in the legs!"

Those who knew the road to Walnut Hills in those days will remember it was largely a mere shelf cut out of the mud of the side hills whereupon omnibuses and single vehicles were often upset. The old divine coming down one night after dark was crowded off by some careless teamsters, and went rolling down the precipice perhaps some thirty feet, and so badly hurt he could not preach for three weeks. The stupid teamsters, attracted by his cries for help, came to the verge and peering down in the darkness hollowed, "How can we get there?" "Easy enough," he answered, "come down as I did!"

On one occasion a young minister was lamenting the dreadful increasing wickedness of mankind. "I don't know anything about that, young man," replied he in his whispering tones. "I've not had anything to do with running the world the last twenty-five years. God Almighty now has it in charge."

This good man was wont, after preaching a powerful sermon, to relax his mind from his highly wrought state of nervous excitement, sometimes by going down into his cellar and shovelling sand from one spot to another ; sometimes by taking his "fiddle," playing "Auld Lang Syne," and dancing a double shuffle in his parlor. His very eccentricities only the more endeared him to the public. He was great every way. On a platform of a hundred divines, his was the intellect that all felt was their master. No American, except Benjamin Franklin, has given utterance to so many pungent, wise sentences as Lyman Beecher. In the power of concentrated expression he has been rarely equalled, and in his more sublime solemn outbursts he was like a thunderbolt.

Lyman Beecher was married thrice and had thirteen children ; his seven grown sons all became Congregational clergymen, and his four daughters mostly gained literary and philanthropic distinction. Henry Ward, his most distinguished son, was educated at Lane

Seminary; and it was on Walnut Hills that his daughter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, met the originals of the persons that figure in her novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and got filled up for that famous work, which was published on her return East.

Her maiden sister Catharine's entire life was marred by a tragic event. She was betrothed to Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, who lost his life in 1822, by the wreck of the packet ship *Albion* off the coast of Ireland; at the age of twenty-seven years. He was a young man of extraordinary genius, thought to be akin to that of Sir Isaac Newton, and his loss was regarded as national. In the Yale Library to-day is an exquisite bust of him in marble. The face is very beautiful and refined. Evidence of his masterly power was shown by the opening article (an abstruse paper on the science of music) in the first volume of Silliman's *Journal of Science*, issued in 1818.

In conversation Miss Beecher was humorous, incisive and self-opinionated, but kindly. While at the head of a female seminary she became a convert to the Graham system of diet, and practised it upon herself and pupils, whereupon some of them invited her to partake of a good generous dinner at a restaur-

ant. It operated to a charm, converted her, and she came to the conclusion that a rich, juicy, tender, well-cooked beefsteak, with its accompaniments, was no object for contempt with a hungry soul.

An anecdote of her we heard in our youth was that, on being introduced at a social gathering in Hartford to the poet Percival, she went at him in an exciting adulatory strain upon his poetry, which had then just appeared and was eliciting general admiration. Percival, who was then a very young man, and the most shrinking of mortals, was completely overwhelmed; he could not answer a word, but as soon as possible escaped from her, and then, in his low, whispering tones, inquired of a bystander, "Is not that the young lady who was engaged to Prof. Fisher?" "Yes." "Ah!" rejoined he, "it is well he died."

No American family has so much influenced American thought as the Beechers, and none, through its genius and eccentricities, has been so interesting; and it did Ohio good that she had possession of them for twenty years. It used to be a common expression forty years ago that the United States possessed two great things, viz., the American flag and the Beechers.



LEVI COFFIN.



CATHARINE COFFIN.

The reputed President of the Underground Railroad, LEVI COFFIN, philanthropist, was born October 28, 1798, near New Garden, North Carolina, and of Quaker parentage. His ancestors were from Nantucket, and he was a farmer and teacher. His sympathies were enlisted in favor of the slaves, and when a lad of but fifteen he began to aid in their escape. In 1826 he settled in Wayne county, Indiana, kept a country store, cured pork and manufactured linseed oil.

Meanwhile his interest in the slaves continued, and he was active in the Underground Railroad, by which thousands of escaping slaves were aided by him on their way to Canada, including Eliza Harris, the heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1847 he removed to Cincinnati and opened and continued for years a store where only were sold goods produced by free labor, at the same time continuing his efforts for the escape of slaves. In the war period he aided in the establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau, visited England and held meetings in the various cities and collected funds for the Freedmen's Commission. On the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment he formally resigned his office of President of the Underground Railroad, which he had held for more than thirty years. He died in 1877. His "Reminiscences," published by Robert Clarke & Co., is a highly interesting volume, from which the following narratives are derived in an abridged form.

ELIZA HARRIS'S ESCAPE.

Eliza Harris, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the slave woman who crossed the Ohio river on the drifting ice, with her child in her arms, was sheltered for several days and aided to escape by Levi Coffin, he then residing at Newport, Ind.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's graphic description of this woman's experiences is almost identical with the real facts in the case.

The originals of Simeon and Rachael Halliday, the Quaker couple alluded to in her remarkable work, were Levi and Catharine Coffin.

Eliza Harris's master lived a few miles back from the Ohio river, below Ripley, Ohio. Her treatment from master and mistress was kind; but they having met with financial reverses, it was decided to sell Eliza, and she, learning of this and the probable separation of herself and child, determined to escape. That night, with her child in her arms, she started on foot for the Ohio river. She reached the river near daybreak, and instead of finding it frozen over, it was filled with large blocks of floating ice. Thinking it impossible to cross, she ventured to seek shelter in a house near by, where she was kindly received.

She hoped to find some way of crossing the next night, but during the day the ice became more broken and dangerous, making the river seemingly impassable. Evening came on when her pursuers were seen approaching the house. Made desperate through fear, she seized her infant in her arms, darted out the back door and ran toward the river, followed by her pursuers.

Fearing death less than separation from her babe, she clasped it to her bosom and sprang on the first cake of ice, and from that to another, and then to another, and so on. Sometimes the ice would sink beneath her; then she would slide her child on to the next cake, and pull herself on with her hands. Wet to the waist, her hands benumbed with cold, she approached the Ohio shore nearly exhausted. A man, who had been standing on the bank watching her in amazement, assisted her to the shore. After recovering her strength, she was directed to a house on

a hill in the outskirts of Ripley, which is that shown on page 336 of the "Ohio Historical Collection," this edition. Here she was cared for, and after being provided with food and dry clothing, was forwarded from station to station on the Underground Railroad until she reached the home of Levi Coffin. Here she remained several days until she and her child, with other fugitives, were forwarded via the Greenville branch of the Underground Railroad to Sandusky, and from thence to Chatham, Canada West, where she finally settled, and where years after Mr. Coffin met her.

THE MARGARET GARNER CASE.

One of the most remarkable of the cases that occurred under the Fugitive Slave law, and one which aroused deep sympathy and widespread interest during the latter part of January, 1856, was that of Margaret Garner, the slave mother who killed her child rather than see it taken back to slavery.

She was one of a party of seventeen who, though closely pursued, had escaped to Cincinnati. The party had separated at this point for greater safety, and Margaret with her four children and husband Robert, together with Robert's parents, Simon and Mary, had sought shelter at a house below Mill creek, the home of a free colored man named Kite, who had formerly been a slave in their neighborhood.

Kite did not consider his house a safe place for the fugitives and had gone to consult Levi Coffin as to measures for their removal along the Underground Railroad and was returning, when he found the house surrounded by the masters of the slaves, with officers and a posse of men.

The doors and windows were barred, but a window was soon battered down, and, although the slaves made a brave resistance, several shots being fired and slaves and officers wounded, the fugitives were soon overcome and dragged from the house. At this moment Margaret, seeing that escape was hopeless, seized a butcher-knife that lay on a table and with one stroke cut the throat of her little daughter, whom she probably loved best. She then attempted to kill herself

and the other children, but was overpowered. The whole party was then arrested and lodged in jail.

The trial lasted two weeks, during which time the court-room was crowded. Colonel Chambers, of Cincinnati, and Messrs. Wall & Tinnell, of Covington, appeared for the claimants; Messrs. Joliffe & Getchell for the slaves. The counsel for the defence proved that Margaret had been brought to Cincinnati by her owners, a number of years before, and, according to the law which liberated slaves who were brought into free States with the consent of their masters, she had been free from that time, and her children, all of whom had been born since, were likewise free. The Commissioner, however, decided that a voluntary return from a free to a slave State reattached the conditions of slavery.

A futile attempt was made to try Margaret for murder and the others as accessories, and State warrants were issued. Lawyer Joliffe pressed the motion to have them served, for said he, "The fugitives have all assured me that they will *go singing to the gallows* rather than be returned to slavery."

They were finally indicted for murder, but owing to the provisions of the law of 1850 they could not be tried on that charge while in their owner's custody.

Margaret was a bright-eyed, intelligent-looking mulatto, about twenty-two years of age. She had a high forehead, arched eyebrows, but the thick lips and broad nose of the African. On the left side of her face were two scars. When asked what caused them she said: "White man struck me." That was all, but it betrays a story of cruelty and degradation and perhaps gives the keynote of her resolve rather to die than go back to slavery.

During the trial her bearing was one of extreme sadness and despondency. "The case seemed to stir every heart that was alive to the emotions of humanity. The interest manifested by all classes was not so much for the legal principles involved as for the mute instincts that mould every human heart—the undying love of freedom that is planted in every breast—the resolve to die rather than to submit to a life of degradation and bondage."

After the trial the slaves were returned to Kentucky.

It was reported that Margaret while being transported down the Ohio river had jumped off the boat with her babe in her arms, that the deck hands rescued her, but the child was drowned. Her subsequent fate is wrapped in obscurity.

HUGH PETERS was born in Hebron, Conn., in 1807, and being educated for the law, came to Cincinnati to practice, and was drowned in the Ohio river at the early age of twenty-four years, it was supposed by suicide. He was a young man of high moral qualities, the finest promise as a writer of both prose and verse, and was greatly lamented. One of his poems, "My Native Land," is one of the best of its character. We annex a few of its patriotic verses. It was written while sailing from the shore of his native State, Connecticut, at the moment when it had shrunk in his vision to one "blue line between the sky and sea."

MY NATIVE LAND.

The boat swings from the pebbled shore,
And proudly drives her prow;
The crested waves roll up before:
Yon dark gray land, I see no more—
How sweet it seemeth now!
Thou dark gray land, my native land,
Thou land of rock and pine,
I'm speeding from thy golden sand;
But can I wave a farewell hand
To such a shore as thine?

But now you've shrunk to yon blue line
Between the sky and sea,
I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,
I feel my bosom cling to thee.
I see thee blended with the wave,
As children see the earth
Close up a sainted mother's grave;
They weep for her they cannot save,
And feel her holy worth.

And I have left thee, home, alone,
A pilgrim from thy shore;

The wind goes by with hollow moan,
 I hear it sigh a warning tone,
 "Ye see your home no more."
 I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,
 Torn like an ocean weed :
 I'm cast away, far, far from thee,
 I feel a thing I cannot be,
 A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell, my native land, farewell !
 That wave has hid thee now—
 My heart is bowed as with a spell.
 This rending pang!—would I could tell
 What ails my throbbing brow !
 One look upon that fading streak
 Which bounds yon eastern sky :
 One tear to cool my burning cheek ;
 And then a word I cannot speak—
 "My Native Land—Good-bye."

On April 6, 1879, there died at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, PROFESSOR DANIEL VAUGHAN. His friend, the late William M. Corry, in his eulogy said : "He was the only man among the hundreds of thousands of our people whose name will survive the next century." He was born of wealthy parents near Cork, Ireland, came to America at the age of sixteen, became a teacher of boys in Bourbon county, Kentucky, but soon moved to Cincinnati, where he passed the remainder of his days. He was drawn thither by his desire for its library privileges — to study the grand topics of science.

For his support he lectured on science and gave private lessons in mathematics, astronomy and the languages. He thus managed to eke out a miserable existence and in almost abject poverty. He lived in a room, cheap, inaccessible and cheerless. A chair, and a bedstead with a pile of rags, a worn-out stove, and an old coffee pot, with a few musty shelves of books covered with soot, were all his furniture. An autopsy revealed

the wreck of his vital system and proved that the long and dreadful process of freezing and starving the previous winter had dried up the sources of life.

It was his intense absorption in science that had thus made him a martyr. For that he had overlooked the wants of his body, and suffered. The European scientists through his contributions to scientific journals by correspondence with him had learned of his extraordinary attainments in the most profound topics of human thought. And, whenever a stranger from Cincinnati appeared among them, the first question would be in regard to Professor Vaughan, and to not a few that question was their first knowledge of such an existence. He treated with great originality such topics as "The Doctrine of Gravitation," "The Cause and Effects of the Tides," "The Light and Heat of the Sun," "The Remote Planets," "The Geography of Disease," "Origin of Mountains," "The Theory of Probabilities in the Detection of Crime," etc.

It was a bleak, cold, cheerless day on January 13, 1808, in a neat frame on the snow-clad banks of the Connecticut river, in the town of Cornish, New Hampshire, that was born SALMON P. CHASE. His father, Ithaman Chase, was a farmer of English and his mother was of Scotch descent. His father died when he was yet a boy, and the family left in straitened circumstances.

Salmon was a studious lad, so when his uncle, Rev. Philander Chase, the earliest Episcopal Bishop, came to Ohio, he sent for him to come and live with him, and for a couple of years he studied with his uncle at Worthington, near Columbus, and then one year with him at Cincinnati. Then his uncle went to England on a visit and Salmon entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1826, paying for his college expenses by school-teaching. He then went to Washington, where he taught a classical school and studied law with William Wirt. Having been admitted to the bar in 1830, he settled in Cincinnati to practise his profession, his age 22 years.

Finding but little business he occupied about two years of his leisure in compiling the Statutes of Ohio, preceded by an outline history of the State. The work, known as "Chase's Statutes," which proved of great service to the profession, was regarded of extraordinary merit. From his Puritan training he had early learned to view all questions in their moral aspects, and so from the very beginning of his career he was the friend of the slave, being when in Washington active in procuring signatures to a petition to Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

In politics he did not then identify himself with either of the parties. When in 1836 a mob

destroyed the *Philanthropist*, the anti-slavery newspaper, he was engaged by Mr. Birney, the editor, to bring the offenders to justice. About this time miscreants, in and about Cincinnati, not only made it a business to hunt and capture runaway slaves for the sake of reward, but to kidnap free-blacks, carry them across the Ohio and sell them into slavery. In 1837, in what was known as the Matilda case, where a master brought a slave girl to the city and afterwards endeavored to take her back into slavery, Mr. Chase appeared in her behalf, as he frequently did in similar cases without expectation of pecuniary reward. After the case had been closed a gentleman of note who was present said, "There goes a promising young lawyer who has ruined himself," he feeling how unpopular in those days was the defence of the enslaved and defenceless. None but a man of the highest moral courage and humanity would have been willing to endure the obloquy. Governor Hoadley said of him :

"What helped him—yes, what made him, was this. He walked with God. The predominant element of his life, that which gave tone and color to his thoughts and determined the direction and color of all he did, was his striving after righteousness. . . . Behind the dusky face of every black man he saw his Saviour, the divine man also scourged, also in prison, at last crucified. This is what made him what he was. To this habit of referring to divine guidance every act of his life we owe the closing words of the Proclamation of Emancipation, which Mr. Lincoln added from Mr. Chase's pen as follows: 'And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the favorable judgment of all mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.' He had dainty tastes, disliked the unclean in word or person; but he put his pleasure under his feet when duty led him to the rescue of the lowly. He had a large frame and mighty passions, but they were under absolute control."

When the Liberty party was organized in Ohio, in 1841, Mr. Chase was foremost and wrote the address which gave the issues which were finally settled only by a bloody war. In this he said the Constitution found slavery and left it a State institution—the creature and dependent of State law—wholly local in its existence and character. It did not make it a national institution. . . . Why then, fellow-citizens, are we now appealing to you? . . . It is because slavery has overleaped its prescribed limits and usurped the control of the national government, . . . and that the honor, the welfare, the safety of our country imperiously require the absolute and unqualified divorce of the government from slavery.

Mr. Chase defended so many blacks who were claimed as fugitives from slavery that the Kentuckians called him the "attorney-general for negroes," and the colored people of Cincinnati presented him a silver pitcher

"for his various public services in behalf of the oppressed."

Mr. Chase brought his great legal learning and a powerful mind to the task of convincing men that the Fugitive Slave law could and should be resisted as unconstitutional, because though the Constitution embraced a provision for the return of fugitives, it added no grant of legislative power to Congress over that subject, and, therefore, left to the States alone the power to devise proper legislation.

The original of John Van Trompe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was John Van Zandt, who was prosecuted for harboring fugitive slaves, because overtaking a party of fugitives on the road he gave them a ride in his wagon, and his defence by Mr. Chase was one of the most noted. In the final hearing in 1846 he was associated with Mr. Seward.

Mr. Chase almost singly wrote the platform for the Liberty party, which in 1843 nominated James G. Birney for the Presidency. In 1840 this party cast but 1 vote in 360, in 1844 1 vote in 40, which caused the defeat of Henry Clay. In 1848 Mr. Chase presided over the Buffalo Free Soil Convention, and the party cast 1 vote in 9. In 1849 by a coalition between the Free Soilers and the Democrats in the Ohio Legislature Mr. Chase was elected to the United States Senate. The Democracy of Ohio had declared in convention that slavery was an evil, but when the party in the Baltimore Convention of 1852 approved of the compromise acts of 1850, he dissolved his connection with it. He opposed the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and made such strong, persistent attacks upon it as to thoroughly arouse the North and greatly influence the subsequent struggle.

In 1855 Mr. Chase was elected Governor of Ohio by the newly formed Republican party, formed solely to restrict the extension of slavery and the domination of the pro-slavery power, and by a majority of 15,651 over the Democratic candidate, Gov. Medill. Ex-Governor Trimble, the candidate of the Know Nothing or Native American party, received 24,276 votes. In 1857 he was re-elected governor by 1503 over Henry B. Payne, the Democratic candidate. In the Chicago Republican Convention of 1860, which nominated Mr. Lincoln, the first ballot stood, Seward, 173½; Lincoln, 102; Cameron, 50½; and Chase, 49.

When Mr. Lincoln was called to the presidency, March 4, 1861, he made Mr. Chase Secretary of the Treasury. His consummate management of the finances of the nation was such that a conspicuous leader of the rebellion said, "They had been conquered by our Treasury Department and not by our generalship." Whitelaw Reid said, "Ohio may be indulged, even here in the pardonable pride of an allusion to the part that in this phase of the war as well as in the others she led throughout the war." To take a bankrupt treasury, sustain the credit of the government, feed, equip, arm and pay all

the expenses of a war of four years—this was the work accomplished by Salmon P. Chase."

On June 30, 1864, Mr. Chase resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury, was succeeded by Wm. P. Fessenden, of Maine, and on the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, was confirmed on the 5th of December, 1864, Chief-Justice of the United States, an office he filled until his decease. He presided at the impeachment trial of President Johnson in 1868. In his politics he was a Democrat, and his name being frequently mentioned that year as the probable Democratic nominee for the Presidency, he wrote, in answer to a letter from the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee:

"For more than a quarter of a century I have been in my political views and sentiments a Democrat, and still think that upon questions of finance, commerce, and administration generally the old Democratic principles afford the best guidance. What separated me in former times from both parties was the depth and positiveness of my convictions upon the slavery question. . . . In 1849 I was elected to the Senate by the united votes of the old-line Democrats and independent Democrats, and subsequently made earnest efforts to bring about a union of all Democrats on the ground of the limitation of slavery to the States in which it then existed, and non-intervention in those States by act of Congress. Had that union been effected, it is my firm belief that the country would have escaped the late civil war and all its evils."

As a public speaker Mr. Chase was not eloquent. His speech was at times labored and hard, but he was impressive from his earnestness and the weight of his thought. The listener felt that he was no common man,

and had the highest good of all only in view. In every position he ever held he always displayed excellent executive capacity. On entering upon the duties of his office of Secretary of the Treasury he had by long and successful professional labors accumulated about \$100,000, and when he left it, after controlling for years the vast pecuniary business of the nation, he was poorer than when he went in.

In appearance he was the most imposing public man in the country—over six feet high, a blonde, with blue eyes and fresh complexion, portly, with handsome features and a massive head. His manners were dignified, but he had but little suavity, had none of the arts of the demagogue, and his great reputation was solely due to his great services and capacity, for he had but little personal popularity; the multitude never shouted for him. His great ambition arose from the patriotic conviction that he could render great public service. He was married thrice, and died a widower, leaving, of six children, two accomplished daughters.

Mr. Chase died in New York, May 7, 1873, of paralysis. He was buried in Washington, and on Thursday, October 14, 1886, his remains were removed to Spring Grove, Cincinnati. On this occasion, ex-Gov. Hoadley, his once partner, gave a masterly oration upon his life and services, in Music Hall, and addresses were made by Congressman Butterworth, Gov. Foraker, and Justice Matthews; James E. Murdoch read a poetical tribute from the pen of W. D. Gallagher. Conspicuous in the crowd who had assembled to pay their last tribute to the distinguished dead were some old colored men who had been slaves, and who felt a debt of gratitude to a man who had done so much for their liberty.

CHARLES CIST was born in Philadelphia, in 1793; in 1827-28 came to Cincinnati, and died there in 1868. He was the author of "Cincinnati in 1841;" ditto in 1851; ditto in 1859; and "The Cincinnati Miscellany," composed largely of incidents in the early history of the West. He wrote the descriptive article upon Cincinnati in 1847 in the first edition of this work; and here reprinted. He conducted for a term of years *Cist's Weekly Advertiser*. His editorial columns were largely personal, well sprinkled with "I's"—those "I's" meaning himself—which enhanced their interest. As one read, there appeared to his vision "Father Cist" looking in his eyes, smiling and talking. He was filled with a love of Cincinnati, and ministered to the extraordinary social fraternal feeling that existed among its old people—its pioneers. He would often print some gossipy item like that upon Judge Burnet, who, having used tobacco for a lifetime, had broken off in his old age, and was waxing in flesh under the deprivation. Another week, perhaps, it would be Nicholas Longworth, Judge Este, Bellamy Storer, Nathaniel Wright, or possibly that eccentricity, finical, poetical, and artistical Peyton Symmes, that would come in for an item.

Much he wrote was tinged with humor, and some of his own experiences were comically told. One we remember was about in this wise: "I got," said he, "into the stage-coach at the Dennison House, one day last

week, to go to Oxford, and was the only passenger until we neared Hamilton, which was after night, when half a dozen young college boys came aboard, and, without asking if it was agreeable to me, filled the coach

with tobacco-smoke. It made me deadly sick, but I said nothing. While we changed horses at Hamilton I made a little purchase in an apothecary shop. The coach started again; the boys continued smoking. In a few minutes one and then another exclaimed: 'Whew! what a horrid smell! What is it? Oh! awful!' I sat for a time in silence, enjoying their expressions of disgust. Then I said: 'Young gentlemen, we have all our especial tastes. You are fond of tobacco-smoking, to me it is excessively disagreeable; I have just made a purchase, which I am rubbing in my hands as an antidote to your smoke, and I must confess I rather enjoy it. You will say it is a curious idiosyncrasy of mine; it is a piece of assafetida.' For a moment the youths were dumbfounded; next they burst into a roar, and then out of the window went their cigars, and my lump of assafetida followed after."

LEWIS J. CIST, his son, who died in 1885, aged sixty-seven, had a local reputation as a poet and writer of music. He published the "Souvenir," the first annual of the West. He was an enthusiastic collector of autographs and old portraits, his collection numbering 11,000 of the former, and one of the largest and most famous in the United States. To him was ascribed the authorship of "The Spotted Frog," a parody on Gallagher's popular ballad, "The Spotted Fawn," spoken of elsewhere in this work.

HENRY M. CIST, a younger son, born in 1839, is now a lawyer in Cincinnati. He was

a general in the rebellion, and noted for his contributions to war literature, as "Cincinnati with the War Fever," "The Romance of Shiloh," and "Reports of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland." Mr. Cist's father opened and superintended the first Sabbath-school in Cincinnati, and his grandfather, also named Charles Cist, born in St. Petersburg, Russia, and graduated at Halle, was a printer and publisher in Philadelphia, and was the first person to introduce anthracite coal into general use in the United States. He was also the original printer of Paine's "American Crisis."

BELLAMY STORER, jurist, was born in Portland, Maine, March 9, 1798, died in Cincinnati, June 1, 1875. He was educated at Bowdoin, and, in 1817, began the practice of the law in Cincinnati. He was in Congress from 1835-1837; in 1844 was a Presidential elector on the Henry Clay ticket; for nineteen years was a judge of the Superior Court of the city. He was popular as a speaker at both political and religious meetings. At one time in his early life Judge Storer was a leading spirit in a religious band of young men, called "Flying Artillery," who went from town to town to promote revivals. When the Superior Court of the city was organized in 1854, the three judges were Spencer, Gholson, and Storer, and they were thus characterized: Spencer as excelling in perception of law principles, Gholson for his knowledge of precedents, and Storer for his great memory and fervid eloquence.

Gen. ORMSBY MCKNIGHT MITCHEL was born of Virginia stock, in Union county, Kentucky. When a four-year-old boy he was taken to Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, by his parents. He was naturally of a studious disposition, and before he was nine years of age he was reading Virgil. At twelve years of age, the family being poor in circumstances, he was placed out to service as a boy in a store, and working mornings and evenings in the family of his employer. At a little less than fifteen years of age he received a cadet-warrant, and, with knapsack on his back, footed it a large part of the way from Lebanon, Ohio, to West Point, and arrived there in June, 1825, the youngest of his class, and with only twenty-five cents in his pocket.

He resigned from the army after four years of service, and began the practice of the law in Cincinnati, in partnership with E. D. Mansfield, who wrote of him in his "Memoirs:" "Mitchel was noted at West Point for his quickness and ingenuity. My father, who was professor of philosophy there, used to say: 'Little Mitchel is very ingenious.' He was more than that, for he was what you seldom see, a man of real genius. A great many people are spoken of as men of genius, but I never saw more than half a dozen in my life, and Ormsby Mitchel was one of them. . . . He was my partner in a profession for which I think neither of us was well adapted; we were really literary men. The consequence was, Mitchel resorted to teaching classes, and I became a public writer."

Both the young men joined Dr. Beecher's

church, where Mitchel became noted for his fervid zeal at prayer meetings. In 1834 Mitchel was appointed professor of mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy in the "College of Cincinnati," an office he filled admirably.

When the project was entertained for building what is now known as the Little Miami Railroad, he warmly encouraged it, examined the route, and with Mr. Geo. Neff prevailed upon the city to loan \$200,000. Prof. Mitchel became its engineer. Three or four years of railroad engineering and attention to his college duties kept him busy.

An enthusiast in astronomy he felt the lack of the means for instructive observations for himself and students, and conceived the project of raising the funds for a complete observatory. Neither Boston nor New York

had an observatory. Was it likely that the people of a raw Western town would build one? Yes, for Mitchel could persuade them to do that great thing. And he saw the way. The only man in the world that could see it.

He began by stirring up an interest in astronomy by delivering a series of popular lectures in the College Hall. The first night he had but sixteen to hear him. The next night they brought more, and so it kept on increasing until the whole city had been so aroused by his fervid eloquence that his closing lecture had to be repeated in a city church to an audience of over 2,000. It was a theme in which not one in a hundred had before felt the slightest interest. He spoke without notes. His religious instincts were very strong; he was all alive with feeling; he possessed great fluency and command of language, and he electrified his audience with this most sublime, elevating topic as probably no man living or dead had ever done before.



GEN. O. M. MITCHEL.

At the close he stated his plan for building an observatory. It was by the organization of a joint stock company of 300 shares, the shares to be \$25 each, in all amounting to \$7,500, the shareholders to have certain privileges of admission to look upon the starry world. A few then subscribed, and he then called in person and besieged citizen after citizen until the 300 shares were taken.

Then the professor visited Europe, to secure the instruments; his ambition swelling with his successes, he now resolved to make it the best observatory in the country. Two resolutions he formed, he said, contributed to his success. "First, to work faithfully for five years, during all his time from regular duties, and second, never to become angry under any provocation while engaged in this enterprise." These show the quality of "little Mitchel," who in person was only about five and one-half feet in stature, erect, slender, wiry, but symmetrical, of a dark

complexion, with a keen visage and regular features. He looked the embodiment of will power and nervous energy, and ordinarily was silent and thoughtful.

He could find neither in London nor Paris such an object glass as he wanted; but at Munich was one unfinished that would take two years to complete, the price to be \$10,000. He had but \$7,500 to pay for building an apparatus. The people of Cincinnati must come further to his aid; and after an absence of only 100 days he was among them. The shareholders indorsed his action, he appealing to their local pride by his statement that, if they did so, their telescope would be excelled by only one other in the world. He remitted \$3,000 to Munich to secure the contract.

Mitchel then worked vigorously to secure the money to erect the building, to be put on a four-acre lot given by Mr. Nicholas Longworth. Workmen were set to work digging for foundations, and preparing the material. On the 9th of November, 1843, occurred the memorable event of laying the corner-stone, by the venerable John Quincy Adams, who was the orator of the occasion. The observatory seemed likely for want of funds to stop with its corner-stone, they being exhausted by the payment for the telescope. Next spring work was resumed with three workmen. But Mitchel kept up his courage. It is the beginning that costs. Will power, faith moves mountains. He worked with his own hands; induced some of the laborers to take part pay in shares. By March, 1845, the great telescope was mounted, and a sidereal clock and a transit instrument were given by Prof. Bache, of the coast survey.

He had promised his services as astronomer for ten years free of charge, calculating upon his salary in the college for support. Soon the college was burnt, and he was out of business. Nothing daunted, he resolved to give popular lectures as a means of livelihood, and continue his labors at the observatory. He began at Boston. The first night the hall was but half full. "Never mind," said he to a friend, "every one that was here to-night will bring a friend the next night." Great success followed. The problem of subsistence was solved. For years he devoted himself to his astronomical studies, was an admirable observer, and showed remarkable inventive genius. By these inventions he revolutionized the system of cataloguing the stars. During 1854-9 he made nearly 50,000 observations of faint stars. He published the *Sidereal Messenger*, an astronomical journal. His own books were the "Planetary and Stellar Worlds," his lectures on the "Astronomy of the Bible," and in 1860 his last, "Popular Astronomy." In his "Astronomy of the Bible" he boldly adopted the "Nebular Hypothesis" of La Place; but the theology which he learned from the stars was Calvinistic. In his final lecture, after showing that the universe was governed by immutable law, he concluded with this eloquent passage:

"No, my friends, the analogies of nature applied to the moral government of God would crush out all hope in the sinful soul. There for millions of ages these stern laws have reigned supreme. There is no deviation, no modification, no yielding to the refractory or disobedient. All is harmony because all is obedient. Close forever if you will this strange book claiming to be God's revelation; blot out forever if you will its lessons of God's creative power, God's superabounding providence, God's fatherhood and loving guardianship to man, his erring offspring, and then unseal the lids of that mighty volume which the finger of God has written in the stars of heaven, and in these flashing letters of living light we read only the dread sentence, 'The soul that sinneth it shall surely die.'"

In another place, in speaking of the power of the astronomer, he said:

"By the power of an analysis created by his own mind the astronomer rolls back the tide of time and reveals the secrets hidden by countless years, or, still more wonderful, he predicts with prophetic accuracy the future history of the rolling spheres. *Space* withers at his touch, *Time* past, present and future become one mighty NOW."

Up to the outbreak of the war the observatory remained the best equipped in the

United States, and the reputation of Mitchel as an astronomer was alike high in Europe and America. Then came the rebellion, when he threw himself unreservedly into the conflict. At the fall of Sumter, at the great Union meeting in New York, he was the most effective speaker. When he closed the scene that followed was indescribable. Men and women were moved to tears, voices from all parts of the vast hall re-echoed the sentiments of the speaker.

In August Mitchel was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, head-quarters Cincinnati, where he at once plunged into his new work with his old zeal, put the city in a posture of defence, supervised the erection of earthworks and drilled the gathering troops.

Mitchel was popularly known in the army as "Old Stars." Whitelaw Reid says of him, "Amid the stumblings of those early years his was a clear and vigorous head. While the struggling nation blindly sought for leaders his was a brilliant promise. But he never fought a battle, never confronted a respectable antagonist and never commanded a considerable army. Yet what he did so won the confidence of the troops and the admiration of the country that his death was deplored as a public calamity and he was mourned as a great general."

One day, just before the war, standing on our office steps in Cincinnati, there passed by a young man about thirty years of age. He was alone, and as he approached we looked at him with unusual interest. He was rather short in stature, thin in the flanks, but broad, full-chested. His complexion was very fair, and beard long, flowing and silky, and his face frank and genial. He walked erect and, as was his wont, very leisurely, and with a side-to-side swing. As his eye met ours a slight smile flit over his face, not one of recognition for there was no acquaintance. Probably his mind was far away and he did not see us, and it was the memory of a happy incident that had lighted his face with the momentary joy. Possibly it was the earnestness of our gaze, if perchance he noticed it, but that was pardonable. His fellow-citizens were proud of him and liked to gaze upon him, being, as he was, to the manor born and a man of poetic genius, WM.

HAINES LYTLE, the author of "Antony and Cleopatra," whose name was to go down to posterity as the "Soldier Poet." His reputation at the time was that of being highly social and possessed of winning politeness, a modest bearing and chivalrous spirit. One by our side who was under him, as we write, says: "My regiment was marching as an escort to some baggage wagons when an aid



WM. H. LYTLE.

galloped up to me and said, 'General Lytle sends his *compliments* to Col. Beatty with the request to send a company to the rear to guard against guerillas.' " To be ever courteous seems to have been as a sort of intuition with him, and showed the high refinement of the man. It is said that just before the fatal charge at Chickamauga he drew on his gloves with the remark, "If I must die I will die as a gentleman." Whether true or a myth it matters not: if a myth its invention shows it was characteristic and, therefore, spiritually true.

Wm. Haines Lytle came from a Scotch-Irish stock, and noted for warlike qualities and experiences. He was born in the old Lytle mansion on Lawrence street, November 2, 1826, graduated at Cincinnati College at twenty years of age, following his naturally military instincts became a Captain in Second Ohio in the war with Mexico, studied and practised the law, was a member of the Ohio Legislature, in 1857 was Major-General of the State militia. When the rebellion broke out he was commissioned Colonel of the Tenth Ohio, the Cincinnati Irish regiment, which he led into Western Virginia, and fell wounded at Carnifex Ferry while leading a desperate charge; was again badly wounded and taken prisoner at Perrysville, where his regiment suffered terrible loss. He was commissioned General and commanded the First Brigade of Sheridan's division on the fatal field of Chickamauga, where he fell at the head of his column while charging, pierced by three bullets. "Captain Howard Green, a volunteer aid, sprang from his horse, received the General in his arms, and was rewarded with a smile of grateful recognition. Several officers and orderlies attempted to bear him off the field. The peril of this undertaking may be imagined since two of the orderlies were killed, and Col. Wm. B. McCreary wounded and left for dead on the field.

"General Lytle repeatedly opened his eyes and motioned to his friends to leave him and save themselves. Finally, upon coming to a large tree upon a green knoll, they laid him down. He then handed his sword to one of the orderlies, and waving his hand toward the rear, he thus tried to express with his last breath that his well-tried blade should never fall into the hands of the enemy. So closed the life of the poet-soldier, Lytle. His death found him, as he prophetically wrote years before:

"On some lone spot, where, far from home
and friends,
The way-worn pilgrim on the turf reclining,
His life, and much of grief, together ends."

Lytle had many friends in the Southern army, and his remains were treated with every mark of respect, his mourners being alike his friends and foes. His body was temporarily buried in a coffin until they could be sent home. Until the outbreak of the war poetry was to him a frequent occupation and amusement. That on which his fame will permanently rest, "Antony and Cleopatra," was originally published, in 1857, in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.



ALICE.

THE CARY SISTERS.

PHEBE.

When preparing for our first tour over Ohio we passed a few days in the rooms of Dr. Randall, Secretary of the Cincinnati Historical and Philosophical Society. The Doctor then mainly constituted the society. A few years later he was shot while dodging somewhere in California behind a counter to avoid the ire of a

pursuing ruffian: but the society still survives. He had as an office mate L. A. Hine, then youthful, large and handsome, who was trying to reform a deceptive and deceiving world by publishing a magazine called "The Herald of Truth," wherein was duly set forth a nice project for "Land for the Landless:" and then later he established his permanent home with his family at a spot properly named for domestic felicity; it being Love Land.

The rooms were on East Fifth street, opposite the old Dennison House, where the well-fed, portly form of Landlord Dennison, father of a then-to-be war Governor, was a daily object for pleasing contemplation. Alongside was the horse market, where for decades were daily sales of horses, sold amid crowds of coarse-grained men, unearthly, confusing yells and poundings of auctioneers, and the scampering to and fro on bareback horses of stable boys through the street to show their points. On looking upon the spot, its vulgarity and coarseness, its yells and shouting, and often oaths, it seemed as though the gates of heaven must be afar: at least there appeared no one in search of them in that vicinity. To enhance the attractions it was at a time when the city was termed Porkopolis, its citizens Porkopolitans, for swine had full liberty of the streets, living upon their findings, or going in huge droves stretching from curb to curb to temporary boarding places in the suburbs on Deer creek.

One day, while there in the rooms of the society, in bounced two laughing, merry country girls. Some jokes passed between them and the Doctor and Hine, and then they bounced out. They were from a rural spot eight miles north of the city, and well named Mount Healthy, their names Alice and Phœbe Cary, girls then respectively 26 and 22 years of age, and just rising into fame.

The portraits as published are not at all as they were then. Phœbe had a round, chubby face and seemed especially merry. Alice we again saw and but once years later at a concert by Jenny Lind in the old National Theatre on Sycamore, near Third street. She was then small and delicate with an oval face, expression sedate and thoughtful. She was attired in Quaker-like simplicity, her dark hair parted in the middle and combed smooth over the brow. No maiden could look more pure and sweet than she on that evening. Her appearance remains as "a living picture on memory's wall." By her sat that most superb-looking, rosy-cheeked old man, Bishop M'Ilvaine, whose resemblance to Washington was of almost universal remark. Robert Cary, the father of the Cary sisters, came in 1803 to the "Wilderness of Ohio" from New Hampshire, and in 1814 married Elizabeth Jessup and made a home upon the farm afterwards known as the "Clovernook" of Alice Cary's charming stories.

Their mother, a sweet woman of literary tastes, died in 1835, and two years later their father married again. Alice was then 17 and Phœbe 13 years of age. Their stepmother was unsympathetic with their literary aspirations, which at this time were budding. Work with her was the ultimatum of life, and while they were willing and aided to the full extent of their strength in household labor, they persisted in studying and writing when the day's work was done, while she refusing the use of candles to the extent of

their wishes, they had recourse to the device of a saucer of lard with a bit of rag for a wick after the rest of the family had retired. Alice began to write verses at 18, and Phœbe some years after her. For years the Cincinnati papers formed the principal medium by which they became known, then followed the Ladies' Repository of Boston, Graham's Magazine, and the National Era of Washington. Recognition from high authorities at the East then came to their Western home. John G. Whittier and others wrote words of encouragement, and Edgar Allan Poe pronounced Alice's "Pictures of Memory" one of the most musically perfect lyrics in our language.

In 1849 a great event occurred to the sisters—a visit to their home from Horace Greeley. The philosopher had come to the city and wanted the pleasure of an acquaintance with these rural maidens whose simple, natural verses of country life had touched a sympathetic chord, and so went out to their home and gladdened their hearts. We presume after that visit the stepmother wished she had been less close with her candles.

We remember that time well; the philosopher was an old acquaintance; the weather had turned intensely cold, and he said to us he was unprovided with a sufficiently warm clothing for a return by stage coach over the mountains.

A winter fashion at that time in the Ohio valley was a huge coarse blue blanket with a black border of about six inches. These shawls were extensively made into overcoats, whereon their black zebra-like stripes had full display. A more uncouth appearing garment could not be well imagined either as a shawl or overcoat. It was warm, but absorbed rain like a sponge. The shawls had struck the philosophic eye, they were so peculiarly what was then known as "Western," and to an inquiry we replied we had one not in use to which he was welcome. He grate-

fully accepted the gift and wore it home as a specimen of Cincinnati fashions, carrying, too, in its meshes a generous quantity of the city's soot, for which the garment had an especial retaining adaptability. To have thus ministered in that long ago to the comfort of an old-time philosopher bent on reforming mankind and inviting young men "to go West" is another pleasing picture on "Memory's walls." Nearly thirty years elapsed ere we again saw the sage—he was on his Presidential canvass, riding through Fourth street in an open barouche. His white, benevolent face had broadened, and he was bowing and smiling to the people, looking "for all the world" like some good old grandmamma when bent on dispensing to the youngsters some good warm gingerbread just out of the oven.

Having obtained recognition from the Eastern literati and some pecuniary success by a volume of their poems, in 1852, the sisters, first Alice and then Phœbe Cary, removed to New York to devote themselves to literature. They established themselves in a modest home, and by their habits of industry and frugality had success from the very start.

Occasionally they visited their old home and resumed the habits of their girlhood days. When they had obtained literary eminence they established on Sunday evenings weekly receptions, when for a term of fifteen years were wont to gather the finest intellects, the most cultured characters of the metropolis and the East. Assemblies so comprehensive in elements, so intellectually varied and harmonious, were never before seen in the metropolis. They were quite informal and

not especially gratifying to the mere butterflies of fashion whom curiosity sometimes prompted to attend.

Alice was frail, and in her last sickness, prolonged for years, she was tenderly nursed by her stronger sister, bearing her great sufferings with wonderful patience and resignation. She died February 12, 1871, and five months later Phœbe followed her. She was naturally robust in health, but she had been weakened by intense sorrow, and then becoming exposed to malarial influences quickly followed her sister. Both were buried in Greenwood cemetery.

It had been pitiful to see Phœbe's efforts to bear up under her dreadful loneliness after her sister's death. "She opened the windows to admit the sunlight, she filled her room with flowers, she refused to put on mourning and tried to interest herself in general plans for the advancement of woman. All in vain. Her writings were largely poems, parodies and hymns."

One of her poems, written when she was only eighteen years of age, has a world-wide reputation. Its title is "Nearer Home," and it has filled a page in nearly every book of sacred song since its composition. Its opening verses are:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house
Where the mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

The Cary Homestead, "the old gray farm-house," is still standing, in a thick grove about 100 feet back from the road, on the Hamilton pike, just beyond the beautiful suburb of College Hill, eight miles north of Fountain Square. The sisters were born in a humble house of logs and boards on a site about a hundred yards north of it. It is of brick, was built by their father about 1832, when the girls were respectively eight and twelve years of age. It is a substantial, roomy old-fashioned mansion, and is just as the sisters left it when they went to New York to seek their fortune. It has many visitors attracted by memories of the famous sisters, a brother of whom, Warren, a farmer, still lives there. After their decease Whittier, in writing of their original visit to him, thus alluded to it:

Years since (but names to me before)
Two sisters sought at eve my door,
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad;
The crown of pain we all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet, ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song;
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

One of the attractions of the region is the old family graveyard.

The most interesting single object in this region is what is known as "the Cary tree." It is the large and beautiful sycamore tree on the road between College Hill and Mount Pleasant. The history of this tree is very interesting, as given by Dr. John B. Peaslee, ex-superintendent Cincinnati public schools.

In 1832, when Alice was twelve years old and Phœbe only eight, on returning home from school one day they found a small tree, which a farmer had grubbed up and thrown into the road. One of them picked it up and said to the other: "Let us plant it." As soon as said these happy children ran to the opposite side of the road and with sticks—for they had no other implement—they dug out the earth, and in the hole thus made



Dr. Arthur Le Boutellier, Photo.

THE "GRAY OLD FARM-HOUSE."

they placed the treelet ; around it, with their tiny hands, they drew the loosened mold and pressed it down with their little feet. With what interest they hastened to it on their way to and from school to see if it were growing ; and how they clapped their little hands for joy when they saw the buds start and the leaves begin to form ! With what delight did they watch it grow through the sunny days of summer ! With what anxiety did they await its fate through the storms of winter, and when at last the long looked-for spring came, with what feelings of mingled hope and fear did they seek again their favorite tree !

When these two sisters had grown to womanhood, and removed to New York city, they never returned to their old home without paying a visit to the tree that they had planted, and that was scarcely less dear to them than the friends of their childhood days. They planted and cared for it in youth ; they loved it in age.

Mr. Peaslee was the first person anywhere to inaugurate the celebration of memorial tree-planting by public schools, which he did in the spring of 1882 by having the Cincinnati schools plant and dedicate with musical, literary and other appropriate exercises groups of trees in honor and memory of eminent American authors. The grove thus planted is in Eden Park and is known as "Authors' Grove." At that time the above description was used as part of the exercises around the Cary tree, planted by the Twelfth district school of the city.

The school celebration of memorial tree-planting was the outgrowth of the celebration of authors' birthdays, which had been inaugurated by Mr. Peaslee in the Cincinnati schools some years previously. He had simply carried the main features of authors' birthday celebrations into Eden Park and united them with tree-planting.

The planting of trees and dedicating them to authors, statesmen, scientists and other great men have from this Cincinnati example been adopted by public schools in nineteen States of the Union, the Dominion of Canada, and the beautiful custom has crossed the ocean to England, and as a consequence millions of memorial trees have been planted by school-children.

On our first coming to Ohio, in 1846, the praises of a young Whig orator, then thirty-two years old, Gen. SAMUEL F. CARY, were in many mouths. He was born in Cincinnati, educated at Miami University and the Cincinnati Law School, and then became a farmer. He served one term in Congress, 1867-9, as an Independent Republican, and was the only Republican that voted against the impeachment of President Johnson. In 1876 he was nominated by the Greenback party for Vice-President on the ticket with Peter Cooper for President. He has been interested in the temperance and labor reform movements, and there are few men living who have made so many speeches. Hon. Job E. Stevenson, in his paper on "Political Reminiscences of Cincinnati," truly describes him as "a man of national reputation as a

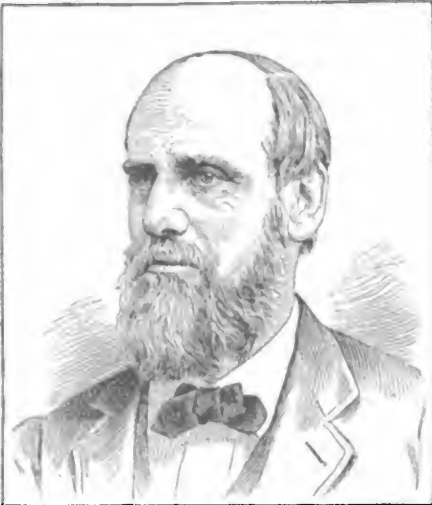
temperance and political orator, endowed with wonderful gifts of eloquence, highly developed by long and varied practice in elocution, of fine presence, and a voice of great power and compass." To this we may say, one may live a long life and not hear a public speaker so well adapted to please a multitude. In his case the enjoyment is heightened by seeing how strongly he enjoys it himself. In a speech which we heard him deliver at the dedication of the Pioneer Monument, at Columbia, July 4, 1889, we saw that at the age of seventy-five his power was not abated. We, however, missed the massive shock of black hair that in the days of yore he was wont to shake too and fro, as he strode up and down the platform, pouring forth, with tremendous volume of voice, torrents of indignation upon some great public wrong, real or imaginary, with a power that reminded one of some huge lion on a rampage, now and then relieving the tragic of his speech by sly bits of humor.

On our original tour over Ohio we happened once in the office of the *Cleveland Herald*, when there came in a youth of scarcely twenty years. We were at once interested in him, though we had never before met, for our fathers had been friends, and he was a native of our native town, New Haven, Conn., where he was born July 31, 1825. The young man was pale, slender, with keen, dark eyes, nimble in his movements, quick

Edwards, who married Major Timothy Dwight, was a daughter of the great divine. His father, George Hoadly, was a graduate of Yale; was for years mayor of New Haven; moved in 1830 with his family to Cleveland, where he was elected five times mayor, 1832-1837, during which time he decided 20,000 suits; mayor again in 1846-1847. He was a horticulturist, arborist, botanist, and learned in New England family history—a gentleman of unusual elegance and accomplishments. His mother was a sister of the late President Woolsey, of Yale.

George Hoadly graduated at Western Reserve College and Harvard Law School, and in 1849 became a partner in the law-firm of Chase & Ball, Cincinnati. In 1851, at the age of twenty-five, he was elected a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, and was city solicitor in 1855. "In 1858 he succeeded Judge Gholson on the bench of the new Superior Court. His friend and partner, Gov. Salmon P. Chase, offered him a seat upon the Supreme Court bench, which he declined, as he did also, in 1862, a similar offer made by Gov. Tod. In 1866 he resigned his place in the Superior Court and resumed legal practice. He was an active member of the Constitutional Convention of 1873-74, and in October, 1883, was elected governor of Ohio, defeating Joseph B. Foraker, by whom he was in turn defeated in 1885. During the civil war he became a Republican, but in 1876 his opposition to a protective tariff led him again to affiliate with the Democratic party. He was one of the counsel that successfully opposed the project of a compulsory reading of the Bible in the public schools, and was leading counsel for the assignee and creditors in the case of Archbishop Purcell. He was a professor in the Cincinnati Law School in 1864-1887, and for many years a trustee in the University. In March, 1887, he removed to New York and became the head of a law-firm."

GEORGE ELLIS PUGH was born in Cincinnati, Nov. 28, 1822, and died July 19, 1876. He was educated at Miami University; became a captain in the 4th Ohio in the Mexican war; attorney-general of Ohio in 1851; and from 1855 until 1861 served the Democratic party in the United States Senate. In the National Democratic Convention, in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, he made a most memorable speech of indignation, in reply to William L. Yancey, in the course of which, alluding to the demands of the ultra proslavery partisans upon the Northern Democracy, he said (we write from memory): "You would humiliate us to your behests to the verge of degradation, with our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust." His plea in behalf of Clement L. Vallandigham was regarded as one of his ablest efforts. This was in the habeas corpus proceeding before Judge Leavitt, involving the question as to the power and the duty of the judge to relieve Mr. Vallandigham from military confinement. Mr. Pugh was gifted with a very strong voice, a power of vehement, earnest

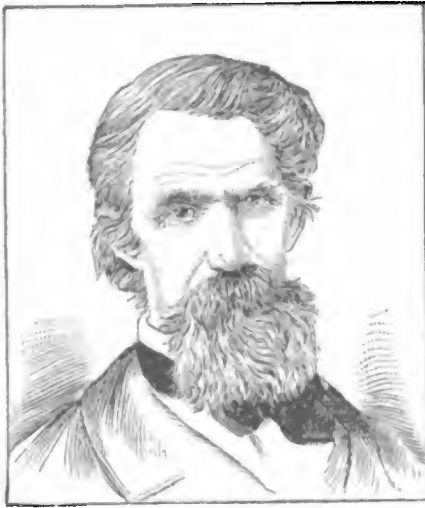


GEORGE HOADLY.

as a flash with an idea, and enthusiastic. This was GEORGE HOADLY; upon his high history, blood and training have since asserted their power. He is of the old Jonathan Edwards stock; his great-grandmother, Mary

utterance, and with a marvellous memory that was of great advantage over all opponents, enabling him, as it did, to cite authority after authority, even to the very pages, so that he could at any time, when prepared, go into court without any yellow-arrayed breast-works, in the form of piled-up law books. His last years were greatly marred by excessive deafness.

At the age of seventy-one, on July 14, 1883, on his beautiful place at North Bend, there died Dr. JOHN ASTON WARDER, a



DR. JOHN A. WARDER.

most beneficent character. He was born in Philadelphia of Quaker parentage, and in early life saw at his father's house and associated with those eminent naturalists, Audubon, Michaux, Nuttall, Bartram, and Darlington, from whom he acquired great fondness for nature, and how to woo her sweet delights. He studied medicine in Philadelphia, practised eighteen years in Cincinnati, and then moved to North Bend to give his entire attention to horticulture. Meanwhile he did everything in his power to advance education and science, and was a leader through his capacity and love. The public schools, the Astronomical Society, Western Academy of Natural Sciences, Horticultural Society, Ohio Medical College, and Natural History Society all felt his guiding power.

Warren Higley, President of Ohio State Forestry Association, wrote of him: "His early surroundings and associations were powerful allies in his education as a naturalist. He read and studied and mastered the book of Nature in its varied teachings as but few have mastered it. A seed, a bud, a leaf, a plant, a branch, a tree, a shell, a rock, at-

tracted his notice and elicited investigation. He was a veritable student of Nature, and his love among men was as lovingly beautiful as it was among his plants and trees. . . . He is justly called the Father of American Forestry."

Associated for a time, about the year 1854, with Dr. Warder, in the publication of the "Botanical Magazine and Horticultural Review," was JAMES W. WARD, a gentleman highly accomplished by varied attainments in science, literature, art, and both a poet and the nephew of a poet. The best remembered of his verses by the older citizens is a parody of Henry W. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," entitled "Higher Water," descriptive of a freshet on the Ohio river; other of his pieces were characterized by delicate fancy and refined instincts.

ROBERT CLARKE was born in Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, May 1, 1829. He removed with his parents to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1840, was educated at Woodward College, and became a bookseller and publisher in that city. He edited George Rogers Clarke's "Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-9" (Cincinnati, 1869), James McBride's "Pioneer Biographies" (1869), Capt. James Smith's "Captivities with the Indians" (1870), and is the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Prehistoric Remains which were Found on the Site of the City of Cincinnati, with a Vindication of the Cincinnati Tablet," printed privately, 1876.—*Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography*.

The mystery of the fate of Sir John Franklin for a long term of years aroused the sympathy of the civilized world. He had sailed from England in May, 1845, in two British ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, on a voyage of discovery of the northwest passage across our continent, and never returned. Several expeditions were sent in search, two from our country, De Haven's and Griffith's in 1850, and the last under Dr. E. K. Kane in 1853. The last under McClintock sailed from England in 1857 in the little steam-yacht *Fox*, purchased by Lady Franklin, and brought back from the Eskimos intelligence of the sad fate of the expedition, with many relics.

All further search for them in England was then considered as ended. Not so in this country. There was one individual—then a citizen of Cincinnati, and personally known to us as a singularly modest and worthy man, doing business as a seal engraver at No. 12 West Fourth street—CHARLES FRANCIS HALL, a native of Rochester, New Hampshire, born there in 1821, where he began life as a blacksmith. For years he had been an enthusiastic student of Arctic exploration, and when the mystery over the fate of Sir John Franklin had aroused universal sympathy he was intensely excited. He pondered over the subject by day and dreamed of it by night, and felt as though there might be some poor souls yet surviving of the lost mariners among the Eskimos, whom to relieve from their savage, dreary, deathlike existence he

was personally called upon to attempt by every attribute of humanity.

Some of his townsmen, when they finally learned of his preparing to start off on a self-constituted expedition in search of the survivors of the Franklin Expedition, and, moreover, heard that he designed making scientific observations of natural phenomena, replied, with supercilious smiles: "Pshaw! what in the way of Arctic explorations and scientific investigations can this fellow do? Why he is nothing but a common seal engraver," they said, "who has received but the common schooling, and perhaps only from a common Yankee school-marm at that, and who in all his life has accomplished no greater feat than engraving the initials of sundry nobodies upon wedding-rings, 'With this do I thee wed!'"

Such commentators, with any amount of



CHAS. F. HALL.

scholarly drill, prove incapable of a fresh thought, or else it would flash upon them, as it would upon any bright, well-read lad of fifteen, that the great names that come down to us from Moses to Socrates, from Shakespeare to one Ben Franklin, and almost the entire line of original inventors, Edison inclusive, are largely those of individuals who were powerless to display parchments of graduation. They seem dead to the fact that upon the basis of a common school education, with the abundant printed aids of our time—advantages which "Moses and the prophets," Socrates and the popes, had not—for the investigation of almost any single topic, that the naturally clear brain when will and enthusiasm absorb its entire power is capable of the most subtle fingerings, of giant grasps and far-reaching conquests. His townsmen little realized that in the person of this

modest, quiet seal engraver was to be demonstrated from the days of the Norsemen to our days no greater hero in all Arctic history, and moreover that he was to win the singular distinction of penetrating nearer to the North Pole than any human being before him, and then filling the northernmost grave on the globe.

When Hall returned from his first expedition he brought two natives, the Eskimos Joe and Hannah, afterwards of the Polaris Expedition, and came to Cincinnati with them. About that time Lady Franklin, who had come to this country to meet Hall, was also in Cincinnati, and gave a reception to such of the citizens as desired to call upon her in the ladies' parlor of the Burnet House, when John D. Caldwell, Ohio's "Universal Secretary," acted as *chaperon*.

This was in the war time, the winter of 1863-4. One evening at that period we saw Hall and Joe together in the *Gazette* office. The Eskimo, or more properly Innuit, are a small race, the men under five feet in stature. Joe looked alongside of Hall as a pigmy beside a giant. Hall was a tall, fleshy man, with rather a small head, the last man one would pick out for a hero, possessing very little self-assertion or fluency of speech. What may seem strange, his Eskimo companions Joe and Hannah on their arrival in this country, consequent upon the inhospitality of our climate, had caught severe colds. As we looked upon Joe that winter evening in the *Gazette* office, we felt we would like to know his emotions on a first introduction to civilized life. Ruskin said: "What a thought that was when God first thought of a tree." We felt we would like to know Joe's emotions when he first saw a tree. He was of a race of our fellow-creatures who never see a tree nor a shrub their entire lives through, but dwell in seeming utter desolation and solitude, where the whole earth lies dead under an eternal snowy shroud.

EDWARD FOLLENSBEE NOYES was born in Haverhill, Mass., October 3, 1832, and becoming an orphan served five years apprenticeship in the office of the *Morning Star*, a religious newspaper published at Dover, N. H. He then prepared and "went through" Dartmouth College, graduating near the head of his class, moved to Cincinnati and graduated in the Cincinnati Law School in 1858. When the civil war broke out he was one of the members of the Literary Club who enlisted. He changed his law office into recruiting headquarters and was commissioned July 27, 1861, Major of the 39th Ohio Infantry, and later its Colonel. He was with his regiment in every march and in every battle and skirmish in which the command was engaged, until he lost a leg in an assault on the enemy's works at Ruff's Mills in the Atlanta campaign. While yet on crutches he reported for duty to Gen. Hooker, and was assigned to the command of Camp Denison, and later was commissioned Brigadier-General. In 1871 he was chosen Governor of Ohio; at the next election was defeated;

in 1877 he was appointed by his old friend and club mate, President Hayes, Minister to France. During his service there he was sent on an especial mission to the East, visiting all the countries that border on the Mediterranean. He resigned in 1881 and resumed his law practice in Cincinnati. He possesses fine oratorical powers, and is re-



GEN. E. F. NOYES.

markable for his enthusiastic, cheery disposition and kindly manners. He was so beloved by the soldiers that he induced a larger number of veterans to re-enlist in his regiment than was secured to any other in the National army from Ohio. He died Sept. 4, 1890.

In our boy days we often saw in our father's bookstore in New Haven, ALPHONSO TAFT, then a Yale student. He was tall, broad—even as a youth—heavy and strong, and then noted for his strong common sense and masculine grasp of intellect. He was a warm admirer of Daniel Webster, whom in some important aspects he resembled, and of the many eulogies pronounced upon that great man his tribute to his life and services is regarded by the family and friends of Mr. Webster as the most truthful and masterly. He once made a remark that is worth any printer's ink: "It is a pretty bad case that has not to it two sides."

Judge Taft was born in Townsend, Vermont, November 5, 1810; graduated at Yale in 1833; tutor there, 1835-1837; in 1838 admitted to the bar and after 1840 practised in Cincinnati, where he won high reputation. In 1856 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention, and in the same year was defeated for Congress by George H. Pendleton; from 1866 to 1872 was Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, when he resigned to associate himself in practice with two of his sons. "In 1875 he was a candi-

date for the Republican nomination for the governorship; but a dissenting opinion that he had delivered on the question of the Bible in the public schools was the cause of much opposition to him. The opinion that defeated his nomination was unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court of Ohio, and is now the law of the State. He became Secretary of War March 8, 1876, on the resignation of Gen. William W. Belknap, and on 22d May following was transferred to the attorney-generalship, serving until the close of Gen. Grant's administration. Judge Taft was appointed United States minister to Austria April 26, 1882, and in 1884 was transferred to Russia, where he served till August 1, 1885. He has been a trustee of the Univer-

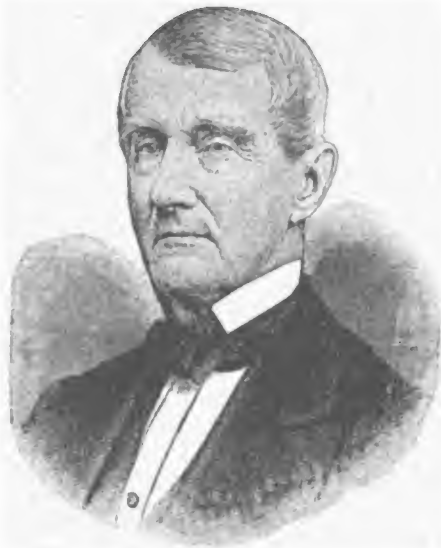


ALPHONSO TAFT.

sity of Cincinnati since its foundation, and in 1872-82 served on the corporation of Yale, which gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1867." Four of his sons have graduated at that institution. He died May, 21 1891.

AARON F. PERRY, like Judge Taft, is from the Green Mountain State, born at Leicester, Vermont, January 1, 1815—like him was educated at Yale, and cast his fortunes in Ohio, first settling in Columbus, where he had as successive law partners Gov. Dennison and Gen. Carrington. In 1854 he removed to Cincinnati and became a law partner with Judge Taft and Col. Thomas M. Key. As a lawyer he has made enduring marks upon the history of his country—notably in the case of Vailandigham against Burnside, involving the legal right to arrest a private citizen for indulgence in the freedom of speech in opposition to the measures of a government struggling for its life against citizens in armed rebellion. Mr. Perry in his politics was originally a Whig, then a Republican,

and in 1870 was elected to Congress by the Republicans, where he took a leading part. During the war era no man, in our judgment, in the Cincinnati region, was so effective as he in upholding the hands of government by public addresses, irresistible from their grasp and clearness of statement, beauty of diction with keenness of wit, and delivered with a grace and ease of manner and a power that so captivated the multitudes that ever assembled to hear him, that they were always sorry when he closed. So important were his services to Ohio at this period, that Gov. Denison thanked him in his annual message. Although suffering from a malady, deafness, that warps the disposition of many sensitive natures, Mr. Perry seems not at all affected by it, but everywhere and to every one appears with an overflow of good feeling that renders his presence, and after thoughts of him, to a high degree pleasant.



REUBEN RUNYAN SPRINGER.

REUBEN RUNYAN SPRINGER, philanthropist, was a descendant of the early Swedes who settled in Delaware in the seventeenth century. His father was a soldier under Gen. Wayne in the Indian war, and later became the postmaster in Frankfort, Ky., where Reuben was born, November 16, 1800. He in turn became postmaster, a clerk on a river steamboat running between Cincinnati and New Orleans, and then acquired an interest. Later he became a partner in a wholesale grocery house in Cincinnati, and retired in 1840 from ill health, and never resumed active business.

"He went abroad repeatedly, buying many works of fine art, which are now mostly the property of the Art Museum. He gave to the Music Hall, the Exposition Building, the Odeon Theatre and the Art Museum, in all,

\$420,000; to private charities of the Roman Catholic church—of which he was a member—more than \$100,000, and at least \$30,000 annually in the way of benevolence, beside contributing liberally and regularly to various charities and public enterprises. He died in 1884, left by will about \$3,000,000 to nearest of kin—having no children; also annuities to the College of Music, the Music Hall and the Art Museum, and nearly \$400,000 to various Roman Catholic charitable institutions, among these \$40,000 to the Cathedral School, \$30,000 to St. Peter's Benevolent Society, and \$100,000 for the education of priests." A fine statue to his memory is in the Music Hall, the work of Clarence Powers. Mr. Springer was in person tall and erect, with dark eyes, and dignified and quiet in manner, and impressed the casual observer as one of the highest type of gentlemen.

CALVIN WASHBURN STARBUCK, printer, born in Cincinnati in 1822; died there in 1870; was the fastest type-setter in Ohio; established the *Times*, the progenitor of the *Star-Times*; was remarkable for his philanthropy to various charitable institutions of the city both by cash and personal labor. During the civil war he strove by voice and pen to establish the National credit. To the families of his employes who enlisted he continued their full wages while they were in the service, and in 1864 volunteered and bore his musket as one of the one hundred-day men.

DAVID SINTON, so widely known for his benefactions, was born in County Armagh, Ireland, early in the century, of mingled Scotch and Anglo-Saxon blood; the family name was originally Swinton. His father's family came to this country and settled at Pittsburg when he was three years of age. His life business has mainly been the manufacture of iron, the location of his furnaces, Lawrence county. His residence has been mainly Cincinnati. He is entirely a self-made man; has a large, strong person with strong common sense, and therefore moves solely on the solid foundation of facts. His residence is the old Longworth mansion on Pike street, built by Martin Baum early in the century. Mr. Sinton's only living child is the wife of Chas. P. Taft, editor of the *Times-Star*.

To be a public man of note renders such an one an object of interest to the public, to say nothing of the gratification in that fact to the public man himself. One such, a fellow-townsmen in Cincinnati, we seldom failed to look upon as we passed him on the street from his personal attractions and general reputation as a man. He was rather short in stature but a full-chested, erect, plumply-built and very handsome man, with dark smiling eyes, a noble, massive head adorned with a wealth of dark luxuriant hair: life seemed to go pleasant with him. We never heard the sound of his voice; but once, just before the civil war, we were simultaneously in each other's eyes. We had met and passed on a side street, each of us alone; then we turned to gaze upon

him at the same moment he had turned to gaze on us. The reader has had a like experience and appreciates the mutual mortification of the moment. Which of us felt the meanest is an unsolved problem. When on our late tour over Ohio we were in the Tom Corwin mansion, at Lebanon, Judge Sage, whose home it is and who was with us, said with pride, as enhancing the attrac-



DAVID SINTON.

tions of the mansion, "In the room over us GEORGE H. PENDLETON passed several days when he was an infant." This was the full-rounded man we met as above described. His fellow-townsmen called him "Gentleman George" from his suave manners and courtly ways. Then he was "well fixed" for pleasant contemplation, possessing, as reputed, ample means, the best social relations, the best Virginia blood of the revolutionary war coursing through his veins, and as the mother of his children one of the most beautiful, sweetly-mannered of women, and of the blonde order, a daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of the never-to-be-forgotten ode, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Her tragic death in Central Park a few years ago, thrown from her carriage, is remembered with a pang.

GEORGE HUNT PENDLETON was born in Cincinnati 25th July, 1825, and educated to the law. He was elected as a Democrat to Congress in 1856, serving till 1865, where he was on the Committees on Military Affairs and Ways and Means.

"In 1860, at the time of the division of the Democratic party at the Charleston Convention, Mr. Pendleton warmly supported Mr. Douglas. On sectional questions he was moderate and conservative. If dissolution was inevitable, he preferred it should be a

peaceful one; if war was to be waged, he warned Congress to 'prepare to wage it to the last extremity;' and accordingly voted for all measures required to enable the government to maintain its honor and dignity."

He was on the ticket for the Vice-Presidency, with George B. McClellan for President, in 1864; was unsuccessful on the Democratic ticket for Governor of Ohio in 1869 against R. B. Hayes. In 1878 was elected U. S. Senator, and became Chairman of the Committee on Civil Service Reform. In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland U. S. Minister to Germany.

He died of apoplexy in Brussels, Nov. 24, 1889. His remains lie buried in Spring Grove. He was regarded as "the very pink of honor; performed many generous deeds; had antagonists, but no enemies."

COL. GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, small in person but great in will, was born in Fremont, Mt. Desert, on the coast of Maine, in 1837, and died in Cincinnati in 1885. He was a school-boy in Boston; then travelled in Europe, making his headquarters in Paris. His tastes were for the fine arts, and he learned to draw and paint. In the war period he was aid both to Fremont and to Sherman, on his march to the sea. Then he



GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

came to Cincinnati, where he was for a time engaged in drawing and painting. His life there is a part of the history of the city. His father's house had been a musical home, and love of music was his master passion. He became the originator and organizer of the May Musical Festivals, the Opera Festivals, and the College of Music, founded in 1879, and "was its president, and placed the col-

lege where envy could not reach it." The important educational influences of such work and the honorable reputation it has given the city, is not to be lightly measured. He was author of "The Story of the Great March to the Sea," "Art Education Applied to Industry," and "Pottery: How it is Made."

CHARLES W. WEST, whose great benefaction for an Art Museum in Cincinnati is a lasting memorial of beauty and pleasure, was born in Montgomery county, Pa. In 1810 worked on a farm, until he was twenty-one years of age, and at thirty-one established himself in Cincinnati as a merchant and had great success.

In September, 1880, he offered to contribute \$150,000 toward the erection of an art museum building, provided that an equal amount was raised by subscription: on the condition being fulfilled he gave twice as much as he had promised. The building was begun in 1882 and finished in 1885; but Mr. West did not live to see it finished, he dying the year before aged seventy-four years. His portrait in the museum is in seeming that of a genial gentleman, full of sociality and good fellowship, which indeed were his characteristics. His offer came as a grand surprise. On the opening of the Exposition of 1880, its President, Hon. Melville J. Ingalls, the famed railroad manager, read a letter, later termed the "famous letter," from Mr. West, making his magnificent offer. When the Exposition closed "in glory," having been a great success financially and artistically, Mr. Ingalls gave a public dinner to its friends, whereupon fifty-three gentlemen obligated themselves to increase the fund for the Art Museum \$1,000 each, in all \$53,000. This assured success.

After the death of Mr. Joseph Longworth, the first President of the Museum, Mr. Ingalls was elected its president, and has since held the office by continuous elections, he managing things with the same vim as he has the "Big Four." Like Col. George W. Nichols, already sketched in these pages, Mr. Ingalls is a native of Maine, born at Harrison, Sept. 6, 1842. As a matter of honoring record, we annex the names of the fifty-three who each gave one thousand dollars for the Art Museum; and in this connection inquire what other city can produce such a fifty-three?

F. Eckstein, M. M. White and wife, Richard B. Hopple, Morehead & Norton, C. H. and D. R. R., by John Carlisle, V. P., Peter Rudolph Neff, Alex. McDonald & Co., J. M. Nash, T. T. Gaff, for estate of J. W. Gaff, E. L. Harper & Co., Charles Fleischmann, Windisch Muhlhauser Bros. & Co., W. F. Thorne, Briggs Swift, Henry Lewis, Cincinnati Gas Light & Coke Co., Mrs. Larz Anderson, Cin. Street Ry. Co., by J. N. Kinney, A. S. Winslow, G. Y. Roots and wife, George Wilshire, Geo. Hoadly, Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, A. Gunnison, C. I. St. L. & C. R. R., by M. E. Ingalls, George W. McAlpin, E. W. Cunningham and wife, A. J. Mullane, Mrs. George Carlisle, Robert Mitchell, Chatfield & Woods, S. J. Broadwell, Wm. P. Hulbert, John Shillito, Walsh & Kellogg, Elliott H. Pendleton, Oliver

Perin, B. S. Cunningham and wife, J. H. Rogers, George Hofer, Joseph Kinsey, J. N. Kinney, B. F. Evans, A. H. Hinkle, George H. Hill, Robert Clarke & Co., C. W. Short, George H. Peadleton, M. E. Ingalls.

STANLEY MATTHEWS was born in Cincinnati, July 21, 1824, the son of a college professor. He graduated at Kenyon, where he was a classmate of R. B. Hayes, and lifelong friend. He adopted the profession of the law and at one time edited an anti-slavery newspaper, the *Cincinnati Herald*. He be-



STANLEY MATTHEWS.

came judge of the Court of Common Pleas, held other offices, entered the army as Lieut. Col. of the 23d Ohio, W. S. Rosecrans being its Colonel, and R. B. Hayes, Major; remained in the army until April, 1863, when he was elected by the Republicans judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati; soon resigned and engaged in a large and lucrative law practice. On the Electoral Commission he rendered efficient service to the claims of Mr. Hayes. In 1877 he succeeded John Sherman in the Senate. In 1881 he was appointed associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. He died March 21, 1889, leaving the reputation of being a great lawyer and a most lovable man. In person he was tall, manly and approachable to everybody. "If he had lived," said Senator Payne, "he would have been the foremost jurist in the land." Another said, "Few stronger men have been born; he embodied extraordinary powers," and with him "Religion was a worship and not a show."

WILLIAM S. GROESBECK was born July 24, 1815, in New York city; was educated to the law and came to Cincinnati. In 1851 was a member of the State Constitutional Convention; in 1852 one of the commission



MAJOR DAVID ZEIGLER.



MARTIN BAUM.

to codify the State laws; in Congress 1857-1859, serving on the committee on foreign affairs; a member of the peace congress in 1861, and in 1862 of the Ohio Senate; a delegate to the National Union Convention in 1866; one of President Johnson's counsel on his impeachment trial, 1868; was in 1872 the Presidential candidate of the Liberal Republicans in opposition to Horace Greeley and received one electoral vote for Vice-President, for which office he had not been nominated. In 1878 was delegate to the International Monetary Congress, held in Paris. His reputation for capacity is of the highest. And by his endowment of \$50,000 for free open air concerts in Burnet Woods Park, strains of sweet music are to soothe the cares of multitudes long after he shall have passed away.

ALFRED TRABER GOSHORN was born in Cincinnati, July 15, 1833; graduated at Marietta, and also at the Cincinnati law school. In the war period he was commissioned Major of the 137th O. V. I., and served until its close. He passed four memorable years in Philadelphia as Director General of the first National exhibition observed by the people of the United States, in commemoration of the Declaration of American Independence, a position to which he had been called by his extraordinary genius for organizing, illustrated by his experience in the Cincinnati expositions. He retired from that high place covered with honors, thanks, titles and decorations from the leading governments of Europe in recognition of his services and courtesies to their representatives while occupied on this great occasion of peace and good will. The citizens of Philadelphia also ex-

pressed their gratitude by the present of an elegant library, while his own citizens on his return gave him a banquet. Naturally as a Cincinnati production they felt proud of him,



ALFRED TRABER GOSHORN.

and now having become known of all men and to many nations he is giving its Art Museum the benefit of his great experience, while snowing up for his patriarchal years.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN CINCINNATI.

The German element comprises one-third of the population of Cincinnati. It has had a surprising influence upon its art development—as music, painting and sculpture—also upon its politics and business. It has given some highly prominent men to the community.

The first mayor of Cincinnati was Major DAVID ZIEGLER, a German from Heidelberg, elsewhere noticed. Another eminent man was MARTIN BAUM. He was of high Dutch parentage; his father was from Strasburg, his mother of the Kershner family, but he was born at Hagerstown, Md., June 14, 1765. In 1795, at the age of thirty, he came to Cincinnati, engaged in merchandising, and became its most wealthy and influential business citizen. In 1804 he married Miss Anna Somerville Wallace. In 1803 he founded the first bank in the West, the Miami Exporting Company. This company at the same time carried on a great transportation business, and became one of the most important promoters and improvers of the navigation of the West. He called into life the first sugar-refinery, the first iron-foundry, the first steam flouring-mill, and started into the West the first stream of influential German emigrants from the ships at Philadelphia—as Zachariah Ernest, the Stablers, Schnetz, Simon Oehler, Schenebergers, Hoffner, etc. Moreover, had the first ornamental garden, the first vineyard, and was active in founding the first public library (1802); of the Western Museum (1817); of the literary society (1817); the first agricultural society (1818), etc., etc. He was a leader in establishing schools, markets and churches; personally was one of the main pillars of the first Presbyterian church. He eventually purchased that extensive tract from Pike street to the top of Mount Adams and bounded by Congress and Fifth streets. Here he built the elegant residence, later occupied by Nicholas Longworth, and now by David Sinton. His hospitable home was open to all intellectually great men who visited Cincinnati, and German literary men were especially welcome. This great and useful man died December 14, 1831, of epidemic influenza, now known as "La Grippe."

CHRISTIAN BURKHALTER, formerly secretary to Prince Blucher, in 1837 founded a

German Whig newspaper, the *Westlicher Merkur*. In 1836 he had joined James G.

Birney in the publication of the *Philanthropist*, an Abolition newspaper, which was destroyed by a mob. ALBERT VON STEIN came to Cincinnati in 1817, and gained eminence as a civil engineer. He was builder of the Cincinnati water-works, the first in the country to be worked by pumps; made drawings for "Wilson's Ornithology;" built the Ap-pomatox canal, and water-works for Richmond, Lynchburg, Petersburg, New Orleans, Nashville and Mobile. He died in 1876, aged 84 years. Dr. FRIEDRICH REESE, a very learned man (in 1825), was the first German Catholic priest in Cincinnati, later was bishop of Detroit; he was the founder of the Scientific School and of the Athenæum—the nucleus from which sprang St. Xavier College. Dr. WILHELM NAST, born in 1807, studied theology and philosophy with David Strauss in the celebrated Turbinger Institute; emigrated in 1828; in 1831 and 1832 went over to the Methodist church, and is considered as the father of German Methodism in America. He founded here two German Methodist newspapers. His theological works are very numerous, and he "has persuaded many to study in German universities, although he must have been aware that they would change their narrow religious views for wider and riper ones." In 1826 appeared the first German newspaper, *Die Ohio Chronik*. In 1834 the Germans formed a German society, that they might aid each other to assure a better future, and to secure generally those charitable aims which are "impossible to the single individual." Among those who formed this was HEINRICH RODTER, journalist and lawyer. He was editor of the *Volksblatt*, founded in 1836 as the organ of the Democrats. In 1847-48, as a member of the Ohio Legislature, he had passed the law which secures workingmen a lien on houses built by them, and also a law reducing the cost of naturalization to foreigners. Although a Democrat, he voted against the black laws and was anti-slavery in his sentiments; at one time was a law partner with the eminent J. B. Stallo. He died in 1857. KARL GUSTAVE REEMELIN was born in Wurtemberg in 1814, and at the age of 18 years arrived in this country. This was on the eve of the election of Andrew Jackson, when he became attached to the Democratic party, to which he has always adhered. "His studies and experience at home had already given him an enthusiasm for free trade and a prejudice against paper money and a banking system; and he thought he saw in the Whig party an inclination toward puritanism which was naturally repugnant to the genuine German nature. The name Democracy had a certain charm for the Germans; and as the wealthy classes mostly belonged to the Whig party they classed them with the European aristocracy. Reemelin became one of the founders of the *Volksblatt*, studied law but never practised, and entered into politics. As a member of the Ohio Legislature he criticised very sharply the then defective method of taxation, and

evinced a thorough study of political economy." He was a leading member of the Constitutional Convention in 1850-51; the article in the constitution is due to his exertions which prevents the legislature from making arbitrary divisions in the electoral districts. Through this great abuses had arisen, minorities at times having gained a majority in the legislature. He visited the reform schools in Europe, and guided by his report the legislature established the Reform School at Lancaster. Becoming tired of politics he eventually retired to his beautiful farm and vineyard near Cincinnati, where he has written much for agricultural journals—one upon "The Climate of Ohio." He has published "The Vine Dresser's Manual," "The Wine Maker's Manual," and "Politics as a Science."

The fact that Cincinnati owns the finest zoölogical garden in the country is due to another German gentleman, Mr. ANDREW ERKENBRECHER, lately deceased. It was his original conception and was pushed to consummation with characteristic energy. He was born in Bavaria in 1822, and came to this country in his fourteenth year.

EMIL KLAUPRECHT, born at Mainz, in 1815, first carried on lithography in Cincinnati and then turned to journalism. In 1843 he published the first belles-lettres periodical, the *Fliegende Blätter*, with lithographic illustrations, the first German illustrated paper in the United States. He was at one time United States consul for Stuttgart. He edited a Whig paper, the *Republicaner*, which for ten years was the principal organ of his party in the Western States. He wrote several novels and an historical work, "Deutsche Chronik in der Geschichte des Ohio Thales." The Germans have supplied to Cincinnati other literary men of marked ability, as Heinrich Von Martels, Dr. Joseph H. Pulte, founder of the Pulte Homeopathic College; Heinrich A. Rattermann, founder of the German Mutual Insurance Company. "Mr. Rattermann has written poetry in both the German and English; has worked with especial industry in the history of civilization, and has taken upon himself to vindicate a just estimate of German emigration, and showing therein a sharp and critical judgment." The names of others connected with editorship or education can be mentioned, but we have no room for details, as Dr. Friedrich Roelker, August Renz, Joseph Anton Hemann, Stephen Molitor, Nikolaus Hofer, Rev. Geo. Walker, Ludwig Rehffuss, founder of the Lafayette Guard in 1836, the first German military company, Pastor August Kroll, etc.

In art the Germans have been especially prominent, as the names of many Cincinnati artists testify. As early as 1826 Gottfried Schadow founded here an Academy of Fine Arts, and had for a pupil Hiram Powers. He died of cholera and with him perished his academy. He made busts of Governor Morrow and President Harrison, the first of which is now in the State library.

Even away back to 1823 existed here a German musical society. In 1849 the first great German musical festival of the United States was held in this city. Then was founded the first German Saengerbund of North America, whose musical festivals have now gained a world-wide reputation, and prepared the way for the foundation of the Grand Music Hall and College of Music.

The great lithographic business of the city is almost entirely the work of Germans, and the largest furniture factory of the world employing 1500 hands, that of Mitchell & Rammelsburg, owes its foundation mainly to Freidrich Rammelsburg, a Hanoverian, who died in 1863. In 1831 Mathias Schwab started here the first organ factory in the west, if not in the Union.

The most remarkable man among the German lawyers of Ohio, "a man of whom all the Germans in the United States should be especially proud is JOHANN BERNHARD STALLO." He came from a race of school-masters, and was born in 1823, in the Grand Dukedom of Oldenburg, and came to Cincinnati in 1839, where he was first a teacher in a private school when he compiled a German A, B, C, spelling-book, a great want, the superior merits of which led the directors of the newly founded Catholic St. Xavier's College to appoint him a teacher in that institution. The study of the higher mathematics led him to German philosophy, and in 1848 appeared his "General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature," and in 1882 his "Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics." Mr. Stallo adopted the profession of law, and from 1853 to 1855 was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Returning to practice he gained a most brilliant reputation by an argument before the Superior Court of Cincinnati against the retention of Bible reading and religious instruction in public schools. His argument lasted for several hours. Although the Cincinnati Court decided adversely, the Supreme Court of Ohio reversed their decision and sustained the views of Stallo and the liberals. It was on the ground that religion is wholly a matter of individual freedom, over which the State by its Constitution has no power. This celebrated speech was regarded as a wonderful illustration of striking logic, wealth of philosophical truth and historical illustration. He was appointed minister to Italy in 1885. Mr. Stallo possesses a strikingly refined, scholarly presence, and is of the light hair, blue-eyed German type.

SAMUEL N. PIKE, the builder of the magnificent opera houses in Cincinnati and New York, was of Jewish parentage. The family name was Hecht, the German for Pike. He was born near Heidelberg, and in 1827, when five years of age, came to America, and in 1844 to Cincinnati. He gained colossal wealth in the liquor business, and having been a great admirer of Jenny Lind, he built for the Muse of Song a temple which he said should do honor to Cincinnati. On February 22, 1859, the opera house, the largest

and most beautiful in America, was opened with song. It was burnt in 1866, and later rebuilt. He was a silent, calm man, and while it was building none knew his object, and when from the roof of the Burnet House he saw the structure of his pride and ambition vanishing in the flames, he quietly smoked his cigar as unruffled as the most indifferent spectator, and while thus standing gazing in this calm, contemplative attitude, one of the light-fingered gentry as calmly relieved him of his watch, of course, a first-class time-keeper.

The Grand Opera House in New York was begun at this time. He sold it to James Fisk, Jr., for \$850,000. A gigantic speculation in land, reclaiming the Jersey marshes, near New York, brought him immense profits, so that at his death, in 1875, his fortune was well up in the millions. He used to say he "could not see why he should make money—he never fretted himself—he couldn't help it."

In the war of the rebellion the Germans took a very active part. Familiar with the conflict of arms in the old country they saw sooner than the native Americans that war was inevitable, and were therefore very early in the field. Three general officers of the Union army were supplied by the Germans of Cincinnati. Gen. AUGUST MOOR, born in Leipsic in 1814, who had been captain in the Mexican war, started as Colonel of the 28th Ohio Volunteer or 2d German regiment; the 1st German regiment or 9th Ohio was under Robert McCook. Moor gained a high reputation. Gen. AUGUST V. KAUTZ, born in Baden in 1828, was a private in the Mexican war, later a lieutenant in the regular army. He is the author of several small military treatises. Gen. GOTTFRIED WEITZEL, born at Winzlen in 1835, came to this country in early childhood, graduated high in his class at West Point, and was assigned to the engineer corps. While in command of a division in the operations against Petersburg, he greatly distinguished himself, the taking of which led to the fall of Richmond. "He was the first one who, at the head of his command, entered Richmond by the side of President Lincoln. Strange coincidence! The German General Schimmelpfennig was the first to lead a brigade into Charleston, and another German general was the first to carry the flag of the Union into Vicksburg." The first bayonet charge of the war was made in the Union victory at Mill Spring by the 1st German regiment (9th Ohio), composed mainly of the Cincinnati Turner Society, and commanded by Col. Robert McCook, later murdered by guerillas. A portrait and sketch of him is in Vol. i., page 367.

LEOPOLD MARKBREIT, a native of Vienna, came to Cincinnati with his parents in 1848, when six years of age. He studied law with his half-brother, the talented Fred. Hassaurek; became a law partner with Rutherford B. Hayes; then went into the Union army, where he eventually attained the rank of colonel; from 1869 to 1873 was U. S.

Minister to Bolivia and now edits the *Volksblatt*.

In the war period he was taken prisoner, and sent to Libby Prison in Richmond. Through the story of his sufferings there he attained a sad celebrity.

"After five months of ordinary imprisonment, he and three other victims were selected as hostages and placed in close confinement, to prevent the execution of four rebels, who were charged with recruiting within the Union lines in Kentucky (which charge was of a rather doubtful nature, as that part of Kentucky would be considered as disputed ground), and had been sentenced to death as spies by a military court convened by Gen. Burnside. The four hostages were placed in a subterranean dungeon of the Libby, where they had hardly room enough to lie down at night. For months they were lying buried in this hole, and received only one meal a day. Even this meal was insufficient to appease their hunger, for it consisted generally only of a handful of corn meal (into which the cobs had been ground), a little piece of rotten bacon and some rice or beans. This food was not enough for life, and too much for absolute starvation. The unfortunate men were soon reduced to skeletons, and would, doubtless, have died, if the negroes employed in the Libby prison had not, from time to time, smuggled in some food to them. The rats, which the prisoners killed with pieces of wood in their dungeon, were cooked for them by the kind-hearted negroes, and

taken back to their cells. The sufferings the poor prisoners had to endure were beyond all comprehension; and only when they were transported to Salisbury, N. C., a change for the better took place. From Salisbury Col. Markbreit was taken to Danville, Va., and from there back to Libby, till at last, in February, 1865, his half-brother, F. Hassaurek, succeeded in having him liberated. He had been imprisoned for more than thirteen months. His health had been so injured by these sufferings that he never fully recovered." Mr. Markbreit is tall in person, and dignified and courteous in manner. In his South American experience he was an eye-witness to several bloody revolutions, and at the risk of his own life often protected the lives of the members of overthrown governments who sought refuge with the United States legation.

Allusion has been made in the foregoing to Mr. Hassaurek. Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography" gives this outline of his career: "FRIEDRICH HASSAUREK, journalist, was born in Vienna, Austria, 9th October, 1832; died in Paris, France, 1st October, 1885. He served in the German revolution of 1848, and was twice wounded. He came to the United States in 1848, settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, and engaged in journalism, politics, and the practice of law. He was U. S. minister to Ecuador in 1861-5, and during the latter year became editor of the *Volksblatt*. He published "Four Years among the Spanish Americans."

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES was born on Long Island in 1742. Removed to New Jersey, and was prominent during the Revolution as colonel of a militia regiment in active field service. He was one year Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey; six years a member of the Council; two years a member of the Continental Congress, and twelve years a judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. In August, 1787, Judge Symmes, encouraged by the success of the Ohio Company, obtained from Congress a grant for a purchase of a tract of land fronting on the Ohio river between the two Miamis, and extending north to the tenth township. Having been unable to pay for the whole, after much negotiation, he closed a contract, in 1792, for 1,000,000 acres. The continued rise in government securities made it impossible to pay for this, and in 1794 a patent was granted him for between 300,000 and 400,000 acres, including the front on the Ohio river and extending back to the third township. He was appointed one of the judges of the Northwest Territory, 1788. He died, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1814. Judge Symmes was three times married. He left two daughters—one, Maria, married Major Peyton Short; one, Anna, became the wife of William Henry Harrison, afterward President of the United States. (See "McBride's Pioneer Biography.")

The name T BUCHANAN READ is identified with the war period at Cincinnati. He was born in Chester county, Pa., March 12, 1822. His mother, then a widow, apprenticed him to a tailor, but he ran away to Philadelphia, learned to make cigars, and at fifteen years of age came to Cincinnati, found here a home with the sculptor Clevenger, painted signs, and at intervals went to school. Through the liberality of Nicholas Longworth he was enabled to open a studio and painted portraits. Not finding many sitters, after a little he led a wandering life, by turns painting portraits, painting signs and making cigars. At nineteen he went East to New York and Boston, and at the age of twenty-one published several

lyric poems. In 1843 he first visited Europe and again in 1853, where he passed five years as a painter in Florence. He afterwards passed much time in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, but in the last years of his life made Rome his principal residence; but he regarded Cincinnati as more especially his home, where he is pleasantly remembered as a gentleman, small in person, delicate and refined in aspect. During the civil war he gave public readings for the benefit of the soldiers, and recited his war songs. The most famous of these was "Sheridan's Ride," which was written in Cincinnati: the details of its production are given under the head of Perry county. He died in New York city, May 11, 1872, aged fifty years. His "Complete Poetical Works" were published in Boston in 1860. Later he wrote his "Wagoner of the Alleghenies," and in 1865-1867 were issued at Philadelphia a quite full edition of his poetical works in three volumes.

"His paintings, most of which deal with allegorical and mythological subjects, are full of poetic and graceful fancies, but the technical treatment betrays his lack of early training. He possessed a much more thorough mastery in the art of poetry than in painting. His poems express fervent patriotism and artistic power, with a delicate fancy for the scenes of nature." Nothing can be more pathetically sweet than these lines:



THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

Fair dweller by the dusty way,
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day,
Weary and worn, is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweetbrier and the violet,
The pious hand of spring has here
Upon thy altar set.

And not to thee alone is given
The homage of the pilgrim's knee;
But oft the sweetest birds of heaven
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell
The hermit squirrel steals to drink;
And flocks, which cluster to their bell,
Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his wheels,
To quaff the cool and generous boon:
Here, from the sultry harvest fields,
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar masked with tan,
In rusty garments gray with dust,
Here sips and dips his little can,
And breaks his scanty crust.

And lulled beside thy whispering stream,
Oft drops to slumber unawares,
And sees the angels of his dream
Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day,
Weary and worn, is thine.

A prominent and most useful man to Cincinnati and the State in the war-period was Col. LEONARD A. HARRIS, who was born there in 1824 and died there in July, 1890. He was a captain at the first battle of Bull Run, and later was Colonel of the Second Ohio Infantry. At Perrysville he commanded a division, and behaved with singular bravery and skill. Breaking down from disease he was obliged to resign and returned to Cincinnati. The year 1863 had troublous times, and the office of mayor required a firm and cool head; the public eye was

fixed upon Col. Harris as just the man ; and he was elected. In the fall came on the Vallandigham campaign, and there were several outbreaks of the riotous elements in the city, which he squelched with an iron hand.

His great distinguishing work was in drafting the famous "hundred day-men" law, Governor Brough having taken him into his counsel for that purpose. By this law Ohio sent 43,000 men, National Guard, into the field as her quota ; and these, uniting with the avalanche from other States under Lincoln's call, led to the overwhelming of the exhausted South.

In 1865 he was re-elected mayor by 8,000 majority, his personal popularity having been great. He was the principal founder of the famed Cuvier Club, and for years, by appointment from Congress, one of the managers of the Soldiers' Homes. His qualities were kindliness, generosity, modesty, courage, power of intellect and executive capacity. Rarely has any public man in the city been so personally popular.

HENRY VAN-NESS BOYNTON—soldier, journalist and author—was born in West Stockbridge, Mass., 22d July, 1835. He removed with his father, a distinguished minister, to Ohio, when quite young, and graduated at the Woodward High School, Cincinnati, in June, 1855. Wishing to become a civil engineer he entered the Kentucky Military School, and received through its training and instruction all that could have been given him at West Point. When the late civil war broke out he volunteered, and was elected and commissioned Major of the Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry, 27th July, 1861. He was promoted Lieut.-Colonel 19th July, 1863, and commanded the regiment during the Tennessee campaigns, and was brevetted Brigadier for gallant conduct at the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. At the last-named fight he fell, badly wounded, as he led his regiment up that famous height. General Boynton was regarded by his men, brother and superior officers, as the bravest of the brave. To this courage he added a soldierly turn of mind that would have made him invaluable in an independent command where such quality is called for. As it is, his fine mind and vast stores of information make him a great critic on war matters. His comments on W. T. Sherman's "Memoirs" created a wide excitement and interest in war circles. Of like sort is his valuable contribution to history in his famous papers on the Chickamauga campaign and battle.

On leaving the army at the end of the war, General Boynton entered journalism, and almost immediately became the Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. His keen, incisive efforts in that line gave his journal a national reputation. He was soon put at the head of the Washington Bureau, in which a syndicate of several leading papers was formed, and to-day he is regarded as at the front in his profession ; one of the most noted, loved, feared and respected of journalists. General Boynton's great quality in the army was his high courage, that was animated by the purest and deepest patriotism.

His distinguishing characteristic as a journalist is his sterling integrity, inspired by a sense of justice, that can be appealed to at all times. He is feared by knaves of all sorts, for his singularly incisive style, backed by his courage, makes him terrible in his assaults on wrong. He has driven some of the worst lobbyists from Washington, and is feared as no other man ever was by the entire lobby. General Boynton's latest achievement was the selection and dedication of the Chickamauga battle-field as a public park. He was greatly assisted in this by General Henry M. Cist, of Cincinnati ; but General Cist, with the frankness of a true soldier, gives General Boynton full credit for this great work. The post-office nearest the battle-field has been called Boynton, and ere long a bronze bust will mark the place where he so gallantly fought, in token of the affectionate feelings and admiration of his brother soldiers.

MAJOR DAVID ZEIGLER.

Originally an officer under Frederick the Great and then of the army of the American Revolution, Commandant of Fort Washington and the first President or Mayor of Cincinnati.—Written for this work by MARY D. STEELE, Dayton.

"In the Indian border warfare, between 1788 and 1795," says Rosengarten, in his 'German Soldier in the Wars of the United States,' "a leading figure was that of DAVID ZEIGLER, whose story is typical of that of many of our early German soldiers." He also "won great praise" for courage and military ability during the Revolution, and took much pride in having the best drilled company in the regiment. He began his military career as an officer in Frederick the Great's army, and also served in the Russian army in the reign of Catherine Second, during the campaign against the Turks, which ended with the cession of the Crimea to Russia. Major Denny states, in his "Military Journal," that Zeigler was also at one time in the Saxon service.

DAVID ZEIGLER was born at Heidelberg in 1748. He emigrated to America in 1775, for the purpose of entering the Revolutionary army. In June, 1775, he was commissioned third lieutenant in Captain Ross's company, which was recruited in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and immediately sent to escort a supply of powder, of which Washington's army was desperately in need, to Cambridge. On the 25th of June, 1775, Zeigler was promoted first lieutenant and adjutant of Col. William Thompson's battalion of riflemen. This regiment was more than half made up of Germans, and was "the second in Pennsylvania to enlist for the war under Washington." January 16, 1777, Zeigler was commissioned first lieutenant of a company in the First Pennsylvania Continental Infantry, and December 8, 1778, was promoted captain. From his promotion till the end of the Revolution he served as senior captain in this famous regiment, which General Wayne said, "always stepped the first for glory." It distinguished itself in the battles of Long Island, Brandywine, Monmouth and Bergen's Point. The same day that he was commissioned, Captain Zeigler was made Brigade Inspector of the Pennsylvania Brigade Department of the South.

Once during the Revolutionary war he was taken prisoner. The following account of the adventure is given by the *American Pioneer*: General Samuel Findlay, Major Zeigler, late of Cincinnati, the first marshal of Ohio, and Major Thomas Martin, were captured by the British and imprisoned in Philadelphia. They made their escape, Martin killing the British officer in pursuit with a club. Reaching a Dutchman's house, Major Martin passed Zeigler—who was a Prussian—for a Dutch doctor, who, by making pills of bread mixed with a little spittle, cured the landlady and escaped a bill of charges. A niece of the major often related this story, but she said that he cured the landlady with hair powder, shaken from a powder-puff which he carried in a box in his pocket. His powder-puff figured in many a joke at a later date. He was very witty and fond of a good story, and numerous humorous anecdotes about him used to be in circulation among his old friends.

In 1780, just before the mutiny of the troops at Morristown, when an effort was at last being made to satisfy their just demands, Zeigler was appointed by Pennsylvania State clothier and issuing commissary of State stores, and was sent to President Reed with an estimate of the clothing needed for the troops by Wayne, who ended his letter with the words: "Captain Zeigler will be able to inform your excellency of matters I don't choose to commit to paper."

After the mutiny the First Pennsylvania, of which Harmar was now colonel, was sent to Virginia, where it distinguished itself at Yorktown. January 4, 1782, it joined Greene in South Carolina, remaining a year and a half, and being present at the investment and surrender of Charleston.

In June, 1783, it returned by sea to Philadelphia. Major Zeigler was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati; an honor which he valued highly. In a beautiful miniature in our possession, painted on ivory by Pine, at Philadelphia in 1799, he wears the Continental uniform, and the gold eagle badge of the Society, fastened by its blue ribbon to the breast of his coat.

After the disbandment of the Continental army Congress raised a new regiment, of which Harmar was made colonel and Zeigler was commissioned captain of one of the four Pennsylvania companies, August 12, 1784. In September the four companies marched for Fort McIntosh, twenty-nine miles below Pittsburg, where they remained till the fall of 1785, when the regiment was reorganized and Zeigler went to Pennsylvania to recruit. He returned in November with his company to McIntosh, leaving there in the spring for Fort Finney, at the mouth of the Great Miami. A high flood led to the abandonment of this fort, and another of the same name was built at the Rapids of the Ohio in July, where Zeigler remained till winter. In January, 1787, his company and two others were at Fort Harmar—"officers and men in close quarters."

In the summer of 1787 Zeigler accompanied Harmar on his Western expedition, for the purpose of treating with Indians and deciding difficulties among settlers about public

and private property. They went by water from what is now Louisville to Port St. Vincent or Vincennes, Indiana. Zeigler's company returned on foot through the woods to Fort Finney near Louisville. Here, October 28, Harmar received his commission as brigadier-general, and the troops left at once by water for Fort Harmar, where they spent the winter. The regiment was only enlisted for a year, and in the spring Zeigler went East to recruit. He returned to Harmar September 9, escorting from Fort Pitt Gen. Butler, Capt. O'Hara, and the friendly chief, Cornplanter, with about fifty Seneca Indians, who came to negotiate a treaty with the United States Government. Major Denny says that "Zeigler and his party were received with a salute of three rounds of cannon and the music;" and Buel says, "We saluted them with our field-pieces, which they returned with a running fire from their rifles."

"Soon after we left the Point," Dr. Cutter writes in his 'Journal,' "saw the soldiers and a number of Indians, expected from Fort Pitt, coming down on the other side of Kerr's Island. We crossed the river and met them. Captain Zeigler commanded the company of new levies of fifty-five men. There were about fifty Indians in canoes lashed together. The soldiers were paraded in a very large boat, stood up on a platform, and were properly paraded, with the American flag in the stern. Just as we got up to them they began to fire by platoons. After they had fired, the Indians fired from their canoes singly or rather confusedly. The Indians had two small flags of thirteen stripes. They were answered from the garrison by train, who fired three field-pieces; flag hoisted."

Zeigler was noted as a drill-master and disciplinarian, as well as for personal bravery. Major Denny says in his "Military Journal:" "Zeigler is a German, and has been in the Saxon service previous to our late war with England. Takes pride in having the handsomest company in the regiment; to do him justice, his company has been always considered the first in point of discipline and appearance. Four-fifths of the company have been Germans. Majority of the present are men who served in Germany." In fierce and cruel engagements with Indians, in which half the army was killed, he exhibited the coolness and courage which were characteristic of him. On one occasion, duty obliging him to remain for some time stationary on a spot exposed from every direction to the bullets and tomahawks of the savages, he seated himself on the stump of a tree, took out his pipe, filled and tranquilly smoked it, apparently utterly fearless of danger and oblivious of the harrowing sights around him.

In December, 1789, General Harmar left Marietta for Fort Washington with three hundred men, leaving Captain Zeigler at Fort Harmar with twenty soldiers. Those who remained received their pay the day before Christmas, as is shown by Captain David Zeigler's receipt, dated December 24, for the \$859.45 paid himself and his company, which

is still preserved. In September, 1790, Harmar undertook the expedition against the Indian villages, near the present city of Fort Wayne, which ended in a retreat to Fort Washington. The real object of the campaign was however accomplished by a party of 600 militia, under Col. Harden, including fifty regulars commanded by Captain Zeigler. They burned the deserted villages, destroyed corn, fruit trees, provisions, and all the property of the Indians. After disbanding his army, Harmar resigned his commission and demanded a court of inquiry, which met at Fort Washington, September 15, 1791. Capt. Zeigler was one of the principal witnesses. He attributed the defeat to the insubordination of the militia. Harmar and Zeigler were warm friends through life.

At the close of this campaign Zeigler was ordered back to Harmar, where he remained in command till St. Clair's expedition was organized. After his disastrous defeat St. Clair went to Philadelphia, leaving Major Zeigler, promoted December 29, 1791, at Fort Washington, where he continued in command of the United States army for about six weeks. In January, 1792, a Congressional Committee was appointed to inquire into the causes of St. Clair's defeat. Major Zeigler was summoned as a witness, and in his testimony shifted the blame of the disaster from St. Clair's to the inefficient quartermaster's shoulders. In 1792, probably while in Philadelphia as a witness for St. Clair, Zeigler resigned his commission in the army.

He settled at Cincinnati, opening a store, where, according to a bill that has been preserved, he sold "muslin, hardware, groceries, etc." He was a successful merchant, and made what at that day was considered a fortune. He owned two shares in the funds of the Ohio Company and many acres of military bounty land; but these wild lands were of little value, and his income was principally derived from his Cincinnati speculations. The territorial legislature incorporated the town of Cincinnati, January 2, 1802, and Major Zeigler was appointed president of the village. In 1804 he was appointed by President Jefferson the first marshal of the Ohio district. From 1809-1811 he was surveyor of the port of Cincinnati. In politics he was a Democrat. Judge Burnet says in his "Notes:" "Only four individuals in Cincinnati are now remembered who then (1800) advocated the election of Mr. Jefferson against Mr. Adams. These were Major David Zeigler, William Henry Harrison, William McMillan and John Smith."

In the spring of 1789 Captain Zeigler, then stationed at Fort Harmar, married, at Marietta, Lucy, youngest child of Benjamin and Hannah Coggeshall Sheffield. She was a native of Jamestown, R. I., and came to Marietta, Dec. 17, 1788, with her mother, then a widow. Mrs. Sheffield owned four shares in the funds of the Ohio Company. Judging from tradition and the printed testimony of friends, few pioneer women were more highly esteemed and influential than

Mrs. Zeigler. Mrs. Ludlow writes from Cincinnati: "Major Zeigler said to me, on his first visit (April, 1797): 'Our ladies are not gay, but they are extremely affectionate one to the other.' I believe he spoke the truth. Perfect harmony and good-will appear to exist in all their intercourse." Certainly this could have been truly said of Mrs. Zeigler.

Visitors to Cincinnati, when it was a mere village, were surprised by the luxurious manner of living, and the generous hospitality of the merchants and retired army officers who lived there. Major Zeigler shared the prevailing tastes and habits, and loved to entertain both friends and guests from abroad. A letter, written from Cincinnati in the fall of 1806, says, "The girls had a variety of amusements—plays, balls and tea-parties." A curious old ball ticket, addressed to one of these girls, dated Cincinnati, Feb. 17, 1809, and printed, as was then the fashion, on the

back of a playing card (the queen of hearts) is still preserved. The ball was given "in commemoration of Washington's birthday, at the Columbian Inn, on Wednesday evening, the twenty-second, at six o'clock. William Ruffin, E. H. Stall, J. Baymiller, J. W. Sloan, managers." Mrs. Ludlow, describing Cincinnati in 1797, says "that it was then a village of wooden buildings, with a garrison of soldiers. The society consisted of a small number of ladies, united by the most perfect good-will and desire for mutual happiness. The gentlemen were social and intelligent." For several of the gentlemen, among whom she mentions Major Zeigler, she felt "an almost fraternal regard;" a regard which others whom the kindly major, at that or a later day, welcomed with cordial and genial hospitality, shared with her.

Major Zeigler died at Cincinnati, December, 1811, aged sixty-three years.

PIONEER ART IN CINCINNATI.

BY CHAS. T. WEBBER.

The beginning of art in Cincinnati is to be accredited to FREDERICK ECKSTEIN, although possibly John Wesley Jarvis may have made a halt, so to speak, here at an earlier date; but as Lexington, Louisville and later Columbus were his particular haunts, he is hardly to be considered an habitué of the Queen City of the West. Eckstein founded his academy here in 1826.

Frederick Eckstein, a man of high education and culture, man of business and affairs, made art something more than a pastime, than an adjunct to the means of "getting along," as his pursuits therein were governed by the high and unselfish purpose of improving the taste and refinement of his neighbors, the early pioneers of the West, and of planting the civilization of his own native Germany in his chosen American home, although facilities for the practice of that branch of art, sculpture, in which Mr. Eckstein chiefly exhibited his superior skill, were exceedingly meagre, those productions which have been preserved will compare favorably with most of that which has followed.

To Mr. Eckstein Hiram Powers owed his first lessons, as well probably his first impulse, in the direction of art. Clevenger afterwards opened a studio in this place, and the three, Eckstein, Clevenger and Powers, were in constant contact and sympathy. Corwin, Minor Kellogg and Charles Soule, in painting, came later. The latter was a disciple and imitator of Jarvis, and executed many beautiful and strongly characteristic portraits. Like Jarvis, he used the camera lucida to make his drawings; hence he never became the master in drawing that he was in color, merely from the want of practice. He painted in Cincinnati and afterwards in Dayton. Waldo and Jewett, painting in partnership, were not of Cincinnati, but rather, in their Western experience, of Lexington; but as many interesting portraits of pioneer heroes came from their hands, less commercial than their association would seem to indicate, and as their work exerted a decided influence upon the rising art, they should be mentioned here. Many of their heads, and some by their unknown compeers, are worthy, in their simple and untrammelled truth, of a place by the side of Holbein.

Jewett, of a Kentucky family, painted portraits of such remarkable truth, beauty of color and refinement, at the same time naturalness of composition, that their influence was felt in the formation of a taste here as well as elsewhere in the West. James H. Beard, still living, came to Cincinnati about 1830 or 1832; studied his art, portrait painting, here in nature's school and at the National Academy in New York. He made frequent visits to New Orleans and the South,

painting portraits for the wealthy planters, entertaining them the while with inimitable stories. He afterwards went to the dogs ; but his dogs lacking, perhaps, the refinement and dignity of those of Landseer, are so powerful in expression and consummate wit, sometimes almost human, that we are inclined to forgive him for the transfer of his artistic affections. His portraits were very fine ; notably that of Mr. Gibson and also one of Durbin Ward.

Henry Worrall although, perhaps, more practically devoted to music than to the art of design, carried, with his intense and genuine love for the latter, such a genuine helpfulness, giving them his ever-ready tact and the strength of his manly arm over the rough ways, especially when their representative happened to be a talented and attractive girl, as most girls are to whom the muse of art is revealed, that the history of our art cannot be truthfully outlined without his honored name gracing the page. He was born in England and came to America when a mere boy and soon to Cincinnati. He came with almost the first canvass upon which some unknown artist might record his conceptions of the beautiful. Every scheme, looking to the better condition of art and the happier relation of its practitioners, was sure to find Worrall at the helm or trimming the sails for the propitious breeze. To him, among many other enterprises for a similar purpose, we owe the first institution of the Cincinnati Sketch Club, out of which proceeded very many advantages to art. It had its influence in the evolution of nearly all the Cincinnati artists who have, in the last quarter of a century or more, exhibited particular excellence. The Sketch Club so formed numbered among its members Beard, Frankenstein, McLaughlin, Mosler, Farny, Read, Quick, Lindsay and many others, who gave at each meeting a sketch in illustration of a subject previously named, the sketches belonging to the member who on that occasion happened to be the host. This club continued in excellent harmony until some preachers and wealthy merchants were introduced as honorary members, who, by an excess of goodfellowship and conviviality proved the unsuspecting club's undoing. Previously its habits had been simple, as befitted a pioneer association of the West. Worrall carries the spontaneous germ of Sketch Club with him wherever he goes. He now lives in Topeka, Kansas, and there, at his word, a sketch club comes into being, with the additional grace of a membership composed of most beautiful and talented ladies.

The brothers Frankenstein, John and Godfrey, from 1832 to 1875 and 1881, are only to be spoken of in terms of the highest praise—Godfrey in landscape and John in all branches of art. They were both born in Germany, but came to Cincinnati with their parents when small children. Godfrey was the younger and painted many beautiful landscapes, closely and carefully studied from nature, finding his themes all the way from the White Mountains to the Knobs of Indiana, including Niagara, of which latter place he painted hundreds of views, uniting most of them in a famous and very effective panorama. He was an affable and honorable gentleman ; qualities which, together with his acknowledged talent, secured for him many warm friends.

John, the elder brother, equally honorable and equally a friend of his fellow man, was not, unfortunately, of so equable a temper, but more nervous and somewhat moody, was not always understood at his real personal worth ; no one knowing him, however, could fail to appreciate his just impartiality towards other artists, or the fearless integrity with which, regardless of self-interest, he stood for the rights of man.

In his art his works show him to be pre-eminent, particularly in sculpture, his landscape studies and his painting of the human head in his happiest experiments (for experiment he often did), and in his drawing and painting of the human figure, he is beyond and above criticism. A consummate anatomist, an acute observer, there is nothing to be found in his works that has been carelessly considered. His portrait of his brother Godfrey impresses me, as I remember it, as the grandest work of art I ever saw ; and his sculptures, particularly the head of



THE DEXTER MAUSOLEUM, SPRING GROVE.



LONGWORTH'S VINEYARD.

This drawing was made about 1856 of one of Longworth's vineyards on the Ohio hills, four miles above the city. The cultivation of the grape for wine has ceased, being found by change of climate unprofitable.

McLean and also that of Dr. Mussey, have not been surpassed, if they have been equalled, in the last two thousand years. His painting led all that the later pilgrims to Munich have essayed, and his sculpture may stand, unbelittled, by the side of that of the Greeks in their best period.

There were several artists, now dead, who came upon the Cincinnati stage later than the Frankensteins. Thomas Buchanan Read, more celebrated as a poet than as a painter, exhibited, according to John Frankenstein, extraordinary genius in the commencement of his artistic career (about 1840), and attained very considerable power, considering that his direct preparatory studies were curtailed by his more intimate and assiduous attention to his poetic muse. He wrote the war-ballad, "Sheridan's Ride," and afterwards painted a noble and spirited picture of the subject. His portrait heads are characterized by a peculiar grace and refinement rather than by the exact rendering of the ordinary physical facts. His studies in painting never enabled him to embody in pictures the sublime, the pathetic, or even the beautiful, with that perfection or fullness of power which he has shown in his verse, and which, in many instances, enables him to abide in memory with the greatest bards that have ever lived.

J. O. Eaton, born Feb. 8, 1829, in Licking county, Ohio, came to Cincinnati about 1845, and attained prominence in portrait painting. Many of his best heads have not, in several respects, been surpassed. With good drawing, so far as the head and bust are concerned, and superb color, he had naturally, from the very first almost, a certain dexterity of handling that should set the neophytes of the present day who affect technique crazy with despair. His female heads are particularly lovely in pose, light and shade, color, and, more than all, expression. Lily Martin Spencer, a native of Ohio, worked in Cincinnati until about 1855, and her works, mostly *genre* subjects, attracted much deserved attention and praise. Her later life has been passed mostly in New York, where she has been highly appreciated. Miss Gengembre, born in France of a talented family, her father having been a designer in the employ of the French government, distinguished herself here by the beauty of her works, showing the way to more truthful process of study. She afterwards married Mr. Anderson, a talented engraver, and now resides in London, where her works are highly prized.

These great artists, and others possibly that escape my mind at this moment, have rendered a boon to mankind that will be more appreciated as time rolls on, and comparison is drawn between their works and those of artists working close by the protecting walls of the established schools of Europe.

Duncanson's landscapes were, on account of their peculiar poetical conception, much prized, not only in this country but in England and Scotland. Among the friends of the colored Americans (for Duncanson, a most genial gentleman as well as accomplished artist, was a light quadroon) they were in especial demand, finding favor with such cultured critics and outspoken believers that negroes have souls as Charles Sumner and his illustrious compeers in Europe.

All of the present generation will remember the versatile Wm. P. Noble, the talented but erratic Theodore Jones, the poetic painter and writer, Wm. P. Brannan, who painted splendid portraits of Lyman Beecher and Father Collins, and was the author of the extravaganza known as "The Harp of a Thousand Strings;" also T. D. Jones, the sculptor, who executed the portrait busts of Gen. Taylor, of Ewing, of Abraham Lincoln, and several other prominent statesmen and soldiers, all from life; while somewhat mechanical and having but little of the plastic qualities of fine sculpture, they are, nevertheless, good and expressive likenesses. A sculptor of great promise as well as (for one so young, he having died at about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age) of great achievements was Frank Dengler. His works were masterly busts and ideal groups. He studied in Munich, worked in Cincinnati, and during the last year or so of his life, through the friendly appreciation of Prof. Morse, became a teacher in the Boston Art School.

In painting, latterly, we had the works of Dennis and Mulvaney, the former

born in Kentucky, the latter in Ireland, or at least of Irish parentage—both studied in Munich, the former finding his themes in the primitive pioneer life, the latter choosing, principally, the wild frontier, camp-life, and scenes among the mines of Colorado, the Custer battle, etc. Both of these artists have left some magnificent specimens of their skill. There are several living artists who are doing splendid work, but of them I hardly deem it proper to speak in this limited paper, making exception in the case of James H. Beard and others who were pioneers; for to do them justice, and treat all with equal candor and delicacy, would be likely to consume more space than is allotted to my use.

An important factor in the growth of art in our section, indeed throughout the country, has been the addition of a distinct department of art to the popular Expositions that, following the lead of the first one here, have become a feature in all of our principal Western cities. The first Exposition held in Cincinnati, under the auspices jointly of the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce and the Mechanics' Institute, in 1870 (the Mechanics' Institute had held previously, up to the commencement of the war, a purely mechanical exhibition), had not intended an art display, and it was at the intercession of the writer of this sketch that one was agreed upon, and the artists of the city assented to the proposal, on the ground that no prize should be awarded, their works sent for display only. A prize was, however, surreptitiously awarded; still the gathering of the works of our artists (the time was too short to communicate with others) had the good effect of initiating the Exposition Art Gallery at the West, which continues, although unwisely conducted in many respects, an influence in art education, both among the people and the artists, inferior to no other in existence. Wealthy citizens have loaned the rare gems of art which they have brought from abroad, and artists generally have contributed liberally from their studios. St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Denver, Milwaukee, and many other cities of the South and West, have in this way been enabled to place before their citizens works of art than which the world has seen little better. The last Exposition of this kind in Cincinnati was that in celebration of the Centennial Anniversary, in 1888, of the settlement of Hamilton county and the State of Ohio. At that Exposition there should have been a collection of paintings and sculpture showing the condition and progress of art during our first century, but, by some oversight, it was neglected.

FORT FINNEY.

With the exception of the transient block houses built by the war parties of Kentuckians on the site of Cincinnati, the first work for human habitation built by whites between the Miamis was Fort Finney. It stood in the peninsula formed by the junction of the Great Miami with the Ohio, about three-quarters of a mile above the mouth, and near the southeast corner of the once farm of the late John Scott Harrison. As late as the winter of 1866, it is said, some remains of the fort were still to be seen.

This fort was built in the late fall and early winter of 1785, when General Richard Butler, with a company comprising Parsons, Zane, Finney, Lewis and others, who voyaged down from Fort Pitt, built it, dwelt for some months therein, and concluded a treaty with the Indians. General Butler and his fellow-commissioners left the fort February 8, 1786, in three large boats, with their messengers and attendants, up the Ohio on their return to civilization. The soldiers, however, remained with Major Finney, Capt. Zeigler—the Major Zeigler later commandant at Fort Washington—Lieut. Denny and others in command.

The place was evacuated prior to Jan. 1, 1789, the troops going to the Indiana side of the Ohio opposite Louisville, where a small work was also erected and likewise called Fort Finney. The first was long referred to by Judge Symmes as the "Old Fort," but there is no record that it was ever garrisoned again. There is a somewhat famous ancient work called "Fort Hill," with walls now about three feet high and enclosing some fifteen acres. It stands north of the old J.

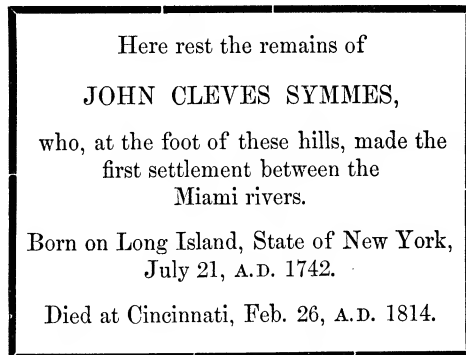
Scott Harrison place, and was described by Gen. Harrison in 1838, in an address before the Historical Society of Ohio.

NORTH BEND IN 1846.

North Bend is situated sixteen miles below Cincinnati and four from the Indiana line, at the northernmost point of a bend in the Ohio river. This place, which was of note in the early settlement of the country, has in later years derived its interest from having been the residence of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, and the spot where rest his mortal remains. The family mansion stands on a level plat, about 300 yards back from the Ohio, amid scenery of a pleasing and retired character. The eastern half of the mansion, that is, all that part on the reader's right, from the door in the main building, is built of logs; but the whole of the building being clapboarded and painted white has the same external appearance. The wings were alike: a part of the southern one was destroyed by fire since the decease of its illustrious occupant, a memento of which disaster is shown by the naked chimney that rises like a monument over the ruins. The dwelling is respectably though plainly furnished, and is at present occupied by the widow of the lamented Harrison, long distinguished for the virtues which adorn the female character.

About a quarter of a mile south of the family mansion, and perhaps half that distance from the river, is the tomb of Harrison. It stands upon the summit of a small oval-shaped hill, rising about 100 feet from the plain, ornamented by a few scattering trees, and commanding a view of great beauty. The tomb is of brick, and is entered by a plain unpainted door on its western end. There is no inscription upon it, nor is any required to mark the resting-place of Harrison.

About thirty rods, in a westerly direction from the tomb of Harrison, on an adjacent hill, in a family cemetery, is the grave of Judge Symmes. It is covered by a tablet, laid horizontally upon brick work, slightly raised from the ground. On it is the following inscription:



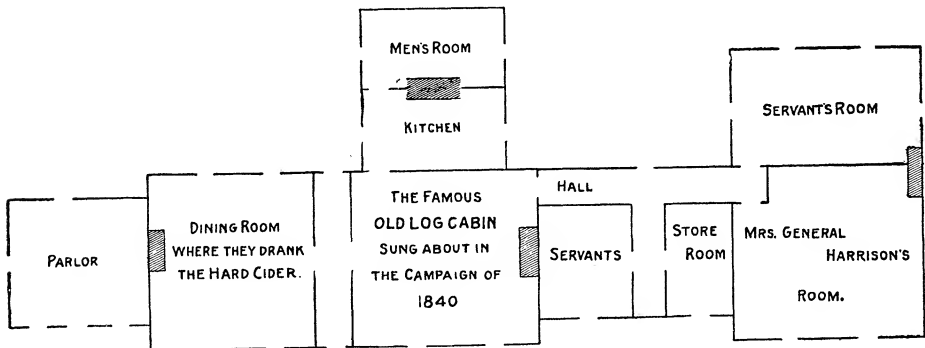
Mr. Symmes was born at Riverhead, on Long Island, and early in life was employed in land surveying and in teaching school. He served in the war of the Revolution, and was in the battle of Saratoga. Having removed to New Jersey, he became chief justice of the State, and at one time represented it in Congress. As early as 1787, and at the same time with the agents of the Ohio Company, he made application to Congress, in the name of himself and associates, for the purchase of a large tract of land lying between the two Miamis. "The price was sixty-six cents per acre, to be paid in United States military land warrants, and certificates of debt due from the United States to individuals. The payments were divided into six annual instalments. His associates were principally composed of the officers of the New Jersey line who had served in the war of the Revolution. Among them were General Dayton and Elias Boudinot, LL.D. His

first contract was for one million of acres, made in October, 1788, but owing to the difficulty of making the payments, and the embarrassments growing out of the Indian war, the first contract was not fulfilled, and a new one was made for two hundred and forty-eight thousand acres, in May, 1794, and a patent issued to him and his associates in September following." Meanwhile, in the spring of 1789, Judge Symmes had located himself at North Bend, where he laid out "Symmes' city," the fate of which has already been stated. The residence of Judge Symmes stood about a mile northwest of his grave. It was destroyed by fire in March, 1811, and all his valuable papers consumed. It was supposed to have been the act of an individual, out of revenge for his refusal to vote for him as a justice of the peace. At the treaty of Greenville, the Indians told him and others that in the war they had frequently brought up their rifles to shoot him, and then recognizing him, refrained from pulling the trigger. This was in consequence of his previous kindness to them, and speaks volumes in praise of his benevolence.

On the farm of the late Wm. Henry Harrison, Jr., three miles below North Bend, and two from the Indiana line, was a settlement made at the same time with North Bend. It was called the Sugar Camp settlement, and was composed of about thirty houses. The settlers there erected a block-house, near the Ohio river, as a protection against the Indians. It is now standing, though in a more dilapidated condition than represented in the engraving. It is built of logs, in the ordinary manner of block-houses, the distinguishing feature of which is, that from the height of a man's shoulder, the building, the rest of the way up, projects a foot or two from the lower part, leaving, at the point of junction between the two parts, a cavity through which to thrust rifles on the approach of enemies.—*Old Edition.*

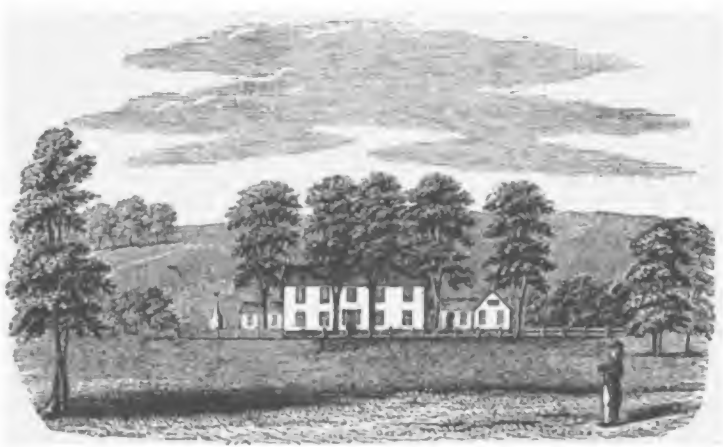
REMINISCENCES.

In my original visit to North Bend, in 1846, I passed a day or two with the Harrison family, and was there the guest of Col. W. H. H. Taylor, whose wife was daughter of Gen. W. H. Harrison. While preparing these pages for the press, I unexpectedly got a letter from him; he learning I was living only a few days before its date—June 25, 1889. As I had saved no memoranda of my old-time visit, I thereupon wrote a request for his reminiscences of that visit, together with a ground plan of the Harrison mansion so famed in history. His reply,



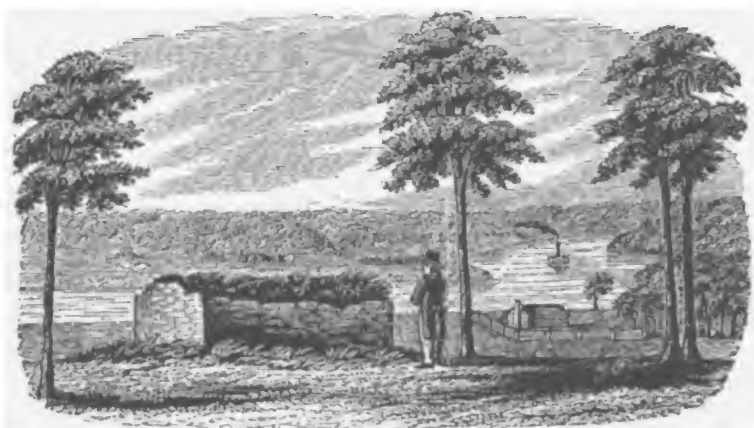
GROUND PLAN OF THE OLD HARRISON MANSION AT NORTH BEND AS IT WAS IN 1846.
SKETCHED FROM MEMORY IN 1889 BY COL. W. H. H. TAYLOR.

together with an engraving from his plan, is annexed. This gentleman is a Virginian by birth; was in the civil war Colonel of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, and his two eldest sons in the Union army—one in the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry and the other on the staff of Gen. W. T. Sherman. Col. Taylor is now State Librarian for Minnesota, residence St. Paul. When he wrote me, he stated that he was in his seventy-ninth year, and was able to attend to business, although much troubled with rheumatism contracted in the army.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

RESIDENCE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT HARRISON, NORTH BEND.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

TOMB OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

BLOCK HOUSE, NEAR NORTH BEND.

Henry Howe at North Bend in 1846.—When you visited us at North Bend in 1846, Mrs. Gen. W. H. Harrison was living there, and you saw her at meal times. I was managing the farm for her. My first wife, her youngest daughter, and seven children were there. You remained two nights with us. The day after your arrival, you and I walked down the Ohio river bank to an old block-house four miles below the Bend, of which you made a sketch; then we went a mile farther, and took dinner with the Hon. John Scott Harrison, the father of the present President, then a lad of thirteen years of age.

After dinner, in company with Mr. Harrison, we visited Fort Hill, which was on his farm, overlooking the three States of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. You examined the fort thoroughly, and I think made a drawing

of it, and we then walked back to North Bend. The next day you viewed the ruins of the house of Judge John Cleves Symmes on the Miami, the first settler in the Miami valley, and the father of Mrs. Harrison. You then left us and, I think, returned to Cincinnati. [Yes; was carried thither by a canal boat.]

I send you a ground-plan of the noted log cabin of 1840, which I occupied when you visited us, and in which I was living on the 25th of July, 1858, when it was set on fire by a she-devil of an Irish woman and burned to the ground; myself and family getting out with our night robes only, leaving everything in the way of clothing, furniture, library and all the relics of 1840, of which we had a great many, and many that had been in the family for two hundred years.

The widow of General Harrison is distinct in my memory. She was of rather slender, delicate figure, with dark eyes and modest, quiet manners; then seventy years of age. She was born at Morristown, New Jersey, in the year of the Declaration of Independence, and soon after her mother died. Her father, Judge Symmes, then a colonel in the Continental army, was so anxious to place her with her grandmother, then residing at Southold, Long Island, that, when she was near four years of age, he assumed the disguise of a British officer's uniform, to enable him to pass through their lines with her on his way thither, a perilous undertaking. Incidents of that journey she remembered to her last years.

Mrs. Harrison lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine years, dying in 1864, and leaving the sweetest of memories. Rev. Horace Bushnell, the blind preacher of Cincinnati, long her pastor and friend, preached her funeral sermon from a text she had selected for him years before—“*Be still, and know that I am God.*” She lies buried beside her husband at North Bend.

VILLAGES AND LOCALITIES.

AVONDALE is on the hills, three miles north of Fountain Square, and was incorporated as a municipality in 1854. It is one of the most important and beautiful of the suburbs; practically is but a continuation of the city. It adjoins the city north of WALNUT HILLS, while the latter, formerly a village with a slight population, is now a part of the city, with about 40,000 inhabitants.

The Hills come up close to the Ohio valley in places quite abrupt and about 400 feet above it. In calm summer nights, standing on the hill verge, the voices of the people below, on the narrow marge between the foot of the hill and river, often rise to the hearing. The views up the river are here very grand, and from its most elevated points one can see highlands south in Kentucky, twenty-five miles away, and alike far north in Ohio.

The long-noted Lane Seminary is on Walnut Hills, with some fine new buildings, with their backs turned to the old, which yet stand humbly behind them. Walnut Hills, for grandeur of scenery, united with beauty of its homes, with lawns and gardens more or less in undulating dimpling spots, has scarcely an equal within our knowledge. It has such a surprising variety of domestic architecture, palatial and especially cottage odd and ornate, apparently the creations of architects on a strife to outdo each other in novel blending of materials, in contrast of colors, in proportions, pinnacles and points, that one might define it as a locality where domestic architecture was out on a frolic. From these the inhabitants daily rapidly go whisking down in cable and electric cars to their business in the basin below, to provide the means to continue to dwell in their beautiful homes above. One of these lines—a horse-car line it is—goes through Eden Park to the spot,

Mount Adams, where, forty years ago, astronomer Mitchel had his observatory, and looked through his big telescope at Jupiter and his family of moons. Then the car, with its occupants, horses and all go down the inclined plane in about one minute, when the horses draw the car from the platform, and pursue their journey into the house-lined streets.

MOUNT AUBURN, also now a part of the city, lies west of Walnut Hills, being separated from the last by the valley of Deer creek. It also abounds in elegant residences.

CLIFTON lies west of Avondale and north of Burnet Woods Park, and was incorporated as a town in 1849. It derives its name from the Clifton Farm, comprises about 1,200 acres, is beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and has about 1,200 inhabitants. In its precincts it has neither shop, factory, saloon nor division fences. It has seventeen miles of avenues, lined with fine shade trees, of which thousands have been planted; also some magnificent residences. The town hall contains the school-room, and its main hall is elegantly frescoed. The ladies of the Sacred Heart have also a school for girls, with spacious and beautiful grounds.

PRICE'S HILL is west of the city plain, some 400 feet above it, and is in the city limits. It is reached by an inclined plane and the Warsaw Pike. It commands extensive views of river, city and country, and has elegant residences, convents and colleges.

CUMMINSVILLE, a part of Cincinnati by annexation, is five miles north of the business centre of the city. The place was named after David Cummins, owner of a tannery, whose extensive property and that of another family named Hutchison, comprised nearly the entire site of the present town. The early settlement was known as LUDLOW STATION, established, in 1790, by Israel Ludlow, Daniel Bates, Thomas Goudy (said to have been the first Cincinnati lawyer), John N. Cummins, Uriah Hardesty and others. This station is noted as being the place where Gen. St. Clair organized his army in 1791. It was deserted and reoccupied by turns until peace was established with the Indians in 1795. Newspaper: *Transcript*, Independent, A. E. Weatherby, editor. Churches: 1 Protestant Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Christian, 2 Catholic, and 1 Colored Methodist Episcopal.

HARRISON, on the Indiana State line, is twenty-five miles northwest of Cincinnati, on the C. I., St. L. & C. R. R. Newspaper: *News*, Independent, Walter Hartpence, editor and proprietor. Churches: 1 Christian, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 Catholic, and 1 German Protestant. Industries: Furniture factories, 2 distilleries, 3 flouring mills, etc. Banks: Citizens' (Frank Bowles), Frank Bowles, cashier; J. A. Graft, James A. Graft, cashier. Population in 1880, 1,850. School census in 1886, 588. R. Maxwell Boggs, superintendent.

This village is noted as the point where John Morgan on his raid entered Ohio. It was a thorough surprise. About one o'clock, in the afternoon of July 13, 1863, the advance of the command was seen streaming down the hill, on the west side of the valley, and the alarm was at once given. Citizens hurried to secrete valuables and run off horses; but in a very few minutes the enemy were swarming all over the town. The raiders generally behaved well; no woman nor other person was harmed, and no house robbed. They entered the stores, and in the aggregate a large amount of goods was taken. They were eccentric in their robbing. A druggist was despoiled of nothing but his soap and perfumery. They stayed a few hours, carried off some horses, and that night, going east, were abreast of Cincinnati, and the next day out of the county, after a tremendous midsummer march of thirty hours.

MT. WASHINGTON is five miles east of Cincinnati, on the C. G. & P. R. R. Newspaper: *Cincinnati Public School Journal*, Educational. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Methodist Protestant and 1 Baptist. Industries: Colter Pack-

ing Co., fruit canning, 100 employees. Population in 1880, 393. School census in 1886, 160. D. G. Drake, superintendent.

LOCKLAND is twelve miles north of Cincinnati, on the C. C. C. & I. and C. H. & D. R. R., and on the Miami and Erie Canal. It has four churches and, in 1880, 1,884 inhabitants. Water-power is supplied to the establishments here by four locks in the canal, which have unitedly forty-eight feet fall and give name to the place.

Industries and Employees.—The Stearns & Foster Co., cotton batting, etc., 98 hands; The Lockland Lumber Co., builders' wood-work, etc., 85; The Friend & Fox Paper Co., 75; George H. Friend Paper Co., 25; J. H. Tangeman, paper-making, 15; The Holdeman Paper Co., 34; The Holdeman Paper Co., 30; The George Fox Starch Co., starch, 107.—*State Report, 1888.*

READING lies just east of Lockland and had, in 1880, a population of 2,680. Diehl's long-noted fireworks are here manufactured; 60 hands are employed. WYOMING lies west of Lockland, on the other side of the C. H. & D. R. R.; it had, in 1880, 840 inhabitants.

MADISONVILLE is seven and a half miles from Cincinnati, on the C. W. & B. R. R., has churches, Baptist, Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal and Catholic. Population in 1880, 1,247. NORWOOD is on the same railroad, six miles from Cincinnati, and has about 800 inhabitants.

CARTHAGE is on the C. H. & D. and C. C. C. & I. R. R. and Miami Canal, ten miles from Cincinnati. It has four churches, the County Infirmary and Longview Insane Asylum. Population in 1880, 1,007. The Erkenbecker Starch Factory is here, which employs 120 hands; the clothing-making industry is also carried on here. HARTWELL lies a little northeast of Carthage, on the opposite side of Mill creek, and on the C. H. & D. and Short Line Railroads. Population in 1880, 892. ELMWOOD adjoins Carthage on the south.

While others of these treesy-named villages, as Maplewood and Woodlawn, are not afar; also Park Place and Arlington. Then there is Addyston, which, increasing the number to be mentioned, has a suggestion in its name of the arithmetical. Outside of the city limits, on the line of Mill creek, which is threaded by the C. H. and Bee Line Railroads for sixteen miles north, there are nineteen flourishing towns, many of them running into each other.

ST. BERNARD is an extensive suburb, just south of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, seven miles north of the city, and is largely inhabited by Germans, who have here the St. Clement's Catholic church. Population in 1880, 1,073. BOND HILL is near it, on the line of the M. & C. R. R.

GLENDALÉ is on the C. H. & D. Railroad, fifteen miles north of Cincinnati, and is one of the most beautiful of the suburban villages. The Glendale Female College is located here. It was laid out in 1852 for suburban homes by wealthy Cincinnatians, and has been noted as the residence of some eminent characters, as Stanley Matthews, Robert Clarke, R. M. Shoemaker, Crafts J. Wright, etc.; also for the literary tastes of its population, which has been noted for its quality rather than its numbers. Population in 1880, 1,403.

COLLEGE HILL is about eight miles from the city and is reached by a narrow gauge railway. It is especially noted as the seat of Farmer's College and of a Female College. Two miles north of it is Mount Pleasant, post-office name Mount Healthy, which many years ago was noted for holding conventions of the Anti-Slavery or Liberty Party.

IVORYDALE lies seven miles north of Cincinnati, on the C. H. & D., C. W. & B. and C. C. C. & I. Railroads. Here Proctor & Gamble have about 500 employees in the manufacture of their famed "ivory soap," who labor on the co-operative plan, sharing profits with the owners. The Emery Lard and Candle Manufacturing Company is also here, post-office Ludlow Grove.

The following are the names of villages and localities in the county, with their

populations in 1880 : Home City, 422 ; Riverside, 1,268 (now in the Cincinnati limits, post-office Sedamsville), where, in 1887, the Cincinnati Cooperage Company employed 565 hands ; Westwood, 852 ; Cleves, 836 ; North Bend, 412 ; Linwood, 723 ; and Springdale, 284.

In the northwestern corner of the county is the village of Whitewater, where, since 1824, there has been a small settlement of Shakers. The grave of Adam Poe, the renowned Indian fighter, who had the noted fight with Big Foot, is in the Shaker burying-ground.

HANCOCK.

HANCOCK COUNTY was formed April 1st, 1820, named from John Hancock, first President of the Revolutionary Congress. The surface is level; soil is black loam, mixed with sand, and based on limestone and very fertile. Its settlers were generally of Pennsylvania origin. Area, about 540 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 169,013; in pasture, 44,809; woodland, 77,310; lying waste, 1,569; produced in wheat, 567,704 bushels; rye, 38,264; buckwheat, 764; oats, 491,677; barley, 1,376; corn, 1,667,873; broom-corn, 2,000 pounds brush; meadow hay, 26,271 tons; clover, 10,351 bushels seed; flax, 2,839 pounds fibre; potatoes, 74,601 bushels; butter, 686,107 pounds; sorghum, 3,544 gallons; maple syrup, 16,598; honey, 14,803 pounds; eggs, 647,165 dozen; grapes, 11,445 pounds; sweet potatoes, 363 bushels; apples, 10,435 bushels; peaches, 486 bushels; pears, 652 bushels; wool, 206,987 pounds; milch cows owned, 8,316. School census, 1888, 11,316; teachers, 274. Miles of railroad track, 129.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Allen,		1,025	Madison,		1,232
Amanda,	490	1,474	Marion,	707	987
Big Lick,	431	1,261	Orange,	314	1,451
Blanchard,	629	1,286	Pleasant,	252	1,866
Cass,	588	829	Portage,	675	914
Delaware,	532	1,455	Richland,	332	
Eagle,	524	1,284	Ridge,	479	
Findlay,	1,024	5,553	Union,	637	1,876
Jackson,	631	1,338	Van Buren,	432	907
Liberty,	592	1,101	Washington,	830	1,945

Population of Hancock in 1830, 813; 1840, 10,099; 1860, 22,886; 1880, 27,784, of whom 23,102 were born in Ohio, 2,209 Pennsylvania, 270 New York, 252 Virginia, 143 Indiana, 35 Kentucky, 882 German Empire, 89 Ireland, 76 France, 64 England and Wales, 47 British America, and 11 Scotland.

The central and southern part of this county is watered by Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize and its branches. The Shawnee name of this stream was *Sho-po-qua-te-sepe*, or *Tailor's river*. We state on the authority of Col. John Johnston that Blanchard, from whom this stream was named, was a tailor, or one that sewed garments. He was a native of France, and a man of intelligence; but no part of his history could be obtained from him. He doubtless fled his country for some offence against its laws, intermarried with a Shawnee woman, and after living here thirty years, died in 1802, at or near the site of Fort Findlay. When the Shawnees emigrated to the West, seven of his children were living, one of whom was a chief. In the war of 1812 a road was cut through this county, over which the troops for the Northwest passed. Among these was the army of Hull, which was piloted by Isaac Zane, M'Pherson and Robert Armstrong.

Findlay in 1846.—Findlay, the county-seat, is on Blanchard's fork, ninety miles northeast of Columbus. It contains one Presbyterian and one Methodist church, one academy, two newspaper printing offices, thirteen mercantile stores, one foundry, one clothing, one flouring and one grist mill, and 112 families. A branch railroad has been surveyed from Cary, on the Mad river railroad, to this place, a distance of sixteen miles, which will probably ere long be constructed. Findlay derives its name from Fort Findlay, built in the late war by James Findlay, who was a citizen of Cincinnati, a colonel in the late war, and afterwards a member of Congress. This fort stood on the south bank of Blanchard's fork, just west of the present bridge. It was a stockade of about fifty yards square,

with block-houses at its corners and a ditch in front. It was used as a depot for military stores and provisions.

About 9 o'clock one dark and windy night in the late war, Capt. William Oliver (now of Cincinnati), in company with a Kentuckian, left Fort Meigs for Fort Findlay, on an errand of importance, the distance being about thirty-three miles. They had scarcely started on their dreary and perilous journey, when they unexpectedly came upon an Indian camp, around the fires of which the Indians were busy cooking their suppers. Disturbed by the noise of their approach, the savages sprang up and ran towards them. At this they reined their horses into the branches of a fallen tree. Fortunately the

horses, as if conscious of the danger, stood perfectly still, and the Indians passed around the tree without making any discovery in the thick darkness. At this juncture Oliver and his companion put spurs to their horses and dashed forward into the woods, through which they passed all the way to their point of destination. They arrived safely, but with their clothes completely torn off by the brambles and bushes, and their bodies bruised all over by contusions against the trees. They had scarcely arrived in the fort when the Indians in pursuit made their appearance, but too late, for their prey had escaped.

The town of Findlay was first laid out by ex-Gov. Joseph Vance and Elnathan Corry, in 1821, and in 1829 relaid out, lots sold, and a settlement systematically commenced. In the fall of 1821, however, Wilson Vance (brother of the above) moved into Findlay with his family. There were then some ten or fifteen Wyandot families in the place, who had made improvements. They were a temperate, fine-looking people, and friendly to the first settlers. There were at this time but six other white families in the county besides that of Mr. Vance. Mr. V. is now the oldest settler in the county. For the first two or three years all the grain which he used he brought in teams from his brothers' mills in Champaign county, about forty miles distant. To this should be excepted some little corn which he bought of the Indians, for which he occasionally paid as high as \$1 per bushel, and ground it in a hand-mill.

There are some curiosities in the town and county worthy of note. At the south end of Findlay are two gas-wells. From one of them the gas has been conducted by a pipe into a neighboring dwelling and used for light. A short distance west of the bridge, on the north bank of Blanchard's fork, at Findlay, is a chalybeate spring of excellent medicinal qualities, and from which issues inflammable gas. In the eastern part of the town is a mineral spring possessing similar qualities. Three miles south of Findlay is a sycamore of great height, and thirty-four feet in circumference at its base. Ten miles below Findlay, on the west bank of Blanchard's fork, on the road to Defiance, are two sugar-maple trees, thirty feet distant at their base, which, about sixty feet up, unite and form one trunk, and thus continue from thence up, the body of one actually growing into the other, so that each lose their identity and form one entire tree.—*Old Edition.*

FINDLAY, county-seat of Hancock, about 85 miles northwest of Columbus, about 45 miles south of Toledo, is on the L. E. & W.; T. C. & S.; and I. B. & W. railroads. The largest natural-gas wells in the world supply manufacturers here with fuel at a nominal cost; private consumers pay fifteen cents a month per stove while in use, and for illuminating purposes five cents per month per burner. Oil is also abundant, is piped elsewhere, and some refined here.

County Officers in 1888.—Auditor, William T. Platt; Clerk, Presley E. Hay; Commissioners, Isaac M. Watkins, George W. Krout, Calvin W. Brooks; Coroner, Jesse A. Howell; Infirmary Directors, James M. Cusac, Alexander R. Morrison, Wm. R. McKee; Probate Judge, George W. Myers; Prosecuting Attorney, James A. Bope; Recorder, John B. Foltz; Sheriff, George L. Cusac; Surveyor, Ulysses K. Stringfellow; Treasurer, Andrew J. Moore.

City Officers in 1888.—Wm. L. Carlin, Mayor; Jacob H. Boger, Clerk; Jacob Huber, Treasurer; J. W. Bly, Marshal; Jas. A. Bope, Solicitor; Godfrey Nusser, Street Commissioner.

Newspapers.—*Courier*, Democratic, Fred. H. Glessner, editor and publisher; *Jeffersonian*, Independent Republican, A. H. Balsley, editor and publisher; *Gas-*



GEN. JAMES FINDLAY.



Drawn by Henry Hove in 1846.

FINDLAY, 1846.

This shows the central part, including the Court-House, which occupied the site of the present structure.

light, E. D. Ludwig, editor ; *Republican*, Republican, E. G. DeWolf, editor ; *Star*, Independent, Hammaker & Beech, editors and publishers ; *Wochenblatt*, German Democratic, Weixelbaum & Heyn, editors and publishers.

Churches.—1 Roman Catholic, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Disciples, 1 Evangelical, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed, 1 Congregational, 1 United Brethren, 1 English Lutheran, and 1 Church of God, sometimes termed the Winebrennarian Church. The Church of God College is located here.

Banks.—Farmers' National, Peter Hosler, president, J. G. Hull, cashier ; First National, E. P. Jones, president, Charles E. Niles, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Union Brass Co., brass goods, 13 hands ; Findlay Woollen Mills, woollen goods, 25 ; Bushon & Crawford, sash, doors, etc., 9 ; Palmer & Arnold, flour, etc., 6 ; Findlay Lumber and Wood-working Co., sash, doors, etc., 12 ; W. H. Campfield & Son, sash, doors, etc., 12 ; The Eagle Machine Works, general machine works, 4 ; A. Boehmer, Excelsior, 5 ; E. B. Hartwell, handles, 8 ; The Columbia Glass Co., table-ware, 177 ; The Western Rapid Type-Writer Co., type-writing machines, 12 ; Geo. E. Gobrecht & Sons, architectural iron work, 4 ; Findlay Rolling Mill Co., bar-iron, etc., 113 ; The Findlay Window Glass Co., window glass, 113 ; C. D. Hayward & Co., planing mill, 15 ; Buckeye Window Glass Co., window glass, 50 ; The Findlay Iron and Steel Co., bar-iron, 126 ; W. P. Dukes, sash, doors, etc., 7 ; The Bellaire Goblet Co., goblets, etc., 312 ; Dalzell, Gilmore & Leighton Co., table glassware, 270 ; Model Flint Glass Co., crystal and colored glass, 192 ; Findlay Clay Pot Co., glass-house pots, 12 ; Findlay Hydraulic Pressed Brick Co., pressed brick, 115 ; Findlay Stave & Handle Co., handles and heading, 25 ; Findlay Church Furniture Co., church furniture, 9 ; Findlay Table Manufacturing Co., dining-room tables, 63 ; Vance & Bigelow, sash, doors, etc., 12 ; Ohio Lantern Co., lanterns, etc., 43 ; Vinton, Jones & Werner, castings, 6 ; J. J. Bradner, bee-keepers' supplies, 3 ; David Round & Son, chains, 31 ; Shull & Parker, sash, doors, etc., 32 ; Funk & Latshaw, tanks, etc., 5 ; Adams Brothers, general machine work, 35 ; American Mask Manufacturing Co., masks, 45 ; Findlay Iron and Boiler Works, boilers, 22 ; Waltz, Barr & Co., grain elevator, 3 ; The Lippencott Glass Co., lamp chimneys, 130 ; John Shull Novelty Works, ironing tables, etc., 8 ; McManness & Seymour, rakes, 31 ; The Ohio Window Glass Co., window glass, 50 ; McManness & Seymour, linseed oil, 4 ; The Findlay Bottle Co., bottles, etc., 102 ; David Kirk, flour, etc., 12 ; The Wetherald Wire Nail Co., steel-wire nails, 136 ; Ireland & McCoughroy, oil-well tools, etc., 8 ; The Hirsch-Ely Window Glass Co., window glass, 52.—*Ohio State Reports*, 1888.

Population, 1880, 4,633. School census 1888, 3,404 ; J. W. Zeller, superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$329,500. Value of annual product, \$741,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887. Census, 1890, 18,674.

GEN. JAMES FINDLAY, from whom Findlay was named, was born in Franklin county, Pa., in 1770, of an eminent family. "About the year 1795 he removed to Ohio, by way of Virginia and Kentucky, eventually settling in Cincinnati. There he for a number of years filled the position of receiver of public moneys in the Land Office. In 1805-6 and in 1810-11 he served as Mayor of Cincinnati. In the war of 1812 he served as colonel of a regiment, and was present at Hull's surrender of Detroit. For his meritorious conduct in the war he was shortly afterwards promoted to the rank of brigadier-general of the Ohio State militia, in which capacity he served for a considerable period. He erected Fort Findlay, from which Findlay was named. Naturally reserved in manner, he presented to strangers an air of austerity, but he was the soul of kindness and geniality ; had great decision of character and an unsullied reputation. He died in Cincinnati in 1835.

There died at Findlay, May 12, 1856, at the age of 68 years, ANDREW COFFINBERRY. He was born in Virginia ; came to Mansfield about 1808 ; after the war he studied law there with John M. May, and then for nearly half a century

he practised in nearly all the counties of Northwestern Ohio, beginning with their organization. He was, says Knapp, conspicuous among the old-time lawyers of the Maumee valley, and beloved by his professional brethren and by all with whom he came in contact.

He obtained the *soubriquet* of the good Count Coffinberry by reason of his kindly nature, genteel address and extraordinary neatness of dress. When traversing the circuit from county-seat to county-seat, the journeys always being on horseback, he carried a considerable apparel. From his resemblance to the German Count or Baron Puffendorf, he was sometimes called Count Puffendorf. Many comical stories are told of him.

In 1842 the count came before the public in the role of a poet in a small volume printed by Wright & Legg at Columbus. It was entitled "*The Forest Rangers: a Poetic Tale of the Western Wilderness in 1794, connected with and comprising the march and battle of General Wayne's army, and abounding with interesting incidents of fact and fiction, in seven cantos.*"

The scene of the book is of course the "Black Swamp Region," the Maumee country, wherein the words of the poem :

"Mustered strong the Kas-Kas-Kies,
Wyandots and the Miamies,
Also the Potawatamies,
The Delawares and Chippewas,
The Kickapoos and Ottawas,
The Shawanoes and many strays
From almost every Indian Nation,
Had joined the fearless congregation,
Who after St. Clair's dread defeat
Returned to this secure retreat."

THE GAS WELLS OF FINDLAY.

In our first edition as among the curiosities of this region we said, "At the south end of Findlay are two gas wells. From one of them the gas has been conducted by a pipe into a neighboring dwelling and used for light." The public did not imagine that the little obscure town stood over a great reservoir of natural gas and petroleum, which, on discovery, was to render it one of the most famed spots geologically considered on the globe. The following history of its discovery and the development at Findlay up to May 20, 1887, is copied from carefully prepared articles by Mr. Frank B. Loomis, published at the time :

The tendency of people to grasp with frantic eagerness every business or social sensation that presents itself is powerfully illustrated by the widespread interest which the recent discovery of natural gas in large quantities has attracted. A few years ago no geologist or practical driller would have advised a friend or patron to put down a well in Western Ohio. But conditions change with dramatic celerity in this country, and to-day Northwestern Ohio is the scene of an intense and contagious excitement.

A few days ago the largest gas well in the world was struck near Findlay. Its daily

The main subject is the story of the capture, captivity and final rescue of the maiden Julia Gray and the wedded Nancy Gibbs. The poem gives personal narratives, dialogues, Indian speeches, drinking-songs of Wayne's soldiers, death-songs of savages, etc. It also describes natural scenery wherein Hog creek for the purposes of euphony appears under the name of "Swinonia," thus :

"From Blanchard to *Swinonia*, he
Hied o'er to see, who there might be.

To make it true to nature the illiterate frontier characters speak their own vernacular in doggerel rhyme. For instance, Mrs. Nancy Gibbs, who states her "maiding name was Nancy Jarred," in describing her courtship by Gibbs, says :

"His ways was all so drefle nice,
What maiding could reject the splice?"

The book stretches out for 200 pages, and is such a curious conglomeration of intensely realistic jingle, and, as a whole, is such a strange eccentric conception that any allusion to it in the presence of those acquainted with it seldom fail to bring a twinkle in their eyes. His old friends on the bench and at the bar, and they were a host, at the time of its appearance, now nearly half a century gone, enjoyed it hugely, for it brought the good count and his oddities so vividly before them.

output of gas is 20,000,000 cubic feet. There are in the aggregate forty-five gas wells in and about Findlay. Together they pour forth 100,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily, an equal amount in heating capacity to 3,000 tons of coal.

The Ohio natural gas is said to be richer in heat producing properties than the Pennsylvania gas by fifteen per cent., according to the tests and estimates of scientific men.

There is a very important and significant geological fact in connection with the Ohio gas and oil discoveries. Both fluids come from the Trenton limestone, a widespread



Zay, Photo., Findlay.

FINDLAY IN 1890.

formation of the lower silurian age. In order that gas or oil may be given forth in valuable quantities there must always be some structural peculiarity in the Trenton limestone formation so that an arch will be formed to serve as a storehouse for the fluids to accumulate in. The town of Findlay, which is the centre of the gas region, is built over such a fold or arch in the limestone. The western extremity of this arch is coincident with the north and south line made by the Main street of Findlay, so that a well may be drilled anywhere east of that street, and dry gas will be found in abundance at a depth of about 1,150 feet. A person cannot dig a cellar or well without setting some gas free, and it is said, in jest, that difficulty is found in setting fence posts on account of the pressure of gas from beneath.

The people of Findlay saw indications of gas for half a century without suspecting the remarkable treasure underlying them. One man in the town, a German physician named Charles Oesterlen, read the signs with an intelligent and prophetic eye. Forty years ago he became convinced that an enormous reservoir of natural gas lay beneath the town of Findlay. He told his belief and was scoffed at—men called him the "gas fool," and until 1884 he was regarded as a vain dreamer. But patience and perseverance at last prevailed, and three years ago he succeeded in organizing a stock company to drill for gas. The well was a successful one, and when the gas gushed forth with a panting roar and shot a column of flame sixty feet into the air, people were alarmed for a time. But the faith of Dr. Oesterlen was vindicated and the truth of his theories established.

Findlay was a small and almost unknown town when gas was struck. It took a year for the news of the wonderful discoveries to spread, and it was not till 1886, when the great Karg well, with a capacity of 15,000,000 cubic feet daily, was struck, that the attention of the public was arrested by the developments and possibilities at Findlay.

The great Karg well was discovered on January 20, 1886, by a boring of 1,144 feet. The gas was conducted forty-eight feet above the ground through a six-inch pipe, and when lighted the flame rose from twenty to thirty feet above the pipe; with a short pipe the flames ascended to the height of sixty feet. The gas leaves the well with a pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch, and with so much force that it has raised a piece of iron weighing three tons more than 100 feet above the ground.

It is difficult to imagine the magnificent effect of this burning well at night. The noise of the escaping gas which, at the rate of forty million cubic feet per day, is like the roar of Niagara or like the thunder of a dozen railroad trains, drowning all conversation. On the nights of the first winter it was opened the ground was frozen and the

people not being used to it within the radius of a half a mile were disturbed in their slumbers, especially when there was a change of wind. The sound under extraordinary conditions of the atmosphere has been heard fifteen miles away, and on a dark night the light reflected on the clouds discerned for fifty miles.

Prof. G. Frederick Wright, who visited on an evening a month after it was opened, wrote: "Although the snow had covered the ground to a depth of several inches, in every direction for a distance of 200 yards in circumference the heat of the flame had melted the snow from the ground and the grass and weeds had grown two or three inches in height. The crickets also seemed to have mistaken the season of the year, for they were enlivening the night with their cheerful song. The neighborhood of the well seemed also a paradise for tramps. I noticed one who lay soundly sleeping with his head in a barrel, with the rest of his body lying outside on the green turf, to receive the genial warmth from the flame high up in the air." Cold as it was he slept in perfect comfort, with no danger of suffering so long as he was within the charmed circle.

The daily amount of heat from this single well is said to equal that from the burning of one thousand tons of soft coal.

The cost of drilling a well is about \$1,500, but gas is supplied so cheaply to consumers that no one thinks of drilling a well except for a factory or mill. The city owns a number of fine wells and has pipes under all the streets. Gas is furnished to consumers for fifteen cents a month for each grate or stove, and the consumer is permitted to burn as much or as little as he chooses.

The gas has a distinct and penetrating sulphuric odor, so that it is safer for household use than manufactured gas, as it cannot escape without being quickly detected. Gas is a great luxury as a fuel. There is no smoke, dirt or expensive manipulation connected with it. It is easily managed and burns with a beautiful blue flame that emits an intense heat which never varies in degree.

There was a great deal of speculation in farms in the gas belt, and one agent told me he had sold the same farm ten times. Hundreds of farmers have been made rich, but I cannot think they have gained as much in contentment as they have in wealth. One odd character sold his farm for \$75,000 and came to the town to live. He brought with him three strapping daughters, and this strange quartet, in garments cut in styles that were popular a quarter of a century ago, wander about the streets in a helpless and hopeless sort of a way, wondering what to do with their money now that they have got it. The land which Senator Sherman paid \$30,000 for has advanced in three months to \$150,000 in value. The population of Findlay has grown from 5,000 to 15,000 in a year.

THE GREAT NATURAL GAS JUBILEE.

On the second week in June, 1887, three days—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—were given to celebrating the first anniversary of the practical application of natural gas to the mechanical arts in Findlay. It was on the 9th of June, 1885, that the Biggs Iron and Tool Company first welded iron and steel together in Northern Ohio with natural gas. It was a novel occasion—the first jubilee of its kind in history.

“Forty thousand visitors poured into the town to participate in the natural gas jubilee. The bustling city was ablaze with light and decorations, radiant in all the glory of flags, evergreens, bunting, and flowers. The main street was spanned by fifty-eight arches, bearing jubilant mottoes illuminated by the flame of thousands of gas jets. Thirty thousand such jets were burning all over the city and turning the night into day. The first day (Wednesday) was devoted chiefly to the reception of distinguished guests. On Thursday morning the exercises consisted of the laying of the corner-stones for four new manufacturing establishments, in addition to those which had been laid the day before. Early in the day Senator John Sherman and other dignitaries arrived, and in the afternoon Gov. Foraker, accompanied by Adjutant-General Axline and staff, and the regular army officers who were to act as judges of the military contest, reached the city, and were accorded a most hearty reception. Other arrivals were about 1,000 uniformed members of the Knights of Pythias, from Springfield, Toledo, Dayton, Cleveland, Sandusky, Bluffton, and other points, all accompanied by bands of music. The \$1,000 prize drill, later in the day, attracted 5,000 spectators.

“All day long the burning gas on the street arches flared in the light rains. It was cheaper to let it burn than to employ men to put it out and light it again. In the evening there was a grand banquet, at which appropriate addresses were made by Senator Sherman, Gov. Foraker, Charles Foster, Murat Halstead, Gen. Thomas Powell and others. The evening’s illumination was a grand success. Hundreds of sheets of flame leaped from the arches, and the brilliancy of the burning gas flooded the city in a blaze of light. A continuous display of fireworks was made from seven o’clock until midnight, while 70,000 people packed roadway, walks, windows and roofs, and manifested in repeated applause their admiration of the spectacle. Friday, the last day, was occupied with processions, military parades, prize drills, band contests at the Wigwam, the laying of various corner-stones, and of the first rails of the belt and electric railroads; the festivities concluding in the evening with the awarding of prizes and a display of fireworks. In the drill the first prize of \$1,000 was won by the Toledo Cadets, while the State University Cadets won the second prize of \$500, and the Wooster Guards the third prize of \$250.”

MT. BLANCHARD is 10 miles southeast of Findlay. It is on the line of the C. & W. Railroad. It is in a fine farming and wool-growing district, and oil and gas are found in abundance. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Methodist Protestant, and 1 Presbyterian. Population in 1880, 285.

MCCOMB is 85 miles northwest of Columbus, 40 miles south of Toledo, and 116 miles west of Cleveland, on the line of the N. Y. C. & St. L. and McC. D. & T. Railroads. It is surrounded by fine farming lands. Oil and natural gas are found in abundance. Newspaper: *Herald*, S. B. Davis, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Disciples, and 1 German Lutheran. *Principal Industries*: Manufacturing handles of all kinds, planing mills, etc. Population in 1880, 417. School census, 1886, 337; H. Walter Doty, superintendent.

ARCADIA, on the L. E. & W. and N. Y. C. & St. L. Railroads, is $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles northeast of Findlay. It has 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Lutheran church. Population in 1880, 396.

VANLUE, on the I. B. & W. Railroad, 10 miles east of Findlay. Population in 1880, 364. School census, 1888, 142.

VAN BUREN is on the T. C. & S. Railroad, 7 miles north of Findlay. Population in 1880, 130.

BENTON RIDGE is 8 miles southwest of Findlay. Population in 1880, 179. School census, 1888, 96.

HARDIN.

HARDIN COUNTY was formed from old Indian territory, April 1, 1820. Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 132,898; in pasture, 30,697; woodland, 47,516; lying waste, 8,167; produced in wheat, 359,060 bushels; rye, 12,526; buckwheat, 635; oats, 340,047; barley, 315; corn, 1,187,035; meadow hay, 22,771 tons; clover hay, 5,243; flax, 2,012 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 114,506 bushels; butter, 550,396 lbs.; cheese, 574; sorghum, 1,488 gallons; maple syrup, 2,810; honey, 25,358 lbs.; eggs, 524,031 dozen; grapes, 5,085 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 40 bushels; apples, 53,791; peaches, 255; pears, 403; wool, 209,683 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,954. School census, 1888, 9,306; teachers, 264. Miles of railroad track, 91.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Blanchard,	241	2,423	Lynn,		922
Buck,		1,610	Marion,	177	982
Cessna,	259	966	McDonald,	285	1,449
Dudley,	349	1,418	Pleasant,	569	5,492
Goshen,	549	1,030	Roundhead,	564	1,035
Hale,	267	1,740	Taylor Creek,	400	1,189
Jackson,	260	2,176	Washington,	203	1,291
Liberty,	170	3,295			

Population of Hardin, 1840, 4,583; 1860, 13,570; 1880, 27,023; of whom 22,328 were born in Ohio; 1,047 Pennsylvania; 480 Virginia; 320 New York; 187 Indiana; 85 Kentucky; 738 German Empire; 386 Ireland; 147 England and Wales; 57 British America; 20 Scotland; and 18 France.

Although Hardin was formed from old Indian territory as early as 1820, it was not organized until January 8, 1833, previous to which it formed for judicial purposes a part of Logan county, and when Champaign was organized of that county. About half of the county is level and the remainder undulating, and all capable of thorough drainage. The soil is part gravelly loam and part clayey and based on limestone and rich. Its original forests were very heavy in timber and of the usual varieties.

Originally the deep woods of the county were singularly free from underbrush, so that the pioneers could see a long distance between the trees. It is supposed that this arose from a habit of the Indians of annually burning the underbrush to facilitate the capture of game. Owing to the heavy timber the county slowly settled, so that as late as 1840 it had but nine inhabitants to the square mile. The county, like Marion, is on the great watershed of the State, the southern part being in the Mississippi valley and the northern part in the Lake Erie basin. Its principal streams are the Scioto and the Blanchard, the waters of the first going into the Ohio and the other into Lake Erie. The Blanchard, Hog Creek and the north branch of the Miami head in this county, while the Scioto heads in Auglaize county, enters Hardin from the southwest, flows through the great Scioto marsh, first goes northeast and then southeast by Kenton.

Col. JOHN HARDIN, from whom this county was named, was an officer of distinction in the early settlement of the West. He was born of humble parentage, in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1753. From his very youth, he was initiated into the life of a woodsman, and acquired uncommon skill as a marksman and a hunter. In the spring of 1774 young Hardin, then not twenty-one years of age, was appointed an ensign in a

militia company, and shortly after, in an action with the Indians, was wounded in the knee. Before he had fully recovered from his wound he joined the noted expedition of Dunmore. In the war of the revolution, he was a lieutenant in Morgan's celebrated rifle corps. He was high in the esteem of General Morgan, and was often selected for enterprises of peril, requiring discretion and intrepidity. On one of these occasions, while

with the northern army, he was sent out on a reconnoitring expedition, with orders to take a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Marching silently in advance of his party, he ascended to the top of an abrupt hill, where he met two or three British soldiers and a Mohawk Indian. The moment was critical. Hardin felt no hesitation—his rifle was instantly presented, and they ordered to surrender. The soldiers immediately threw down their arms—the Indian clubbed his gun. They stood, while he continued to advance on them : but none of his men having come up, and thinking he might want some assistance, he turned his head a little and called to them to come on ; at this moment, the Indian, observing his eye withdrawn from him, reversed his gun with a rapid motion, in order to shoot Hardin ; when he, catching in his vision the gleam of light reflected from the polished barrel, with equal rapidity apprehended its meaning, and was prompt to prevent the dire effect. He brings his rifle to a level in his own hands, and fires without raising it to his face—he had not time, the attempt would have given the Indian the first fire, on that depended life and death—he gained it and gave the Indian a mortal wound ; who, also, firing in the succeeding moment, sent his ball through Hardin's hair. The rest of the party made no resistance, but were marched to camp. On this occasion Hardin received the thanks of General Gates. In 1786 he settled in Washington county, Kentucky, and there was no expedition into the Indian country after he settled in Kentucky, except that of General St. Clair, which he was prevented from joining by an accidental lameness, in which he was not engaged. In these, he

generally distinguished himself by his gallantry and success. In Harmar's expedition, however, he was unfortunate, being defeated by the Indians when on detached command, near Fort Wayne. Colonel Hardin was killed in the 39th year of his age. He was—says Marshall, in his history of Kentucky, from which these facts are derived—a man of unassuming manners, and great gentleness of deportment ; yet of singular firmness and inflexibility as to matters of truth and justice. Prior to the news of his death, such was his popularity in Kentucky, that he was appointed general of the first brigade.

Colonel Hardin was killed by the Indians in 1792. He was sent by General Washington on a mission of peace to them—and was on his way to the Shawnees' town. He had reached within a few miles of his point of destination, and was within what is now Shelby county, in this State, when he was overtaken by a few Indians, who proposed encamping with him, and to accompany him the next day to the residence of their chiefs. In the night, they basely murdered him, as was alleged, for his horse and equipments, which were attractive and valuable. His companion, a white man, who spoke Indian, and acted as interpreter, was uninjured. When the chiefs heard of Hardin's death, they were sorry, for they desired to hear what the messenger of peace had to communicate. A town was laid out on the spot some years since, on the State road from Piqua through Wapakonetta, and named, at the suggestion of Col. John Johnson, *Hardin*, to perpetuate the memory and sufferings of this brave and patriotic man : it is about six miles west of Sidney.

FORT M'ARTHUR was a fortification built in the late war, on the Scioto river, in this county, and on Hull's road. It was a low, flat place, in the far woods, and with but little communication with the settlements, as no person could go from one to the other but at the peril of his life, the woods being infested with hostile Indians.

The fort was a stockade, enclosing about half an acre. There were two block-houses ; one in the northwest and the other in the southeast angle. Seventy or eighty feet of the enclosure was composed of a row of log corn-cribs, covered with a shed roof, sloping inside. A part of the pickets were of split timber, and lapped at the edges : others were round logs, set up endways, and touching each other. The rows of huts for the garrison were a few feet from the walls. It was a post of much danger, liable at any moment to be attacked.

The site of this fort is about three miles southwest of Kenton, and not a vestige of it now remains. It must have been an exceedingly dreary spot and largely fatal to the soldiers, as it is in the vicinity of the great Scioto marsh. The graves of sixteen of the garrison are near by. The prompt building of this fort reflects great credit upon the foresight of Governor Meigs. On the 11th of June, 1812, one week before the declaration of war, he despatched Duncan M'Arthur with a regiment of soldiers from Urbanna, to open a road in advance of Hull's army and build a stockade at the crossing of the Scioto. On the 19th Hull arrived with the residue of his army. His trace is still discernible, after a lapse now of seventy-seven years, in various places through the northwestern counties as he passed on his way to Detroit. Not a vestige of the fort now re-



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

KENTON.



I. N. Hays, Photo., 1890.

COURT HOUSE SQUARE, KENTON.

mains, but remnants of M'Arthur's corduroy through the boggy forest are yet to be found.

On page 705 is a sketch of Thomas Coke Wright, who gave for our first edition this interesting incident. It was at one time commanded by Captain Robert M'Clelland, who recently died in Greene county. He was brave, and when roused, brave to rashness. While he commanded at Fort M'Arthur, one of his men had gone a short distance from the walls for the purpose of peeling bark. While he was engaged on a tree, he was shot twice through the body, by a couple of Indians in ambush, whose rifles went off so near together that the reports were barely distinguishable. He uttered one piercing scream of agony, and ran with almost superhuman speed, but fell before he reached the fort. An instant alarm was spread through the garrison, as no doubt was entertained but that this was the commencement of a general attack, which had been long expected. Instead of shutting the gates to keep out danger, M'Clelland seized his rifle, and calling on some of his men to follow, of which but few obeyed, he hastened to the place of ambush and made diligent search for the enemy, who, by an instant and rapid retreat, had effected their escape; nor did he return until he had scoured the woods all around in the vicinity of the fort.

The old M'Arthur road, or "Hull's trail," was for many years the principal highway from Bellefontaine to Detroit, while Fort

M'Arthur remained garrisoned for some time after the close of the war.

According to tradition the *first family* to locate in the county was that of Alfred Hale, who came to Fort M'Arthur in 1817, and in 1819 was born their son Jonas, their fourth child. Hale was a hunter and squatter, and remained but a short time. The first permanent settlement was made near the site of Roundhead, in the spring of 1818, by Peter C. M'Arthur and Daniel Campbell, where they built cabins, and after planting corn went back to Ross county to bring their families, but from fear of a sudden outbreak of Indians, did not return until 1822. The nearest settlement was about Bellefontaine. It is said that their fire at one time going out, M'Arthur was compelled to walk to that point to obtain a fresh supply. Upon his return he met a squaw, who, laughing at his ignorance, showed him how to make a fire with a flint and a piece of punk. About the next family in that vicinity was that of Samuel Tidd, a blacksmith, who at one time did much work for the Indians. He came in February, 1822, and settled in the forests, where was born, November 15 of the next year, their daughter Jane, the first female child born in Hardin county. In the county history appears her portrait, as Mrs. Jane Tidd Rutledge, a good, strong, womanly face.

The *first court* held in the county was held March 8, 1834, in a block-house, the residence of Hon. William McCloud, at M'Arthur, McCloud being one of the associate judges. The first county officers were elected the next month. The total vote was only sixty-three. Little or no business was done at the first term of court.

The next year a trial jury was required. The farmers were busy, the country sparsely settled, and the sheriff found great difficulty in impanelling a jury. On the morning of the second day, the judge opened court and asked the sheriff if the jury was full. The sheriff is said to have replied "Not quite full yet. I have eleven men in the jail and my dogs and deputies are after the twelfth

man." The jail at that time was a log-cabin near the fort. The court-room was a shed constructed from the side of the block-house, with clapboards, with forked saplings for uprights. The benches for jury and spectators were split clapboards, with auger holes for legs. The "bench" were provided with a table and chairs. The jury retired to the woods for their deliberation.

Kenton in 1846.—Kenton, the county-seat, is on the Scioto river and Mad river railroad, seventy-one miles northwest of Columbus, and seventy-eight from Sandusky City. The view shown was taken southwest of the town. The railroad is shown in front, with the depot on the left: the Presbyterian church appears near the centre of the view. In the centre of the town is a neat public square. From the facilities furnished by the railroad, Kenton promises to be an inland town of considerable business and population. It now contains eight dry-goods and four grocery stores, one newspaper printing office, one foundry, one grist and one saw mill, one Presbyterian and one Methodist church, and had, in 1840, 300 inhabitants, since which it is estimated to have more than doubled its population. There is a house in this town, the rain flowing from its north ridge

finds its way to Lake Erie, and that from its south ridge to the Gulf of Mexico. — *Old Edition.*

The old view, excepting that of Xenia, is the only one that shows a railroad in all the 180 engravings of our original edition. The hut in the centre stood a little southwest of the site of Young Brothers' present office. The church in the centre was the old Presbyterian, now down; and the taverns on the right were those of the American House, kept by Judge David Goodin, and the Mansion House, built by William Furney.

The railroad shown was opened to Kenton, July 4, 1846, the very year the view was taken, and amid great rejoicings, an excursion train having come from Sandusky. Its name was the Mad River and Lake Erie, then running from Sandusky to Dayton; later, changed to the Cleveland, Sandusky and Cincinnati. The house which shed its rain for both Lake Erie and the Ohio was then the residence of John W. Holmes. The site is the present residence of General Robinson. About the highest point in the county is Silver Creek Summit, 1118 feet above tide. See page 60.

In the spring of 1833 the State committee appointed by the legislature selected a site for the county-seat, on the north bank of the Scioto, on part of sections 33 and 34 in Pleasant township, George Houser, Jacob Houser and Lemuel Wilmoth giving forty acres of their land as an inducement. The committee having decided upon the site were unable to agree upon the name, but after its selection rode over three miles west with William McCloud to Fort M'Arthur, where he resided in a block-house, to get dinner. McCloud, who was a great hunter, and his good lady, had provided an appetizing feast of wild meat, for they were very hungry. The subject of the name being discussed, they left it to the decision of Mrs. McCloud, who declared in favor of KENTON, in honor of the friend of her husband, and nobody ever regretted the choice.

A sketch of him will be found on page 376. Father Finley, in his own memoirs, gives these interesting details of his conversion in his mature years to the truths of Christianity.

Simon Kenton was the friend and benefactor of his race. In the latter part of his life he embraced religion; in the fall of 1819 General Kenton and my father met at a camp meeting on the waters of Mad river, after a separation of many years. Their early acquaintance in Kentucky rendered this interview interesting to both of them. The meeting had been in progress for several days without any great excitement until Sabbath evening, when it pleased God to pour out his spirit in a remarkable manner. Many were awakened, and among the number were several of the General's relatives.

His heart was touched, and the tear was seen to kindle the eye and start down the furrow of his manly cheek. On Monday morning he asked my father to retire with him to the woods. To this he readily assented, and as they were passing along in silence, and the song of the worshippers had died upon their ears, addressing my father, he said, "Mr. Finley, I am going to communicate to you some things which I want you to promise me you will never divulge." My father replied, "If it will not affect any but ourselves, then I promise to keep it forever." Sitting down on a log the General commenced to tell the story of his heart, and disclose its wretchedness; what a great sinner he had

been, and how merciful was God in preserving him amid all the conflicts and dangers of the wilderness. While he thus unburdened his heart and told the anguish of his sin-wounded spirit, his lip quivered and the tears of penitence fell from his weeping eyes. They both fell to the earth and, prostrate, cried aloud to God for mercy and salvation. The penitent was pointed to Jesus, the Almighty Saviour; and after a long and agonizing struggle, the gate of eternal life was entered, and

"Hymns of joy proclaimed through heaven
The triumphs of a soul forgiven."

Then from the old veteran, who immediately sprang to his feet, there went up a shout toward heaven which made the woods resound with its gladness. Leaving my father he started for the camp, like the man healed at the beautiful gate, leaping and praising God, so that the faster and farther he went the louder did he shout glory to God. His appearance startled the whole encampment; and when my father arrived he found an immense crowd gathered around him, to whom he was declaring the goodness of God, and his power to save. Approaching him, my father said, "General, I thought

we were to keep this matter a secret." He instantly replied, "Oh, it is too glorious for that. If I had all the world here I would tell of the goodness and mercy of God."

At this time he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, lived a consistent, happy Christian, and died in the open sunshine of a Saviour's love. If there is any one of all the pioneers of this valley to whom the country owes the largest debt of gratitude, that one is General Simon Kenton. His

body sleeps on the waters of Mad river, about six miles north of Zanesville, and

"When that winding stream shall cease to flow,
And those surrounding hills exist no more,
His sleeping dust reanimate shall rise,
Bursting to life at the last trumpet's sound;
Shall bear a part in nature's grand assize,
When sun, and time, and stars no more are found."

KENTON, county-seat of Hardin, is forty-eight miles northwest of Columbus, seventy south of Toledo, on the dividing ridge of the State, the water running north and south. It is on the I. B. & W. and C. & A. R. R. County Officers, 1888: Auditor, George W. Rutledge; Clerk, James C. Howe; Commissioners, Wilber F. Pierce, Andrew Dodds, John L. Clark; Coroner, John Watters; Infirmary Directors, John Wilson, Samuel M. Andrews, Samuel Utz; Probate Judge, James J. Wood; Prosecuting Attorney, Charles M. Melhorn; Recorder, Dennis W. Kennedy; Sheriff, John S. Scott; Surveyor, Sidney F. Moore; Treasurer, Edward Sorgen. City Officers: Mayor, W. H. Ward; Clerk, George W. Binckley; Treasurer, A. B. Charles; Marshal, Michael Flanigan; Solicitor, Frank C. Daugherty; Street Commissioner, W. H. Miller. Newspapers: *Das Wochenblatt*, German, Louis Schloenbach, editor; *Democrat*, Democratic, Daniel Flanagan & Co., editors and publishers; *News*, Prohibition, Henry Price, editor and publisher; *Republican*, Republican, E. L. Miller, editor and publisher; *Herald*, Republican, L. I. Demarest, editor and publisher. Churches: one German Lutheran, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian, one African Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Episcopal, one Disciples, one Baptist, one Catholic. Banks: First National, S. L. Hoge, president, H. W. Gramlich, cashier; Kenton National, Asher Letson, president, Curtis Wilkin, cashier; Kenton Savings, L. Merriman, president, James Watt, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Champion Iron Fence Company, iron fencing, etc., 125 hands; John Callam & Co., doors, sash, etc., 12; John Callam & Co., building material, 6; G. H. Palmer & Co., chair stock, etc., 52; Scioto Straw Board Company, straw boards, 33; Pool Bros., carriages, etc., 6; Smith & Smith, wood and iron novelties, 10; Curl & Canaan, chair stock, etc., 24; J. C. Schwenek, handles, etc., 9; Kenton Milling Company, flour, etc., 7; Kenton Milling Company, flour, etc., 6; Young & Bro., lumber, 19; William Campbell, staves and headings, 33.—*Ohio State Reports*, 1888. Population in 1880, 3,940; school census 1888, 1,403; E. P. Dean, School Superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$583,130. Value of annual product, \$566,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887.

The location of Kenton is such that it can be seen on being approached in any direction for five or six miles. Being in a fine agricultural region, it commands a large trade in grain, cattle and pork, as well as lumber, staves, etc. All the principal streets are graded and gravelled. Indeed, but few counties in this part of Ohio have such a complete network of gravel pikes as Hardin. They were begun in 1869, now cover about 230 miles, costing about \$2,500 per mile, or a total of over half a million of dollars. They radiate in every direction from Kenton, and the work of building still goes on. The streams are spanned by good bridges, and driving over smooth roads is a luxury to be enjoyed alike in rain and sun.

HISTORIC AND DESCRIPTIVE MISCELLANIES.

THE GREAT MARSHES.—The marsh lands of this county cover 25,000 acres, or an area of about thirty-nine square miles. The largest

of these is the "SCIOTO MARSH," having about 16,000 acres inside of the timber line. It is in the southwest part, through which

runs the Scioto river. Next is the "HOG CREEK MARSH" with about 8,000 acres in the northern part, and then also a part of CRANBERRY MARSH of Wyandotte county, of which about 1,000 acres lie in this county. These low prairies attracted large numbers of deer and other wild animals that often found a safe retreat in the high grass, which the Indians would burn to drive them away. Since their departure an annual crop of grass often ten feet high has been added to the other accumulations of these basins. The bottoms of marshes are drift clay, which is covered from two to ten feet with the vegetable accumulations of centuries and is very rich. The margins, as with the banks of rivers, are lined with willows.

The subject of draining these marshes has long agitated the people. They have been a constant source of malarial poison, and retarded settlement. In 1859 a contract was made by the county with Mr. John McGuffey to reclaim the waste lands of the Scioto Marsh by ditching the marsh and the clearing out the drift of the Scioto for three miles. The work failed it is said from the lack of sufficient fall in the river below the marsh. In 1883 the work under different plans was again begun, and is now progressing to a successful completion. The surface is peaty, and beneath it are found shell, marl and sandy deposits. The marsh is in the shape of a ham, and it is supposed was once a small lake. The main ditch we are told is from 45 to 60 feet wide, 7 feet deep and some 12½ miles long. In all, thus far, 150 miles of ditching have been done therein, and 20 miles of the Scioto cleared and straightened. The work on CRANBERRY MARSH was begun in 1865 and finished in three years by a main ditch 20 feet wide and 4 feet deep with two lateral ditches. The water is carried into Blanchard river, and the soil is of the finest, deep, rich and inexhaustible.

HOG CREEK MARSH, comprising twelve and one-half square miles, is mainly in Washington township. By ditching and also by deepening, widening and straightening the channel of Hog creek for a distance of four miles, which took six years of labor, from about 1868 to 1874, these marsh lands have been reclaimed. Thirty years ago these lands were almost worthless, a hot-bed of malaria, the resort of all sorts of venomous reptiles. The lands will now average sixty dollars per acre, and are among the most valuable in the Scioto Valley. The expense of draining was about thirteen dollars per acre.

The wide ditches are cut by huge dredges worked by steam-power; the small lateral ditches are cut by spade. A picture of one of the dredges is before us, an improved dredge-boat, the invention of Colonel C. H. Sage. It is a scow drawing two and a half feet of water, twenty-six feet wide and seventy-two feet long, at work in the Scioto marshes, and the colonel himself is supposed to be on board, as he has charge there. The view is from the rear, and the scene around is wild and picturesque. A clearing wide as a road

has been cut through the original forest, through which is a wilderness vista for miles. A large area of the ditch is in the foreground, at the rear of the boat, where the water looks as placid and pure as a mountain lake, and reflects upon its surface, in pleasing vividness, forest, sky and scow.

The dredge has a roof on posts some seven feet high, but is open at the sides and rear, into which we can gaze. In front are some huge spars coming to a point about twenty feet above the prow of the scow, with another beam, the pioneer of the concern, from the point of which hangs a huge bucket or dipper, which swings to alternate sides of the ditch and deposits mud as it goes, fifty-four feet from the centre of the turn-table. Evidently it was not made for ocean navigation; but it is a fact that some years ago in an adjoining county, near the head-waters of the St. Mary's we believe it was, a scow-dredge was built in a swamp and then dug its way out until it floated into a river and got an experience of river navigation.

The Ditch Laws of the State are admirable. The system is very simple. Parties wishing their land ditched petition the county commissioners, who first examine, by sending an engineer to run the necessary levels, and, if his report and plans are favorable, they grant the request and assume the expense and supervision of the work. To meet the expense the county issues its bonds, running a term of years. The interest on the bonds, and finally the principal, are met by increase on the tax value of the land.

It is by this system that the Black Swamp and other low wet lands of the Northwest are becoming the garden of Ohio. The people no longer shake with the chills and fever, the snakes have wriggled away, and big crops, sunshine and gladness have come over the land.

GREAT TREES.

This county had some noted trees. One termed "Hardin's Great Walnut" has thus been described by Mr. James Cable: It stood 22 miles east of Kenton, in the centre of the Marion pike. Its roots—large spurs—extended twenty feet from the body each way, the body growing well to the ground. It died in 1832, and was cut in 1837. The diameter is not known, but its body measured seventy-two feet to the forks, and large rail-cuts were made from each fork. Large stiles had to be cut in the body to notch it for the saw. The tree was without a blemish. Mr. Cable said it was the best tree he had ever seen.

Walnut was abundant in the vicinity. On section twelve, near by, Mr. Johnson, an old Indian scout, reported that a walnut was cut in 1789 which measured four feet and a half in diameter. It was cut for bees by a white man. The stump was standing late as 1879. It was reported that a white man was killed near it by an Indian. This was probably the first tree cut in Hardin county.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF DR. JOHN KNIGHT.

The earliest known incident of striking interest occurring within the limits of this county was the escape of Dr. John Knight in June, 1782. He was brother-in-law of Col. Crawford, and had been captured with the Colonel and two others near what is now Leesville, Crawford county. After the burning of Crawford, Knight was painted black and next morning put in charge of an Indian named Tutelu, a rough-looking fellow, to be taken to the Shawnee town of Wakatomika for execution.

It is a well-received tradition that the precise spot where the Doctor outwitted, overpowered and escaped from his Indian guard was in Section 8, Dudley township, on the north bank of the Scioto, near the residence of the late Judge Portius Wheeler. The spot is on the old Shawnee trail, from the Wyandot and Delaware villages on the Sandusky and Tymochtee to the Shawnee towns on the Big Miami and Mad rivers, passing through what is now known as the townships of Goshen, Dudley, Buck Hall, and Taylor Creek. The details, as told by Knight, are these :

They started for the Shawnee towns, which the Indian said were somewhat less than forty miles away. Tutelu was on horseback and drove Knight before him. The latter pretended he was ignorant of the death he was to die, though Simon Girty told him he was to die ; affected as cheerful a countenance as possible, and asked the savage if they were not to live together as brothers in one house when they should get to the town. Tutelu seemed well pleased and said, "Yes." He then asked Knight if he could make a wigwam. Knight told him he could. He then seemed more friendly. The route taken by Tutelu and Knight was the Indian trace leading from the Delaware town to Wakatomika, and ran some six or eight miles west of what is now Upper Sandusky. Its direction was southwest from Pipetown to the Big Tymochtee. They travelled, as near as Knight could judge, the first day about twenty-five miles. The Doctor was then informed that they would reach Wakatomica the next day a little before noon.

The Doctor often attempted to untie himself during the night, but the Indian was very watchful and scarcely closed his eyes, so that he did not succeed in loosening the tugs with which he was bound. At daybreak Tutelu got up and untied the Doctor. They had built a fire near which they slept. Tutelu, as soon as he had untied the Doctor, began to mend the fire, and as the gnats were troublesome, the Doctor asked him if he should make a smoke behind him. He said, "Yes." The Doctor took the end of a dogwood fork, which had been burnt down to about eighteen inches in length. It was the longest stick he could find, yet too small for the purpose he had in view. He then took up another small stick, and taking a coal of fire between them, went behind the Indian,

when, turning suddenly about, he struck the Indian on the head with all his force. This so stunned him that he fell forward, with both his hands in the fire. He soon recovered, and springing to his feet ran howling off into the forest. Knight seized his gun, and with much trepidation followed, trying to shoot the Indian ; but using too much violence in pulling back the cock of the gun, broke the main-spring. The Indian continued his flight, the Doctor vainly endeavoring to fire his gun. He finally returned to the camp from the pursuit of Tutelu, and made preparations for his homeward flight through the wilderness. He took the blanket of the Delaware, a pair of new moccasins, his "hoppes," powder-horn, bullet-bag, together with the Indian's gun, and started on his journey in a direction a little north of east.

About half an hour before sunset he came to Sandusky Plains, when he laid down in a thicket until dark. He continued in a northeasterly direction, passing through what is now Marion, Morrow, Richland, Ashland, Wayne, and so on, until evening of the twentieth day after his escape, he reached the mouth of Beaver creek on the Ohio, in Beaver county, Pa., and was then among friends. During the whole journey he subsisted on roots, a few young birds that were unable to fly out of his reach, and wild berries that grew in abundance through the forest.

THE TORNADO OF 1887.

On the night of Friday, May 14, 1887, the western part of Ohio was visited by one of the most destructive storms known in the history of the State. While great damage was done to property throughout other counties, its effects in Hardin and Greene counties were particularly disastrous. The destruction in Greene was largely caused by flood, the damage in Hardin principally by the great force of the wind ; it partook more of the character of a tornado, the effects being similar to those of the tornado which had visited Fayette county the preceding September, nearly destroying the entire town of Washington C. H.

Commencing in the western part of Hardin county the storm travelled in a northeasterly direction over a course of about eight miles, leaving destruction in its path. It passed out of Hardin at the northeast corner, and did great damage in Wyandot county.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

At Kenton on this tour we met Gen. James S. Robinson. We were glad to meet him again, having made his acquaintance on our original tour, but had not seen him since. In the interim he had an unusual career, civil and military. He was born of English parentage, near Mansfield, October 14, 1827. He was bred a printer and editor, looks like the typical John Bull, but is every inch an American. He is a tall, somewhat huge man, with clear, weighty voice, one with strong convictions and frank in their expression. He was secretary of the first Republican State Convention ever held in Ohio, of which Salmon P. Chase was president; has held many other political and civil offices; is the only person ever elected to Congress from Hardin county, first in 1880 and then in 1882; was Secretary of State from 1885 to 1889.

He enlisted in the civil war as a private, and ere its close had become a full brigadier and brevet major-general. He was in the Virginia campaign under Fremont; was in Sherman's march to the sea, and had some interesting experiences at Gettysburg, incidents of the first day's fight and what he saw while he lay wounded and a prisoner within the enemy's lines. We abridge from a published account.

He entered the fight as commander of the Eighty-second O. V. I., two other colonels ranking him. But in five minutes one was wounded and the other (Colonel Musser, of the Seventy-fifth Pennsylvania) killed while engaged in conversation with him, which devolved upon him the command of the brig-

ade. The firing was from the right flank and front and was very destructive of human life. His regiment went into action on the morning of the first day's fight with 19 officers and 236 men. It lost all but 2 officers and 89 men. After the death of General Reynolds and other disasters an order was

issued assigning to Robinson the command of the division, but ere it reached him he was struck in the left breast by a minie-ball, which passed clear through his body, making a gaping wound. This was just at the edge of Gettysburg, and as he fell his troops were forced to give way before the overwhelming forces of the enemy, who swept on and over the field on which he lay wounded. He was taken to the residence of a couple of maiden ladies by the name of McPherson, sisters of Hon. Edward McPherson, late Clerk of the House of Representatives, where he lay upon the kitchen floor during the night. The following day he was taken up-stairs and placed in a bed, looking out upon the busy scenes being enacted in the town. In the meantime he had had no treatment whatever. Some water was brought him, which he poured through his wound and which ran through his body like through a sieve. To this the general attributes his recovery from a wound which would have killed almost any other man.

After an examination of his wound the surgeon coolly told him that he could not possibly recover and that he had better complete at an early moment whatever arrangements he wanted to make preparatory to a voyage across the dark river. But the colonel intimated that he had some faith in his recovery and that he had no arrangements to make just yet. Another surgeon came who succeeded in finding a small dose of morphine. This gave relief, and he was able to sleep for a few hours. During both days of the battle he could hear the rattle of the musketry and the roar of artillery on all parts of the field.

On the afternoon of the third day, when the signal-gun was fired and the artillery opened from both lines, the shock was terrific. It fairly shook the building which he occupied. Then came a lull and after that the rattle of musketry. Just as the sound



GEN. JAMES S. ROBINSON.

ade. The firing was from the right flank and front and was very destructive of human life. His regiment went into action on the morning of the first day's fight with 19 officers and 236 men. It lost all but 2 officers and 89 men. After the death of General Reynolds and other disasters an order was

of musketry died away an officer belonging to General Lee's staff came riding through the town opposite the general's window, evidently carrying orders from General Lee to General Johnson on the left. The rebel provost marshal, who was commanding in the town, occupied the hotel office as his headquarters. He was heard asking Lee's staff officer for the news at the front.

The officer replied: "Glorious! Longstreet is driving the Yankees to h—l." The general says that that was an anxious moment for him. Finally the roar of battle entirely ceased and only an occasional shot was heard along the line. Just then a captain on Lee's staff came riding down with orders to Johnson, probably countermanding the previous order. The rebel provost marshal again asked the staff officer for the news at the front. He said: "Bad enough. Longstreet has been repulsed, with terrible slaughter, and everything is going to the rear in utter confusion."

Those were words of good cheer to the old soldier. He called to a soldier who had remained with him to come forth from his hiding-place and requested him to open the back shutters of the house and raise him up and let him look over the battle-field. He saw great confusion in Lee's lines. Ambulances, caissons and ammunition wagons were going to the rear in great confusion. The retreat continued all night long.

As he lay there wounded, seeing the panic and confusion that had seized Lee's troops, he longed to get word to Meade that he might pursue. Meade had 16,000 fresh troops, and had he done so he has always felt that then and there the rebellion would have ended.

About daybreak, on the morning of the 4th, he heard the welcome voices of his own regiment, as they came marching through the town, calling upon some rebel soldiers who had taken refuge in a barn to surrender.

We again visited Kenton Wednesday, September 11, 1889. This was Pioneer Day on the County Fair grounds, a memorable occasion, the dedication of the pioneer cabin, which had just been completed, to commemorate the virtues of the fathers and mothers who had laid the foundations in the wilderness of Hardin. Among the multitude who poured in from the country were many who had brought the old-time tools and implements and placed them in the cabin, as spinning-wheels, flax-boards, Dutch ovens, tables, chairs, reels, knives, forks, spoons, pewter and wooden utensils, guns, cabin-lamps, etc., that had done grand service in the olden time, even as far back, perhaps, as the days of Lexington, for there were some old flint-lock guns that must have flashed their light in or near that dim remote. Indeed, even in the present sense, it was a dim remote, as shown by the specimens of the cabin-lamps, for the pioneers must have had the vision of bats to have seen much by them. They consisted simply as receptacles for a lump of grease, with a rag laid in for

a wick. These were either shoved into crevices between the logs of the cabin or, if they were extra splendid, they were hung by a wire. Our engraving is from one of this



A LOG-CABIN LAMP.

splendid kind, brought on to the ground by Mr. John P. Richards, a pioneer from Buck township, which came from his father, who used it in New Hampshire about a century back. Its material is brass, and it is black with age and use. To our vision, having tried it, we discover that it has a decided advantage over a respectable-sized lightning-bug—that is, the light is more steady.

The exercises consisted mainly of speeches by Gen. Gibson, Col. Cessna, Henry Howe, etc.; singing by the Old Foggy singers, of Logan county, winding up with grateful resolutions by the committee of the whole to Col. W. T. Cessna, president, and Dr. A. W. Munson, secretary, of the Pioneer Association, for their services in bringing the building of the cabin to such a happy conclusion, wherein about every log was the gift of some one family who had hauled it on to the ground as their especial pet log, in some cases miles away, from the "dim remote" of their tree lands. The Old Foggy singers were a most attractive feature, in the quaint costumes of the olden time, with their hair smoothly parted in the middle, with not even a solitary "bang" to molest the dome of thought. Then their old hymns and fuging tunes reminded of one especial fugue that was sung in the ancient days wherein the treble and alto would start out and sing:

"Oh! for a man; Oh! for a man; Oh! for a mansion in the skies."

And then the tenors and basses reply

"Bring down sal;—bring down sal;—bring down salvation from above."

The Old Stage Driver.—Among the old pioneers present at the dedication was Harvey Buckminster, born in 1800, the last year of the last century, whose unusual experience has thus been often related, and should have this permanent record. He was a Vermonter, and came to Ohio in 1828, when 28 years old, first settling on the Sandusky plains, where, in the person of Miss Abigail Brown, he obtained a good wife and made many friends among the Indians. He borrowed money—three dollars—to pay for his marriage license, and mauled 1,200 rails at twenty-five cents a hundred, to pay it back. During the summer after he was married he engaged to mow the meadow of a neighbor who lived five miles away, and walked there and back daily, receiving as compensation for each day's work six pounds of pickled pork, then worth about four cents a pound. He then engaged in driving stage on the deep muddy roads through dense forests between Bellefontaine and Upper Sandusky, the home of the Wyandots, in the night season, when it was often so dark that he could not see the wheel-horses, when he would be compelled to carry a lantern, and with a pole pry out the stage coach from the deep holes or over stumps in

the road. He followed this occupation for six years, and eventually bought a tract of woodland and cleared it at a place called Grassy Point, now in Hale. There he opened a house of entertainment in a primitive style for travellers on the road. The Shawnees and Wyandots were quite numerous, and he was often visited by them, and became on friendly terms with their leading men. For thirteen winters he bought furs for the Northwestern Fur Company in northwestern Ohio and Michigan, paying out some \$5,000 annually to the Indians and white hunters, by which he secured a competency.

He used to relate this incident, which occurred under his observation, in one of his trips to Sandusky. A young Indian having been found guilty of killing another Indian by a council of the Wyandots, was sentenced to be shot. The culprit was taken to his place of execution, pinioned, blindfolded and made to kneel by his coffin, when five young men—Wyandots—being supplied with rifles, four of which only were loaded with balls, at the word "fire," simultaneously discharged their pieces, when four balls entered close together the breast of the unfortunate young man. The wife of the doomed man was present at the execution. She was at the time with child, and when it was born there were four distinct red marks of the bullet-holes, and the appearance of blood trickling down from them on the breast of the child.



OHIO NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

ADA is fourteen miles northwest of Kenton, sixty south of Toledo, on the line of the P. Ft. Wayne & C. Railroad. It derives its main interest from being an educational point. It was laid out in 1853, and was called Johnstown until incorporated in 1861. It is the seat of the Ohio Normal University, the largest institution of the kind in the State, and which has been recognized by the government by its sending an army officer and ordnance to give instruction in military tactics. It has thirty instructors, male and female; H. S. Lehr, president. Its enrolment of pupils for 1889 was 2,473, many for brief courses. The town is lighted by electricity and the fuel used is natural gas. Newspapers: *Record*, neutral, Agnew Welsh, editor and proprietor; *University Herald*, college, *Herald* Company, publishers; *One Principle*, religious, Rev. J. M. Atwater, publisher;

Holiness Conservator, religious, Revs. Rowley and Rice, publishers. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Wesleyan Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Evangelical Lutheran, one Baptist, one Catholic, one United Brethren, one Reformed and one Disciples. Bank: Citizen's, P. Ahlefeld, proprietor. Population in 1880, 1,760. School census in 1886, 763; Alexander Comrie, superintendent.

FOREST is twelve miles northeast of Kenton, at the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and I. B. & W. Railroads. It is surrounded by a fine grain and fruit producing country. Its principal manufactures are lumber, tile, brick and handles. City Officers, 1888: Matthew Briggs, Mayor; Fred. Hune, Marshal; W. P. Bowman, Clerk; J. F. Nye, Treasurer; J. L. Woodward, Street Commissioner.

Newspapers: *Review*, Independent; Harvey S. Horn, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Methodist Episcopal. Bank: Nye's (John F. Nye), J. F. Nye, cashier. School census in 1886, 413; C. F. Zimmerman, Superintendent. Population in 1880, 987.

MR. VICTORY is in the southeastern part of the county, on the line of the C. C. C. & I. Railroad. It is surrounded by a fine farming and grazing country. It has one newspaper, *Observer*, Independent, E. E. Lynch, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Wesleyan Methodist. Principal industries are M. E. Burke & Co., flouring mill, and Boyd Bros.' handle factory. Population in 1880, 574.

DUNKIRK is an incorporated town on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., twenty-six miles east of Lima and ten miles north of Kenton. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 Wesleyan Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Adventist, 1 African Baptist. Newspaper: *Standard*, Independent, O. Owen, editor. Bank: Woodruff's, John Woodruff, president; A. B. Woodruff, cashier. City Officers: D. F. Fryer, Mayor; Calvin Gum, Marshal; Gage Helms, Clerk; J. M. Hutchinson, Treasurer; Jacob Rinehart, Street Commissioner. The surrounding country is very productive, and all kinds of grain are raised in abundance. Population in 1880, 1,131. School census, 1888, 431. H. B. Williams, Superintendent of Schools.

PATTERSON is ten miles northeast of Kenton, on the I. B. & W. R. R. School census, 1888, 141.

RIDGEWAY is on the C. C. C. & I. R. R., ten miles south of Kenton. School census, 1888, 83.

ROUNDHEAD, a hamlet in the southwest corner of the county, was named from Roundhead, a Wyandot chief, who had a village there. Major Galloway, who visited it about the year 1800, stated that there were then quite a number of apple trees in the village, and that the Indians raised many swine. Roundhead, whose Indian name was Stiahta, was a fine-looking man. He had a brother named John Battise, of great size and personal strength. His nose, which was enormous, resembled in hue a blue potatoe, was full of indentations, and when he laughed it shook like jelly. These Indians joined the British in the late war, and Battise was killed at Fort Meigs.

HARRISON.

HARRISON COUNTY was formed January 1, 1814, from Jefferson and Tuscarawas, and named from Gen. Wm. H. Harrison. It is generally very hilly; these hills are usually beautifully curving and highly cultivated. The soil is clayey, in which coal and limestone abound. It is one of the greatest wool-growing counties in the Union, having in 1847, 102,971 sheep, and in 1887, 137,891.

Area about 320 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 53,153; in pasture, 122,743; woodland, 34,105; lying waste, 489; produced in wheat, 198,991 bushels; rye, 1,465; buckwheat, 346; oats, 196,930; barley, 575; corn, 517,601; broom corn, 1,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 62,708 tons; clover hay, 1,050; potatoes, 33,324 bushels; butter, 415,440 lbs.; cheese, 10,000; sorghum, 2,645 gallons; maple syrup, 2,851; honey, 14,559 lbs.; eggs, 414,588 dozen; grapes, 8,900 lbs.; wine, 90 gallons; sweet potatoes, 141 bushels; apples, 18,558; peaches, 8,199; pears, 1,305; wool, 826,386 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,993. School census, 1888, 6,529; teachers, 181. Miles of railroad track, 55.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Archer,	1,009	785	Moorefield,	1,344	1,075
Athens,	1,435	1,221	North,	1,090	1,410
Cadiz,	2,386	3,116	Nottingham,	1,368	964
Franklin,	941	1,216	Rumley,	1,027	1,261
Freeport,	1,294	1,319	Short Creek,	2,023	1,831
German,	1,349	1,311	Stock,	826	713
Greene,	1,465	1,659	Washington,	1,004	1,211
Monroe,	896	1,364			

Population in Harrison in 1820 was 14,345; in 1830, 20,920; 1840, 20,099; 1860, 19,110; 1880, 20,456, of whom 18,272 were born in Ohio; 915 in Pennsylvania; 341 in Virginia; 54 in New York; 46 in Indiana; 17 in Kentucky; 230 in Ireland; 104 in England and Wales; 30 in German Empire; 10 in Scotland; 8 in British America, and 3 in France.

In April, 1799, Alex. Henderson and family, from Washington county, Pennsylvania, squatted on the southwest quarter of the section on which Cadiz stands; at this time Daniel Peterson resided at the forks of Short Creek, with his family, the only one within the present limits of Harrison. In 1800, emigrants, principally from Western Pennsylvania, began to cross the Ohio river; and in the course of five or six years there had settled within the county the following-named persons, with their families, viz.:

John Craig, John Taggart, John Jamison, John M'Fadden, John Kernahan, John Huff, John Maholm, John Wallace, John Lyons, Rev. John Rea, Daniel Welch, William Moore, Jas. Black, Samuel Dunlap, James Arnold, Joseph and Samuel M'Fadden, Samuel Gilmore, James Finney, Thos. and Robt. Vincent, Robert Braden, Jas. Wilkin, Samuel and George Kernahan, Thos. Dickerson, Joseph Holmes, James Hanna, Joseph, William and Eleazer Huff, Baldwin Parsons, James Haverfield, Robert Cochran, Samuel Maholm, Hugh Teas, Jos. Clark, Morris West, Jacob Sheplar, Martin Snider, Samuel Osborn, Samuel Smith, and perhaps others, besides those in Cadiz and on Short Creek; Thomas Taylor, John Ross, Thomas Hitchcock, Arthur and Thomas Barrett, Robert and Thomas Maxwell, Absalom Kent, John Pugh, Michael Waxler, Wm. M'Clary, Joseph, Joel and William Johnson, George Layport, William Ingles, Thomas Wilson, and perhaps others on Stillwater; John M'Connell, George Brown, John Love, William and Robert M'Cullough, Brokaw and others, on Wheeling creek.

Robert Maxwell, William and Joseph Huff and Michael Maxler were great

hunters, and the three former had been Indian spies, and had many perilous adventures with the Indians. On one occasion, after peace, an Indian boasted, in the presence of Wm. Huff and others, that he had scalped so many whites. Towards evening, the Indian left for his wigwam, but never reached it. Being, shortly after, found killed, some inquiry was made as to the probable cause of his death, when Huff observed, that he had seen him the last time, sitting on a log, smoking his pipe; that he was looking at him and reflecting what he had said about scalping white people, when suddenly his pipe fell from his mouth, and he, Huff, turned away, and had not again seen him until found dead.

Beside frequent trouble with the Indians, the first settlers were much annoyed by wild animals. On one occasion, two sons of George Layport having trapped a wolf, skinned it alive, turned it loose, and a few days after it was found dead.

One mile west of the east boundary line of Harrison county, there was founded, in 1805, a Presbyterian church, called "Beach Spring," of which Rev. John Rea was for more than forty years the stated pastor. Their beginning was small; a log-cabin, of not more than 20 feet square, was sufficient to contain all the members and all that attended with them. Their log-cabin being burnt down by accident, a large house, sufficient to contain a thousand worshippers, was raised in its room, and from fifty communing members they increased in a short time to nearly 400, and became at one period the largest Presbyterian church in the State.—*Old Edition.*

Cadiz in 1846.—Cadiz, the county-seat, is a remarkably well-built and city-like town, 4 miles southeasterly from the centre of the county, 115 easterly from Columbus, 24 westerly from Steubenville, and 24 northerly from Wheeling. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Associate (Seceder), and 1 Associate Reformed Church. It also contains 2 printing presses, 12 dry-goods, 7 grocery and 2 drug stores, and had, in 1840, 1,028 inhabitants.

Cadiz was laid out in 1803 or '4, by Messrs. Biggs and Beatty. Its site was then, like most of the surrounding country, a forest, and its location was induced by the junction there of the road from Pittsburg, by Steubenville, with the road from Washington, Pa., by Wellsburg, Va., from where the two united, passed by Cambridge to Zanesville; and previous to the construction of the national road through Ohio, was travelled more, perhaps, than any other road northwest of the Ohio river. In April, 1807, it contained the following named persons, with their families: Jacob Arnold, innkeeper; Andrew M'Neeley, hatter and justice of the peace; Joseph Harris, merchant; John Jamison, tanner; John M'Crea, wheelwright; Robt. Wilkin, brickmaker; Connell Abdill, shoemaker; Jacob Myers, carpenter; John Pritchard, blacksmith; Nathan Adams, tailor; James Simpson, reed-maker; Wm. Tingley, school-teacher, and old granny Young, midwife and baker, who was subsequently elected (by the citizens of the township, in a fit of hilarity) to the office of justice of the peace; but females not being eligible to office in Ohio, the old lady was obliged to forego the pleasure of serving her constituents.

The first celebration of independence in Cadiz was on the 4th of July, 1806, when the people generally, of the town and country for miles around, attended and partook of a fine repast of venison, wild turkey, bear meat, and such vegetables as the country afforded; while for a drink, rye whiskey was used. There was much hilarity and good feeling, for at this time men were supported for office from their fitness, rather than from political sentiments.

About one and a half miles west of Cadiz, on the northern peak of a high sandy ridge, are the remains of what is called the "*standing stone*," from which a branch of Stillwater derived its name. The owner of the land has quarried off its top some eight feet. It is sandstone, and was originally from sixteen to eighteen feet high, about fifty feet around its base, and tapered from midway up to a cone-like top, being only about twenty feet around near its summit. It is said to have been a place of great resort by the Indians, and its origin has been a subject of specu-

lation with many people. It is, however, what geologists term a *boulder*, and was brought to its present position from, perhaps, a thousand miles north, embedded in a huge mass of ice, in some great convulsion of nature, ages since.—*Old Edition.*

CADIZ, county-seat of Harrison, 125 miles northeast of Columbus, is on the Cadiz branch of the P. C. & St. L. Railroad. County Officers in 1888: Auditor, George A. Crew; Clerk, Martin J. McCoy; Commissioners, M. B. Frebaugh, Robert B. Moore, Andrew Smith; Coroner, Charles McKean; Infirmary Directors, John B. Beadle, John Barclay, John W. McDivitt; Probate Judge, Amon Lemmon; Prosecuting Attorney, Walter G. Shotwell; Recorder, Albert B. Hines; Sheriff, Albert B. Quigley; Surveyor, Jacob Jarvis; Treasurer, Samuel A. Moore. City Officers in 1888: A. W. Scott, Mayor; W. H. Lucas, Clerk; William McConnell, Treasurer; Walter Whitmore, Marshal; John C. Bayless, Chief of Police.

Newspapers: *Flambeau*, Prohibitionist, C. B. Davis, editor and publisher; *Republican*, Republican, W. B. Hearn, editor and publisher; *Sentinel*, Democratic, W. H. Arnold, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Farmers' and Mechanics' National, Melford J. Brown, president; C. O. F. Brown, cashier; First National, D. B. Welch, president; I. C. Moore, cashier; Harrison National, D. Cunningham, president; John M. Sharon, cashier; Robert Lyons, Richard Lyons, cashier. Population, 1880, 1817. School census, 1888, 592; O. C. Williams, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$20,000. Value of annual product, \$28,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Came last evening (June 7) from Steubenville by the P. C. & St. L. R. R., and thence by a short line of railroad eight miles to Cadiz, which I found much as I left it in the last days of February, 1847. The old county buildings looked as of yore. They were the last things I had sketched in Ohio on my tour of 1846-1847, and two days later I was in a stage-coach going over the mountains on my way home. I am told Cadiz has a large proportion of colored people; on the cars were some finely dressed people of color. The place it is claimed contains more wealth than any other of its size in the State. The banking capital is especially large. Here reside families who having accumulated fortunes from prosperous farming, largely wool-growing, and tired of the isolation of farm-life make it their permanent home. Among its good things is a public library of 4,000 volumes, which speaks well for the character of its population, and especially so for Mrs. Chauncey Dewey, its founder.

Eminent Characters.—Cadiz is on a hill, as it should be, for it has been the home of some eminent characters. BISHOP SIMPSON, whom Abraham Lincoln said was the most eloquent orator he ever heard, was born here. SECRETARY STANTON began his law practice in Cadiz, and it has been long the residence of JOHN A. BINGHAM, the silver-tongued orator of national fame. PROF. DAVID CHRISTIE, author of "Pulpit Politics" and "Cotton is King," was born in this county, edited a paper here, the *Standard*, and afterwards was a professor at Oxford. He and Simpson in their younger days were great

friends, and vied with each other in the writing of acrostics. I knew Christie in the anti-bellum days—a somewhat tall, large man. He had shaved his beard and dyed his hair, and he told me, because, in the eyes of the public, a man had about outlived his usefulness if he showed signs of getting "snowed up." Judge John Welch (see p. 275) is also a native of this county.

Mr. Bingham has recently returned from Japan, where he has been twelve years our ambassador. I called upon him at his residence early this morning, a plain, square brick house with a hall running through the centre. He personally answered my ring, and I made an appointment to meet him again in the afternoon. But we stood on the porch and talked some time. He is seventy-one years of age, a rather large gentleman, a blonde, with mild, blue eye and kindly face—an elegant, easy talker, scattering unpromediated poetical similes through his speech. To illustrate, I had passed some compliments upon the beauty of the country around, whereupon he replied:

"MR. HOWE: if you can sketch for your book the hills which girdle this village and the fields of green and primeval forests, all seen under your eye from my door, you will have a picture of quiet beauty scarcely surpassed anywhere, certainly not in any part of this great country of ours, so far as I have seen, and I have seen much the greater part, nor in that foreign land, Japan, the 'Land of the Morning,' famed for its landscapes."



BISHOP SIMPSON.



JOHN A. BINGHAM.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

COUNTY BUILDINGS, CADIZ.

Thinking that this speech of beauty about Cadiz from this eminent man should be preserved for the gratification of its people after he had passed away, I wrote it from memory and presented it for his inspection on my second call, when he went on to thus comment: "The Japanese had called Japan the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' but the expression 'Land of the Morning' I believe is original with me. We cannot tell from whence thoughts come. They drop from the brain like rain from heaven. I used the expression in a speech I made at Yokohama in the fall of 1873, which was reported by an English gentleman, Mr. Dixon, and printed both in Japanese and English. Five years later Mr. Dixon published a work upon Japan and entitled it 'The Land of the Morning.' The expression pleased the Japanese, and now it stands for all time."

He thought he could improve his little speech to me, and at my request, after some reflection, thus wrote in my note-book:

"DEAR MR. HOWE:

"The hills and primeval forest and green fields which girdle this village make a picture of quiet beauty which, I think, is scarcely surpassed in any part of our country which I have seen, or in Japan, the Land of the Morning."

"JNO. A. BINGHAM.

"CADIZ, OHIO, JUNE 8, 1886."

I give both for the benefit of the young, to illustrate the respective qualities of amplification and terseness in composition.

Animal Intelligence.—I now return to an incident in my morning call. As we stood at the door, in the mild rays of the early sun, two house-dogs came up to welcome me, Jack and Jake. Jack was a smart little black-and-tan, and observing my evident pleasure in their approach, Mr. Bingham said: "He has made the half circuit of the globe. I brought him from Japan, but he is a native of London; his ancestry known way back to the time of Queen Anne. The other dog, Jake, is a Newfoundland, with a cross of the St. Bernard. As for him," and he said it with evident pride at the thought, "he is a native of this great State." Then he continued: "It was a mystery to me how he got into the yard when the gate was closed, it swinging outward, and asking my little grandson, he replied, 'Why, grandpapa, don't you know there is a knot-hole near the bottom; he puts his nose in that and backs with it.' 'Then how does he get out?' 'Oh, he pushes!'" I might have told him, if I could have foreseen the fact, that one day I was to own a dog that would open a door with a latch or one with a knob—the first by striking, the other by placing his paws on each side of the knob and rubbing. And he is yet living, answering to the name of Black Ear, but we do not consider him as extra intelligent—that is, for a dog.

The intellects and passions of our animals, as far as they go, I believe, are identical with

our own; and it is certainly enlarging to us to study their qualities and be pleased with their joys. And as for the insect world, we are of those who can stoop down and watch with solid satisfaction a procession of ants, bringing up huge stones from out their underground habitations.

Furthermore, if one could not come into this world as a human being but could as an ant, he should be advised to embrace the opportunity, as thereby he could act as a teacher, illustrating, as an ant certainly does, the good effects of systematic industry which, in the case of the ant, seems cheering. For if not, after having deposited his stone, why should he hurry back, fast as his little legs can carry him, for another?

An Old Contributor.—I called to-day upon Mr. W. H. Arnold, editor of the *Sentinel*, who remembered my former visit; his age at the time six years. His father, Mr. William Arnold, who died in 1874, aged seventy-six, contributed about all the historical material for my article on Harrison county. He was a native of Fayette county, Pa.; came here at the age of twelve; was justice of the peace thirty-three years, during which time he married 300 couples. In the war of 1812 all his brothers were in the army, and he, being too young for service, made gunpowder for the soldiers during every winter of the war. Powder was then very scarce, and as the government seized it wherever they could find it, and he could get a higher price for it in Steubenville, he took it there and sold it. The hut where he made it was about half a mile north of the town. He was a remarkably fine rifle-shot; one moonlight night he shot eleven wild turkeys near his powder-mill.

Bishop Simpson's Early Days.—On inquiry, I learn that the house in which Bishop Simpson was born (June 20, 1811) stood on the site of the National Bank. He derived his name, Matthew, from his bachelor uncle, Matthew Simpson. He was a State Senator for many years, and by profession a school-teacher and a man of superior acquirements; a walking encyclopædia; unprepossessing in appearance; small head and body. He lived to a great age, dying somewhere in the nineties. To eke out a living he manufactured reeds for the old hand-loom for home-made linen and jeans, and sold them to the country people, who wore homespun. The Bishop's father died when he was two years of age, and his uncle became his foster-father and took great interest in the lad. To his care the Bishop got his intellectual bent.

An old citizen, Mr. H. S. McFadden, says to me: "The Bishop was an awkward, gawky, barefooted boy, and, when about seventeen, so shy that he was afraid of society, and so miserable in health that it was supposed he would soon perish of consumption; tall of his age and round-shouldered. He wrote acrostics for the *Harrison Telegraph*, and was fond of visiting the printing-office. The people here were astonished at his success in life."

The Itinerant's Nest.—On a corner near the

border of the village I was pointed out a long, low, old cottage, in which Bishop Simpson passed many of his boyhood days. It was then the home of William Tingley, his mother's brother, a man of note in his day. He was for forty years clerk of court, was prosperous, had excellent sense, and some sheep-raising man—it must have been—told me he was in his day the "bellwether" of the Methodist church here.

The sight of an old time weather-beaten structure like this, brown as a rat too, is always picturesque. This was particularly so, from its associations; attached to it and facing the street was another cottage of a single room in front, overgrown with vines. This the good man built solely for the accommodation of travelling Methodist ministers, a nest for itinerants. As I entered it, I felt, from its peculiar moral associations, I was more blessed than to have entered a palace. Here many a brother in Israel, in the olden time, after ambling for many a weary mile through the wilderness on his little nag, often eating parched corn for his sustenance, and preaching the same old sermon a thousand times, has looked forward to this little nest provided for him by Brother Tingley as one of the choice havens, where he could rest under the protecting wings of a brother's love, and smoke his pipe in peace.

Comic Anecdotes.—This advent of the itinerants to the cabins of the pioneers, in the lonely wilderness condition of the country, was always a great blessing aside from their especial mission as spiritual messengers. They were eminently a social body of men,

and were welcomed with a hospitality that knew no bounds. Of course they had bouncing appetites. Their outdoor lives insured that, especially with their occasional fasts, when lost or belated in the wilderness. To feed them well was the pride of the log-cabin dwellers; whenever they tarried forays were invariably made upon the poultry. So certain was this that the term "chicken-eaters" was often applied to the circuit riders. Many comical anecdotes were told in this regard, and none enjoyed them better than the circuit riders themselves.

One of them, whom one may call Brother Brannen, as the story goes, who used to amble on his nag through Eastern Ohio, early in the century, was especially favored with gastronomic powers. His voice and person were huge as his appetite, and he seemed proud of his eating capacity. He used to say that "a turkey was an unhandy bird—rather too much for one person and not quite enough for two." On an occasion he stopped at the cabin of a widow, who was of course all agree to give him the best she had. After a little the good brother, going out to attend to his nag, was attracted by the sound of a child crying, and tracing his way by it found the widow's son, and he perhaps her only son, seated behind a corn-crib with a chicken under his arm. "What's the matter, sonny?" said he, in tender tones. "I am crying," he replied, "because mother sent me out for this chicken, and what between the hawks and the circuit riders it is the last chicken left on the place."

A WALK AND A SHEEP-TALK.

Last evening, June 9, near sunset, I took a walk with Mr. Stewart B. Shotwell, and ascended Boyle's Hill, half a mile west of the town. As we neared the summit a flock of sheep in their timidity descended the other side. We could see over a large part of Harrison county. Cadiz loomed up pleasantly on a companion hill. Under our eyes was the great dividing ridge, on one side of which the flowing waters descended and made their way into the Tuscarawas, on the other into the Ohio. The view was a succession of rolling grass-carpeted hills interspersed with forests. A warm rain had clothed them in the richest green, on which flocks of sheep were grazing. Down in a little modest valley a train of cars was approaching Cadiz on the short junction railroad. Dwindled by distance and our height, it seemed as a little toy affair, a child's plaything, playing bo-peep as it dodged in and out from behind the hillocks that at times hid it from view. The sky was somewhat overcast and the setting sun was reddening a mass of striated clouds over a scene of pastoral beauty.

Bah!—As we stood there on the very summit enjoying the scene to the full, and talking largely about sheep, there was a pause in our conversation, and we were about to leave, when I was astonished by a loud *Bah!* I then saw what had before escaped my eye. The sheep, which had fled at our approach and got out of sight, had taken courage and again mustered to the number of hundreds in a huge triangular mass on the grassy slope below us. At its very apex, and not sixty feet away, was the bellwether of the flock, all of which had stood in silence looking up at us, and apparently listening to our conversation; and I could not help thinking that this startling *bah!* from the bellwether was expressive of his

contempt at our conversation upon wool. By this time the shadows of evening were settling upon Cadiz, but I could discover nothing Spanish in the air.

Sheep Statistics.—Harrison, by the statistics of 1880, to the square mile leads all other counties in Ohio in the number of sheep and production of wool; the number of sheep was 209,856 and pounds of wool 1,090,393. Licking county, Ohio, which has nearly double its area, exceeded it about one-quarter in sheep, having been 251,989. Venango county, Pa., had 461,120 sheep and produced 2,416,866 pounds of wool. This we believe is the largest sheep-producing county in the Union, while Harrison ranks the third. Ohio is the greatest sheep-producing State. Its number in 1880 was 4,902,486, sheep clip 25,003,756 pounds; next was California, 4,152,349 sheep, clip 16,798,036 pounds; Texas 2,411,633 sheep, clip 6,928,019 pounds; Michigan 2,189,389 sheep, clip 11,858,497 pounds; New Mexico 2,088,831 sheep, clip 4,019,188 pounds. Missouri and Wisconsin next lead each with less than a million and one-half of sheep. The entire number of sheep in the United States exclusive of spring lambs was, in 1880, 42,192,074, or a little less than one sheep to one person.

"Wool," said Mr. Bingham, "is the prime clothing for man. As sheep increase civilization advances." Beside carrying a blessing in the way of warmth and clothing, there is a good moral thought in the fact that wool is the natural outgrowth of an animal divinely chosen as the type of innocence and amiability. "Feed my lambs." And then the care of sheep seems to have a reflex action upon the owners in the character of their visitors and the things they see, as is illustrated by the old hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down, and
glory shone around."

Job, I take it, is an especially interesting character to this people, he owned so many sheep: in the early part of his life 7,000, and in the latter part 14,000, and they tell me he ought to have lived in Harrison county, for the climate is so healthy that he would have escaped at least one of his evils—boils.

Great as were Job's possessions, there are to-day in Australia sheep ranges, the property of single owners, whereupon are raised over 150,000 sheep; 20,000 is but a moderate sized range. Three acres there is generally allowed for a single animal, sometimes ten acres. Sheep are not seen there in flocks, owing to the scant herbage; there sheep consequently are scattered over vast areas, a range for a flock of 200 requiring as much land as an Ohio township. What may seem strange, one may travel over a station whereupon are tens of thousand of sheep, and not have over three or four of the animals in one view in any place.

The great drawback to Australia has been the terrible drouths by which in entire districts the sheep all perish. Of late years this evil has been lessened by the sinking of artesian wells and extensive tree planting, by which the annual rainfall has been increased. The lives of the wool-growers there are desolate from the vast size of their ranges, their nearest neighbor often being fifteen or twenty miles away. In 1888 Australia had about eighty millions of sheep, and the United States about fifty millions, so the former is now the greatest wool-producing country on the globe, we ranking second, South America third and Russia the fourth.

Profits of Sheep-raising.—As our talk upon the sheep industry in Harrison county began on Boyle's Hill, it was finished in Mr. Shotwell's office in the evening, of which I took notes, and here repeat *verbatim*. "I do not know," said he, "a single farmer who has followed for life the growing of sheep, without diversion to other crops, but what has become wealthy. Land pastured by sheep improves year by year from their droppings. The tendency of sheep in summer is to seek the highest point of a hill to get the cool breezes. In winter they also get near the summit, but on the leeward side if there be any wind; the coldest air, being the heaviest, always sinks into the valleys. The result is that the rain distributes their manure from the top to all the lower parts of the field.

"Some years ago the late Judge Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, was riding with me in this region, and inquired, 'Why is it that your hills are all so fertile? Our hill-tops are generally poor soil; our best lands are the valleys.' 'Because,' I replied, 'we raise sheep.' The products of the hill soil—hay, grass, corn, oats, etc.—are of a more nutritive nature than those of the rich bottom lands of the Tuscarawas and Ohio valleys, although the growth is not so rapid. Our experienced farmers therefore pay five cents more a bushel for our hill corn than for that raised elsewhere. This hill land will produce from twenty to forty bushels more to the acre than the alluvial soil. I own valley lands on the Tuscarawas and Stillwater, and I get nearly twice the quantity per acre of corn, grass, etc., from the hills, and the richest of butter and cheese is made from hill grass.

"As I have spoken of the profits of sheep-raising, I will give you some statistics. On a farm of a quarter of a section, 160 acres, 325 sheep can be conveniently pastured. Such a farm would be valued at about \$5,000. The value of such a flock now would be about \$650. With proper care and feeding corn and hay, all of which one man alone could do, the annual clipping would be about seven pounds per sheep; total, 2,275. At 33½ cents, the present price, this gives \$758.33 for the wool. Then the increase of sheep is

double at the end of the year, which, at \$2 each, is \$650. This added to the product of the wool, gives \$1,308 as the annual production of the farm. There is still another item of profit. With a view to avoid over-stocking, the farmers select in the fall their largest, strongest sheep of the older class, and fatten them over winter, and in the spring, after clipping, they are sold East for mutton purposes. About 200, generally wethers, are annually sold on such a farm, at \$5 each, thus enhancing the total profits to \$2,308.

"The more you feed and care for a sheep in the winter, the heavier and better in the staple will be his fleece. Just after the war wool brought as high as \$1.10 per pound. The very old ewes are sold in the fall at fair prices—say \$2 each—are shipped eastward to the neighborhood of the cities, and then sold to a class of farmers who manage to have them drop their lambs early in February, feed the ewes on milk-producing slops, which rapidly fattens and increases the weight of the lambs. These lambs are tender and delicious, and

often bring \$5 each. The ewes are then clipped and slaughtered, the carcass thrown to the hogs, and the pelts turned over to the leather men. The large bank deposits in our town are mostly from the wool-growers of Harrison county.

"The sheep, as his coat shows, belongs to a cold climate; hence he flourishes in the mountain countries of Europe north of the 40° latitude, or in Australia south of the 40° latitude, where it is alike cold."

Sheep-raising in Texas is comparatively a failure. To find there the proper climate, elevation is required, and then grass is scant. On the warm lowlands his wool is not required, and nature allows him to grow hair.

The most certain productive crop in our county is the corn, which averages seventy-five bushels to the acre—have known 120 bushels. The average wheat is twenty-five bushels—have known forty. Oats average from sixty to 100 bushels; hay, one and a half to two tons—often have the heaviest hay on the summit of the hills.

We append to the sheep statistics from Mr. Shotwell, some items from an article, "The American Wool Industry," by E. H. Ammidown, in the *North American Review*, August, 1888.

The American wool-clip amounts to about 300,000,000 pounds per annum, and varying in value from \$75,000,000 to \$95,000,000. It stands sixth in value as an American agricultural product, being surpassed only by corn, hay, wheat, cotton and oats. Our 50,000,000 of sheep are worth over \$2 each, say in all \$100,000,000. If the annual product of mutton for food, and the increase of the flocks, were added to this, it would totalize \$125,000,000. Sheep husbandry is the only great farm industry in which every section of our country shares. The annual gain

from the fertilization of the soil by the droppings of the sheep is estimated to be fully \$50,000,000.

If this industry was abandoned, the decline in value of the sheep-farm lands, comprising 112,000,000 of acres—much of which would be then unused and all deteriorate in fertility—at \$2.50 an acre, would be \$280,000,000. So the advantages of continuing the industry seem imperative to the well-being of the country. We now supply one-sixth part of the wool produced in the world, so far as is statistically known.

REMINISCENCES OF EDWIN M. STANTON.

Edwin M. Stanton, the great war Secretary, had his beginning in Cadiz as a lawyer. The great example of his life was intensity of purpose. Not another member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, not even Mr. Lincoln himself, could perhaps here compare with him. He was a giant in will, with mighty passions to enforce it. To crush out the rebellion at all hazards absorbed his full powers. Governor Morton, in acknowledging on a certain occasion receipt of money from Mr. Stanton, wherein authority was assumed to meet a great patriotic end, wrote him: "If the cause fails, you and I will be covered with prosecutions, and probably imprisoned or driven from the country." To this Stanton replied: "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live." Whatever he undertook he went in to the death. If death was to come, it would be for him no more than for others; he could die but once. His care was in what he engaged, and, as a lawyer, never undertook what he thought was a bad case. The cause succeeded, but his intense labors, under the might of an intense patriotism, killed him as effectually as ever soldier was killed by bullet.

It has been our privilege to make the acquaintance here of Mr. Stewart B. Shotwell, attorney-at-law, who was a student two years in the office with Mr. Stanton. To us, in conversation, he made the following statement:



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886.

PORTRAIT AND BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL G. A. CUSTER.

Stanton I knew intimately. He first studied law in Steubenville with Daniel L. Collier. He came to Cadiz in 1836, and went into partnership with Chauncey Dewey, and remained here until 1840, but the partnership existed until 1842. Dewey was an old lawyer of the Whig persuasion, and shortly after his coming, Stanton was elected prosecuting attorney on the Democratic ticket—an office he held three years.

Dewey was a man of very decided ability, had been educated at Schenectady, a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Nott, was a thoroughly read lawyer, and had especial ability with a jury. Stanton was then but twenty-two years of age, with broad shoulders, but light in person, weighing about 125 pounds, and height five feet eight inches. He was very near-sighted. The people here at first called him "Little Stanton."

He appreciated the ability and skill of his senior partner, at once placed himself under his tutelage, and owed much of his early success to him. He would often say to us, "Well, we are all Dewey's boys." Often, in coming into the office in the morning, Dewey would say, "Stanton, what do you think about this case?" After Stanton had expressed his ideas, Dewey would take pen and put the points as he thought they should be presented, and hand the paper to Stanton, and Stanton invariably followed his guidance: he was his mentor. Mr. Dewey was then forty years of age; he died in 1880, aged eighty-four.

Stanton was very methodical, kept his papers and office in perfect order, and his industry was marvellous. He would read law sixteen hours a day and keep it up ever. I never saw a man with such capacity for work. I have known him to work all day in court and until nine o'clock at night, trying cases and then filing them. Then he would get into his buggy, ride to Steubenville for some paper or authority bearing on the case, be back at court-time next morning, after riding a distance of fifty miles, and work all day fresh as ever. He was physically compact; put up exactly for the labor a lawyer has to endure.

Ordinarily he cared nothing for society of women, but he was exceedingly attached to his first wife. When she died he shut himself in his room and spent days in grief. Then seeing it was breaking him down, he rallied and plunged into business.

He seemingly was of a cold nature; never any gush. He was thoroughly upright; and if he had an important case he would make full preparation to win, even eating in reference to it, so as to have full possession of his powers. He was temperate; but sometimes, if he had a tight place to go through, would take a little stimulus. He spoke with ease, voice on a high key, and monotonous in manner, but strong and combative, hanging on with a bull-dog like tenacity, brow-beating and ridiculing witnesses. He did not care if the whole public was against him. He would face them all, and feel he was their master.

I once heard this anecdote, which illustrates how everything had to bend to his main purpose. He had travelled into the then wilderness of Illinois, in pursuit of evidence in an important case, when, in a cabin where he had put up for the night, he found the family were originally from Steubenville and neighbors, living within a square of him. They had known him in his child days; he had been playmate with their son, but he had outgrown their recollections. Any other man, in the glow of feeling consequent upon such a discovery, would have made himself known, but he refrained, from the thought that it might in some way militate against his success in the main object of his journey, if it should be known he was in the country, and so left as he came—an entire stranger.

Ordinarily men would wilt under his denunciations; sometimes feel like retorting with physical violence. He knew this, and sometimes, when the court adjourned, asked the sheriff to take his arm and accompany him to his office, as I believed for protection. This was not from cowardice, but because he felt it was wise to avoid a physical combat. He stood in awe of no human being. Every man was alike so far as that was concerned. His moral courage was immense. His likes and dislikes were very strong, and with his especial friends he was exceeding social and courteous. He was profound in legal principles, a safe lawyer in a good case; but if he thought a case was desperate, would not go into court. The stories of his rough language to the people who came to the war-office are true. Simon Cameron, his predecessor, when he sent for Gen. McClellan, would wait for hours; when Stanton summoned him there was no delay.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF A HERO.

After Cadiz, my next objective point was New Rumley, a hamlet high on the hills, three miles northeasterly from Scio, at which last I arrived by the cars about noon. New Rumley is a spot of historic interest, for here was born, Dec. 5, 1839, Gen. Geo. A. Custer, the famed cavalry leader of the war. I wished to sketch his birthplace and learn of his beginnings. I had scarcely got off the cars at Scio, and was standing on a narrow platform running from the depot on a line by the railroad track, when a young man at my side cried, "Look out!"

It was the Pittsburg and St. Louis express coming at forty or fifty miles an hour, and close on to us. In a twinkling I saw an object coming for me, end over end. I gave a spring and as it came threw my entire weight on my right leg, and as it passed it struck the other a stinging but glancing blow on the inner side. Then I saw it was the Scio mail-bag.

I limped up to the village tavern, dined and then found a farmer who was going within two miles of New Rumley, and would take me in his wagon there for a consideration. I got in, we turned round a little hill, left Scio behind, and went up the valley of Alder creek, Thursday, 1 P. M., June 11, 1886. My companion was a little man with black hair and little black beads of eyes set back far in his head, his face thin and shrivelled, and, what is rare for a farmer, he wore glasses. He said his age was forty-three years, his name G. M. Toussaint and that he and Gen. Pierre Gustavus Toussaint Beauregard, of the Confederate army, were second cousins, their grandfathers having been brothers. It enhanced my interest in him to thus learn he was of French Huguenot stock, for I have a sprinkling of the same blood in my veins.

A Ride with a Farmer.—The wagon we were in was on springs, drawn by two mares, each having a little colt trotting lithe and pretty by its side, so we counted in all six, two of a kind, two men, two mares and two colts. He was anxious to know my business; thought I had something to sell. Upon telling him, he said his wife went to school with Custer. He was quite a dressy young man, and when he came home on furlough from West Point, brought home among other things full twenty pair of cadet's white pantaloons for his folks to wash. My companion was a horse-fancier, and bragged about his horses; they were of an honored ancestry, and he went on to give their pedigree. On naming over their ancestors, he was astonished that I had never heard of them; he doubtless would have been more astonished if I had told him what was a fact, that in my entire life I had never put a horse in a carriage, nor had buckled on a curry-comb. The colts as I looked down upon their petite, graceful-rounded forms, each trotting by the side of its mother, looked very sweetly. I asked him about how much each would weigh. He replied two hundred pounds. I could scarcely believe this until he told me he had failed only a few days before in an effort to carry one of them into his barn.

A Bit of Natural History.—The valley we were passing up was perhaps a third of a mile wide, with bounding hills of some two hundred feet high. We passed some sheep grazing. At one place they stood still and in silence in a ring, perhaps fifty of them, their heads down to the ground and noses together; their bodies ranged like the spokes of a wheel from a centre. I inquired, "What is that for?" There had been a slight shower, and the sun had come out warm. "The flies bother them, stinging their noses," he said. In the fence-corners were other sheep and their noses were also to the ground. I subsequently learned it was an instinct of nature. There is a peculiar fly, the *Oestrus ovis*, which crawls into the nostrils of a sheep and deposits an egg. This hatches a worm

which makes its way into the brain and invariably kills the sheep. From this doubtless originated the expression as applied to a human being, "He has got a maggot in his head."

Everything that has life, man, animal or vegetable, appears to receive injury from some other life. The innocent sheep are not the only victims to the winged enemies. Late in the summer there is a large fly, the *Oestrus bovis*, large as a bumble-bee, which annoys cattle, punctures the skin and deposits an egg along the spine. Under the spring sun that egg develops into a grub with an ugly black head, and makes his way out of the hole to the infinite annoyance of the animal. The grub is thus occupied for weeks, while the itching at times is so intolerable that the animal runs around the field with tail out, perfectly frantic. Then the common expression among the farmers is that it has "the warbles." Often twenty or thirty grubs will at once make their way out. When an animal has largely been infected with the pests, it injures the hide for the purpose of leather.

Having come out, the grub goes into the ground and after a little he puts on wings—they are not angel wings—and some day he starts on his aerial flight, becomes the great ugly fly we have described, to follow the same egg-hatching, egg-depositing business of his illustrious ancestors. The fly from which the horse gets into his greatest trouble is the *Oestrus equi*. He often alights on the front of the horse, where stinging him the animal nips at, catches and swallows the fly. That is just what the fly was after—to be swallowed. Housed in the stomach of the horse, he then proceeds about his business, to lay eggs. These hatch grubs sometimes to the number of a hundred or more, which attach themselves to the coats of his stomach and feed thereon and often to the death of the horse. This affliction is called "*the bots*."

Friend Toussaint opened upon another topic dear to his heart—*religion*. A neighbor of his was far gone in consumption; notwithstanding, seemed as worldly-minded as ever.

"I told him," said he, "he ought not to be thinking about driving sharp trades—that he ought to go and get religion, for in a few weeks probably, he would have to meet his God. For ought he knew, it might be no more than two weeks." Then he dwelt upon the influence of religion here on earth, illustrating it by the story of a travelling man he once read of, who stopped at a strange house in a wild, lonely spot, and he didn't like the looks of the people, was on a sort of tremble; was afraid he might be robbed and murdered in his sleep. But when bed-time came, his ferocious-looking host opened a little cupboard, took out a book and said, "Let us pray," whereupon a load was lifted from the heart of the travelling man, and he slept that night "like a top." Thus my friend with interesting talk upon horses, sheep, Custer and religion, beguiled the way.

New Rumley appears.—A mile or more before reaching New Rumley I saw in the far distance, on the top of a very high hill, a cluster of trees, roof tops, and a church spire, and that my companion pointed out as New Rumley. I looked at it with intense interest, the birthplace of a hero; ached to be there. When we had ascended nearly to the top of the hill, the horses rested for a few moments, while the colts kneeled down each beside its respective mother, and rested also, while I made notes. Another short pull up hill, then a sudden turn to the right, and we were in New Rumley. The first objects at its entrance I found to be two churches, just alike, facing each other as sentinels, on opposite sides of the road. They were freshly painted, and white as snow. It was pleasant thus to have the gospel greet one at the very threshold of the place. I couldn't help thinking so, but the huge white forms, spread out to the right and left of me so broodingly, somehow made me think of angels' wings, ready to bear people up to heaven. On one side of the street it was done after the manner of the Methodist brethren, and on the other of what they speak of abridgingly as the "You Bees,"—and spell out "United Brethren."

New Rumley is little more than a name—a hamlet set on a hill—a single street with a single store, that of T. H. Cunningham, and a few scattered dwellings, of which only three or four can be seen at one view. The highest part is where they put the angels' wings, and the birthplace of him whom Sitting Bull called the "Yellow Hair." From thence the street descended; there was a sort of hollow spot in the way ground and then it ascended in a lesser wave, and where its farther course was hidden by trees. Where

it went then I know not, only I was told the followers of Martin Luther had a sanctuary somewhere there. I went into the store, a little room, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Cunningham, an elderly person. Some barefooted boys seeing me, a stranger, go in, entered and stood in silence listening. Where they came from I don't know, but men and women lived together around in little, half-concealed cottages, and where that happens, boys and girls will spring up fresh and healthy as daisies in an old cow-pasture. I inquired if there was a General Custer growing up among them; got no reply. The boys seemed to think with the poet

"*Das Schweigen ist ihr bester Herold.*"

That is—"Silence is golden."

Custer's birthplace in the early part of this century, 1820, was a log tavern, kept by one Andrew Thompson. It was clapboarded fifty years ago. It is brown, going to decay, some clapboards off, and others hanging by a single nail. Locust trees stand before it; their fragile leaves tremble in the softest zephyrs. I borrowed a backless chair and drew the pretty scene shown, with the conical spire of the "You Bees" in the distance.

Having made the sketch, I went to the house. Some women were sitting in the front room, sewing and chatting, passing away their lives in simplicity and comfort apparently, with little possessions and little cares. They were simply clad. There was no bric-à-brac about to dust, no card basket for calling visitors. No splendid equipage with liveried footman and gaily attired visitors had ever called to inspire jealousy and create heart-aches up to that door, but the air was pure, and on June days it oft came in laden with the fragrance of new-mown hay.

The place seemed as the top of the world, and the eye possessions of its inhabitants vast. From it to the west I could look down the pretty valley through which I had come with friend Toussaint of pious frame and sprightly colts, and then all around met my eye a leafy world of hills for miles and miles away; and in one spot far to the north, a little village peeped forth in the vast outspread of living green. A Sabbath-like calm rested upon all things. This was the high spot of earth, where the "Yellow Hair" first opened his eyes; where the wintry winds have a high old time, and silvery toned bells wake the echoes on Sabbath day mornings. A Sabbath in the country. How beautiful it is! Rest, music, prayer and thoughts of the heavenly choir. Glory Hallelujah!

The high places of earth like this are the glory spots for the lifting the heart of man. Earth and sky are there full spread before his vision to bring his spirit into the very presence of the Infinite. At night the stars pass over him in their grand procession athwart the mighty dome, and by day the bright sun moves over the vast expanse, the sun, blessing mother of morning, noon and night, which in its day's journey typifies the life of man.

And cloud land is all above him, ever moving between earth and sky, and ever changing in its forms, its lights and its shadows, which it runs over the whole earth; often throwing all around in gloom while the far distant peaks stand out like hope, bright in the light of a heavenly effulgence. Clouds seem as if from the hands of God while dispensing refreshing showers, and by their beauty oft fill the sensitive heart with gratitude in its sense of possessing such an exquisite source of joy; and this sense will sometimes give expression as here in my verse.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

The gorgeous Alps of summer skies
 In softest tints oft mass in view,
 Where seraph forms in fancies' dreams
 Recline beneath the tender blue.

And floating on their beds of fleece,
 Those spirits of the azure deep
 Look down upon our earthly fields,
 Where Time his generous harvests reap.

While we in Fate's remorseless chains
 May hapless seem in vales of woe;
 Still onward float the beauteous clouds,
 Still cheer us with their genial glow.

O summer clouds! our hearts like thee
 But take their beauty from on high;
 The *light* that gives the charm to life,
 The *love* that soothes us when we die.

PARTING DAY.

By the patriarch's dying couch
 Some angel hand the curtain lifts;
 While parting day's celestial tints
 Enchanting spread beyond the rifts.

Then grandly glows the mighty dome,
 While silence rests on earth below;
 Save where the distant tides of life
 In dying murmurs faintly flow.

Then soft and sweet, bright isles of bliss
 Seem floating in an ocean sky;
 A spirit realm of light and love—
 The happy immortality.

In mantling night the vision melts,
 While worlds afar their glories spread;
 And thus alike through mists and stars
 The soul of man is upward led.

The wondrous orb, great source of light,
 To other lands glad morning brings;
 Day never ceases with his work,
 Nor Time to speed with aging wings.

A TALK WITH JOHN GILES OF SCIO.

After supper in the tavern at Scio, I was enjoying a quiet smoke, when I heard a voice at my side. It was that of an old man of about seventy years of age, who had accosted me. He was in his shirt-sleeves, tall, patriarchal white beard and hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion and expression of great amiability. It was John Giles, of Scio. He wanted to tell me what he knew about the Custers, and I let him. The original spelling was Kuster. Their first ancestor in this country

Ride with a Doctor.—The next point was to get back to Scio, so I took the ridge road; thought I could, notwithstanding the lameing blow of the mail-bag, manage to walk there. In a few minutes I was overtaken by a gentleman in a buggy, with a little two-year-old girl on his lap, and I accepted his invitation to a seat beside him. It was Dr. George Lyle, a country physician, educated in Cincinnati, and I found knew some of my medical friends there. He told me he had been a schoolmate of Custer. He described him as an apt scholar, a leader among the boys, mischievous and full of practical jokes; withal very plucky.

One evening, at some lecture where the audience were on the ground floor, a ragamuffin of a boy unable to get in flatted his nose against the window pane and made wry faces at George, whereupon the latter drove his fist through the glass into his face. The next day three boys accosted him, saying they were going to thrash him. He replied by drawing a pocket-knife, saying—"I will fight all three of you with my fists if you will come one at a time, but if you come all at once you shall have this," at the same opening the blade. The boys pursued the topic no farther. "*Das Schweigen ist ihr bester Herold.*"

Presently the road narrowed to a mere lane, now in the woods and then in the open, when some flies lit behind the horse's ears, when he stopped the vehicle, stood upright, gathered the lash and stock tightly in his hand, and with the tautened curve thus made at the end of the whip, slowly, carefully slid it under the offending insects. They respected the hint for the time, but came again, when he stopped the carriage, got out and gathering twigs of leaves from the woods put them as a defence in the trappings of the horse's head. Then the little one said something in its baby tones, making a request, I did not hear what, when he again went into the woods and returned with flowers in his hands and love in his heart, and taking her in his lap we soon descended a hill, made a turn and then were in Scio.

was from Hesse-Cassel, came over in the Revolutionary war time and fought "mit de Hessians."

Emanuel Custer, the father of the General, was a blacksmith and justice of the peace. "My wife and Squire Custer are cousins," said he, "and he married us." I used to keep school, and taught George his A, B, C; his father and myself were always great friends. George was irrepressible as a boy. One thing I recollect. His father and myself were walking by a barn yard, when we heard a child screaming; a moment later little George, then a boy in his frock, appeared bursting through a line of currant bushes, with a huge gander fastened by his talons to his back. George had been attracted by the sight of young goslings, and going for them the gander had alighted on him and was whipping him with his wings.

"About this time we organized a military company, 'cornstalk militia,' in New Rumley, and the child followed us about all day. From that moment his passion to become a soldier originated and grew with his years. His family tried in vain to dispel this ambition. He desired to go to West Point, but his father told him as he was personally a Democrat and Mr. Bingham, the member of Congress in whose power it lay to obtain a cadet warrant, a Whig, he would not give it to him. How he obtained it Mr. Bingham had told me only two days before this conversation with Mr. Giles.

"I received," said Mr. Bingham, "a letter from Custer, then at school at Hopedale, in Greene township, asking for the appointment. This was about the year 1857. Its honesty captivated me. It was written in school-boy style. In it he said that he understood it made no difference with me whether he was a Republican boy or a Democrat boy—that he wanted me to understand he was a *Democrat boy*. I replied, if his parents consented, I would procure it for him.

"He was at West Point but three years. Such was the want of officers at the beginning of the war, that his class, before graduating, were commissioned; he as Lieutenant of Cavalry in a company commanded by Captain Drummond, son of Rev. Dr. Drummond, of this place (Cadiz). He was in the first battle of Bull Run. The day after I saw a young officer ride up to my door in Washington and dismount. He had long, yellow hair hanging like Absalom's. He came up to me and introduced himself as Lieutenant Custer. Up to that moment I had never seen him. In the December before he had passed his twenty-first birthday. He said: "Mr. Bingham, I have been in my first battle, and I've come to tell you I've tried not to show the coward."

Mr. Giles told me he was a soldier in the Potomac army, and at one time was in camp near the command of Custer. "One evening," said he, "I heard footsteps approaching my tent; a moment later in came General Custer to see me. He inquired why I had not called upon him. I replied, I had so desired, but I thought it would not do; he had now got to be a great man, a General, and I was only a common soldier. "Humph," he rejoined, "I thought you knew me better, that I was above all such nonsense as that, especially with an old friend, and the friend of my father." And then he playfully added: "I expect the old man is the same *darned old Copperhead* yet, aint he?" I had to acknowledge I thought he was.

Mr. Giles took me to his cottage, close by, and showed me finely framed and colored portraits of the General's parents. In his simplicity—stranger as I was—he wanted to loan them to me. It seemed like sacrilege to accept his offer—would not take such a responsibility of their safe-keeping, even had I wanted them.

Custer's father had a large, strong-looking face, with a straight, firmly set mouth. On seeing that expression one could easily imagine how, having been born a Democrat, he had set that mouth of his grim and defiant to die one. From him it was that his son got his light golden hair, and the impulse that belongs to that temperament. The portrait of the mother was in profile. She was a brunette. The whole air of the woman showed a high degree of refinement, with a tinge of sadness resting upon her countenance. "She never had," said Giles, "any especial social opportunities, but she was a born lady, thoughtful, dignified and always inspiring high respect. At the time of the massacre, with Custer was killed his two brothers, Thomas and Boston, both officers, Captain Calhoun, her brother-in-law—that is, her sister's husband—and Mr. Reed, a civilian, on a visit to the General; also Louis Clem, younger brother of Johnnie Clem, the drummer boy of Shiloh. The mother never rallied from the terrible blow; it broke her heart, and she sank and died. The father is still living in Michigan, and is of a naturally cheerful temperament; but as long as I knew him, on any allusion to the death of his sons, he would swell up and leave the room.

As I pass these notes over to the printer, I copy from a note-book: "Died July 13, 1889, John Giles, of Scio:" that is, three years after this talk with me.

We annex some items, mainly from Whitelaw Reid's "Sketch of Custer," wherein are given some of the brilliant points of his brilliant military career. At the battle of Williamsburg he accompanied the advance as aid-de-camp under

Gen. Hancock, and captured the first battle-flag ever captured by the army of the Potomac. . . . He was the first person to cross the Chickahominy, which he did by wading up to the armpits in the face of the enemy's pickets. . . . At Gettysburg he held the right of the Union line, and utterly routed Hampton's cavalry. In this battle he had two horses shot under him, and in the course of the war eleven horses. . . . At the battle of Trevillian Station five brigades attacked his one. Against such odds he fought for three hours. His color-bearer was shot, when the flag was only saved by Custer tearing it from its standard and concealing it around his body. . . . At Winchester he took nine battle-flags, and took more prisoners than he had men engaged. . . . When Sheridan arrived at Cedar creek, after his famous ride, he said, "Go in, Custer." Custer went in, drove the enemy for miles, captured a major-general, many prisoners, and forty-five pieces of artillery. For this he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers. It would be beyond our limits to recapitulate his many successes; but he was the first to receive the white flag from Gen. Lee, and Sheridan presented Mrs. Custer the table on which Lee signed the surrender. . . . He never lost a gun or a color; he captured more guns, flags, and prisoners on the battle-field than any other general not an army commander, and his services throughout were most brilliant.

Gen. Custer was nearly six feet in height, of great strength and endurance, broad-shouldered, lithe and active, with a weight never above 170 pounds. His eyes were blue, his hair long and golden. At the age of twenty-three he was made a brigadier-general; at twenty-five a major-general, the youngest man of his rank in the army. Reid says: "For quick dashes and vigorous spurts of fighting he had no superiors and scarcely an equal. His career was disastrously closed in an attack, on the 25th of June, 1876, on an Indian encampment, on Little Horn river, in Montana, when his command of 277 cavalrymen were overwhelmed by about 1600 Sioux Indians, under Sitting Bull, and massacred to a man—not one spared to tell the tale. The old chief, a year or two later, was asked at a conference the particulars, whereupon Sitting Bull replied, "I do not know where the Yellow Hair died."

Gen. Terry, who commanded the forces of the expedition, in all amounting to about 1,400 infantry and cavalry, and against whose implied orders the attack had been made, arrived with the main body upon the scene a day later. He ordered the burial of the slain, and in 1879 it was made a national cemetery.

MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D., was born in Cadiz, 20th June, 1811, and died in Philadelphia, Pa., 18th June, 1884. His father died when he was two years of age. His uncle, from whom he was named, was a man of literary ability and gave his mind a literary bent. He graduated at what is now Allegheny College, and at eighteen became a tutor. He first began the practice of medicine; and then, at the age of twenty-two, entered the ministry, the Pittsburg Conference. He preached first on the St. Clairsville Circuit; in 1837 became Vice-President and Professor of Natural Sciences of Allegheny College, and in 1839 was chosen President of Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw)

University, Greencastle, which position he held for nine years and gained great popularity.

Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" says: "His eloquence made him in great demand on the pulpit and on the platform. His personal qualities gave him an extraordinary influence over students, and made him efficient in raising money for the endowment of the college. In 1844 he was elected to the General Conference, and in 1848 he was re-elected. He appeared in 1852 in the conference as the leader of his delegation, and at this conference he was made bishop."

In 1857 he was sent abroad as a delegate to the English and Irish Conference of the Wesleyan connection, and was also a delegate to the World's Evangelical Alliance which met in Berlin.

His preaching and addresses made upon this tour attracted great attention, particularly his sermon before the alliance, which extended his fame as a pulpit orator throughout the world. After its adjournment he travelled through Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and Greece. In 1859 he removed from Pittsburg to Evanston, Ill., and became nominally President of Garrett Biblical Institute. Subsequently he removed to Philadelphia. His powers as an orator were displayed during the civil war in a manner that commanded the admiration and gratitude of the people.

President Lincoln regarded him as the greatest orator he ever heard, and at his funeral in Springfield Bishop Simpson officiated. He made many addresses in behalf of the Christian Commission, and delivered a series of lectures that had much to do with raising the spirit of the people. His official duties took him abroad in 1870 and 1875. In 1874 he visited Mexico. At the Ecumenical Council of Methodists, in London, he was selected by the representatives of all branches to deliver the opening sermon. After the

news of the death of President Garfield he delivered an address at Exeter Hall. He was selected by the faculty of Yale to deliver a series of addresses before the students of the theological department, which were published as "Lectures on Preaching" (New York, 1879).

In later years his appearance was patriarchal. His eloquence was simple and natural, but increasing in power from the beginning to the close. It was peculiar to himself and equally attractive to the ignorant and the learned. One of his natural advantages was his remarkable voice. When he was at his best few could resist his pathetic appeals. Though his eloquence is the principal element of his fame, he was a man of unusual soundness of judgment, a parliamentarian of remarkable accuracy and promptitude, and one of the best presiding officers and safest of counsellors. He was present in the General Conference in Philadelphia in 1884. Though broken in health, so as not to be able to sit through the sessions, his mind was clear and his farewell address made a profound impression. Bishop Simpson published "Hundred Years of Methodism" (New York, 1876), and "Cyclopædia of Methodism" (Philadelphia, 1878, 5th ed. revised 1882). After his death a volume of his "Sermons" was edited by Rev. Geo. R. Crooks, D.D. (1885). A window in his memory is to be placed by American admirers in City Road Chapel, London, where John Wesley preached.

JOHN A. BINGHAM, late United States Minister to Japan, sometimes called "the silver-tongued orator," and so long and highly eminent and useful in the councils of the nation, was born January 21, 1815, in Mercer,

Pa. In his childhood he resided four years in Ohio; then passed two years and a half in learning printing in Mercer; was then educated in the Mercer Academy and Franklin College, and in 1840 came to Ohio and followed the practice of the law. In the Harrison campaign he took an active part as a Whig orator, and twice held public discussions with Edwin M. Stanton, having been challenged by him.

In the National Whig Convention of 1848 he proposed a resolution which it was thought too dangerous to adopt, but which was the key-note to his subsequent course, viz.: "No more slave States; no more slave Territories; the maintenance of freedom where freedom is, and the protection of American industry." He was first elected to Congress in 1854, and served in all sixteen years; in 1873 he was appointed by Grant Minister to Japan, where he resided until the advent of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

In the sixteen years of his service in Congress he served on the most important committees. For four years he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was chairman of the managers on behalf of the House on the trial for the impeachment of President Johnson. He was author of the first section to the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, save the introductory clause thereof. He was appointed special judge-advocate for the trial of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. He was given other important official trusts, spending in all eighteen years in Washington, giving unwearying labor to the nation in its most eventful period. Besides his many speeches in Congress, he has spoken in half the States for "the Union and Constitution."

FREEPORT is eighteen miles southwest of Cadiz, on the C. L. & W. Railroad, and on a branch of the Tuscarawas river. Newspaper: *Press*, independent, McMath & Williams, editors and publishers. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Presbyterian, one Friends. Population, 1880, 387.

SCIO is on the P. C. & St. L. Railroad, nine miles north of Cadiz. It is the seat of Scio College, E. J. Marsh, president. Newspapers: *Herald*, independent, *Herald* Printing Company, editors and publishers; *Collegian*, students of Scio College, editors and publishers. Churches: one Presbyterian, one United Presbyterian, one Methodist. Bank: Scio (Hogue & Donaldson); R. S. Hogue, cashier. Population, 1880, 509.

BOWERSTON is on the P. C. & St. L. Railroad, eighteen miles northwest of Cadiz. Newspaper: *Gazette*, independent, Charles G. Addleman, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist, one United Brethren, one Lutheran. Population about 500.

JEWETT is on the P. C. & St. L. Railroad, seven miles north of Cadiz. First house was built in 1803, by George Dowell. The village was laid out in 1851, by John Stall, and called Fairview. Name was changed to Jewett in 1881. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Lutheran Evangelical. Population about 600.

NEW ATHENS, on the St. Clairsville and Cadiz pike, seven miles south of Cadiz, is the seat of Franklin College. Bank: John Dunlap, Jr. Churches: one Presbyterian, one United Presbyterian, one Protestant Episcopal. School census, 1888, 156.

DEERSVILLE is twelve miles west of Cadiz. School census, 1888, 99.

HOPEDALE is six miles northeast of Cadiz. It is the seat of Hopedale Normal College; president, W. G. Garvey. School census, 1888, 106.

HARRISVILLE is ten miles southeast of Cadiz. Churches: one United Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Protestant. School census, 1888, 143.

HENRY.

HENRY COUNTY was formed April 1, 1820, from old Indian territory, and named from Patrick Henry, the celebrated Virginia orator of the revolutionary era. Area about 430 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 102,558; in pasture, 5,377; woodland, 49,895; lying waste, 1,064; produced in wheat, 487,986 bushels; rye, 80,539; buckwheat, 1,319; oats, 303,186; barley, 14,787; corn, 938,584; broom corn, 275 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 10,945 tons; clover hay, 4,670; potatoes, 59,647 bushels; butter, 435,113 lbs.; sorghum, 6,338 gallons; maple syrup, 1,037; honey, 9,131 lbs.; eggs, 598,334 dozen; grapes, 2,967 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 17 bushels; apples, 22,883; peaches, 706; pears, 456; wool, 40,811 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,480. School census, 1888, 8,337; teachers, 225. Miles of railroad track, 80.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	188		Marion,		1,202
Bartlow,		1,064	Monroe,		1,148
Damascus,	489	1,415	Napoleon,	609	4,504
Flat Rock,	476	1,701	Pleasant,		1,773
Freedom,		1,235	Richfield,	83	857
Fredonia,	105		Richland,	542	
Harrison,		1,372	Ridgeville,		1,119
Liberty,		1,946	Washington,		1,249

Population in 1840 was 2,492; in 1860, 8,901; in 1880, 20,585; of whom 15,721 were born in Ohio; 712 in Pennsylvania; 457 in New York; 181 in Indiana; 145 in Virginia; 17 in Kentucky; 2,106 in German Empire; 140 in Ireland; 140 in British America; 127 in England and Wales; 116 in France; and 21 in Scotland. Census of 1890, 25,080.

A greater part of this county is covered by the famous "Black Swamp." This tract reaches over an extent of country of one hundred and twenty miles in length, with an average breadth of forty miles, about equalling in area the State of Connecticut. It is at present thinly settled, and has a population of about 50,000; but, probably, in less than a century, when it shall be cleared and drained, it will be the garden of Ohio, and support half a million of people. The surface is generally high and level, and "sustains a dense growth of forest trees, among which beech, ash, elm, and oak, cotton wood and poplar, most abound. The branches and foliage of this magnificent forest are almost impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and its gloomy silence remained unbroken until disturbed by the restless emigrants of the West." It is an interesting country to travel through. The perfect uniformity of the soil, the level surface of the ground, alike retaining and

alike absorbing water, has given to the forest a homogeneous character: the trees are all generally of the same height, so that when viewed at a distance through the haze the forest appears like an immense blue wall, stretched across the horizon. It is yet the abode of wild animals, where flocks of deer are occasionally seen bounding through its labyrinths. Throughout the swamp, a mile or two apart, are slight ridges of limestone, from forty rods to a mile wide, running usually in a westerly direction, and covered with black walnut, butternut, red elm, and maple. The top soil of the swamp is about a foot thick, and composed of a black, decayed vegetable matter, extremely fertile. Beneath this, and extending several feet, is a rich yellow clay, having large quantities of the fertilizing substances of lime and silex. Lower still is a stratum of black clay of great depth. The water of the swamp is unpleasant to the taste, from containing a large quantity of sulphur; it is, however, healthy and peculiarly beneficial to persons of a costive habit, or having diseases of the blood. The soil is excellent for grain and almost all productions—garden vegetables and fruit thrive wonderfully. We were shown an orchard of apple trees, some of which had attained the height of twenty feet, and measured at their base twenty inches, which, when first planted, five years since, were mere twigs, but a few feet in height, and no larger than one's finger.—*Old Edition.*

The foregoing description is copied from our original edition, issued forty-three years ago. In the meantime this entire region—the Maumee valley—has undergone extraordinary changes. Napoleon, the county-seat, was then so insignificant that our entire description was contained in three lines: "Napoleon, the county-seat, is on the Maumee river and Wabash canal, 17 miles below Defiance, 40 above Toledo, and 154 northwest of Columbus. It is a small village, containing about 300 inhabitants."

Knapp, in his history of the Maumee valley, published in 1872, has given some valuable historical items, in regard to both town and county, which we here copy:

"Napoleon was platted in 1832, and the first dwelling, a log-cabin, erected that year. By the census of 1830, two years previous, the entire county had but 262 inhabitants, and its tax valuation in 1823 was but \$262. The following were residents of Napoleon in 1837: Judge Alexander Craig, James G. Haley, Gen. Henry Leonard, James Magill, John Powell, Hazell Strong, George Stout, and John Glass. There were three small frame houses, the others being made of logs. The first house erected in the place was a log-cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, and was offered to the public by Amos Andrews as a tavern.

"On the usual road, on the north side of the river, between Maumee city and Fort Wayne, thirty-five years ago [1836], after leaving the former place, the first house the traveller would meet would be at Waterville, six miles above Maumee city, where he would find five or six dwellings. Passing up seven or eight miles farther, he would reach the tavern of Mr. Tiehean, a half-breed Indian. The next house, eighteen miles above, would be in a group of three or four, standing at Providence; thence he would reach the hospitable house of Samuel Vance, occupying the site of a farm which was found by Wayne's army in a high state of cultivation, in 1794, and which was then known as *Prairie du Masque*, and now as *Damascus*. This point would bring the traveller twenty-seven miles above Maumee city. The next house, about two miles above *Damascus*, was a tavern and trading-post owned by John Patrick. Three miles above this the traveller would reach Napoleon, where he would discover the settlers above enumerated.

"In 1871 there were five church buildings in Napoleon: Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, Episcopalian, and German Lutheran. The Swedenborgians have also a church organization. There are two well-conducted newspapers: *The Northwest*, by L. Orwig & Co., and the *Napoleon Signal*, by P. B. Ainger; two

banks: the First National, organized February, 1872, and that of Sheffield & Norton, a private institution, established in 1866."—*Knapp's Maumee Valley*.

NAPOLEON, the county-seat, about 105 miles northwest of Columbus, thirty-six miles southwest of Toledo, is on the Maumee river, Miami and Erie canal, and W. St. L. & P. R. R. County Officers for 1888: Auditor, George Russell; Clerk, James Donovan; Commissioners, William N. Zierolf, Andrew J. Saygers, George Daum; Coroner, Conrad Bitzer; Infirmary Directors, Peter Schall, Edward Dittmer, Henry Bostleman; Probate Judge, Michael Donnelly; Prosecuting Attorney, James B. Ragan; Recorder, Thomas W. Durbin; Sheriff, Elbert T. Barnes; Surveyor, Charles N. Schwab; Treasurer, James C. Walmire. City Officers, 1888: Mayor, John Thiesen; Clerk, E. C. Dodd; Treasurer, Oliver Higgins; Marshal, Oscar Rakestraw; Street Commissioner, Daniel Hess. Newspapers: *Democratic Northwest*, Democratic, L. L. Orwig, editor and publisher; *Henry County Democrat*, German, C. F. Clement, editor and publisher; *Henry County Signal*, Republican, J. P. Belknap, editor and publisher; *Catholic Companion*, Catholic Juvenile, Schmil & Brennen, editors and publishers. Churches: one Methodist, two Lutheran, one Presbyterian, one Catholic, one Evangelical. Bank: Meekison's, W. H. Brownell, cashier; J. C. Sauer & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—A. Bruner, hoops, 47 hands; Thiessen & Hildred, doors, sash, etc., 8; Joseph Shaff, carriages, etc., 4; John Miller, carriages, etc., 4; T. Ludwig, potash, 3; A. J. Saggars, lumber, 4; M. Britton, boat oars, etc., 12; Napoleon Woolen Mills, flannels, blankets, etc., 25; C. Vock, flour, etc., 4; F. Roessing, beer, 5; J. Koller & Co., flour, etc., 6; C. F. Beard, founder and machinist, 5; Napoleon Foundry, castings, 5; Napoleon Elevator, grain elevator, 2.—*Ohio State Reports*, 1887.

Population, 1880, 3,032. School census, 1888, 1,053; W. W. Weaver, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$119,000; value of annual product, \$179,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887.

In our original edition we stated, "The notorious Simon Girty once resided five miles above Napoleon, at a place still called 'Girty's Point.' His cabin was on the bank of the Maumee, a few rods west of the residence of Mr. Elijah Gunn. All traces of his habitation have been destroyed by culture, and a fine farm now surrounds the spot."

Our authority for this statement, in the lapse of time, it is now impossible to trace, but probably some old pioneer whom we interviewed. It is now known that it was George Girty, the brother of Simon, that resided there. He was an Indian trader, and alike infamous in character. Opposite the spot is a beautiful island of about forty acres, called Girty's Island, with an extremely dense growth of vegetation. Girty's cabin and trading-house were on the left bank of the river, and it was said, "When he was apprehensive of a surprise he would retire to the island, as a tiger to his jungle, with a sense of almost absolute security from his pursuers."

After making our original statement, as above given, we followed with an article upon the Girtys, which we repeat here *verbatim*:

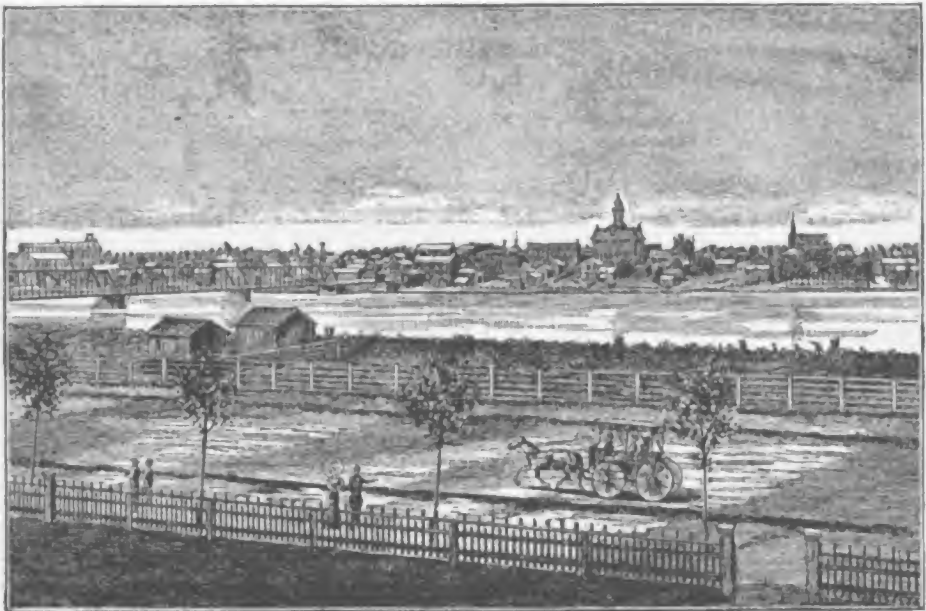
Simon Girty was from Pennsylvania, to which his father had emigrated from Ireland. The old man was beastly intemperate, and nothing ranked higher in his estimation than a jug of whisky. "Grog was his song, and grog would he have." His sottishness turned his wife's affection. Ready for seduction, she yielded her heart to a neighboring rustic, who, to remove all obstacles to their wishes, knocked Girty on the head and bore off the trophy of his prowess. Four sons of this interesting couple were left, Thomas, Simon, George and James. The three latter were

taken prisoners, in Braddock's war, by the Indians. George was adopted by the Delawares, became a ferocious savage, and died in a drunken fit. James was adopted by the Shawnese, and became as depraved as his other brothers. It is said, he often visited Kentucky, at the time of its first settlement, and inflicted most barbarous tortures upon all captive women who came within his reach. Traders who were acquainted with him say, so furious was he, that he would not have turned on his heel to save a prisoner from the flames. To this monster are to be at-



Gardner & Son, Photo.

GIRTY'S ISLAND.



Gardner & Son, Photo., 1887.

NAPOLEON.

tributed many of the cruelties charged upon his brother Simon; yet he was caressed by Proctor and Elliott.

Simon was adopted by the Senecas, and became an expert hunter. In Kentucky and Ohio he sustained the character of an unrelenting barbarian. Sixty years ago, with his name was associated everything cruel and fiendlike. To the women and children, in particular, nothing was more terrifying than the name of Simon Girty. At that time it was believed by many that he had fled from justice and sought refuge among the Indians, determined to do his countrymen all the harm in his power. This impression was an erroneous one. Being adopted by the Indians, he joined them in their wars, and conformed to their usages. This was the education he had received, and their foes were his. Although trained in all his pursuits as an Indian, it is said to be a fact susceptible of proof

that, through his importunities, many prisoners were saved from death. His influence was great, and when he chose to be merciful, it was generally in his power to protect the imploring captive. His reputation was that of an honest man, and he fulfilled his engagements to the last cent. It is said, he once sold his horse rather than to incur the odium of violating his promise. He was intemperate, and, when intoxicated, ferocious and abusive alike of friends and foes. Although much disabled the last ten years of his life, by rheumatism, he rode to his hunting grounds in pursuit of game. Suffering the most excruciating pain, he often boasted of his warlike spirit. It was his constant wish, one that was gratified, that he might die in battle. He was at Proctor's defeat, and was cut to pieces by Col. Johnson's mounted men.

The above we derive from Campbell's sketches. We have, in addition, some anecdotes and facts which throw doubt over the character of Simon Girty, as there given.

In September, 1777, Girty led the attack on Fort Henry, on the site of Wheeling, during which he appeared at the window of a cabin, with a white flag, and demanded the surrender of the fort in the name of his Britannic Majesty. He read the proclamation of Governor Hamilton, and promised the protection of the crown if they would lay down their arms and swear allegiance to the king. He warned them to submit peaceably, and admitted his inability to restrain his warriors, when excited in the strife of battle. Colonel Shepherd, the commandant, promptly replied, that they would never surrender to *him*, and that he could only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it. Girty renewed his proposition, but it was abruptly ended by a shot from a thoughtless youth, and Girty retired and opened the siege, which proved unsuccessful. Baker's station, in that vicinity, was also attacked, not far from this time, by Girty and his band, but without success.

In August, 1782, a powerful body of Indians, led by Girty, appeared before Bryan's station, in Kentucky, about five miles from Lexington. The Kentuckians made such a gallant resistance that the Indians became disheartened, and were about abandoning the siege; upon this, Girty, thinking he might frighten the garrison into a surrender, mounted a stump, within speaking distance, and commenced a parley. He told them who he was, that he looked hourly for reinforcements with cannon, and that they had better surrender at once; if they did so, no one should be hurt; but otherwise, he feared they would all fall victims. The garrison were intimidated; but one young man named Reynolds, seeing the effect of this harangue, and believing his story, as it was, to be false, of his own accord answered him in this wise: "You need not be so particular to tell us your name; we know your name and you too. I've had a *villanous, untrustworthy cur dog* this long while, named *Simon Girty*, in compliment to you; he's so like you—just as ugly and just as wicked. As to the cannon, let them come on; the country's roused, and the scalps of your red cut-throats, and your own too, will be drying on our cabins in twenty-four hours; and if, by chance, you or your allies do get into the fort, we've a big store of rods laid in, on purpose to scourge you out again." This method of Reynolds was effectual; the Indians withdrew, and were pursued a few days after, the defenders of the fort being reinforced, to the Blue Licks, where the Indians lay in ambush and defeated the Kentuckians with great slaughter. Girty was also at St. Clair's defeat and led the attack on Colerain.

Dr. Knight, in his narrative of his captivity, and burning of Colonel Crawford (see Wyandot County), speaks of the cruelty of Simon Girty to the colonel and himself. Colonel John Johnson corroborates the account of Dr. Knight. In a communication before us he says: "He was notorious for his cruelty to the whites who fell into the hands of the Indians. His cruelty to the unfortunate Colonel Crawford is well known to myself, and although I did not witness the tragedy, I can vouch for the facts of the case, having had them from eye-witnesses. When that brave and unfortunate commander was suffering at the stake by a slow fire, in order to lengthen his misery to the longest possible time, he besought Girty to have him shot, to end his torments, when the monster mocked him by firing powder without ball at him. Crawford and Girty had been intimately acquainted in the early settlement of Pennsylvania; I knew a brother of the latter at Pittsburg in 1793."

When Simon Kenton was taken prisoner, his life was saved through the interposition of Girty. (See a sketch of Kenton in Champaign County.)

Mr. Daniel M. Workman, now living in Logan county, gave us orally the following respecting the last years of Girty. In 1813 (1816), said he, I went to Malden and put up at a hotel kept by a Frenchman. I noticed in the bar-room a gray-headed and blind old man. The landlady, who was his daughter, a woman of about thirty years of age, inquired of me, "Do you know who that is?" pointing to the old man. On my replying, "No!" she rejoined, "It is *Simon Girty!*" He had then been blind about four years.

In 1815 I returned to Malden and ascertained that Girty had died a short time previous. Simon Kenton informed me that Girty left the whites, because he was not promoted to the command of a company or a battalion. I was also so informed by my father-in-law, who was taken prisoner by the Indians. Girty was a man of extraordinary strength, power of endurance, courage and sagacity. He was in height about 5 feet 10 inches and strongly made.

Oliver M. Spencer, who was taken prisoner by the Indians while a youth in 1792, in his narrative of his captivity makes some mention of the Girtys. While at Defiance, the old Indian priestess, *Coo-h-coo-Cheeh*, with whom he lived, took him to a Shawnee village, a short distance below, on a visit. There he saw the celebrated chief, Blue Jacket, and Simon Girty, of whom he speaks as follows:

One of the visitors of Blue Jacket (the Snake) was a plain, grave chief of sage appearance; the other, Simon Girty, whether it was from prejudice, associating with his look the fact that he was a renegade, the murderer of his own countrymen, racking his diabolic invention to inflict new and more excruciating tortures, or not, his dark, shaggy hair, his low forehead, his brows contracted, and meeting above his short flat nose; his gray sunken eyes, averting the ingenious gaze; his lips thin and compressed, and the dark and sinister expression of his countenance, to me, seemed the very picture of a villain. He wore the Indian costume, but without any ornament; and his silk handkerchief, while it supplied the place of a hat, hid an unsightly wound in his forehead. On each side, in his belt, was stuck a silver-mounted pistol, and at his left hung a short broad dirk, serving occasionally the uses of a knife. He made of me many inquiries; some about my family, and the particulars of my captivity; but more of the strength of the different garrisons; the number of

American troops at Fort Washington, and whether the President intended soon to send another army against the Indians. He spoke of the wrongs he had received at the hands of his countrymen, and with fiendish exultation of the revenge he had taken. He boasted of his exploits, of the number of his victories, and of his personal prowess; then raising his handkerchief, and exhibiting the deep wound in his forehead (which I was afterwards told was inflicted by the tomahawk of the celebrated Indian chief, Brandt, in a drunken frolic) said it was a sabre cut, which he received in battle at St. Clair's defeat; adding with an oath, that he had "sent the d—d Yankee officer" that gave it "to h—l." He ended by telling me that I would never see home: but if I should turn out to be a good hunter and a brave warrior, I might one day be a chief. His presence and conversation having rendered my situation painful, I was not a little relieved when, a few hours after ending our visit, we returned to our quiet lodge on the bank of the Maumee.

Just before Spencer was liberated from captivity, he had an interview with James Girty, and not a very pleasant one either, judging from his narration of it.

Elliot ordered Joseph to take me over to James Girty's, where he said our breakfast would be provided. Girty's wife soon furnished us with some coffee, wheat bread, and stewed pork and venison, of which (it being so much better than the food to which I had been lately accustomed) I ate with great *gout*; but I had not more than half breakfasted, when Girty came in, and seating himself opposite me, said, "So, my young Yankee, you're about to start for home." I answered, "Yes, sir, I hope so." That, he said, would depend on my master, in whose kitchen he had no doubt I should first serve a few years' apprenticeship as a scullion. Then, taking his knife, said (while sharpening it on a

whet-stone), "I see your ears are whole yet, but I'm d—n—y mistaken if you leave this without the Indian ear mark, that we may know you when we catch you again." I did not wait to prove whether he was in jest, or in downright earnest; but leaving my breakfast half finished, I instantly sprang from the table, leaped out of the door, and in a few seconds took refuge in Mr. Ironside's house. On learning the cause of my flight, Elliot uttered a sardonic laugh, deriding my unfounded childish fears, as he was pleased to term them; but Ironside looked serious, shaking his head, as if he had no doubt that if I had remained, Girty would have executed his threat.

We finished this notice of the Girtys by a brief extract from the MSS. of Jonathan Alder (then in my possession), who knew Simon—showing that he was by no means wholly destitute of kind feelings.

I knew Simon Girty to purchase at his own expense several boys who were prisoners, take them to the British and have them

educated. He was certainly a friend to many prisoners.

This finishes our original account of the three Girtys, viz., Simon, James and George. Simon was the leading one of these renegades. It was his name especially that during the Revolution struck terror in every backwoods cabin in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The annals of that period were so full of conflicting statements in regard to them, while their lives from boyhood to old age were to a large extent so tragically romantic, as to lead the historian, Consul Willshire Butterfield, to devote his leisure moments to obtain a full and correct history of them so far as it was possible to obtain it at this late day. The result is the publication of a large octavo volume of over 400 pages, "*History of the Girtys: A Life Record of the Three Renegades of the Revolution*," Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co., 1890. The book will greatly enhance his reputation "as a most industrious gatherer of information and as a forcible writer of history." From his work these statements are gathered and are reliable.

Simon Girty, Sr., was an Irishman who settled on the borders of Pennsylvania, and became an Indian trader. About 1737 he married Mary Newton, an English girl, by whom he had four children, all sons, viz.: Thomas, born in 1739; Simon, in 1741; James, in 1743; and George, 1745. In 1751 Simon, Sr., was killed in a drunken frolic in his own house, by an Indian named "The Fish." John Turner, who lived with Girty, avenged his murder by killing "The Fish."

Two years later Turner married Mrs. Girty, who was a reputable woman. In August, 1756, the year after Braddock's defeat, Turner with his family were in Fort Granville, a stockade, on the Juniata, which was taken by the French and Indians, and Turner, wife and children were carried into captivity. Turner, according to tradition, was recognized as the slayer of "The Fish," and his fate was sealed, and on their arrival at Kittaning he was doomed to death. "They tied him to a black post; danced around him; made a great fire; and having heated gun barrels red hot, ran them through his body! Having tormented him for three hours they scalped him alive, and at last held up a boy with a hatchet to give him the finishing stroke." Mrs. Turner and her four children were compelled to witness the horrid scene.

The family were soon separated. Mrs. Turner and an infant son by John Turner were claimed by the Delawares, and first taken to Fort Duquesne, the infant baptized there by a Récollect priest, Denys Baron, and later carried into the wilderness. Thomas Girty, the oldest son, soon after escaped, and ever lived

a useful life. He raised a family and died on Girty's Run, near Pittsburg, in 1820.

The three remaining boys were adopted by the savages—Simon, then fifteen years old, going with the Senecas; James, then thirteen years, by the Shawanese; and George, then eleven years, by the Delawares. They with their mother and her infant John Turner remained with the Indians three years, until 1759, when as a result of a treaty with the Indians all their prisoners were brought to Pittsburg and surrendered.

Simon was at this time eighteen years of age, and became to a certain extent a man of influence. He was illiterate, never having learned to read or write. For about thirteen years after his return his employment to a great extent was that of Indian interpreter. James worked as a common laborer and sometimes as an interpreter for the traders. George for a time traded with the Indians on his own account. While living with the Indians the Girtys were kindly treated. Having been taken at a tender age it was natural for them to have become attached to those simple children of nature, who had many virtues.

In the Dunmore expedition, in the fall of 1776, Simon Girty acted as scout, and accompanied John Gibson in his celebrated interview with the Mingo chief, Logan. (See Pickaway County.) Girty from recollection translated Logan's "speech" to Gibson, and "the latter put it into excellent English, as he was abundantly capable of doing."

In the war of the Revolution, up to February, 1778, Simon Girty had sided with the Whigs. On the night of March 28 seven persons secretly absconded from Fort Pitt for the Indian country, on their way to Detroit, to join there Lieut.-Governor Hamilton, the British commandant. Three of these eventually became notorious allies of the enemy. They were Simon Girty, Matthew Elliot, an Indian trader, Irish by birth, and Captain Alexander McKee, also Indian trader, a native of Pennsylvania. On their way they stopped first among the Delawares at Coshocton, then at the Shawnee towns on the Scioto, near the site of Circleville. They met there James Girty, who was engaged in trade with the Indians, and easily persuaded him to espouse the British cause, to remain with the Shawanese, and to help those of the tribe who were yet wavering from all thoughts of peace with the United States. James then appropriated presents that had been intrusted to him by government for the Indians. On their arrival all three, Simon Girty, McKee and Elliot, entered the British Indian Department under regular pay, Simon Girty as interpreter for the Six Nations, at two dollars per day. His brother James joined him a few months later, and both from that time forth were devoted to the British interest. They were sent by Hamilton to live with the savages in the Ohio wilderness, Simon to the Mingoes, and James to the Shawanese, to do the best possible service in interpreting or fighting.

George Girty was at this time a Lieutenant in the Continental army; a year later, May 4, 1779, he deserted to the British, and made his way to Detroit, where he entered the Indian Department as interpreter, and was sent to the Shawanese, with headquarters at Wapatomica. There is reason to believe that the Girtys when joining Hamilton at Detroit had no idea of going upon the war path with the Indians; but Hamilton eventually required this of them, and they most ferociously performed that duty.

Simon, a poor, ignorant young man, had been persuaded to desert the American cause by McKee and Elliot, men of education and influence. That his brothers should have joined him was natural, considering the attachment they had formed to the Indians, and for a wild, free life, united to the influence in general of an older brother.

The statement that has gone into history, that in September, 1777, Girty led the attack on Fort Henry, on the site of Wheeling, and demanded the surrender of the fort in the name of his British Majesty, is a fiction, for the Girtys did not enter the British service until 1778. In 1782 there was a second and incon-

sequential attack on Fort Henry. James Girty was present, but he had no command of the savages.

The incidents of the attack on Bryan's Station, in Kentucky, in August, 1782, are given as originally published about 1835, in McClung's "Sketches of Western Adventure," but it was under the command of Captain Caldwell, not of Simon Girty, although Girty was with him. There is strong evidence adduced by Butterfield to show that there was no cessation of the attack when begun, and that the bantering scene between young Reynolds and Girty was purely fiction.

The remainder of my account of the Girtys must be correct, including the testimony of Col. Johnson, Oliver M. Spencer, and my interview with Daniel M. Workman, and the extract from the MSS. of Jonathan Alder, which last I had in my personal possession and copied from just forty-four years ago. Butterfield states that it must have been in 1816 and not 1813 that Workman saw Simon Girty at Malden, as he was not there at that date, although there before and after. In 1784 Simon married Catherine Malott, a white girl, who had been captured on the Ohio in 1780. He eventually took up his residence just below Malden, where he died, in February, 1818, and was buried on his farm, on land given him by the British government for his loyalty. British soldiers from Malden fired a salute over his grave. Simon was about five feet nine inches in stature, eyes black and piercing, and in his prime very agile.

George Girty married a Delaware Indian woman, and in his latter days was an habitual drunkard. He died at a trading-post on the Maumee, belonging to his brother James, about two miles below Fort Wayne, just before the war of 1812. James married Betsy, an Indian woman of the Shawnees. Before the war he gave up his business and retired to his land at Gosfield, Canada. He was tall in person, temperate in his habits, and had acquired by trading considerable property, beside receiving large donations in land from the British. His general reputation for cruelty was on a par with that of his brothers.

DESHLER is situated at the crossing of the B. & O., D. & M. and McC. D. & T. Railroads, 37 miles south of Toledo and 18 miles southeast of Napoleon. It has 1 newspaper: *Flag*, neutral, W. H. Mitchell, editor and proprietor. Three churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, and 1 Free Methodist. Factories and employees: A. W. Lee, heading and staves, 90; J. P. Gates, potash, 2; Ball & Smith, lumber and pickets, 16; A. A. Luber, machinery and molding, 6; Mitchell & Widner, lumber, tile and feed, 10; Heidelberg & Bros., tobacco boxes, etc., 8.—*State Report, 1888*. Population in 1880, 752. School census, 1888, 389; H. G. Gardner, superintendent.

LIBERTY CENTRE is 7 miles northeast of Napoleon and 29 miles southwest of Toledo via W. St. L. & P. Railroad. It has 1 newspaper: *Press*, Independent, J. H. Smith and D. S. Mires, proprietors. Four churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Reformed, 1 Adventist, and 1 United Brethren. Population in 1880, 504.

HOLGATE is 10 miles south of Napoleon and 42 miles southwest of Toledo, at the crossing of the T. C. & St. L. and B. & O. Railroads. It has 1 newspaper: *Times*, Independent, W. E. Decker, editor and publisher. Four churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, and 1 Catholic. Factories and employees: Chris. E. Whitlock, lumber, 10; Shelly & Bros., hoops and staves, 60; Bray Bros., staves and heading, 40; G. Laubenthal, lumber, etc., 10.—*State Report, 1888*. Population in 1880, 595. School census, 1886, 353; W. E. Decker, superintendent.

HIGHLAND.

HIGHLAND COUNTY was formed in May, 1805, from Ross, Adams and Clermont, and so named because on the highlands between the Scioto and the Little Miami. The surface is part rolling and part level, and the soil various. As a whole it is a wealthy and productive county. Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 119,588; in pasture, 128,380; woodland, 54,430; lying waste, 4,728; produced in wheat, 323,884 bushels; rye, 3,434; buckwheat, 47; oats, 134,249; barley, 796; corn, 1,192,567; broom corn, 10,095 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 19,965 tons; clover hay, 1,952; potatoes, 24,083 bushels; tobacco, 25,940 lbs.; butter, 560,802 lbs.; cheese, 150; sorghum, 4,044 gallons; maple syrup, 6,486; honey, 2,748 lbs.; eggs, 598,205 dozen; grapes, 5,100 lbs.; wine, 16 gallons; sweet potatoes, 2,464 bushels; apples, 2,132; peaches, 760; pears, 327; wool, 88,442 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,536. School census, 1888, 9,189; teachers, 256. Miles of railroad track, 50.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Brush Creek,	1,502	1,651	Marshall,		811
Clay,	783	1,449	New Market,	1,302	1,080
Concord,	1,014	1,235	Paint,	2,560	2,476
Dodson,	795	1,871	Penn,		1,507
Fairfield,	3,544	2,470	Salem,	1,004	1,144
Hamer,		1,051	Union,	1,089	1,453
Jackson,	2,352	942	Washington,		944
Liberty,	3,521	5,381	White Oak,	887	1,248
Madison,	1,916	3,568			

Population in Highland in 1820 was 12,308; in 1830, 16,347; 1840, 22,269; 1860, 27,773; 1880, 30,281, of whom 26,373 were born in Ohio; 1,120 in Virginia; 527 in Pennsylvania; 367 in Kentucky; 134 in Indiana; 123 in New York; 382 in Ireland; 214 in German Empire; 156 in France; 64 in England and Wales; 51 in Scotland, and 21 in British America. Census, 1890, 29,048.

This county was first settled about the year 1801; the principal part of the early settlers were from Virginia and North Carolina, many of whom were Friends. The first settlement was made in the vicinity of New Market, by Oliver Ross, Robert Huston, Geo. W. Barrere and others. Among the settlers of the county was Bernard Weyer, the discoverer of the noted cave in Virginia, known as "Weyer's cave," who is yet living on the rocky fork of Paint creek. The celebrated pioneer and hunter, Simon Kenton, made a trace through this county, which passed through or near the site of Hillsboro': it is designated in various land titles as "Kenton's Trace." The fight between Simon Kenton with a party of whites and another of Indians under Tecumseh took place in what is now Dodson township, south of Lynchburg, as described in full in Vol. I., page 328, of this work.

Hillsborough in 1846.—Hillsborough, the county-seat, is on the dividing ridge between the Miami and Scioto, in a remarkably healthy situation, sixty-two miles south from Columbus, and thirty-six westerly from Chillicothe. It was laid out as the seat of justice in 1807, on land of Benjamin Ellicott, of Baltimore, the site being selected by David Hays, the commissioner appointed for that purpose. Prior to this, the seat of justice was at New Market, although the greater part of the population of Highland was north and east of Hillsborough. The original town plat comprised 200 acres, 100 of which Mr. Ellicott gave to the county, and sold the remainder at \$2 per acre. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, and 1 Baptist church, 2 newspaper printing offices, 14 stores, and had in 1840,

868 inhabitants. It is a neat village, the tone of society elevated, and its inhabitants disposed to foster the literary institutions situated here.

The Hillsborough academy was founded in 1827; its first teacher was the Rev. J. McD. Mathews. A charter was obtained shortly after, and the funds of the institution augmented by two valuable tracts, comprising 2,000 acres, given by Maj. Adam Hoops and the late Hon. John Brown, of Kentucky. A handsome brick building has been purchased by its trustees, on a beautiful eminence near the town, which is devoted to the purposes of the institution. It has the nucleus for a fine library, and ere long will possess an excellent philosophical and chemical apparatus. It is now very flourishing, and has a large number of pupils; "the classical and mathematical courses are as thorough and extensive, as any college in the West;" instruction is also given in other branches usually taught in colleges. Especial attention is given to training young men as teachers. It is under the charge of Isaac Sams, Esq. The Oakland female seminary, a chartered institution, was commenced in 1839, by the Rev. J. McD. Mathews, who has still charge of it. It now has over 100 pupils, and is in excellent repute. Diplomas are conferred upon its graduates. The academy is beautifully located in the outskirts of the village, and is well furnished with maps, apparatus, etc., and has a small library.—*Old Edition.*

HILLSBOROUGH, county-seat of Highland, about 60 miles southwest of Columbus, 61 miles east of Cincinnati, is at the terminus of the Hillsborough branch of the C. W. & B. Railroad, and on the O. & N. W. Railroad.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, George W. Lefevre; Clerk, John H. Keech; Commissioners, John M. Foust, Isaac Larkin, George W. Miller; Coroner, R. A. Brown; Infirmary Directors, E. V. Grim, Richard Crosen, George W. Smith; Probate Judge, Le Roy Kelly; Prosecuting Attorney, J. B. Worley; Recorder, Samuel N. Patton; Sheriff, M. S. Mackerly; Surveyor, Nathaniel Massie; Treasurer, E. O. Hetherington. City Officers, 1888: A. Harman, Mayor; W. H. Ayres, Clerk; G. W. Rhoades, Marshal; James Reece, Treasurer; D. Q. Morrow, Solicitor; Patrick McCabe, Superintendent of Public Works.

Newspapers: *Gazette*, Democratic, A. E. Hough, editor, Hough & Dittey, publishers; *News-Herald*, Republican, *News-Herald* Publishing Company, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Protestant Episcopal, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Wesleyan Methodist (colored), 1 Baptist (colored). Banks: Citizens' National, C. M. Overman, president; O. S. Price, cashier. First National, John A. Smith, president; L. S. Smith, cashier. Merchants' National, Henry Strain, president; E. L. Ferris, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees: Carroll & Downham, carriages, etc., 20; J. S. Ellifritz & Co., blankets, etc., 13; J. W. Pence, building material, 5; Enterprise Planing Mill, doors, sash, etc., 8; Evans & McGuire, flour, etc., 5; C. S. Bell & Co., bells, etc., 60; Richards & Ayre, flour, etc., 3; J. M. Boyd & Co., flour, etc., 21; C. A. Roush & Co., lumber, 7.—*State Report*, 1888.

Population, 1880, 3,234. School census, 1888, 1080; Samuel Major, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$85,500. Value of annual product, \$90,350.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888. Census, 1890, 3,645.

The site of Hillsborough is commanding. It stands like Rome "on seven hills," 753 feet above the Ohio, and with beautiful surroundings. It has an excellent public library of 6,000 volumes, supported by town taxation. Its people possess a high reputation for culture; a natural consequence of its long-enjoyed advantages as an educational centre. Here are located the "Highland Institute," the "Hillsborough Conservatory of Music," Rev. G. R. Beecher, president, with nineteen teachers in music, art, and elocution, and one hundred and eighty-one pupils; also the Hillsborough College, which admits pupils of both sexes. It has a faculty of sixteen members, J. H. McKenzie, president; its entire course occupying four years. It has a gymnasium and a military department, under

Major Wm. E. Arnold, by which "stooping forms become erect, narrow chests expanded, and the whole bearing more manly."

As is natural on such a spot some of its citizens have ventured into the realms of authorship, viz.: Henry S. Doggett, by a biography of Prof. Isaac Sams; Samuel P. Scott, by "Travels in Spain," "elegant in illustrations, accurate and full in its facts;" Chas. H. Collins, of the Hillsborough bar, by a book of poetry, "Echoes from the Highland Hills;" also by "Highland Hills to an Emperor's Tomb," combining travels with poetry; Henry A. Shepherd, a lawyer also, in a "History of Ohio," which was only partially printed when he suddenly died broken-hearted. His history in connection with that work is sad; his materials, after years of industry, having been twice destroyed by fire. Another author of great promise was Hugh I. McMichels, who died young of consumption. Otway Curry, journalist and poet, was born in Greenfield, this county, in 1804; and Rev. Jas. B. Finley, who wrote books, was one of the first settlers, married here, and began life as a hunter.

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

In 1873 there was inaugurated at Hillsborough, Ohio, the most remarkable movement against intemperance in the history of the world. Unique in its methods, widespread in its results; and although a failure, as regards its direct purpose, nevertheless it accomplished much good, and advanced public sentiment toward the reformation of the great evils of the vice of intemperance.

It had its origin in an address delivered in Hillsborough, on December 23, 1873, at Music Hall, by Dr. Dio Lewis, before a large audience. The lecture was an eloquent and effective appeal. Dr. Lewis graphically portrayed the misery of his childhood home, caused by an intemperate father. In the New York village in which his parents resided, many of the fathers were intemperate and neglected their families, which were supported by the wives and children, who worked in mills and factories. He told how his mother, driven to desperation, started and led a movement in which most of the women of the village participated.

These women met in the village church, appealed to God to aid them and crown their efforts with success; and, kneeling before the altar, solemnly pledged themselves to persevere until victory was won. Their plan of operations was to go in a body to the liquor-sellers, appeal to their better nature to cease a traffic that was carrying sorrow, degradation, and poverty to so many of their homes. The movement was successful, and the sale of liquor stopped in that village.

Dr. Lewis appealed to the women of Hillsborough to do likewise. He then asked if they were in favor of trying the experiment there, and received a unanimous affirmative response. All who were willing to act as a committee to visit the liquor-dealers were requested to rise, and more than fifty promptly rose.

A committee of fifty leading citizens was formed to aid the women by moral and financial support. More than \$12,000 was pledged.

Next morning a meeting was held at the Presbyterian church. Addresses were made by all the pastors present, and Col. W. H. Trimble, Hon. S. E. Hibben, and Judge Matthews. The ladies all signed a solemn compact, as follows: "With God's help, we will stand by each other in this work, and persevere therein until it is accomplished;

and see to it, as far as our influence goes, that the traffic shall never be revived."

On Christmas morning, at nine o'clock, having completed the organization, one hundred and fifteen women filed out of the church, formed a procession, and marched to the drug stores. These were the first to receive their attentions, and on this first morning two proprietors of the four drug stores—J. J. Brown and Seybert & Isamenn—signed the pledge; the third offered to sell only on his own prescription, but the fourth, Mr. W. H. H. Dunn, refused any dictation.

On Friday, December 26, the saloons were visited; and Mrs. J. H. Thompson, daughter of the late Gov. Trimble, made the first prayer in a liquor saloon. There were eleven of these in the town, and they presented a defiant front; so that no signatures were secured as a result of this first day's work.

The next morning they received a communication from Mr. Dunn, the druggist, in reply to the appeal of the Committee of Visitation. It was as follows:

"LADIES: In compliance with my agreement, I give you this promise: That I will carry on my business in the future as I have in the past; that is to say, that in the sale of intoxicating liquors I will comply with the



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

COURT-HOUSE, HILLSBORO.



MRS. RUNYAN.



DIO LEWIS.



MOTHER STEWART.



SINGING BEFORE A SALOON.

law; nor will I sell to any person whose father, mother, wife or daughter sends me a written request not to make such sale."

Dunn was represented as a man of frank, open disposition, and with a high sense of honor, which rendered the people unprepared for the strong opposition which he manifested. He was moved by no prayers, and would listen to no entreaties. For a while he made no objection to the ladies coming into his store and carrying on their devotions; but at length, one Friday morning, they found the door locked upon them, and were thereafter inexorably excluded. This picture of the scenes there was thus described:

"However bitter the cold or piercing the wind, these women could be seen, at almost any hour of the day, kneeling on the cold flag-stones before this store. In the midst, with voice raised in earnest prayer, is the daughter of a former governor of Ohio.

"Surrounding her are the wives and daughters of statesmen, lawyers, bankers, physicians, and business men—representatives from nearly all the households of the place. The prayer ended, the women rise from their knees, and begin, in a low voice, some sweet and familiar hymn, that brings back to the heart of the looker-on the long-forgotten influences of childhood. Tears may be seen in the eyes of red-nosed and hard-hearted men, supposed to be long since past feeling. Passers by lift their hats and pass softly. Conversation is in subdued tones, and a sympathetic interest is depicted on every face. Then follows another subdued prayer and a song, at the close of which a fresh relay of women come up, and the first ones retire to the residence of an honored citizen, close at hand, where a lunch is spread for their refreshment. Soon it is their turn to resume their praying and singing; and so the siege is kept up from morning till night, and day after day, with little variation in method or incidents."

Meanwhile the saloons were not neglected. The war upon them made slow but certain progress.

By January 30th, five saloons and three drug-stores had yielded, and about the same number of saloons and one drug-store remained.

The following amusing "inside view" of one of these saloon visits appeared in a Cincinnati paper. It was given by a young blood who was there. He and a half dozen others, who had been out of town and did not know what was going on, had ranged themselves in the familiar semicircle before the bar, and had their drinks ready and cigars prepared for the match, when the rustle of women's wear attracted their attention, and looking up they saw what they thought a crowd of a thousand women entering. One youth saw among them his mother and sister; another had two cousins in the invading host, and a still more unfortunate recognized his intended mother-in-law. Had the invisible prince of

the pantomime touched them with his magic wand, converting all to statues, the tableau could not have been more impressive. For full one minute they stood as if turned to stone; then a slight motion was evident, and lager-beer and brandy-smash descended slowly to the counter, while segars dropped unlighted from nerveless fingers. Happily, at this juncture the ladies struck up:

"Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend."

It made a diversion, and the party escaped to the street, "scared out of a year's growth."

On the morning of January 31st Mr. Dunn had printed and distributed about the town a "Notice to the Ladies of Hillsborough," which addressed some thirty ladies and nearly the same number of men by name, and warned them that further interference with his business would be followed by suit at law for damages and trespass.

Notwithstanding this notice it was resolved to go on with the work. The mayor's consent was given for the erection of a temporary structure on the street in front of the store. This was called the "Tabernacle." It was constructed of canvas and plank, and the ladies at once took possession. Dunn applied to the Court, and Judge Safford issued an injunction, and the "Tabernacle" was quietly taken down that night. Then came the trial of the case. High legal talent was employed on both sides. It was a long and weary contest, and the verdict was not reached until May, 1875, when a decision in favor of Mr. Dunn awarded him five (\$5) dollars damages. From this judgment an appeal was made to the Supreme Court, but the case was finally compromised and never came to trial.

The day after inaugurating the "Crusade" at Hillsborough, Dr. Lewis started the movement at Washington Court-House, the plan being the same as that adopted at Hillsborough, and it met with such success that in eleven days eleven saloons and three drug-stores had capitulated. Not a drop of liquor could be bought within the corporate limits of Washington Court-House; but there were two obdurate saloon-keepers just outside the corporate limits. One of these, named Slater, resorted to several plans for freezing the ladies out of his establishment. He allowed his fire to go out, opened all the windows, and wet the floor down with water until it stood in pools. It was bitter January weather and the cold was very severe on the ladies. But one morning Mr. Slater was surprised to find before his door a small portable building, hastily constructed of boards, supplied with seats and a stove. The side facing him was open. Comfortably seated in this, the first "Tabernacle" of the Crusade, the besieging party continued praying and singing, but the besieged held out against "moral suasion" until about the middle of January, when he was brought to terms by a criminal prosecution under the Adair law.

From Washington Court-House the movement extended to Wilmington and other towns and villages, until finally almost every town and village in Southern Ohio had its band of "Crusaders." The outside world began to grow interested. The public press said it was destined to be the sensation of the day, and special correspondents were detailed to chronicle its history and incidents.

A number of women under the stimulus of the movement developed into powerful public speakers, with a wonderful power of expression and fervor. These were called from their native places to do missionary work in other localities. Prominent among these were Mother Stewart, of Springfield; Mrs. Runyan, wife of a Methodist minister

of Wilmington, and Mrs. Hadley, a soft-spoken Quakeress of Wilmington.

The most refractory individual with whom the ladies had to deal during this "Crusade" was John Van Pelt. An account of this case is given in the Clinton county chapter of this work.

About the 1st of February, 1874, the Cincinnati *Gazette* published statistics showing that, in twenty-five towns, 109 saloons had been closed and twenty-two drug-stores pledged not to sell intoxicating liquors. An effort was made to start the movement in larger cities, such as Columbus and Cincinnati, but without success, and a few months later the whole movement had gradually subsided and died out.

ALLEN TRIMBLE was born in Augusta county, Va., November 24, 1783. His parents were of Scotch-Irish stock. His father, Captain James, removed to Lexington, Ky., and shortly after his death, which occurred in 1804, Allen settled in Highland county, where he was clerk of the courts and recorder in 1809-16. In the war of 1812 he commanded a mounted regiment under Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, and rendered efficient service. He was sent to the Ohio House of Representatives in 1816; was elected State Senator in 1817; was made Speaker of that body, and held the position until January 7, 1822, when he became acting Governor and served to the end of that year. In 1826 he was elected Governor, and re-elected in 1828. In 1846-48 was President of the first State Board of Agriculture.

As governor he did much to extend and improve the common school system, encourage manufactures and promote penitentiary reform. He was a man of strong religious feeling, of strict integrity, shrewd and with much of what is commonly called "good common sense." These qualities made his career of greater service to the people of Ohio than if he had possessed more brilliant parts without balance. He died at the age of eighty-seven, at Hillsboro, Ohio, February 3, 1870.

The HON. WM. A. TRIMBLE was born in Woodford, Ky., April 4, 1786. His father, Captain James Trimble, had emigrated with his family from Augusta, Va., to Kentucky. In the year 1804, being deeply impressed with the evils of slavery, he was about to remove into Highland, when he was taken unwell and died. His son William graduated at Transylvania University, after which he returned to Ohio, spent some time in the office of his brother Allen, since Gov. Trimble, later studied law at Litchfield, Conn., and returned to Highland and commenced the practice of his profession.

At the breaking out of the war of 1812, he was chosen major in the Ohio volunteers, was at Hull's surrender and was liberated on his parole. Some time in the following winter he was regularly exchanged, and in March was commissioned major in the 26th regiment. In the defence of and sortie from Fort Erie, he acted with signal bravery, and received a severe wound, which was the prominent cause of his death, years after.

He continued in the army until 1819, with the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel, at which time he was elected to the national senate, to succeed Mr. Morrow, whose time of service had expired. In December, 1819, he took his seat, and soon gave promise of much future usefulness. He progressed for two sessions of Congress in advancing the public interest, and storing his mind with useful knowledge, when nature yielded to the recurring shocks of disease, and he died, December 13, 1821, aged 35 years.

JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER was born July 5, 1846, in a log-cabin, about one mile north of Rainsboro. His ancestors came to Ohio from Virginia and Delaware on account of distaste of slavery. Bred on his father's farm he assisted him on the farm and in the grist and saw mill thereon. One day when a small boy he tore his only pair of pants. There was no suitable cloth at hand to make a new pair and time was too precious to send any one to town; in this dilemma his mother made him a pair out of a coffee sack. He protested against wearing these to school, saying, "All the boys will laugh at me." "Never heed what the boys say," replied his mother. "If you become a useful man nobody will ask what kind of pantaloons you wore when a child."

At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the 89th Ohio infantry, and distinguished himself wherever duty called him. He was made sergeant in August, 1862; first lieutenant in March, 1865; was brevetted captain "for efficient services." He was at the bat-



Kratzer, Photo.

RESIDENT STREET, HILLSBORO, 1890.



Kratzer, Photo.

BUSINESS STREET, HILLSBORO, 1890.

tles of Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, Lookout Mountain, and was with Sherman in his march to the sea. Ryan's History of Ohio says of him: "He was mustered out



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.

of the army, after a brave and brilliant service, when but nineteen years of age. After the war he spent two years at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, and thence went to Cornell University. He graduated there July 1, 1869.

In 1879 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, which position he held for three years. In 1883 he was nominated for governor, but was defeated by Judge Hoadly, the Democratic candidate. In 1885 he was again nominated and elected. He was renominated and re-elected in 1887. [In 1889 he was again renominated, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate, James E. Campbell, of Butler county.]

His administrations have been marked by a brave and conscientious execution of all duties that are made his under the law. As an orator, for fearless and passionate eloquence, he has no superior in the State. He is aggressive, yet attractive in his public declarations, and is recognized by men of all parties as honest and courageous."

In his person Gov. Foraker is remarkably symmetrical, with a well-poised head, and his carriage graceful. In his social intercourse he is winning and attractive to an extraordinary degree.

The family are Methodists, and he was named Joseph Benson, the name of the author of the Methodist Commentary on the Bible. That he should when a lad of sixteen be enabled to recruit for the war more men for his company than any other person evinced extraordinary natural persuasive pow-

ers. When in service he kept a daily journal, from which we make brief extracts to illustrate the savagery of war.

January 4, 1864.—Would like to be in Hillsboro' to-day to go to church. Many a poor soldier to-day hovers over his smoky fire, while the cold, heartless winds come tearing through his thin tent, almost freezing him to death, and yet you hear no word of complaint. They are the bravest men that ever composed an army; and while my suffering is equal to theirs, I feel proud of my condition—a clear conscience that I am doing my duty: and this affords me more comfort than all the enjoyments of home. I feel a pride rising in my bosom in realizing that I am a member of the old Fourteenth corps of the Army of the Cumberland. . . .

CHATTANOOGA, December 4, 1863.—Reached the regiment just in time to go into a fight. Don't like fighting well enough to make a profession of it. War is cruel, and when this conflict is over I shall retire from public life. . . .

New Year's Day.—Cold as Greenland. Nothing to eat, scarcely any wood to burn, and enough work for ten men. . . .

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., December 1, 1863. . . . Arrived just in time to engage in the fight. I found the regiment under arms. The army charged Missionary Ridge. Our brigade charged on double quick over two miles and up an awfully steep mountain. I commanded two companies, A and B—brave boys. I threw myself in front



THE OLD MILL.

and told them to follow. They kept as pretty a line as I ever saw them make on drill. The rebs had two cross fires and a front one. They knocked us around. I reached the top of a hill without a scratch, but just as I leaped over their breastworks a large shell burst just before me. A small fragment put a hole in my cap, knocking it off my head. As soon as I got into the breastworks and the rebs began to fall back, I commenced rallying my men. I had the company about formed when Capt. Curtis, Gen. Turchin's adjutant-general, galloped up and complimented me. . . . I never wish to see another fight. It is an

awful sight to see men shot down all around you as you would shoot a beef. . . .

December 2.—There is a hospital in the rear of our camp. You can hear the wounded screaming all through the day. Legs, arms and hands lie before the door . . . They are cutting off more or

less every day . . . War sickens me . . . I have about thirty men left out of the one hundred and one we started with over a year ago. The regiment does not look the same . . . Come what will, I shall stick to the company, if I die with it.

OHIO'S WONDERLAND.

About thirteen miles east of Hillsborough, near the county line and road to Chillicothe, the Rocky Fork of Paint creek passes for about two miles, previous to its junction with the main stream, through a deep gorge, in some places more than a hundred feet in depth, and forming a series of wild, picturesque views, one of which, at a place called "the narrows," is here represented. In the ravine are numerous caves, which are much visited. One or two of them have been explored for a distance of several hundred yards.

The above paragraph is all that is given in our original edition of what is now the most attractive scenic spot in all this region of country.

A writer in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, under the title of "Ohio's Wonderland," gives an interesting description, from which we abridge the following:

The lover of the wild, the rugged and the romantic can in this locality find something new at every step he takes. There are no high mountains to climb, but there are caves to explore, and chasms, cascades, terraces, waterfalls, grottos, etc., without number. As the crow flies it is about seventy-five miles east from Cincinnati, and fourteen east of Hillsboro'; a pleasant way to get there from Hillsboro' is by carriage. There is a well-kept hotel conveniently located, with all the outfits necessary for boating, fishing and exploring.

Prof. Orton, in his geological report for 1870, says: This stream—the Rocky Fork—is an important element in the geography of the county, and it also exhibits its geology most satisfactorily. It is bedded in rock from its source to its mouth, and in its banks and bordering cliffs it discloses every foot of the great Niagara formation of the county . . . At its mouth it has reached the very summit of the system, and the structure of these upper beds it reveals in a gorge whose vertical walls are ninety feet high, and the width of which is scarcely more than two hundred feet. Certain portions of this limestone weather and rain dissolve more easily than the rest, and have been carried away in considerable quantities, leaving overhanging cliffs and receding caves along the lines of its outcrop, and the scenery is the most striking and beautiful of its kind in southeastern Ohio . . . The limestone abounds in very interesting fossils. The great bivalve shell *Megalomus Canadensis* is especially abundant, as are also large univalve shells, all of which can be obtained to good advantage near Ogle's distillery.

The custom is to enter the gorge at the "Point" near the hotel, and go up through and along it. Weird wonders are revealed at

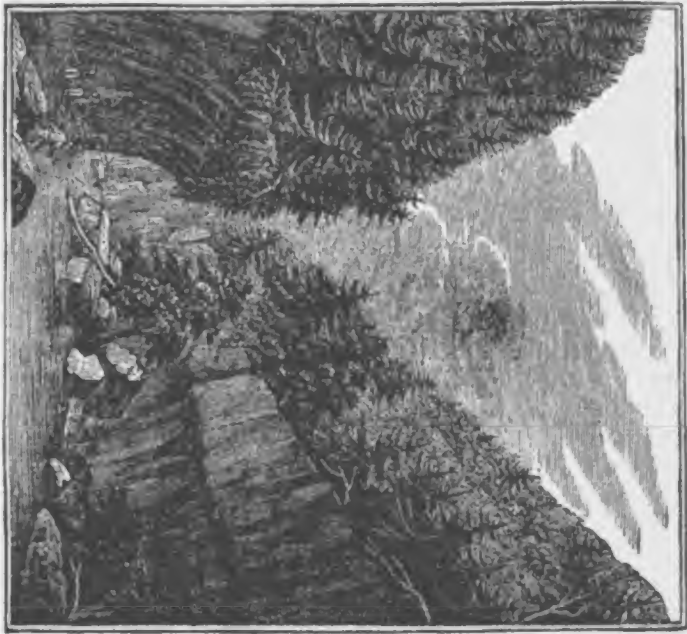
every step; one moment in the shadow of an overhanging cliff bedecked with trailing vines, and ferns and bright-hued wild flowers nodding and waving in all their beauty, nature's own grand conservatory; then a placid sheet of water comes to view, and cascades dancing in the sunlight; there are overhanging rocks under which a score of people could find shelter, and numerous caverns, aside from the four large caves.

The "Dry cave" is the first of these. It is not so extensive as the others, having a length only of about 300 feet, but some of the chambers are so beautifully set with stalagmite and stalactite formations that it well repays a visit. The cave is perfectly dry and the air bracing.

The "Wet cave," so called from a spring of cold water some 600 feet from its mouth, is a series of chambers in which are found large quantities of white, soapy clay. The arches of this cave are of varied and peculiar shapes and formations, the water that constantly percolates through the rocks and crevices having produced many queer shapes. These drops reflecting the light from the explorers' torches give a weird effect, looking like diamonds in the uncertain light above.

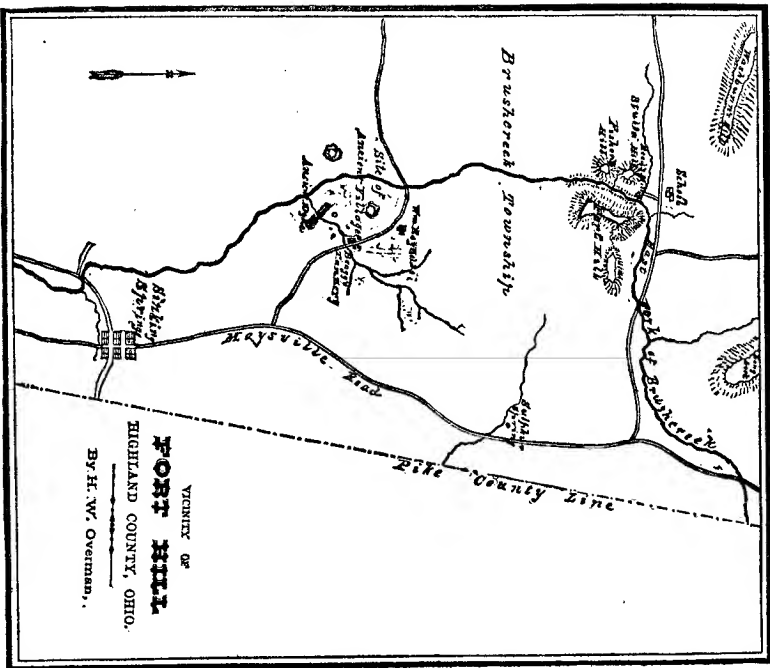
The "Dancing cave" takes its name from the use it is put to by parties visiting the locality. The large dancing chamber is light and nature has kindly provided stalagmite seats around it for the convenience of her guests. Near this cave are two stone "cairns," but their origin and use are buried in the mysteries of the past.

Two hundred yards farther up is a glen, the entrance to "Marble cave," one of the most beautiful of the group, being especially rich in variety and formation. There are quite a number of chambers in the Marble cave, all of good size. And here across the glen is



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

ROCKY GORGE OF PAINT CREEK.



FORT HILL ENVIRONS.

"Profile Rock." Following a narrow path you pass through "Gypsy Glen," then gaze with awe at "Bracket Rock," with an altitude of nearly 100 feet. And then there is a halt and expressions of delight as "Mussett Hole" breaks upon the view. A deep little body of water at the base of towering rocks, and on its margin stands a huge monarch of the forest, named the "Boone Tree." Tradition has it that this was a favorite camping ground of the Indians when on their way to Sandusky from Kentucky, and that they always stopped here to rest and fish and hunt.

There is a remarkable little gorge near the "Mussett Hole." But there are scores of surprises awaiting the visitor at every turn.

The Creator has evidently had it all his own way in preparing these caves and chasms, and wise (?) men have not attempted to improve upon his plans with artificial arrangements. One of these days, perhaps, there will be some modern improvements attempted, but for the present this wonderland can be viewed in all its original majesty and magnificence.

FORT HILL.

One of the most interesting of the numerous ancient earthworks in this part of Ohio is Fort Hill; it is especially interesting, because it presents more of the characteristics of a defensive work than any other in the State. It is situated in Brush Creek township, seventeen miles southeast of Hillsborough, and three miles north of Sinking Springs. The work occupies the top of an isolated hill, which has an elevation of five hundred feet above the bed of the East Fork of Brush creek, which skirts the base of the hill on the north and west. The top of the hill is a nearly level plateau of thirty-five acres, enclosed by an artificial wall of stone and earth, excavated around the brink of the hill, interior to the fort. The ditch formed by the excavation is nearly fifty feet wide. The wall or embankment is 8,582 feet long, contains about 50,000 cubic yards of material, has a base averaging twenty-five feet, and an average height of from six to ten feet. There are thirty-three gateways or entrances in the embankment, arranged at irregular intervals, and ranging in width from ten to fifteen feet. At eleven of these openings the interior ditch is filled up.

The space enclosed is almost entirely covered with forest, which extends in all directions to the base of the hill. Within the fort are two small ponds, which could be made to retain in rainy weather large quantities of water. The hill near the top is very precipitous, and the fort, as a place of military defence, would be almost impregnable. It overlooks a wide extent of country. A short distance south are remains of earthworks, which indicate the site of an ancient village, the inhabitants of which probably relied upon the fort as a place of defence and protection against an invading enemy.

Negotiations were entered into for the purchase and preservation of this work by the Peabody Institute, of Cambridge, Mass.; but the purchase has not been made as yet. This institution purchased, explored, restored, and turned into a public park the Serpent Mound, in Adams county, and the State has recently purchased Fort Ancient, with a view to its preservation, and we trust that some means may be consummated for the preservation of this important work.

Mr. H. W. Overman has recently made a survey of the fort; the results of which are given in the "Ohio Archæological and Historical Quarterly." He writes:

"The vicinity of Fort Hill is by no means void of natural scenery. The channel of Brush creek has cut its way through an immense gorge of Niagara limestone for a distance of two or three miles, forming numer-

ous cliffs and caverns. On the west side of this gorge, at the foot of Fisher's Hill, is a cave, once occupied by David Davis, an ingenious and eccentric hermit, who made the cavern his home for a number of years from about 1847. He discovered a vein of ore near his abode, from which he manufactured in limited quantities a valuable and durable metallic paint, of a color approaching a rose-tint, and of metallic lustre, which gained considerable local reputation. The ore, however, so far as yet discovered, is not in paying quantities. His cave and surrounding scenery, situated as it is in one of the most romantic regions of Southern Ohio, is well worthy of inspection."

THE HARD YEAR.

The year 1807 was called the hard year by the early settlers of Highland county. We abridge from an interesting and valuable series of papers on the "History of the Early Settlement of Highland County," published by the Hillsborough *Gazette*. In the spring of this year hordes of squirrels overran the southern part of the State. They swam the Ohio river in myriads, and the crop just planted was almost entirely taken up. Re-planting was resorted to, for corn must be raised; but with like results. Bread was, of course, the first great necessary, and could only be procured by clearing off and cultivating the soil. Wheat, rye, barley, and oats

had not yet become articles of common cultivation, the great dependence being Indian corn. Some farmers had commenced growing wheat in the older settlements, and by this time had become somewhat dependent upon it, in part, for bread. But this year the entire crop was sick and could not be eaten by man or beast; and as if to enforce the terrors of famine in prospective, all the new ground corn that escaped the ravages of the squirrels in the spring was literally cooked by severe frosts early in September.

I have known, says one who witnessed it, cases where whole families subsisted entirely on potatoes, cabbage, turnips, etc. Added to this was the almost disgusting and nauseating bread and mush, made of meal ground from the frost-bitten corn, as black as a hat.

The sweeping depredations of the squirrels that year resulted in the passage of an act by the legislature, on the first Monday of December, 1807, entitled "An act to encourage the killing of squirrels." This act made it a positive obligation on all persons within the State, subject to the payment of county tax, to furnish, in addition thereto, a certain number of squirrel scalps, to be determined by the township trustees. This was imperative, and it was made the duty of the lister to notify each person of the number of scalps he was required to furnish; and if any one refused or failed to furnish the specified quantity, he was subject to the same penalties and forfeitures as delinquent tax-payers; and any person producing a greater number than was demanded was to receive two cents per scalp out of the county treasury. This law, however, was rendered inoperative almost immediately afterwards by the interposition of a higher power, for the severe winter of 1807-8 almost totally annihilated the squirrel race, the law was not enforced, and finally, in the winter of 1809, was repealed.

REMARKABLE FORTITUDE OF A BOY.

In the excellent "History of Highland County" by Daniel Scott is related a remarkable instance of courage and fortitude of a boy. We give herewith an abridged account of it.

James Carlisle came from Virginia to Highland county in 1805. He settled on a farm and became a celebrated tobacco planter and manufacturer. He was probably the first one to make a regular business of it; which he commenced in 1805, and continued until his death in 1832. His manufacture of tobacco was about the only kind in use throughout Southern Ohio. It was put up in large twists of two or more pounds in weight and was exceedingly strong.

One day during the summer, when the family were away from home, his two sons, John and James, lads of eight and six years, were at work in the tobacco field. They were engaged in "suckering" the plants, beginning at the top and running their hands to the lower leaves, detecting the suckers by their touch, when James cried out that he

was bitten by a rattlesnake. The snake had been coiled up under the lower leaves of the plant. This was a most alarming condition for the boys. They were well aware of the fatal effects of the bite, but did not know what to do and there were none near to advise them.

But James, with the courage of a true backwoods boy, rapidly settled in his own mind the course to be pursued. They had taken an old dull tomahawk out with them for some purpose and James peremptorily ordered his brother John to take it and cut his hand off, at the same time laying it on a stump and pointing to the place where it was to be cut at the wrist. This John positively refused to do, giving as his reason that the tomahawk was too dull. There was no time to discuss the matter, and James could not cut it himself, so they compromised on the wounded finger, which John consented to cut off. It had already turned black and swollen very much. John made several ineffectual attempts to cut off the finger, which was the first finger of the right hand, but only hacked and bruised it. James, however, held it steady and encouraged his brother to proceed, saying it must come off or he should soon die. John finally got it off, but in doing so badly mutilated the hand. This heroic treatment, however, saved the boy's life. He grew to manhood, and finally removed to Missouri.

THE WOMEN'S RAID AT GREENFIELD.

On September 3, 1864, a young man of good character named William Blackburn was shot and killed while passing by on the sidewalk in front of Newbeck's saloon. At the time a general fight was going on within the saloon, during which a pistol-shot was fired.

The public indignation was very intense, all the more so that the guilty person could not be discovered. The excitement, however, gradually died away, but some ten months later it was again aroused by several occurrences of an evil nature, scenes of distress and violence, fights and wife-beatings, which resulted in the women of Greenfield holding a meeting to determine some method of suppressing the liquor traffic. The meeting was held July 10, 1865, in the African M. E. Church, then used as a school-house and place for public gatherings. The following resolution to be presented to the liquor sellers was passed:

"That the ladies of Greenfield are determined to suppress the liquor traffic in their midst. We demand your liquors, and give you fifteen minutes to comply with our request, or abide the consequences."

Then forming by twos in procession, the ladies marched to the drug store of William S. Linn. Here compliance with their request was refused. They then crossed the street to Hern & Newbeck's saloon and again presented their demand and were again refused compliance therewith, when Mrs. Drusilla

Blackburn, becoming greatly excited, cried out, "Here's where the whiskey was sold that killed my son." Upon this, a passionate attack was begun upon the saloon. Mrs. Blackburn followed by her daughter and a score of other ladies crowded through the door; hatchets, axes, mallets and other implements were drawn from places of hiding, and the work of demolition begun did not end until everything in the place had been destroyed and the liquor spilled and running in the gutters of the street. A crowd of men and boys that had gathered aided and abetted the work. One thirsty individual tried to save some liquor in a broken crock, but one of the women discovered his attempt, and pursued him hatchet in hand, so that he was glad to escape unscathed without crock or liquor. The ladies then returned to Linn's drug store, but finding it locked, forced the door and spilled the liquors. Other places were then visited and the liquor spilled; three saloons and three drug stores. There was no stopping the work of destruction until the passion of the women was exhausted.

On July 14, following, William S. Linn applied for a warrant, and a large number of the ladies and those responsible for their actions arrested. The grand-jury, however, refused to find a bill against them and criminal action failed. A civil suit for damages was resorted to. Eminent legal talent was engaged on both sides. The attorneys for the plaintiff were Judge Sloane and Messrs. Briggs, Dickey and Steele; for the defendants, Hon. Mills Gardner, Judge Stanley Matthews and W. H. Irwin.

A verdict was returned awarding \$625 damages. A motion was then made for a new trial, but the case was finally compromised.

Ten years later the women of Greenfield were early in the field as "Crusaders," that being the third town in the State to try moral suasion, where violence had failed.

The following are the names of the ladies published in *The Highland County News*, in January, A. D. 1874, who constituted the band at that time; and among the names are the seventy who first marched on the 24th of December, A. D. 1873:

Mrs. S. Anderson, R. R. Allen, Jas. Anderson, Samuei Amen, C. Ayers, N. P. Ayers. Mrs. A. Bennett, J. M. Boyd, J. Brown, J. J. Brown, C. Brown, J. Bowles, Lizzie Brown, Wm. Barry, C. S. Bell, J. L. Boardman, C. Buckner, Theodore Brown, J. S. Black, W. P. Bernard, Thos. Barry, G. B. Beecher, F. I. Bungarner, Benj. Barrere, Mary Brown, Julia Bentley, M. Bruce, J. Barrere, Mary E. Bowers. Mrs. F. E. Chaney, Benj. Conard, Ella Conard, T. S. Cowden, S. D. Clayton, S. W. Creed, Allen Cooper, C. H. Collins, W. O. Collins, Col. Cook, Dr. Callahan. Mrs. L. Detwiler, W. Doggett, H. S. Doggett, Jas. W. Doggett, J. Doggett, E. Dill, Lavinia Dill. Mrs. Evans, R. F. Evans, J. H. Ely, Ella Fritz, Mrs. Dr. Ellis, S. A. Eckly. B. Foraker [mother of Gov. Foraker], Mrs. E. L. Ferris, M. Frost, Wm. Ferguson, D. K. Fenner, N. Foraker. E. L. Grand Girard, Geo. Glascock, J. Glascock, Henry Glascock, R. Griffith, N. B. Gardner, Mrs. Grayham, Mrs. Col. Glenn, J. C. Gregg. Mrs. Dr. Holmes, James Hogshead, John Hogshead, Asa Haynes, T. G. Hoggard, Paul Harsha, Wm. Hoyt, A. S. Hinton. Mrs. J. Jones, L. Jones, Dr. Johnson, F. B. Jeans, J. W. Jolly, O. Jones. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Kirby, Frank Kibber. S. Lyle, R. A. Linn, J. Langley. Mrs. Thos. Miller, J. Manning, Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Dr. Matthews, Judge Meek, C. B. Miller, C. Miller, R. McFadden, Lewis McKibben, W. J. McSurely, J. McClure. Mrs. J. C. Norton, M. T. Nelson, J. F. Nelson. Chas. O'Harra. Mrs. J. W. Patterson, S. S. Pangburn, C. T. Pope, J. K. Pickering, T. H. Parker, M. Perkins. Geo. Richards, Dr. Russ, J. C. Rittenhouse, Joseph Richards, Jas. Reece, Thomas Rodgers. Mrs. Eli Stafford, Dr. Smith, Dr. Sams, Hugh Swearingen, Dr. W. W. Shepherd, John A. Smith, Mary Simpson, Mrs. Strain, H. A. Stout, Miss Maria Stewart, Mrs. Dr. Speese, J. B. Shinn, E. G. Smith, Wm. Scott, Mrs. Shipp, Jacob Saylor, F. Shepherd. Mrs. Col. Wm. H. Trimble, Eliza J. Thompson, Sarah Tucker, Anna Tucker. Mrs. Vanwinkle. Mrs. Chas. Wilson, John L. West. Mrs. George Zink.

GREENFIELD, at the intersection of the C. W. & B. and O. & S. Railroads, is 17 miles northeast of Hillsborough. It is beautifully situated on the west bank of Paint creek. It was laid out by Duncan McArthur, while still a part of Ross county, in 1800; and the public square, on which stands the city hall, containing the post-office, mayor's office, etc., was by him dedicated to the public use. The town was incorporated in 1841, and its first mayor was Hon. Hugh Smart.

City Officers, 1888: W. H. Irwin, Mayor; J. C. Strain, Clerk; Scott Powell, Marshal; E. H. Miller, Treasurer; W. H. Logan, Street Commissioner; W. G. Moler, Civil Engineer; J. P. Lowe, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, R. R. Sprung, editor and publisher; *Success*, Independent, J. M. Miller, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist. Banks: Commercial, John Fullerton, president; C. W. Price, cashier; Highland County, E. H. Miller, president; Fay Baldwin, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Greenfield Enterprise, printing, etc., 6; J. P. Lowe & Co., carriages, etc., 10; Greenfield Woollen Mills, blankets, etc., 8; D. Welshimer & Son, flour, etc., 4; Greenfield Planing Mill, doors, sash, etc., 5; E. L. McClain, sweat collars, etc., 168; John M. Waddel Manufacturing Company, coffee mills, 38; The Gig Saddle Company, gig saddles, etc., 22.—*State Report*,

1888. Population, 1880, 2,104. School census, 1888, 745 ; W. G. Moler, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$65,000. Value of annual product, \$80,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

LEESBURGH is 10 miles north of Hillsborough, on the C. W. & B. Railroad. Newspaper : *Buckeye*, Neutral, James H. Depoy, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Christian, 1 Advent. Bank : Leesburgh, J. H. Guthrie, president ; M. Redkey, cashier. Population, 1880, 513. School census, 1888, 168 ; D. S. Ferguson, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$15,000. Value of annual product, \$18,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* The Leesburgh Shoe Manufacturing Company is the greatest industry here, employing 30 hands.

LYNCBURGH is 11 miles northwest of Hillsborough, on the C. W. & B. Railroad. Churches : 1 Methodist Episcopal, and 1 Christian. Bank : Lynchburgh, Isma Troth, president ; H. L. Glenn, cashier. *Manufactures and Employees* : Freiburg & Workum, whiskies, 60 ; E. B. Prythero, flour, etc., 2.—*State Report, 1887.* Population in 1880, 664. School census, 1888, 236 ; J. M. Holiday, superintendent of schools.

SINKING SPRINGS is 14 miles southeast of Hillsborough. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. Population, 197.

NEW PETERSBURGH is 10 miles northeast of Hillsborough. It has 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist Episcopal church. Population, 227.

HOCKING.

HOCKING COUNTY was formed March 1, 1818, from Ross, Athens and Fairfield. The land is generally hilly and broken, but along the main streams level and fertile.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 49,087 ; in pasture, 88,976 ; woodland, 49,726 ; lying waste, 2,316 ; produced in wheat, 323,884 bushels ; rye, 2,667 ; buckwheat, 669 ; oats, 47,195 ; barley, 792 ; corn, 303,707 ; meadow hay, 11,504 tons ; clover hay, 848 ; potatoes, 24,083 bushels ; tobacco, 110 pounds ; butter, 293,822 ; cheese, 150 ; sorghum, 4,244 gallons ; maple syrup, 928 ; honey, 2,550 pounds ; eggs, 267,750 dozen ; grapes, 6,865 pounds ; wine, 55 gallons ; sweet potatoes, 1,729 bushels ; apples, 12,027 ; peaches, 2,971 ; pears, 202 ; wool, 199,072 pounds ; milch cows owned, 3,487. Tons of coal mined, 853,063, being exceeded only by Perry, Jackson and Athens counties. School census, 1888, 7,982 ; teachers, 152. Miles of railroad track, 80.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Benton,	448	1,628	Perry,		1,995
Falls,	1,625	5,195	Salt Creek,	821	1,486
Good Hope,	469	1,083	Starr,	622	1,411
Greene,	1,189	2,070	Swan,	759	
Jackson,	472		Ward,		2,272
Laurel,	836	1,292	Washington,	1,124	1,268
Marion,	1,370	1,426			



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MAIN STREET, LOGAN.



Martin Bros., Photo., January, 1891.

MAIN STREET, LOGAN.

Population of Hocking in 1820, 2,080 ; 1830, 4,008 ; 1840, 9,735 ; 1860, 17,057 ; 1880, 21,126, of whom 18,459 were born in Ohio, 631 in Pennsylvania, 430 Virginia, 114 Kentucky, 96 New York, 59 Indiana, 423 German Empire, 198 Ireland, 129 England and Wales, 37 Scotland, 18 France and 13 British America. Census of 1890, 22,658.

The name of this county is a contraction of that of the river Hockhocking, which flows through it. *Hock-hock-ing*, in the language of the Delaware Indians, signifies *a bottle*: the Shawnees have it, *Wea-tha-kagh-quá sepe*, i. e., *bottle river*. John White, in the *American Pioneer*, says: "About six or seven miles northwest of Lancaster there is a fall in the Hockhocking, of about twenty feet: above the fall, for a short distance, the creek is very narrow and straight, forming a neck, while at the falls it suddenly widens on each side and swells into the appearance of the body of a bottle. The whole, when seen from above, appears exactly in the shape of a bottle, and from this fact the Indians called the creek Hockhocking."

This tract of country once belonged to the Wyandots, and a considerable town of that tribe, situated at the confluence of a small stream with the river, one mile below Logan, gives the name *Oldtown* to the creek. The abundance of bears, deer, elks, and occasionally buffaloes, with which the hills and valleys were stored, together with the river fishing, must have made this a desirable residence. About five miles southeast of Logan are two mounds, of the usual conical form, about sixty feet in diameter at the base, erected entirely from stones, evidently brought from a great distance to their present location.

For the annexed historical sketch of the county we are indebted to a resident.

Early in the spring of 1798 several families from different places, passing through the territory of the Ohio Company, settled at various points on the river, some of whom remained, while others again started in pursuit of "the far west." The first actual settler in the county was Christian Westenhaver, from near Hagerstown, Md., of German extraction, a good, practical farmer and an honest man, who died in 1829, full of years, and leaving a numerous race of descendants. In the same spring came the Brians, the Pences and the Franciscos, from Western Virginia, men renowned for feats of daring prowess in hunting the bear, an animal at that time extremely numerous. As an example of the privations of pioneer life, when Mr. Westenhaver ascended the river with his family, a sack of corn-meal constituted no mean part of his treasures. By the accidental upsetting of his canoe, this unfortunately became wet, and consequently blue and mouldy. Nevertheless it was kept, and only on special occasions served out with their bountiful supply of bears' meat, venison and turkeys, until the approaching autumn yielded them potatoes and *roasting ears*, which they enjoyed with a gusto that epicures might well envy. And when fall gave the settlers a rich harvest of Indian corn, in order to reduce it to meal they had to choose between the hominy mortar, or a toilsome journey of nearly thirty miles over an Indian

trace to the mill. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is but little doubt that for many years there was more enjoyment of real life than ordinarily falls to a more artificial state of society. True, though generally united, disputes would sometimes arise, and when other modes of settlement were unavailing, the *last resort*, a duel, decided all. But in this no "Colt's revolver" was put in requisition, but the pugilistic ring was effectual. Here the victor's wounded honor was fully satisfied, and a treat of "old Monongahela" (rye whiskey) by the vanquished restored perfect good feelings among all parties. As to deciding disputes by law, it was almost unthought of. It is true, there were some few men yeilded *justices of the peace*, generally selected for strong natural sense, who admirably answered all the purposes of their election. One, a very worthy old gentleman, being present at what he considered an unlawful demonstration, commanded the peace, which command not being heeded, he immediately threw off his "*warmus*," rolled up his sleeves, and shouted, "Boys! I'll be — if you shan't keep the peace," which awful display of magisterial power instantly dispersed the terror-stricken multitude. This state of things continued with slow but almost imperceptible alterations until 1818, when the number of inhabitants, and their advance in *civilization*, obtained the organization of the county.

The *warmus* above spoken of was a working garment, similar in appearance to a "roundabout," and having been made of *red* flannel was elastic and easy to the wearer. It was not known, we think, to any extent outside of Pennsylvania and

her emigrants, and we think originated with the Germans. In our original tour over the State, in 1846, when we saw a large number of lobster-back people on the farms or about the village taverns, we always knew that region had been settled by Pennsylvania Germans.

Logan in 1846.—Logan, the county-seat, is on the Hockhocking river and canal, one mile below the great fall of the Hockhocking river, 47 miles southeast of Columbus, 18 below Lancaster, and 38 miles east of Chillicothe. It was laid out about the year 1816, and contains 4 stores, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Methodist church, and about 600 inhabitants. The view, taken near the American hotel, shows in the centre the court-house, an expensive and substantial structure, and on the extreme right the printing-office.—*Old Edition.*

Logan was platted by Gov. Worthington. The water-power of the Hocking at the falls was utilized by him, to the extent of a saw-mill and a couple of corn-burrs. In 1825 Logan claimed a population of 250. The place did not get a start until about 1840, from the opening of the Hocking canal in 1838, which furnished an outlet for the produce of the valley. In 1839 the town was incorporated: C. W. James was the first mayor.

LOGAN, the county-seat of Hocking, is on the C. H. V. & T. Railroad, and on the Hocking river and canal (a branch of the Ohio canal), 50 miles southeast of Columbus. It is located on the edge of the Hocking coal and iron region on the east and south, and close to a rich agricultural region on the west and north.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William M. Bowen; Clerk, D. H. Lappen; Commissioners, Henry Trimmer, John T. Nutter, George Marks; Coroner, Geo. G. Gage; Infirmary Directors, Philip Hansel, Andrew Wright, Isaac Mathias; Probate Judge, William T. Acker; Prosecuting Attorney, Virgil C. Lowry; Recorder, David M. O'Hare; Sheriff, John Gallagher; Surveyor, James W. Davis; Treasurers, John Notestone, Benjamin H. Allen. City Officers: A. Steiman, Mayor; George G. Gage, Clerk; W. P. Price, Solicitor; Andrew Hall, Jr., Treasurer; Edward Juergensmeier, Commissioner; Geo. Deishley, Marshal. Newspapers: *Hocking Sentinel*, Democratic, Lewis Green, editor and publisher; *Republican Gazette*, Republican, F. S. Pursell, editor; *Ohio Democrat*, Democratic, A. H. Wilson, editor; G. W. Brehm, proprietor. Churches: 1 Catholic, 2 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian. Banks: First Bank of Logan, John Walker, president; Chas. E. Bowen, cashier; People's, L. A. Culver, president; R. D. Culver, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Frank Kessler, doors, sash, etc., 6; Reynes & Wellman, flour, etc., 9; The Logan Woollen Mills, blankets, etc., 10; The Logan Manufacturing Co., furniture, etc., 54; C. H. V. & T. Railroad Shops, railroad repairs, 45; Motherwell Iron and Steel Co., bridges, etc., 83.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 2,666. School census, 1888, 1,125. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$187,500. Value of annual product, \$323,000.—*Labor Statistics, 1887.* U. S. Census, 1890, 3,119.

The wild scenery in the western part of the county was first brought to general notice, in "Silliman's Journal of Science," by Dr. S. P. Hildreth, who was on the first geological survey of Ohio in 1837. His account, as given in our first edition, is here repeated:

One of the favorite descents of the Indians was down the waters of Queer creek, a tributary of Salt creek, and opened a direct course to their town of old Chillicothe. It is a wild, romantic ravine, in which the stream has cut a passage, for several miles in extent, through the solid rock, forming mural cliffs, now more than one hundred and twenty feet in height. They are also full of caverns and grottos, clothed with dark evergreens of the hemlock and cedar. Near the outlet of this rocky and

narrow valley there stood, a few years since, a large beech tree, on which was engraven, in legible characters, "*This is the road to hell, 1782.*" These words were probably traced by some unfortunate prisoner then on his way to the old Indian town of Chillicothe.

This whole region is full of interesting scenery, and affords some of the most wild and picturesque views of any other of equal extent in the State of Ohio.

It was one of the best hunting grounds for

the bear; as its numerous grottos and caverns afforded them the finest retreats for their winter quarters. These caverns were also valuable on another account, as furnishing vast beds of nitrous earth, from which the old hunters, in time of peace, extracted large quantities of saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder, at which art some of them were great proficients. One of these grottos, well known to the inhabitants of the vicinity by the name of the "Ash Cave," contains a large heap of ashes piled up by the side of the rock which forms one of its boundaries. It has been estimated, by different persons, to contain several thousand bushels. The writer visited this grotto in 1837, and should say there was at that time not less than three or four hundred bushels of clean ashes, as dry and free from moisture as they were on the day they were burned. Whether they are the refuse of the old saltpetre-makers, or were piled up there in the course of ages, by some of the aborigines who made these caverns their dwelling-places, remains as yet a subject for conjecture.

These ravines and grottos have all been formed in the out-cropping edges of the sandstone and conglomerate, rocks which underlie the coal fields of Ohio, by the wasting action of the weather, and attrition of running water. The process is yet going on in several streams on the southwest side of Hocking

county, where the water has a descent of thirty, forty or even fifty feet at a single pitch, and a fall of eighty or a hundred in a few rods. The falls of the Cuyahoga and the Hocking are cut in the same geological formation. The water, in some of these branches, is of sufficient volume to turn the machinery of a grist or saw-mill, and being lined and overhung with the graceful foliage of the evergreen hemlock, furnishes some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery. This is especially so at the "Cedar Falls," and "the Falls of Black Jack." The country is at present but partially settled, but when good roads are opened and convenient inns established, no portion of Ohio can afford a richer treat for the lovers of wild and picturesque views.

There is a tradition among the credulous settlers of this retired spot, that lead ore was found here and worked by the Indians; and many a weary day has been spent in its fruitless search among the cliffs and grottos which line all the streams of this region. They often find ashes and heaps of cinders; and the "pot holes" in a bench of the sand-rock in the "Ash Cave," evidently worn by the water at a remote period, when the stream ran here, although it is now eighty or one hundred feet lower, and ten or twelve rods farther north, they imagine, were in some way used for smelting the lead.

As the great natural curiosities of the county are becoming more known and appreciated, we think it best to describe them fully, and this we are enabled to do by a communication from the pen of one perfectly familiar with them, Dr. O. C. FARQUHAR, of Zanesville.

ROCK HOUSE.

Hocking county possesses more points of interest to the lovers of nature than can be found in any other portion of the State. Among the many prominent local places of notoriety and resort that are to be found in this county, nestled away behind the hills, or in the valleys of this seeming wilderness, are the *ASH CAVE*, *ROCK HOUSE*, *DEAD MAN'S CAVE*, *CEDAR FALLS*, *ROCK BRIDGE*, and *SALTPETRE CAVE*, all stand out in the foreground, although it is impossible for one to go amiss here, who is in search of nature's most grand and beautiful. The Rock House is located about twelve miles southwest of Logan, the county-seat, and six miles in an air line from Adelphi station, Ross county, on a farm of 300 acres, owned by Col. F. F. Rempel, of Logan, who is public-spirited and entertaining, and has recently erected a very simple and comfortable hotel on the Rock House grounds, for the perfect accommodation of the throngs of visitors who come here during the summer months, from all parts of the country.

The Rock House is a house within a wall of massive sandstone formation, which rises to the height of 166 feet, and is covered here and there with ferns and lichens. From out

this solid wall of rock, nature's means of time and the elements have perhaps hewn out this vast Gothic hall and its attendant chambers, giving it windows and portals, and great sandstone columns to bear its massive roof. This cave is wonderful for its peculiar formation. It is about 350 feet in length, 25 feet high, and fully 25 feet in breadth. Instead of its leading into the bosom of the cliff or rocky wall, through a small aperture, as is common with most subterranean passages, the rocks have been rifted lengthwise, forming two Gothic doorways at about half the height of the precipice, affording the means of entrance; while along its front are arranged five massive sandstone pillars; the openings between them give the appearance of Gothic windows.

Here again it appears marvellous how much of human art and skill has been displayed by nature; and yet all is devoid of the handiwork of man. Near the southern end of the cavern is a shelf or ledge jutting out beyond the doorway, and above this overhangs the frowning brow of the great precipice, over which there trickles a little stream of water at both the east and west ends of this lofty precipice of rocks.

In taking a position in the valley or ravine at the base of this rocky wall and its cliffs,

facing the main entrance which leads to the wild, weird-like, mysterious chambers within, and then cast the eyes well up towards the top of the cliff-rocks, permitting the vision to range along the whole frontage for a distance of 500 yards, the view thus afforded is sublime and grand in the extreme.

The whole face of this wall is so evenly and beautifully carved by nature's eroding processes, that the even regularity and beauty of the designs appear to show beyond a doubt that some experienced workman and carver of stone could alone have shaped these grotesque, artistic and fancy forms. "Within this house not made with hands" there are doors, dormitories, windows, rocky porches, rooms, halls, stair-ways and chambers, large

enough to contain more than a thousand people. At the door of this cavern can be seen the form of a book cut in the rock, and on the pages the following letters appear: I. T. F. B. R. B. A. R.:—I. T. F. F. A. W. M. T. A. W., which translated means, "In the fall Buck Run bananas are ripe, In the frosty fall a wise man takes a wife." Buck Run bananas is the neighborhood vernacular for paw-paws. There are countless unique inscriptions on the rocks hereabouts. One can very pleasantly, and with profit too, spend a month here delving around among nature's wonders, as only found in the howling wilderness of the Hocking hills, whose citizens are always proud of their barefooted Jay-bird orator.

From another source we learn the cave has six openings, including entrances and windows. These openings are bounded by stone columns, as expressed to us in various colors, red, yellow and green. The dimensions are also thus given: Front of precipice in which it is situated, 133 feet; length of cavern, 200 feet; width 25 to 40, and roof from 30 to 50 feet. In the Ohio Geological Report for 1870 is a brief description and a picture. We now give our correspondent's description of the other curiosities.

ASH CAVE.

One of the most striking and beautiful scenes in Hocking county is so named from the vast quantity of ashes it contains. It has been variously estimated by different persons to contain several thousand bushels. Even as late as this year (1886) there are evidences of many bushels of wood ashes, nearly as pure, dry and free from moisture as on the day when they were burned. The source of this unnatural ashy mystery remains unexplained. It has been conjectured that they are the refuse of old saltpetre or nitrate of potash makers, or whether they were piled up in this cave during the course of ages by some of the aborigines who made these caverns their places of abode, are at best only visionary and speculative.

The cave is formed by a projecting cliff at the source of a little stream, whose deep valley or gulch parts the bold, rock-ribbed hills whose summits look down upon the tops of the loftiest pines, which grow at their base. At this point, which is the highest rock-exposure in Hocking county, the ledge is not less than 125 feet high, and reaches or projects over from the base not less than 100 feet, forming a semicircular cavern nearly 700 feet in length, ninety feet deep, and about the same in height. At one side of this semicircle, near the rock, lies the great pile of ashes which gives this enchanting and mysterious cavern the name of Ash Cave.

From the centre of the overhanging roof a streamlet leaps into a pool below, lending additional grandeur, beauty and charms to the before sublime picture. For more than a quarter of a mile distance down this valley, on either side, rises to a height of from eighty to 100 feet, a rocky ledge, which for diversity and elegant naturalness forms a scenic view

seldom if ever surpassed. It simply opens out to the view of the awe-impressed beholder a magnificent amphitheatre, where every step and every glance unfolds new and beautiful wonders. Large masses of sand-rock are seemingly thrown together with an intention of pure chaotic confusion, many of them beautifully lichened with variegated mosses, rivalling with their gorgeous beauty the finest hues of the most luxuriant Brussels carpets.

From some points or positions of observation, the eye takes in the entire length and breadth of this rocky ledge, from base to summit. At other points are presented the furrowed erosions of the rocky faces, partly hidden by vines that clamber up their sides, and the topmost branches of the scraggy pines that grow up from below. This peculiar, beautiful, weird and extensive cavern, and the scenery in its vicinity, is located in Benton township, about twenty-one miles southwest of Logan, the county-seat. Thousands of people visit the place each summer, generally making one journey take them to both the Rock House, only six miles distant from the cave. Ohio can furnish no more beautiful scenery than is to be found in this county.

ROCK BRIDGE.

This natural rocky wonder is situated in Good-Hope township, Hocking county, on the Hocking river, and the line of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railway, about midway between Lancaster and Logan. This curiosity is a sandstone formation, the under side forming an arch of about thirty degrees curvature. The bridge is level on the top, ranges from ten to twenty feet wide, and is entirely detached from all adjoining rock for a distance of nearly 100 feet. The



Frank Henry Howe, Photo., 1889.

ROCK BRIDGE.



ROCK HOUSE CAVE.

span, measured from the under side, is about 150 feet, and is at an elevation of about fifty feet from the bottom of the gulch it spans. The location and easy accessibility, together with the romantic, wild-like place, its fine

shade and picturesque surroundings, have made it a favorite site for picnic excursions from all points along the line of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railway.

COLONEL WHITTLESEY'S REMINISCENCES.

In the summer of 1886, a few weeks before the decease of Colonel Charles Whittlesey (see page 523), he gave us orally some interesting items, gathered when on geological surveys of Ohio, about forty-five years before. "Early in this century," said he, "before the establishment of courts to try culprits, there was a rude system of justice established by the people. The wilderness region—the hill-country of Southeastern Ohio—at times suffered from the crimes of scoundrels who stole horses from the poor settlers and sometimes committed murder. Whenever they were caught, and evidence certain, the people hung or shot them with but little formality. A considerable number of desperadoes were thus disposed of; but the facts did not go out to the public, as it was before the days of newspapers.

In the north part of Hocking county (the name of the township I don't recollect, only that it was on the south side of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 24) is a cave called *Thieves' Cave*, where the horse-thieves gathered their horses—more properly a rock shelter, shelving towards the rear. It was in the form of an ellipse, about 130 feet long and thirty feet to the rear. In the beginning of the century horses were brought here. Here the horse-thieves lived and hunted. As late as 1872 horse-manure was found by me while exploring it geologically.

At New Straitsville, in the adjoining county of Perry, is a rock shelter on the south side of Sugar Run, about 100 feet long and forty broad, where religious meetings and meetings of miners have been held.

Anciently there was a hunters' trail on the height of land between Lost Run and the West Fork of Snow Fork. This was only a

short distance from the cave. Shortly after the war of 1812, say about 1816, a man with his family, moving West, was overtaken by winter and out of money, about a mile and a half northeast from Thieves' Cave, on the West Fork of Snow Fork, near where it is crossed by the county line of Hocking and Perry. He found there a sand-stone block, which, separated from the main cliff, fell and stood upright, thus forming with the main cliff, two vertical walls. He closed up the rear end and made a door at the other. His only light was from the open door. He had plenty of wood and water. He made shoes all winter for the sparse settlers, and in spring had money enough to pursue his journey.

Lost Run derived its name from a hunter lost. Years after his skeleton was found with gun by his side. He had evidently been sitting by a tree and had frozen to death.

ONE OF "THE OLD GUARD" AN OHIO PIONEER.

There died in Logan county, in June, 1885, Christopher Stahley, aged 104 years and 10 months. He was a "last survivor" of the grand army of Napoleon; a native of Alsace; a typical veteran of the wars, scarred and crippled. He was a man of culture, and grew eloquent when describing his campaigns; and, like all of Napoleon's soldiers, adored his leader and worshipped his memory. We give herewith extracts from Stahley's story, as related to the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:

"I became a soldier at fifteen, and was one of the thirty thousand men who went with Napoleon to Egypt, and was one of the first to enter the city of Malta. I was with my command at the Pyramids, and participated in the terrible conflict with the Mamelukes. Thence across the desert and through the Isthmus of Suez to Gaza and Jaffa, and saw the 1,500 put to death for breaking their parole, and helped to annihilate the allied army of 18,000 at Aboukir.

"It was in 1804 that we helped to proclaim him Emperor, and saw the preparations made to invade England. But England was spared and Austria punished instead.

"Three years of preparation and we were on the road to the Capital of Russia in that memorable campaign of 1812. There were 480,000 of us who went forth to glory. Less than half that number returned, and the most of them after being detained as prisoners. I saw them fall by battalions at Smo-

lensk and Borodino, and perish by grand divisions on the retreat from Moscow to Smorgoni. I personally attended the Emperor to France, when he bade adieu to his soldiers at the latter city.

"I was one of the Old Guard. There is a blank in my memory, and I do not know how I got back to Paris; but I found myself there, and learned that my old commander was a prisoner at St. Helena. Then came the news of his death. I had taken part in fifty engagements, great and small, and had seen men die by the thousand; but that death affected me more than all the rest put together.

"In 1822, in company with my wife, I emigrated to America. We reached Pittsburgh by stage. From there we floated down the Ohio on a flat-boat to the mouth of the

Muskingum, and ascended that river to Zanesville in a canoe. From Zanesville I trundled all my earthly possessions in a wheelbarrow to St. Joseph's, near Somerset, where I bought a farm and settled down. Then began my disasters. My oldest son was with me in the forest hewing logs for a barn, and by a false stroke of the broad axe cut off my thumb and finger. A few years later a vicious horse kicked me in the forehead and left this scar that looks like a sabre cut. The next year I fell from a tobacco-house I was helping to raise, and broke four ribs and my collar-bone. Ten years later I slipped and fell into a threshing-machine, and I had my foot torn off. A few years ago I was on my way to church, and my horse ran away, threw me out of the carriage, shattered my elbow, and left me with a stiff arm. I am in constant dread of meeting a fatal accident. Had I remained in the grand army of the Emperor I would feel perfectly safe."

TRIP TO THE HOCKING VALLEY COAL MINES.

The coal mining interests of the Hocking valley have developed enormously within the past ten years. Immense quantities of this coal are carried by rail to Lake Erie, and thence transported by water to points on the lakes, while large quantities of it are reshipped by rail at Duluth and other points, for consumption in the Northwestern States.

The operators of the Hocking valley have ever been ready to take advantage of new improvements in mining machinery and labor-saving devices to increase the output of their mines. An account of a recent visit of the members of the Ohio Institute of Mining Engineers, for purposes of inspection, was published in the *Ohio State Journal*. We make extracts therefrom:

The first stop was made near Straitsville, where No. 11 mine, owned by the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron Company, was visited and the thickness of the great vein was noted. The next stop was made at Sand Run, where the box-car loading machine was in operation. This machine is truly wonderful in its mechanism. The coal runs from a chute into the box-car door, where the coal is received on a portable platform run in through the opposite door. There is a steam-shovel attached to this platform, which works from right to left, throwing the coal to each end of the car. The machine is worked by steam and is under the control of an operator, who regulates the speed of the engine. This labor-saving device takes the place of four men, and with it a box-car can be loaded as quickly as an open car.

Another interesting machine at these works is the endless-rope haulage system. The engine is made on the same plan as a railroad locomotive, and the large drums over which the wire rope runs can be run backward or forward at the will of the engineer. Ten bank-cars are brought out of the mine at a time, making about fifteen tons of coal, or about the average amount loaded on each railroad coal-car. There is a large dial, with a hand attached to the fly-wheel. This en-

ables the engineer to know at all times where the train is.

Leaving Sand Run at 9.10 A. M., the next stop was made at the mines of the Consolidated Coal and Mining Co., at Brashears, where the air-compressor and the Harrison mining machines are in operation. The Lechner air-drills and wire-rope haulage were also in use.

After dinner the party visited the mines of the Ellsworth and Morris Coal Company at Brush Fork, which are the *largest mines* in the United States. At these mines there is an entry on each side of the valley, tracks leading in a "Y" on the same hoppers, and the coal is dumped over the same tippie. The capacity of the mines at this place is two thousand tons per day. One cannot imagine the magnitude of this great work without seeing it. Seven bank-cars are dumped per minute, or ten and a half tons. The wire-rope haulage system is used here also, but on a larger scale. The two last mines visited are fitted out with the latest machinery.

Leaving Brush Fork at two o'clock the next stop was made at Buchtel, where some left the train to visit the large blast furnace, while others went to Happy Hollow to see the coke-ovens of the Nelsonville Coal and Coke Company.

Mr. Thomas E. Knauss, of Columbus, was with the party. Mr. Knauss was formerly located at Nelsonville, and is the pioneer of

the wire-rope haulage system in the Hocking valley.

The Haydenville Mining and Manufacturing Company, of which Peter Hayden, of Columbus, was president and principal owner, is a large concern; owning 3,000 acres of valuable mineral land, underlaid by rich deposits of coal and fire-clay; large and substantial building and factories, employing a large force of men, the company turns out immense quantities of sewer-pipe, fire-proofing, terra cotta, and paving-blocks. The industry is a valuable one.

Its development is due to the enterprise of Peter Hayden, he being one of the pioneer coal operators of the Hocking valley, and one who has done as much as any one man for the development of the vast mineral wealth of this region.

Mr. Hayden's death, which occurred April 6, 1888, brought sorrow and grief to many hearts in this valley, as he was renowned for his patriarchal care, his consideration for the comfort and interests, and benevolence to

those in his employ. Men of all classes deemed it an honor to work for him. He employed none but sober, industrious, and intelligent men, and never permitted a good man to leave his service, if money and considerate treatment were an inducement to remain. As a result, his enterprises were singularly free from all labor complications; and his career affords an example to be emulated by all those employing large numbers of men.

HAYDENVILLE is six miles southeast of Logan, on the Hocking Canal and C. H. V. & T. Railroad. Population about 600.

GORE is eight miles northeast of Logan, on the Straitsville branch of the C. H. V. & T. Railroad. Population about 600. School census, 1888, 200.

CARBON HILL is eight miles southeast of Logan, on the H. V. division of the C. H. V. & T. Railroad. Population about 500.

LAURELVILLE is twenty-two miles southwest of Logan. It has one Cumberland Presbyterian and one Baptist Church. Population about 300. School census, 1888, 111.

MILLVILLE is eight miles northwest of Logan, on the C. H. V. & T. Railroad. Population about 250. School census, 1888, 115.

MURRAY CITY is twelve miles east of Logan, on the C. H. V. & T. Railroad. Population about 500.

SOUTH BLOOMINGVILLE is seventeen miles southwest of Logan. Population, 350.

HOLMES.

HOLMES COUNTY was formed January 20, 1824, and organized the next year. It was named from Major Holmes, a gallant young officer of the war of 1812, who was killed in the unsuccessful attack upon Mackinac, under Col. Croghan, August 4, 1814. Fort Holmes at Mackinac was also named from him.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 99,862; in pasture, 111,913; woodland, 50,474; lying waste, 2,919; produced in wheat, 462,252 bushels; rye, 6,145; buckwheat, 1,096; oats, 553,489; barley, 898; corn, 554,491; broom corn, 1,200 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 23,882 tons; clover hay, 11,440; potatoes, 56,161 bushels; tobacco, 955 lbs.; butter, 499,561; cheese, 197,623; sorghum, 870 gallons; maple syrup, 5,017; honey, 5,505 lbs.; eggs, 550,828 dozen; grapes, 19,550 lbs.; wine, 317 gallons; apples, 24,153 bush.

peaches, 24,153 ; pears, 1,110 ; wool, 211,529 lbs. ; milch cows owned, 6,868. School census, 1888, 7,029 ; teachers, 171. Miles of railroad track, 47.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Berlin,	1,151	1,378	Paint,	1,361	1,381
German,	1,281	1,517	Prairie,	1,347	1,462
Hardy,	1,985	3,230	Richland,	1,088	1,463
Killbuck,	906	1,375	Ripley,	1,279	1,359
Knox,	1,178	1,005	Salt Creek,	1,730	1,494
Mechanic,	1,400	1,271	Walnut Creek,	1,000	1,371
Monroe,	898	1,054	Washington,	1,457	1,416

Population of Holmes in 1830 was 9,123 ; 1840, 18,061 ; 1860, 20,589 ; 1880, 20,776 ; of whom 17,436 were born in Ohio, 1,345 in Pennsylvania, 105 in Indiana, 96 in Virginia, 74 in New York, 2 in Kentucky, 782 in German Empire, 177 in France, 71 in Ireland, 45 in England and Wales, 9 in Scotland, 5 in British America, and 18 in Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 21,139.

The following historical and descriptive sketch of Holmes county and of Millersburg, the county-seat, was carefully prepared by one of its venerable citizens, Mr. G. F. Newton, of Millersburg. It being more full than that in our first edition we substitute it.

The territory included within the county of Holmes was taken from the counties of Wayne, Coshocton and Tuscarawas : from Wayne, 87,440 acres, from Coshocton, 162,200 acres, and from Tuscarawas, 16,200 acres ; total area, 267,840. A line running diagonally through the county from east-northeast to west-southwest, commonly known as the "Indian Boundary" line, separates the United States military district and the Indian reservation (new purchase).

The territory north of this line was surveyed into townships of six miles square, and again into sections of 640 acres. That south of said line is surveyed into townships of five miles square, and again into quarter townships of 4,000 acres. Some of these quarter townships were again divided into 100 acre lots for the private soldiers of 1776. Within this county 480 of these 100 acre lots were given to the soldiers of the Revolutionary war. Six of the 4,000 acre tracts of land were set apart as schools-land for the Connecticut Western Reserve and subsequently sold at public sale. The remainder of this territory was surveyed into sections of 640 acres and sold at private entry at Zanesville.

The valley of Killbuck river passes from north to south through the centre of the county ; the valley is deep and adjoining hills high and steep. On each side of the river, seven to nine miles distant, is a high ridge of land, separating its waters from those of the Mohican and Tuscarawas. From the valley to the hill-tops are innumerable springs of pure water, many of them very strong, which in their rapid descent to the river furnish good water-power.

In the northwest corner of the county is *Odell's Lake*, a beautiful body of pure water, in places thirty feet deep. It is half a mile broad, two miles long, and abounds in fish. It furnishes water-power sufficient to run a large flouring mill. The P. Ft.W. & C. R. R. has constructed a station on the north side of this lake. Since then it has become a popular place of resort for pleasure and fishing parties.

All the valleys of this county are very productive when properly cultivated, and those of Paint, Martin's and Doughty's creeks are wide and beautiful. The chief productions are wheat, corn, oats, hay, sheep, cattle and horses. Taking into consideration its size, Holmes is hardly surpassed by any county in the State for its productions of wheat and fine horses.

The southwest part of the county is quite broken and hilly ; yet its immense quarries of brown, white and blue limestone, coal and other minerals, make it

equally valuable with other parts. Coal has been successfully mined in every township of the county and in some of them extensively.

FIRST SETTLEMENT.

In July, 1809, Jonathan Grant, of Beaver county, Pa., and his son, then a boy, built the first cabin in the county. They came on foot through the woods, carrying a gun, ammunition and tools for doing their work. Their cabin was on Salt creek, in Prairie township, about one mile east of the Killbuck. They made a clearing and sowed a large patch for turnips. Grant then fell sick, and for twenty-eight days lay on a bed of bark and leaves, and subsisted chiefly on roots, attended only by his son. He became reduced to a skeleton, and the boy was but little better.

An Indian passing along the valley discovered the cabin and stopped. He told Grant that "Pale Face" and his family were encamped in the Killbuck valley, at a big spring, and pointed the direction. The boy went and in a short time returned with Jonathan Butler, who had, with his father-in-law, James Morgan, reached the valley the day previous.

Through the timely assistance of Butler, Grant soon recovered and became of much service to his new acquaintances. Grant could speak the Indian language, and was with the surveyors as their "lookout" while surveying the "new purchase," and knew all about the country, as well as being a great hunter. His patch of turnips turned out abundantly and of excellent quality, and proved of much service that fall and next spring. Grant did not return home to his family in Pennsylvania until cold weather.

In April, 1810, Edwin Martin, then John L. Dawson, David and Robert Knox, settled on Martin's creek, about one mile south of Grant's cabin. A few days later a dozen or more families settled in that neighborhood, Grant's among them. Settlements were commenced on the east end of this county—then Tuscarawas—along the valleys of Walnut and Sugar creeks, in 1809–10, by the Troyers, Hochtellers, Weavers, Millers, Domers, Bergers and others: also on Doughty, the Carpenters and Morrisons. In 1810–11 Peter Casey and others settled on the Killbuck, near Millersburg; and Abraham Shrimlin farther south on Shrimlin creek. Peter Shimer, Jacob Korn, Thomas Edgar and others, near Berlin; and the Finneys, Mackey, Havelands and others, in what is now Monroe township, then in Coshocton county. In 1810–11 the Priests, Bonnets, Newkirks, Drakes and Quicks settled in the valley of Mohican, then Wayne county.

In 1812 the settlers fearing the Indians built a block-house on the Dawson land, half a mile east of Holmesville; but the Indians not becoming troublesome it was used but a short time. Col. Crawford on his unfortunate campaign crossed the Killbuck north of Holmes, and camped at night near the "big spring," May 30, 1781; there one of his men died that night, and his burial-place was marked on a beech-tree near by. At this spring Jonathan Butler settled, and February 4, 1810, his daughter Hannah was born. The spring is known as the first burial and first birth-place of white persons in the county.

On the organization of the county the associate judges of the Court of Common Pleas appointed were: Peter Casey, William Hutchinson and George Luke. They met at Millersburg, February 18, 1825, and organized the court. They appointed James S. Irvine clerk of court and county recorder, and Samuel Robinson county surveyor. They also issued a proclamation for an election to ensue April 4th, for the necessary township and county officers, whereby Daniel Hutchinson was elected sheriff; Anson Wheaton, coroner; Seth Hunt, auditor; for county commissioners, David I. Finney, Griffith Johnson and Frederick Hall. The commissioners at their June term organized the county into townships, which remain unchanged.

Millersburg in 1846.—Millersburg, the county-seat, is situated on elevated

ground, surrounded by lofty hills, on Killbuck creek, eighty-seven miles northeast of Columbus, and about seventy south of Cleveland. It was laid out in 1824, by Charles Miller and Adam Johnson, and public lots sold on the 4th of June of that year. There had been previously, a quarter of a mile north, a town of the same name, laid out about the year 1816. The names recollected of the first settlers in the village are Seth Hunt, Colonel William Painter, Samuel S. Henry, George Stout, Samuel C. M'Dowell, R. K. Enos, Jonathan Korn, John Smurr, John Glasgow, Thomas Hoskins, James Withrow, James M'Kennan—the first lawyer in Holmes, and James S. Irvine, the first physician in the same. A short time previous to the sale three houses were erected. The first was a frame, on the northeast corner of Jackson and Washington streets; the second, a frame, on the northeast corner of Washington and Adams streets; and the last, a log, on the site of S. C. Bever's residence. The Seceder church, the first built, was erected in 1830, and the Methodist Episcopal in 1833. The village was laid out in the forest, and in 1830 the population reached to 320. About fourteen years since, on a Sunday afternoon, a fire broke out in the frame house on the corner of Washington and Adams streets, and destroyed a large part of the village. Among the buildings burned were the court-house and jail, which were of log, the first standing on the northeast corner of the public square, and the other a few rods south of it. Millersburg contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Lutheran and 1 Seceder church, 2 newspaper printing-offices, 10 dry-goods and 3 grocery stores, 1 foundry, 1 grist-mill, and had, in 1846, 673 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

MILLERSBURG is eighty-three miles northeast of Columbus and eighty-four miles south of Cleveland, on the C. A. & C. Railroad. Newspapers: *Holmes County Farmer*, Democratic, Newton & Barton, editors and proprietors; *Holmes County Republican*, Republican, White & Cunningham, proprietors. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Disciples, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Methodist Episcopal, and 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Commercial, Robert Long, president, John E. Koch, Jr., cashier; L. Mayer's Exchange, C. R. Mayer, cashier; J. & G. Adams, A. C. Adams, cashier. County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Edwin A. Uhl; Clerk, Jacob J. Strome; Commissioners, Jacob Schmidt, Philip Petry, Henry Shafer; Coroner, John A. Gonser; Infirmary Directors, Edward E. Olmstead, Joseph Geisinger, John McClelland; Probate Judge, Richard W. Taneyhill; Prosecuting Attorney, Samuel N. Schwartz; Records, Theodore H. Thome, Jacob B. Lepley; Sheriff, William S. Troyer; Surveyor, William S. Hanna; Treasurers, A. B. Rudy, Samuel Anderson. City Officers, 1888: Mayor, John P. Larimer; Clerk, J. G. Walkup; Treasurer, Allen G. Sprinkle; Marshal, John E. Albertson.

Manufacturers and Employees.—Gray & Adams, planing mill, 4 hands; Henry Snyder, tiles, etc., 12; Maxwell, Hecker & Pomerene, flour, etc., 10.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 1,814. School census, 1888, 590; John A. McDowell, superintendent. Census, 1890, 1,923.

The county has had three court-houses and three jails. The first of these were constructed of wood and burned in 1834; these were replaced by brick structures, since taken down to give place to the present buildings. The present court-house, completed in 1886, is all of stone, in three colors—white, blue and gray—taken from quarries within the county. For beauty and durability they are unsurpassed by any in the State. In the county are ten thriving villages, all having good schools, churches, stores and various mechanical shops.

The county has fifteen school districts, 106 well-built school-houses, many of them having large grounds with trees, vines and flowers; eleven of them with two or more departments, and sixty-one comfortable frame, brick or stone churches, and about as many more worshipping congregations meet in school-houses, which, if the entire population of the county were at once to assemble, would give an average of 120 attendants at each place.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MILLERSBURG.



Ross Hall, Millersburg, Photo., 1886.

MILLERSBURG.

Each of the views is taken from the same point, forty years apart in time.

The first newspaper published in the county, the *Millersburg Gazette*, was printed June 9, 1828. It was Democratic in politics, and as such had a continuous publication as the official paper of the county. In 1840 its name was changed to *Holmes County Farmer*, which name it still bears. It is now published by D. G. Newton and L. G. Barton; the former has been connected with its publication thirty-three years. In 1835 an opposition paper, the *Holmes County Whig*, was started. It had many suspensions, revivals and changes of name. In 1870 Messrs. White & Cunningham became proprietors of the *Holmes County Republican*. Under their management it has been more prosperous, and has had a continuous publication.

The foregoing includes all of Mr. Newton's article. We here remark that the two views of Millersburg were taken from the same point.

The new court-houses, through Central Ohio more especially, are elegant structures, in which the people of their respective counties have a just affection and pride, for with them cluster the associations connected with the protection of society through the administration of law, the preservation of titles to the savings of honest industry in the form of real estate and its proper distribution to the widow and the fatherless. The church, the court-house and the school-house are the three prime factors of our civilization.

For our original account of the historical facts connected with this place and its vicinity we were indebted to Dr. Robert K. Enos, whose acquaintance we made on our first visit. We substituted the article of Mr. Newton (excepting the old description of Millersburg), because it embodied the same facts with important additions. Dr. Enos died here September 13, 1884, after living a long and highly useful life. He was born in Hanover, Washington county, Pennsylvania, January 7, 1806, and came to this county April 24, 1824. He was one of the leading men in the organization of the county and town; was the oldest inhabitant of Millersburg; cut down the first trees within its limits, preparatory to laying it out; planted the first ornamental shade-trees; practised medicine with the first physician of Millersburg, Dr. James S. Irvine, until his death—thirty-one years; started with him the first bank, and was its cashier; was the first mayor of Millersburg; was twenty-one years clerk of court, and was the chief instrument in bringing the first railroad to the town.

In politics he was an ardent Republican, and, in what his friends took especial pride, as a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, he was one of the memorable Ohio four who in that Convention brought about the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. The circumstances connected with the change of votes which gave this result were published the next morning in the *Chicago Tribune*, under the caption of

The Four Votes.—"During the progress of the third ballot for President, the steady increase of Lincoln's vote raised the expectations of his friends to fever-heat that he was about to receive the nomination. When the roll-call was completed a hasty footing discovered that Lincoln lacked but $2\frac{1}{2}$ votes of election, the ballot standing, for Lincoln, 331 $\frac{1}{2}$; Seward, 180; scattering, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$; necessary to a choice 334.

Before the vote was announced, Mr. R. M. Corwine, of the Ohio delegation, who had voted for Governor Chase up to that time, and three other delegates, viz., R. K. Enos, John A. Gurley and Isaac Steese, changed their votes to Lincoln, giving him a majority of the whole convention and nominating him. D. H. Carrter, chairman of the Ohio dele-

gation, announced the change of votes, and before the secretaries had time to foot up and announce the result, whereupon a deafening roar of applause arose from the immense multitude, such as had never been equalled on the American continent, nor since the day that the walls of Jericho were blown down."

Mr. Enos, being a quick accountant, had kept a tally of the vote, and discovered before any one else that Mr. Lincoln lacked but $2\frac{1}{2}$ votes; whereupon he disclosed his knowledge to the three others, and at his request they joined him in the vote for Mr. Lincoln.

Dr. Enos left a wife, three sons and two daughters. One son in California died in 1889; another, Henry, is of the prominent Wall street banking firm of H. K. Enos & Co.

The original settlers of this county were mainly from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia; also among them were some Swiss Germans.

"In the eastern part is an extensive settlement of Dunkards, who originated from eastern Pennsylvania, and speak the German language. They are excellent farmers, and live in a good, substantial style. The men wear long beards and shad-bellied coats, and use hooks and eyes instead of buttons. The females are attired in petticoats and short gowns, caps without frills, and when doing out-door labor, instead of bonnets, wear broad-brimmed hats."—*Old Edition.*

The Pennsylvania emigration to Ohio was the greatest from any State; and this particularly applies to Holmes and all the central part, the great wheat belt, of the State. And we think Washington county, Pa., more than from any other single county, anywhere, helped to populate Ohio. As late as 1846-47 about one-quarter of the members of the Ohio Legislature were natives of Pennsylvania, exceeding the members born in any other State, or all the New England States combined, or were born in Ohio itself. Pennsylvania strongly gave its impress upon the judicial history of Ohio.

On Tuesday, August 31, 1880, was held at "Ingles Sugar Grove," near Millersburg, what was termed the PENNSYLVANIA PICNIC. It consisted of all persons born in Pennsylvania then residents of the town and vicinity; these, with their families, attended to the number of about 200. The counties strongest represented were Washington, Cumberland, Allegheny and Somerset; then Beaver, Lancaster and Lebanon. In all sixteen counties were represented. The day was given up to social pleasure and enjoyment. The Normal School String Band supplied the music. At noon all partook of a sumptuous basket-dinner in "regular old-fashioned Pennsylvania style." We annex a list of the Keystone State representatives, mostly heads of families:

Elias Klopp and wife, Lucinda H. Robinson, Mary G. Barton, Mrs. Frances Long, Robert Long, John Brown, James Hebron, Mrs. E. A. Hebron, John Patterson, Robert Justice, Catherine Justice, R. K. Enos, Mrs. T. B. Cunningham, Mrs. H. M. Cunningham,

Miss Caddie Shattuck, Fred. Shattuck, Mrs. W. K. Duer, Mrs. E. J. Duer, Aaron Uhler, Mrs. Mary Bowman, J. M. Bowman, Mrs. B. C. Shoup, Wm. C. McDowell, Hosack Reed, Mrs. Susan B. Ingles, Mrs. Leah Hites, Andrew Ingles, Aaron Devore, E. H. Hull, Mrs. Elizabeth Ackamire, A. B. Rudy, John Coffee, James Haines, Thomas J. Arnold, James Hull, Mrs. Thomas P. Uhl, Robert Parkinson, John I. Spencer, Richard Hultz, A. J. Kerr, James Tidball, James T. Forgey, Mrs. C. E. Voorhees, John F. Hudson, Mrs. Harvey Taylor, Mrs. Martha Douglas, Mrs. David McDonald, Mrs. A. B. McDonald, Mrs. Ann Maria Nedrow, Harry Davis, Mrs. Eliza Hanna, Mrs. Jane McMurray, Mrs. Margaret Hultz, John Hanna, George Hanna, Mrs. Frank Martin, Mrs. Delila Haines, Mrs. Elizabeth Uhl, Mrs. Harriet Parkinson, Mrs. Malvina Wolgamot, Mrs. E. Lemmon, Mrs. Jane Kirby, Mrs. William Walkup, Mrs. Mary Donald, Mrs. Maria E. Crump, Mrs. Rachel Spencer, Mrs. R. K. Enos.

This county has a good military record, and in front of the court-house is a handsome soldiers' monument, shown in our engraving. Among her early settlers were soldiers of the Revolution and the war of 1812, and in the civil war she supplied her full quota. The good name of the county has suffered by an occurrence called "The Holmes County Rebellion," the theatre of which was in Richland, the southwest corner township, a region of hills. It arose in June, 1863, from difficulties met with by the enrolling officer preparatory to a draft for the army. It was reported to Governor Tod that the malcontents were in large force, were in a regular fortified camp, with pickets, entrenchments and cannon. He accordingly issued a proclamation for them to disperse, and sent 420 soldiers, mainly from Camp Chase, with a section of a battery, under Colonel Wallace. On June 17th they landed at Lake Station, in the western part of the county, remained a few days and then returned. A few arrests were made and a few persons indicted for resisting the United States authorities; but with a single exception the indictments were all nolle. It was a time of intense excitement, just at the opening of the Vallandigham campaign. The air was full of rumors and it was nearly impossible even at that time to obtain correct details; what we possess is so contradictory that we conclude that any further investigation would yield no satisfaction.

KILLBUCK is six miles southwest of Millersburg, on the C. A. & C. R. R. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Disciples' church. School census, 1888, 142.

WINESBURGH is fourteen miles northeast of Millersburg. It has 1 German Lutheran Reformed church. School census, 1888, 163.

HOLMESVILLE, six miles north of Millersburg, on C. & A. R. R.

BERLIN, seven miles east of Millersburg, has 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Presbyterian church. Population about 250.

BLACK CREEK, on C. A. & C. R. R., twelve miles west of Millersburg. Population about 250.

NASHVILLE is eleven miles northwest of Millersburg. Population about 300.

Lakeville Station, P. O. Plimpton, Farmerstown, New Carlisle P. O., Walnut Creek, are small villages.

HURON.

HURON COUNTY was formed February 7, 1809, and organized 1815. It originally constituted the whole of "the fire-lands." The name, *Huron*, was given by the French to the Wyandot tribe: its signification is probably unknown. The surface is mostly level, some parts slightly undulating; soil mostly sandy mixed with clay, forming a loam. In the northwest part are some prairies, and in the northern part are the sand ridges which run on the southern side of Lake Erie, and vary in width from a few rods to more than a mile. Huron was much reduced in 1838, in population and area, by the formation of Erie county. Area about 450 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 139,956; in pasture, 79,944; woodland, 36,032; lying waste, 2,697; produced in wheat, 495,057 bushels; rye, 5,123; buckwheat, 929; oats, 1,035,918; barley, 5,167; corn, 698,536; broom corn, 200 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 34,880 tons; clover hay, 6,837; flax, 20,300 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 108,166 bushels; butter, 982,978 lbs.; cheese, 347,037; sorghum, 2,218 gallons; maple sugar, 23,087 lbs.; honey, 11,672; eggs, 493,179 dozen; grapes, 3,579 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 89 bushels; apples, 35,552; peaches, 4,052; pears, 923; wool, 539,534 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,756. School census, 1888, 9,929; teachers, 353. Miles of railroad track, 138.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bronson,	1,291	1,092	Norwich,	676	1,157
Clarksfield,	1,473	1,042	Norwalk,	2,613	7,078
Fairfield,	1,067	1,359	Peru,	1,998	1,194
Fitchville,	1,294	822	Richmond,	306	1,014
Greenfield,	1,460	900	Ridgefield,	1,599	2,359
Greenwich,	1,067	1,376	Ripley,	804	1,038
Hartland,	925	954	Ruggles,	1,244	
Lyme,	1,318	2,575	Sherman,	692	1,223
New Haven,	1,270	1,807	Townsend,	868	1,405
New London,	1,218	1,764	Wakeman,	702	1,450

Population of Huron in 1820 was 6,677; in 1830, 13,340; in 1840, 23,934; 1860, 29,616; 1880, 31,608, of whom 21,728 were born in Ohio; 3,142 New York; 963 Pennsylvania; 124 Indiana; 76 Virginia; 54 Kentucky; 1,783 German Empire; 800 England and Wales; 684 Ireland; 201 British America;

103 France; 69 Scotland, and 3 Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890 was 31,949.

NORWALK IN 1846.—Norwalk, the county-seat, named from Norwalk, Ct., is 110 miles north of Columbus and 16 from Sandusky City. It lies principally on a single street, extending nearly 2 miles and beautifully shaded by maple trees. Much taste is evinced in the private dwellings and churches, and in adorning the grounds around them with shrubbery. As a whole, the town is one of the most neat and pleasant in Ohio. The view given represents a small portion of the principal street; on the right is shown the court-house and jail, with a part of the public square, and in the distance is seen the tower of the Norwalk institute. Norwalk contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist and 1 Catholic Church, 9 dry goods, 1 book and 4 grocery stores, 1 bank, 2 newspaper printing offices, 1 flouring mill, 2 foundries, and about 1,800 inhabitants. The Norwalk institute is an incorporated academy, under the patronage of the Baptists: a large and substantial brick building, three stories in height, is devoted to its purposes; the institution is flourishing, and numbers over 100 pupils, including both sexes. A female seminary has recently been commenced under auspicious circumstances, and a handsome building erected in the form of a Grecian temple. About a mile west of the village are some ancient fortifications.

The site of Norwalk was first visited with a view to the founding of a town, by the Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, Platt Benedict, and one or two others, in October, 1815. The place was then in the wilderness, and there were but a few settlers in the county. The examination being satisfactory, the town plat was laid out in the spring following, by Almon Ruggles [see page 583], and lots offered for sale at from \$60 to \$100 each. In the fall of 1817 Platt Benedict built a log-house with the intention of removing his family, but in his absence it was destroyed by fire. He reconstructed his dwelling shortly after, and thus commenced the foundation of the village. In the May after, Norwalk was made the county-seat, and the public buildings subsequently erected. The year after, a census was taken, and the population had reached 109. In the first few years of the settlement, the different denominations appearing to have forgotten their peculiar doctrines, were accustomed to meet at the old court-house for sacred worship, at the second blowing of the horn. In 1820 the Methodists organized a class, and in 1821 the Episcopal society was constituted. From that time to the present the village has grown with the progressive increase of the county.

In 1819 two Indians were tried and executed at Norwalk for murder. Their names were Ne-go-sheek and Ne-gon-a-ba, the last of which is said to signify "*one who walks far*." The circumstances of their crime and execution we take from the MSS. history of the "fire-lands," by the late C. B. Squier, Esq.

In the spring of 1816 John Wood, of Venice, and George Bishop, of Danbury, were trapping for muskrats on the west side of Danbury, in the vicinity of the "two harbors," so called; and having collected a few skins had lain down for the night in their temporary hut. Three straggling Ottawa Indians came, in the course of the night, upon their camp and discovered them sleeping. To obtain their little pittance of furs, etc., they were induced to plan their destruction. After completing their arrangements the two eldest armed themselves with clubs, singled out their victims, and each, with a well-directed blow upon their heads, despatched them in an instant. They then forced their youngest companion, Negasow, who had been until then merely a spectator, to beat the bodies with a club, that he might be made to feel

that he was a participator in the murder and so refrain from exposing their crime. After securing whatever was then in the camp that they desired, they took up their line of march for the Maumee, avoiding, as far as possible, the Indian settlements on their course.

Wood left a wife to mourn his untimely fate, but Bishop was a single man. Their bodies were found in a day or two by the whites under such circumstances that evinced that they had been murdered by Indians, and a pursuit was forthwith commenced. The Indians living about the mouth of Portage river had seen these straggling Indians passing eastward, now suspected them of the crime, and joined the whites in the pursuit. They were overtaken in the neighborhood of the Maumee river, brought back and



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN MAIN STREET, NORWALK.

In front is shown the Court-House, and in the far distance the tower of the Academy.



Geo. W. Edmondson, Photo., Norwalk, 1886.

MAIN STREET, NORWALK.

The view is in the resident part of the street.

examined before a magistrate. They confessed their crime and were committed to jail. At the trial the two principals were sentenced to be hung in June, 1819: the younger one was discharged. The county of Huron had at this time no secure jail, and they were closely watched by an armed guard. They nevertheless escaped one dark night. The guard fired and wounded one of them severely in the body, but he continued to run

for several miles, till, tired and faint with the loss of blood, he laid down, telling his companion he should die, and urging him to continue on. The wounded man was found after the lapse of two or three days, somewhere in Penn township, in a dangerous condition, but he soon recovered. The other was recaptured near the Maumee by the Indians, and brought to Norwalk, where they were both hanged according to sentence.

In this transaction the various Indian tribes evinced a commendable willingness that the laws of the whites should be carried out. Many of them attended the execution, and only requested that the bodies of their comrades should not be disturbed in their graves.—*Old Edition.*

The larger part of the Indians that settled on the Firelands were tribes of the powerful Iroquois nation. Some of them, considering their environment, were noble characters, and years after, when all hostilities had ceased, and as the country began to fill up, were even disposed to hold not only peaceable but friendly relations with the whites.

The Senecas, who were in the habit of passing through the southern part of Huron county, on their way to eastern hunting-grounds, were particularly fierce in appearance, bedecked in their barbaric garb of feathers and skins, but nevertheless were specially friendly.

On these hunting trips they would trade baskets, trinkets and game with the settlers in exchange for bread, meal or flour. Strong and disinterested friendships sprung up between some of them and the whites. Their appearance was so frequent, and their actions

so decorous and kindly, that even the children became attached to them, and in some instances strong affections were formed. Seneca John, the famous chief, used to carry the children of Caleb Palmer, the pioneer settler of New Haven, upon his shoulders. So strong was their affection for him, that when they saw a band of Indians coming they would rush forward with cries of delight, and when the tall, stalwart form of Seneca John greeted their eyes, they would run to him, climb to his shoulders and ride thereon to and from school. The children of the whites and Indians intermingled in their games, and each were on as friendly terms with the others as they were with their own kind. Mrs. Platt Benedict, in her last years, said: "We gained the friendship of those denizens of the forest, and they brought us *many, many* presents in their own rude way."

NORWALK, the county-seat of Huron, is a beautiful city of the second class, fifty-six miles west of Cleveland, about ninety-five miles north of Columbus, and fifty-seven miles east of Toledo; is on the L. S. & M. S., W. & L. E., and S. M. & N. Railroads. It is on what are known as the "Firelands," in the Western Reserve. On account of its fine streets being well shaded by beautiful trees of that species, it is called the "Maple City." It is surrounded by a rich farming country, has a fine commercial trade, and considerable manufacturing interests. County Officers: Auditor, Jonathan S. White; Clerk, Albert M. Beattie; Commissioners, Commodore O. H. Perry, James A. Fancher, George Bargas; Coroner, Frank E. Weeks; Infirmary Directors, James D. Easton, Uriah S. Laylin, Jonathan W. Huestis; Probate Judge, Henry L. Kennan; Prosecuting Attorney, Theron H. Kellogg; Recorder, Robert A. Bloomer; Sheriff, Alfred Noecker; Surveyor, Luther B. Mesnard; Treasurers, Orin S. Griffin, Amos O. Jump. Newspapers: *Chronicle*, Republican, F. R. Loomis, editor; *Germania*, German, George J. Lenz, editor and publisher; *Journal*, Couch & Beckwith, editors and publishers; *Reflector*, Republican, C. Wickham and James C. Gibbs, editors; *Experiment and News*, Democratic, H. L. Stewart, editor. Churches: one Episcopalian, three Catholic, one Congregational, two Methodist Episcopal, one Baptist, one Universalist, one Presbyterian, one Lutheran. Banks: First National, Theodore Williams, president, George M. Cleveland, cashier; Huron County Banking Company, D. H. Fox, president, Pitt Curtiss, cashier; Norwalk National Bank, John Gardiner, president, Charles W. Millen, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—G. M. Cleveland & Co., flour, etc., 6 hands; W. B. Lyke, general machinery, 5; B. C. Cartwright, fanning mills, idle; E. S.

Tuttle, grain elevator, 2; C. H. Gove & Co., iron foundry, 3; Stewart Dowel Pin Works, Dowel pins, 17; The A. B. Chase Company, pianos and organs, 160; L. S. & M. S. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 80; W. & L. E. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 99; Norwalk Machine Works, general machinery, 9; C. H. Fuller, carriages, 9; N. H. Pebbles, carriages, 5; The Laning Printing Company, printing, 26; Norwalk Electric Light and Power Company, electric light, 3; S. E. Crawford, pumps, 3; Theodore Williams & Son, flour, etc., 10; D. E. Morehouse, planing mill, 5; C. W. Smith, planing mill, 10; Smith & Himberger, doors, sash, etc., 8; F. B. Case, tobaccos, 23; Sprague & French, advertising novelties, 225; The Hexagon Postal Box Manufacturing Company, post-office furniture, 20; William Schubert, planing mill, 6; Bostwick & Burgess Manufacturing Company, carpet sweepers, etc., 53.—*State Reports*, 1888. Population in 1880, 5,704. School census, 1888, 2,338; W. R. Comings, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$354,250. Value of annual product, \$575,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887. U. S. census, 1890, 7,195.

Up to 1852, the era of railroads, Norwalk was an academy town. It was the seat of the famous Norwalk Academy, having been the largest and most famous institution of the kind in all the West, and almost as well known to the pioneers as Yale or Harvard. The society of the town comprised mostly the teachers and their families, together with the few families who moved here while educating their children. Charles H. Stewart, Esq., in an address delivered March 27, 1883, at the farewell reunion of the High School alumni, said:

"Everybody kept boarders; in fact, that was the main occupation of about nine-tenths of our able-bodied citizens during that period. Board was very reasonable in those days, too. A young man could get the best room and nicest board in town for from \$1 to \$1.50 per week. Mutton sold for two cents a pound, and as everybody kept cows and pigs and hens, which all ran free in the streets, milk and eggs and pork were almost given away. These rooms were divided up into a large number of smaller ones, where many young men roomed.

"Our late President, R. B. Hayes, and present Governor, Charles Foster, and several of our Congressmen, were dormitory boys, as they used to call them, who cooked and ate and devised mischief there. The boys had their bread baked, did the rest of their cook-

ing, and used to live here nicely for forty cents a week, including room rent, which was \$1 a term. In the fall of the year (as can be guessed), the boys used to live on the fat of the land. On almost any night, along toward midnight's witching hour, mysterious figures could be seen, surreptitiously gliding into the old school-building, with large, mysterious bags on their shoulders. If you would glide up behind one of them, you would see the contents of those bags disgorged in the ruddy glow of the firelight which lit up the laughing faces of half a score of future senators, congressmen, governors, judges, or—must we say it?—preachers. There were big watermelons and roasting-ears, and sweet potatoes, apples, now and then a plump pullet from some neighboring roost, and there was a banquet for the gods."

BIOGRAPHY.

PLATT BENEDICT, the founder of the town, was born in Danbury, Conn., in 1775, and was a four-year-old boy when the British red-coats came to his native town to do mischief, having burned Norwalk, Conn., on their way. Perhaps it was this incident that indirectly paved the way to his founding an Ohio Norwalk. When he came out here in 1817, he was seven weeks on the journey coming out, with his family and household goods, the latter stowed away in a wagon drawn by oxen. He was one of the most sturdy of that strong body of men—the Western pioneers; a man of many virtues. He lived to the grand old age of 91 years, 7 months and 7 days, which he reached October 25, 1866.

GEORGE KENNAN, the Siberian traveller, was born in Norwalk, February 16, 1845. His father, now 87 years of age, is probably the oldest living telegrapher in the United States, and taught his son the profession. He was educated in the public schools of Norwalk, and at the Columbus High School while working as



PLATT BENEDICT—An Ohio Pioneer.



GEO. KENNAN—The Siberian Traveller.

night operator in that city. In 1864, while working as assistant chief operator in the Western Union office at Cincinnati, he made application for an appointment on the projected overland line from America to Europe, via Alaska, Behring's Straits and Siberia. One night a message came over the wires from General Stager, as follows: "Can you get ready to start for Alaska in two weeks?" "Yes, I can get ready to start in two hours," was the reply. "You may go," replied General Stager.

As a leader of one of the Russo-American Telegraph Company's exploring parties, he spent nearly three years in constant travel in the interior of northeastern Siberia. The manner in which, in the summer of 1867, he received the first notice of the abandonment of the enterprise in which he was engaged, illustrates the complete isolation from civilization of his party.

One day he with some others boarded a vessel in the Okhotsk Sea and approached the captain with the remark: "Good day, sir. What is the name of your vessel?"

The astonished captain of the bark *Sea Breeze*, from New Bedford, Mass., replied: "Good Lord! Has the universal Yankee got up here? Where did you come from? How did you get here? What are you doing?"

Having silenced his interrogation battery, the captain gave them a lot of old San Francisco newspapers, in which they learned that the enterprise upon which they were engaged had been abandoned, on account of the successful laying of the second Atlantic cable; but it was not until the following September that they received official notification and orders to return to America.

In 1870 Mr. Kennan again went to Russia to explore the mountains of the Eastern Caucasus, returning to this country in 1871.

In 1885 he was engaged by the publishers of the "Century Magazine" to visit Russia for the purpose of investigating the Russian exile system. He in company with Mr. Frost, the artist, spent sixteen months on this work, during which they suffered many hardships. Extreme cold, fatigue and sickness were but small trials when compared with the constant fear of discovery of their mission by the Russian government, and the heart sickness caused by sympathy for the horrible misery of the exiles. It required wonderful tact and skill to evade the watchfulness of the Russian emissaries.

They travelled 1,500 miles through northern Russia and Siberia, visited all the convict prisons and mines between the Ural mountains and the head-waters of the Amur river, and explored the wildest part of the Russian Altai. The publication in the "Century Magazine" of the results of these investigations filled the whole civilized world with horror and indignation at the inhumanity of the Russian government in its treatment of political and other offenders.

Mr. Kennan is the author of "Tent Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koraks and other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia." (New York, 1870.)

Among the present citizens of Norwalk is

JOHN GARDINER, who has the distinction of being the oldest banker in Northwest Ohio. He was born in New London county, Conn., September 15, 1816. In 1834 he entered as a clerk in the Bank of Norwalk, which was then the only bank in Northwestern Ohio, and its business embraced what is now all of twenty counties, extending as far south as Mount Vernon and Bucyrus. He has largely been identified with the railroads of this region, and other great public interests of a developing nature; has lately erected a beauti-

ful business block in Norwalk. GIDEON T. STEWART, a lawyer here, born in Fulton county, N. Y., in 1824, has long been identified with journalism and the temperance reform; has been thrice the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio. Throughout the war period he owned and edited the Dubuque *Daily Times*, then the only union daily in the north half of Wisconsin; later was half owner of the *Daily Blade* and *Daily Commercial* of Toledo.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Mr. C. E. Newman, the librarian of the Firelands Historical Society, an old gentleman, showed me in Norwalk, among the society's possessions, a tin horn which was used, he told me, to summon the people up to church and court; and as he stated by Mr. Ammi Keeler. He was sexton of the Episcopal church, the first church organized, and which was in the old white court-house, and being also deputy-sheriff he brought it into the service of the law as well as religion. The old white court-house was removed about 1835, and now forms part of the Maple City hotel.



Edmonson, Photo.
A HISTORIC HORN.

A few months after Mr. Newman had shown me this horn, which I had photographed, I was in Mansfield, and called in one evening upon Rev. Dr. Sherlock A. Bronson, at one time President of Gambier. He was then about eighty years old, the venerable rector of the Episcopal church, who had come from Waterbury, Conn., in 1807; age then six months, of course recollections of the journey not vivid.

While showing him my various pictures taken for this work, I brought out this one, saying, "This is a photograph of a tin horn used sixty years ago, in the town of Norwalk, to blow the people up to church and to court." "Yes," he rejoined, and to my great surprise added, "I know it, for I am the man that bought and first blew that horn." He then gave me its history. "In 1827," he said, "I attended an Episcopal Convention at Mt. Vernon, and on my way to Norwalk passed through this town, Mansfield, and here bought this horn. From 1827 to 1829 I was assistant teacher to my cousin in the famous Norwalk Academy. The Episcopal society met in the court-house, where I sometimes read service, and it was my wont to go out upon the court-house steps and blow the horn." I had supposed we were alone in our interview, but as he concluded I was again surprised—surprised to hear from a dark part of the double-room a female voice utter, "I want to see that horn." Thereupon he left me, taking the photograph, but I never saw or knew who it was that had wanted to see that horn. And with so much, I close my story of a horn that was not attached to a dilemma.

The next day I saw in Mansfield another venerable gentleman, Mr. Hiram R. Smith, who sixty years ago was a resident of Sandusky, and he gave me another item to add to this blast. "At the starting of Sandusky," said he, "the Sanduskyans were called to church by a horn. It was on a Sunday morning of those times that Bishop Philander Chase, the founder of Kenyon, landed at Sandusky with two Chinese youths he had brought from the East to Ohio for educa-

tion. As the trio stepped ashore the horn rang out on the clear morning air, whereupon one of the lads inquired its meaning. "That," replied the bishop, "is to summon the people to church." "Hoo," rejoined the lad: "New York, Sunday, ring bell for church—Buffalo, Sunday, ring bell for church—Sandusky, Sunday, blow horn."

The people of Norwalk have a natural pride in the fact that General M'Pherson was once a student at their old academy. Mr. Newman told me he boarded with him, and he was a very studious, gentlemanly youth, with the highest reputation for capacity. He narrowly escaped failing to get into the Military Academy. He had applied for and was expecting the appointment when Rudolphus Dickerson, the member of Congress through whom it was to come, suddenly sickened and died. M'Pherson was then in an agony of suspense. No one could give him any information whether the cadet warrant for admission into the academy had been granted. He was already twenty years of age; if delayed a year he would be twenty-one, and too old for admission. At the last moment by bare accident the warrant was found among Dickerson's papers. As it was, he had to hurry and narrowly escaped getting there in time for examination.

Norwalk owes its chief attraction to Main street, its principal avenue. It is built upon for about two miles. The centre being the business part, with the court-house, school buildings and churches; the ends for residences, and these

lined with maples, planted at the suggestion of Elisha Whittlesey, one of the original proprietors. But few streets I know of in the centre of any Ohio town is so dense with foliage as the part of Main street shown in our view.

At Edmondson's photograph gallery I saw a picture here copied that exhibited a singular affection between a horse and a dog. They belonged to the firm of Eastman & Read, grocers. The horse was used for the delivery wagon, and it was the habit of the dog, on the return of the horse from a round of serving customers, to run and give and receive a caress.

The thoughtful Miss Martineau, wrote that although human beings had been living for thousands of years in the companionship of animals, there was between the two an inseparable gulf, preventing the mind of the one from closely communicating with the mind of the other. Whether it be so between animals of different kinds or of the same kind is a question.

BELLEVUE is peculiarly located. It is in Huron and Sandusky counties, part on and part off the Western Reserve, and has a corner also of Erie and Seneca counties. The town is in the midst of a fine agricultural district, which produces large quantities of cereals and fruits, enriching the people of the surrounding country and making the town a prosperous and wealthy centre. It is sixty-five miles west of Cleveland, about ninety-five miles north of Columbus and forty-five miles east of Toledo, and about midway between Buffalo and Chicago on the "Nickel-plate" Railroad, being the terminus of two grand divisions of that line, whose company has here established round-houses and repair-shops. It has three



Edmondson, Photo.
LOVING DOG AND HORSE.

lines of railways, the L. S. & M. S., W. & L. E. and N. Y. C. & St. L. (or Nickel-plate.) Newspapers: *Gazette*, neutral, Stoner & Callahan, publishers; *Local News*, neutral, Geo. E. Wood, editor and publisher. Churches: 2 Congregational, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Reformed, 1 Catholic, 1 Evangelical, 1 Lutheran and 1 Episcopal. Banks: Bellevue, Bourdett Wood, president, E. J. Sheffield, cashier. City Officers, 1888: Mayor, John U. Mayne; Clerk, W. H. Dimick; Marshal, J. P. Kroner; Treasurer, Abishai Woodward. Population in 1880, 2,169. School census, 1888, 854; E. F. Warner, school superintendent.

Manufactures and Employees.—Joseph Erdrich, cooperage, 25 hands; Fremont Cultivator Co., agricultural implements, 61; McLaughlin & Co., flour, etc., 13; Gross and Weber, planing mill, 6.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.* Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$156,000. Value of annual product, \$538,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* United States census, 1890, 3,052.

GREENWICH is eighteen miles southeast of Norwalk, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, local, Speck & McKee, publishers. Churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist and 2 Friends. Bank: Greenwich Banking Co., Wm. A. Knapp, president, W. A. Hossler, cashier. Population in 1880, 647. School census, 1888, 276.

MONROEVILLE is an incorporated town about ninety-five miles north from Columbus, fifty-nine miles west of Cleveland and five miles west of Norwalk. Three railroads have a junction here, viz.: L. S. & M. S., W. & L. E. and B. & O., and the "Nickel-plate" crosses the B. & O. four miles north of the town. It is surrounded by rich farming lands, cereals and fruits being the principal products. Its educational facilities are superior, and it has considerable manufacturing interests. Newspaper: *Spectator*, neutral, Simmons Bros., publishers. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic and 1 Presbyterian. Banks: First National, S. D. Fish, president, H. P. Stentz, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Boehm & Yanquell, flour, etc., 3 hands; Heymon & Co., flour, etc., 9; S. E. Smith, agricultural implements, 6; John Hosford, fanning mills, 2.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 1,221. School census, 1888, 476; W. H. Mitchell, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$30,000. Value of annual product, \$60,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

NEW LONDON is ninety miles north of Columbus and forty-seven miles southwest of Cleveland via C. C. C. & I. R. R. Its early settlers were from New York and New England. It has one newspaper: *Record*, independent, Geo. W. Runyan, editor and proprietor. City Officers, 1888, D. R. Sackett, mayor; J. L. Young, clerk; C. Starbird, treasurer; H. K. Day, marshal. Three churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Congregational. Principal industries are dairying, manufacture of flour, tile, churn and butter boxes, tables, carriages and wagons. Bank: First National, Alfred S. Johnson, president; John M. Sherman, cashier. Population in 1880, 1,011. School census, 1886, 295; Jas. L. Young, superintendent.

CHICAGO is seventy-five miles north of Columbus and fifteen southwest of Norwalk. The first building was erected in 1874, and occupied by Samuel L. Boweby as a grocery and hotel. Chicago is an evidence of the rapid growth of a town through the influence of railroads, three divisions of the B. & O. R. R. terminating here and causing the establishment of the town, which has grown to its present proportions notwithstanding serious drawbacks by fire and epidemic. It has one newspaper: *Times*, independent, S. O. Riggs, editor and publisher. Four churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Free Methodist and 1 Catholic. The B. & O. R. R. has machine and repair shops located here. Population in 1880, 662.

WAKEMAN is ten miles east of Norwalk, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper : *Independent Press*, Independent, G. H. Mains, editor and publisher.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. J. McMann, wagon felloes, etc., 5 hands ; Geo. Humphrey, wagon felloes, etc., 6 ; S. T. Gibson, flour, etc., 2 ; J. R. Griffin, cooperage, 4.—*Ohio State Report*, 1887. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$13,300. Value of annual product, \$15,200.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887.

JACKSON.

JACKSON COUNTY was organized in March, 1816. Area about 410 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 43,961 ; in pasture, 101,544 ; woodland, 42,499 ; lying waste, 5,226 ; produced in wheat, 96,726 bushels ; rye, 2,890 ; buckwheat, 137 ; oats, 66,488 ; corn, 214,006 ; meadow hay, 12,918 tons ; potatoes, 15,759 bushels ; butter, 262,410 lbs. ; cheese, 100 ; sorghum, 4,197 gallons ; maple syrup, 194 ; honey, 2,833 lbs. ; eggs, 307,191 dozen ; grapes, 1,400 lbs. ; sweet potatoes, 293 bushels ; apples, 13,571 ; peaches, 9,094 ; pears, 76 ; wool, 47,491 lbs. ; milch cows owned, 4,125. School census, 1888, 10,201 ; teachers, 167. Miles of railroad track, 125.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloomfield,	721	1,557	Liberty,	474	1,784
Clinton,	824		Lick,	822	5,213
Franklin,	1,055	1,502	Madison,	724	2,113
Hamilton,	415	819	Milton,	912	3,404
Harrison,	378		Richland,	548	
Jackson,	410	1,869	Scioto,	931	1,579
Jefferson,	752	2,443	Washington,	481	1,403

Also Coal township, formed in 1881. Population of Jackson in 1820 was 3,842 ; 1830, 5,941 ; 1840, 9,744 ; 1860, 17,941 ; 1880, 23,686, of whom 19,598 were born in Ohio ; 1,003 Virginia, 814 Pennsylvania, 277 Kentucky, 71 Indiana, 55 New York, 770 England and Wales, 319 German Empire, 245 Ireland, 14 British America, 9 Scotland, and 7 France. U. S. Census, 1890, 28,408.

In our original edition we said : "The early settlers were many of them Western Virginians ; and a considerable portion of its present inhabitants are from Wales and Pennsylvania, who are developing its agricultural resources. The surface is hilly, but in many parts produces excellent wheat. The exports are cattle, horses, wool, swine, millstones, lumber, tobacco, and iron. The county is rich in minerals, and abounds in coal and iron ore ; and mining will be extensively prosecuted whenever communication is had with navigable waters by railroads."

Well, that prediction is now fact. Jackson is one of the great mining counties of Ohio; in coal it stands second only to Perry. The "Ohio Mining Statistics for 1888" gave these items: "Coal, 1,088,761 tons mined, employing 2,228 miners, and 332 outside employees; iron ore, 42,206 tons; fire clay, 9,720 tons; limestone, 21,125 tons burned for fluxing; 1,036 cubic feet of dimension stone."

Prof. Orton, in his "Geological Report for 1884," states: "Four seams of coal are mined in shipping banks in Jackson county. They are as follows: the Shaft seam, the Wellston coal, the Cannel coal, the Limestone coal."

"The Shaft seam supports two shipping banks at Jackson, in addition to the several furnace mines. There are also several small shipping mines along the railroad, west of Jackson."

"The Wellston coal is the mainspring of the coal-mining industry of the country. The development of this field has advanced with great rapidity. In 1878 not more than 10,000 tons of coal were shipped from Jackson county. During that year two new lines of railway, built with the special object of reaching this coal, entered the field. The roads are the Ohio Southern (I. B. & W.) and the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway (narrow gauge). In 1880 the shipments reached nearly 300,000 tons, and in 1883 nearly 400,000 tons." Now, as above stated, it exceeds a million of tons.

THE OLD SCIOTO SALT-WORKS.

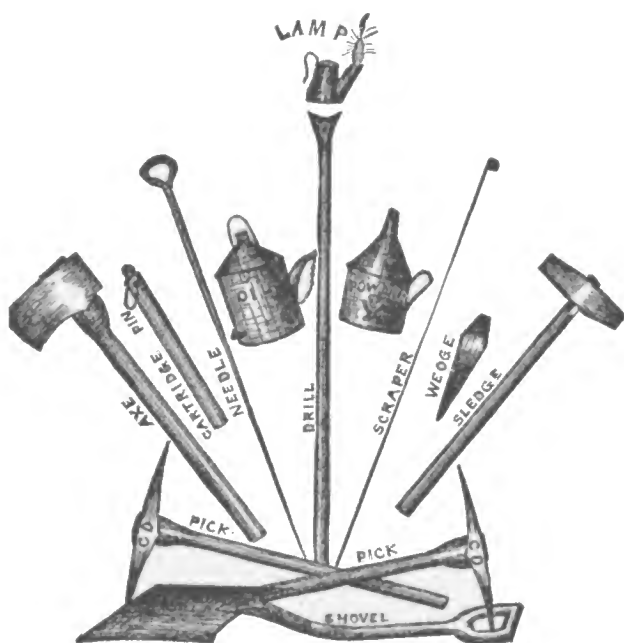
The old history of Jackson county is very interesting. The famous "old Scioto Salt-works" are in this region, on the banks of Salt creek, a tributary of the Scioto. The wells were sunk to the depth of about thirty feet, but the water was very weak, requiring ten or fifteen gallons to make a pound of salt. It was first made by the whites about the year 1798, and transferred from the kettles to pack-horses of the salt purchasers, who carried it to the various settlements, and sold it to the inhabitants for three or four dollars per bushel, as late as 1808. This saline was thought to be so important to the country that, when Ohio was formed into a State, a tract of six miles square was set apart by Congress, for the use of the State, embracing this saline. In 1804 an act was passed by the legislature regulating its management, and appointing an agent to rent out small lots on the borders of the creek, where the salt water was most abundant to the manufacturers. As better and more accessible saline springs have been discovered, these were now abandoned.

The expression, very common in this region, "*shooting one with a pack-saddle*," is said to have originated, in early days, in this way. A person, who had come on horseback, from some distance, to the salt-works to purchase salt, had his pack-saddle stolen by the boilers, who were a rough, coarse set, thrown into the salt furnace, and destroyed. He made little or no complaint, but determined

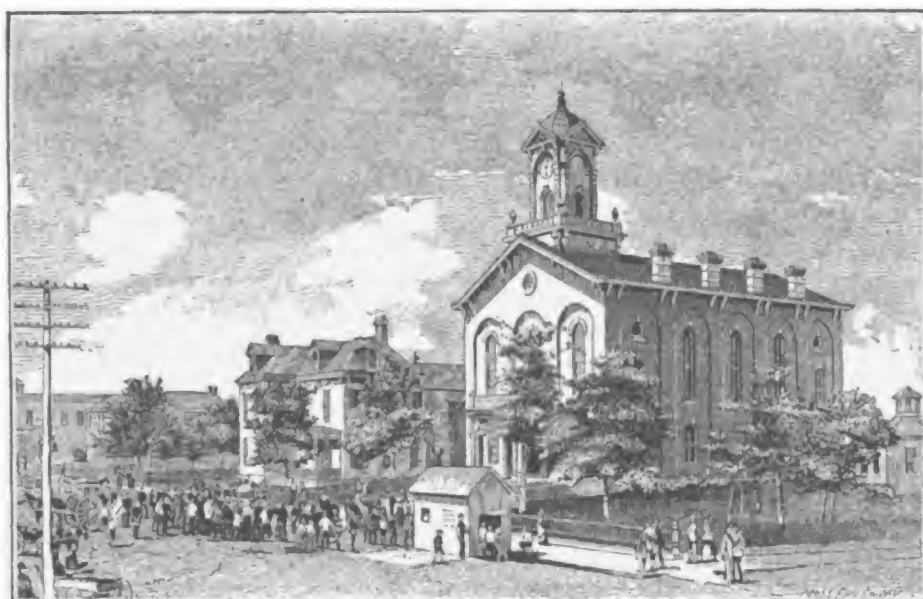
to have revenge for the trick played upon him. On the next errand of this nature, he partly filled his pack-saddle with gunpowder, and gave the boilers another opportunity to steal and burn it, which they embraced—when, lo! much to their consternation, a terrific explosion ensued, and they narrowly escaped serious injury.

These old salt-works were among the first worked by the whites in Ohio. They had long been known, and have been indicated on maps published as early as 1755.

The Indians, prior to the settlement of the country, used to come from long distances to make salt at this place; and it was not uncommon for them to be accompanied by whites, whom they had taken captive and adopted. *Daniel Boone*, when a prisoner, spent some time at these works. *Jonathan Alder*, a sketch of whom is under the head of Madison county, was taken a prisoner, when a boy, by the Indians, in 1782, in Virginia, and adopted into one of their families, near the head-waters of Mad river. He had been with them about a year, when they took him with them to the salt-works, where he met a Mrs. Martin, likewise



MINER'S TOOLS.



Miller & Williams, Photo., Jackson, 1886.

JACKSON.

a prisoner. The meeting between them was affecting. We give the particulars in his own simple and artless language :

Mrs. Martin's Story.—It was now better than a year after I was taken prisoner, when the Indians started off to the Scioto salt-springs, near Chillicothe, to make salt, and took me along with them. Here I got to see Mrs. Martin, that was taken prisoner at the same time I was, and this was the first time that I had seen her since we were separated at the council-house. When she saw me, she came smiling, and asked me if it was me. I told her it was. She asked me how I had been. I told her I had been very unwell, for I had had the fever and ague for a long time. So she took me off to a log, and there we sat down ; and she combed my head, and asked me a great many questions about how I lived,

and if I didn't want to see my mother and little brothers. I told her that I should be glad to see them, but never expected to again. She then pulled out some pieces of her daughter's scalp that she said were some trimmings they had trimmed off the night after she was killed, and that she meant to keep them as long as she lived. She then talked and cried about her family, that was all destroyed and gone, except the remaining bits of her daughter's scalp. We stayed here a considerable time, and, meanwhile, took many a cry together ; and when we parted again, took our last and final farewell, for I never saw her again.

CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

Mr. Samuel Davis, who is now (1846) residing in Franklin county, near Columbus, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and made his escape while within the present limits of this county. He was born in New England, moved to the West, and was employed by the governor of Kentucky as a spy against the Indians on the Ohio. The circumstances of his captivity and escape are from his biography, by Col. John McDonald :

In the fall of 1792, when the spies were discharged, Davis concluded he would make a winter's hunt up the Big Sandy river. He and a Mr. William Campbell prepared themselves with a light canoe, with traps and ammunition, for a fall hunt. They set off from Massie's station (Manchester), up the Ohio ; thence up Big Sandy some distance, hunting and trapping as they went along. Their success in hunting and trapping was equal to their expectation. Beaver and otter were plenty. Although they saw no Indian sign, they were very circumspect in concealing their canoe, either by sinking it in deep water, or concealing it in thick willow brush. They generally slept out in the hills, without fire. This constant vigilance and care was habitual to the frontier men of that day. They hunted and trapped till the winter began to set in. They now began to think of returning, before the rivers would freeze up. They accordingly commenced a retrograde move down the river, trapping as they leisurely went down. They had been several days going down the river ; they landed on a small island covered with willows. Here they observed signs of beaver. They set their traps, dragged their canoes among the willows, and remained quiet till late in the night. They now concluded that any persons, white, red, or black, that might happen to be in the neighborhood, would be in their camp. They then made a small fire among the willows, cooked and eat their supper, and lay down to sleep without putting out their fire. They concluded that the light of their small fire could not penetrate through the thick willows. They therefore lay down in

perfect self-security. Some time before day, as they lay fast asleep, they were awakened by some fellows calling in broken English : "Come, come ; get up, get up." Davis awoke from sleep, looked up, and, to his astonishment, found himself and companion surrounded by a number of Indians, and two standing over him with uplifted tomahawks. To resist in such a case would be to throw away their lives in a hopeless struggle. They surrendered themselves prisoners.

The party of Indians, consisting of upwards of thirty warriors, had crossed the Ohio about the mouth of Guyandotte river, and passed through Virginia to a station near the head of Big Sandy. They attacked the station and were repulsed, after continuing their attack two days and nights. Several Indians were killed during the siege and several wounded. They had taken one white man prisoner from the station, by the name of Daniels, and taken all the horses belonging to the station. The Indians had taken, or made, some canoes, in which they placed their wounded and baggage, and were descending the river in their canoes. As they were moving down in the night they discovered a glimpse of Davis' fire through the willows. They cautiously landed on the island, found Davis and Campbell fast asleep, and awakened them in the manner above related.

Davis and Campbell were securely fastened with tugs, and placed in their own canoe. Their rifles, traps, and the proceeds of their successful hunt, all fell into the hands of the Indians. The Indians made no delay, but immediately set off down the river in their

canoes with their prisoners, while their main force went by land, keeping along the river bottoms with the horses they had taken from the station—keeping near the canoes, so as to be able to support each other in case of pursuit or attack. Early the next day they reached the Ohio. The wounded and prisoners were first taken across the Ohio, and placed under a guard. They returned with the canoes (leaving their arms stacked against a tree), to assist in getting the horses across the river. It was very cold, and as soon as the horses would find themselves swimming they would turn round and land on the same shore. The Indians had a great deal of trouble before they got the horses across the Ohio. The guard who watched Davis and his companions were anxious, impatient spectators of the restive disposition of the horses to take the water. Upon one occasion the guard left the prisoners twenty or thirty yards, to have a better view of the difficulty with the horses. Davis and his fellow-prisoners were as near to where the arms were stacked as were the Indian guard. Davis, who possessed courage and presence of mind in an eminent degree, urged his fellow-prisoners to embrace the auspicious moment, seize the arms, and kill the guard. His companions faltered; they thought the attempt too perilous. Should they fail of success, nothing but instant death would be the consequence. While the prisoners were hesitating to adopt the bold plan of Davis, their guard returned to their arms, to the chagrin of Davis. This opportunity of escape was permitted to pass by without being used. Davis ever after affirmed that if the opportunity which then presented itself for their escape had been boldly seized their escape was certain.

He frequently averred to the writer of this narrative, that if Duncan M'Arthur, Nat Beasley, or Sam M'Dowel, had been with him upon this occasion, similarly situated, that he had no doubt they would not only have made their escape, but killed the guard and the wounded Indians, and carried off or destroyed the Indians' arms. He said, if it had not been for the pusillanimity of his fellow-prisoners they might have promptly and boldly snatched themselves from captivity, and done something worth talking about. The opportunity, once let slip, could not again be recalled. The Indians, after a great deal of exertion, at length got the horses across the Ohio, and hastily fixed litters to carry their wounded. They destroyed their canoes, and went ahead for their own country.

This body of Indians was commanded by a Shawnee chief, who called himself Captain Charles Wilkey. After Wayne's treaty, in 1795, when peace blessed our frontiers, the writer of this sketch became well acquainted with this Captain Wilkey. He was a short, thick, strong, active man, with a very agreeable and intelligent countenance. He was communicative and social in his manners. The first three or four years after Chillicothe was settled, this Indian mixed freely with the whites, and upon no occasion did he show

a disposition to be troublesome. He was admitted by the other Indians who spoke of him to be a warrior of the first order—fertile in expedients, and bold to carry his plans into execution. Davis always spoke of him as being kind and humane to him.

The Indians left the Ohio and pushed across the country in the direction of Sandusky; and as they were encumbered with several wounded and a good deal of baggage, without road or path, they travelled very slow, not more than ten or twelve miles a day. As many of the prisoners, taken by the Indians, were burned with slow fires, or otherwise tortured to death, Davis brooded over his captivity in sullen silence, and determined to effect his escape the first opportunity that would offer, that would not look like madness to embrace. At all events, he determined to effect his escape or die fighting.

The Indians moved on till they came to Salt creek, in what is now Jackson county, O., and there camped for the night. Their manner of securing their prisoners for the night was as follows: They took a strong tug made from the raw hide of the buffalo or elk. This tug they tied tight around the prisoner's waist. Each end of the tug was fastened around an Indian's waist. Thus, with the same tug fastened to two Indians, he could not turn to the one side or the other without drawing an Indian with him. In this uncomfortable manner the prisoner had to lie on his back till the Indians thought proper to rise. If the Indians discovered the prisoner making the least stir they would quiet him with a few blows. In this painful situation the prisoners must lie till light in the morning, when they would be unconfined. As the company of Indians was numerous, the prisoners were unconfined in daylight, but were told that instant death would be the consequence of any movement to leave the line of march, upon any occasion whatever, unless accompanied by an Indian.

One morning, just before day began to appear, as Davis lay in his uncomfortable situation, he hunched one of the Indians to whom he was fastened, and requested to be untied. The Indian raised up his head and looked round, and found it was still dark, and no Indians up about the fires. He gave Davis a severe dig with his fist and bid him lie still. Davis's mind was now in a state of desperation. Fire and faggot, sleeping or awake, were constantly floating before his mind's eye. This torturing suspense would chill his soul with horror. After some time a number of Indians rose up and made their fires. It was growing light, but not light enough to draw a bead. Davis again joggled one of the Indians to whom he was fastened, and said the tug hurt his middle, and again requested the Indian to untie him. The Indian raised up his head and looked round, and saw it was getting light, and a number of Indians about the fires; he untied him. Davis rose to his feet, and was determined, as soon as he could look around and see the most probable direction of making his escape, to make the attempt, at

all hazards. He "screwed his courage to the sticking point." It was a most desperate undertaking. Should he fail to effect his escape, death, instant, cruel death, was his certain doom.

As he rose up to his feet, with this determined intention, his heart fluttered with tremors—his sight grew dim at the thought of the perilous plunge he was about to make. He rose up to his feet—stood a minute between the two Indians to whom he had been fastened, and took a quick glance at the Indians who were standing around him. In the evening the Indians had cut two forks, which were stuck into the ground; a pole was laid across these forks, and all their rifles were leaned against the pole. If he made his start back from the Indian camp, the rifles of the Indians, who were standing round the fires, and who, he knew, would pursue him, would be before them; and as they started after him they would have nothing to do but pick up a rifle as they ran. On the contrary, if he made his plunge through the midst of them, they would have to run back for their guns, and by that time, as it was only twilight in the morning, he could be so far from them that their aim would be very uncertain. All this passed through his mind in a moment. As he determined to make his dash through the midst of the Indians who were standing around the fires, he prepared his mind and body for the dreadful attempt.

The success of his daring enterprise depended on the swiftness of his heels. He knew his bottom was good. A large, active Indian was standing between Davis and the fire. He drew back his fist and struck that Indian with all his force, and dropped him into the fire; and with the agility of a buck, he sprang over his body, and took to the woods with all the speed that was in his power. The Indians pursued, yelling and screaming like demons; but as Davis anticipated, not a gun was fired at him. Several Indians pursued him for some distance, and for some time it was a doubtful race. The foremost Indian was so close to him, that he sometimes fancied that he felt his clutch. However, at length Davis began to gain ground upon his pursuers—the breaking and rustling of brush was still farther and farther off. He took up a long, sloping ridge; when he reached the top, he, for the first time, looked back, and, to his infinite pleasure, saw no person in pursuit.

He now slackened his pace, and went a mile or two farther, when he began to find his feet gashed and bruised by the sharp stones over which he had run, without picking his way, in his rapid flight. He now stopped, pulled off his waistcoat, tore it into pieces, and wrapped them around his feet instead of moccasins. He now pushed his

way for the Ohio. He crossed the Scioto river, not far from where Piketon, in Pike county, now stands. He then marched over the rugged hills of Sunfish, Camp creek, Scioto Brush creek and Turkey creek, and struck the Ohio river eight or ten miles below the mouth of Scioto. It was about the first of January. He was nearly three days and two nights without food, fire, or covering, exposed to the winter storms. Hardy as he undoubtedly was, these exposures and privations were almost too severe for human nature to sustain. But as Davis was an unwavering believer in that All-seeing eye, whose providence prepares means to guard and protect those who put their trust in him, his confidence and courage never forsook him for a moment during this trying and fatiguing march.

When he arrived at the Ohio he began to look about for some dry logs to make a kind of raft on which to float down the stream. Before he began to make his raft he looked up the Ohio, and to his infinite gratification he saw a Kentucky boat come floating down the stream. He now thought his deliverance sure. Our fondest hopes are frequently blasted in disappointment. As soon as the boat floated opposite to him he called to the people in the boat—told them of his lamentable captivity and fortunate escape. The boatmen heard his tale of distress with suspicion. Many boats about this time had been decoyed to shore by similar tales of woe, and as soon as landed their inmates cruelly massacred. The boatmen heard his story, but refused to land. They said they had heard too much about such prisoners and escapes to be deceived in his case. As the Ohio was low he kept pace with the boat as it slowly glided along.

The more pitifully he described his forlorn situation the more determined were the boat crew not to land for him. He at length requested them to row the boat a little nearer the shore and he would swim to them. To this proposition the boatmen consented. They commenced rowing the boat towards the shore, when Davis plunged into the freezing water and swam for the boat. The boatmen seeing him swimming towards them, their suspicion gave way, and they rowed the boat with all their force to meet him. He was at length lifted into the boat almost exhausted. (Our old boatmen, though they had rough exteriors, had Samaritan hearts.) The boatmen were not to blame for their suspicion. They now administered to his relief and comfort everything that was in their power. That night, or the next morning, he was landed at Massie's station (Manchester), among his former friends and associates, where he soon recovered his usual health and activity.

JACKSON IN 1846.—Jackson, the county-seat, was laid out in 1817, and is seventy-three miles southeast of Columbus, and twenty-eight from Chillicothe. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, and 1 Protestant Methodist church, 6 or 8 stores, 1 newspaper printing office, and, in 1840, had

297 inhabitants; since which the town has rapidly improved, and is now judged to contain a population of 500. In this vicinity are several valuable mineral springs, and also remains of ancient fortifications; and in this county, about ten years since, was found the remains of a mastodon, described in the public prints of the time.—*Old Edition.*

JACKSON, county-seat of Jackson, is seventy-five miles south of Columbus, on the Portsmouth branch of the C. W. & B. Railroad; on the O. S., and on the D. & I. Railroads. The surrounding country is rich in iron ore, and a superior quality of coal for smelting purposes is found in unlimited quantities.

County Officers.—Auditor, George J. Reiniger; Clerk, T. J. Williams; Commissioners, Stephen M. Tripp, David D. Edwards, John E. Jones; Coroner, J. F. Morgan; Infirmary Directors, Joseph Hale, Jr., J. H. Harshbarger, Patrick H. Garrett; Probate Judge, Jesse W. Laird; Prosecuting Attorney, Ambrose Leuch; Recorder, James J. Bennett; Sheriff, Isaac C. Long; Surveyor, Evan C. Jones; Treasurer, Lot Davies.

City Officers.—T. A. Jones, Mayor; J. S. Johnson, Clerk; W. J. Jones, Treasurer; Jared Martin, Marshal; Henry Shuter, Street Commissioner; David Griffith, Weighmaster.

Newspapers.—*Jackson Herald*, Democratic, Johnson & Hinkle, publishers; *Jackson Journal*, Republican, Gerken & Tripp, publishers.

Churches.—1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Colored Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 German Lutheran, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Presbyterian.

Manufactures and Employees.—Tropic Iron Co., pig-iron, 30 hands; May Brothers, cigars, 3; Ruf Leather Co., oak harness-leather, 14; Peters & Huntsinger, flour, meal, and feed, 2; John Dauber, furniture, etc., 4; Franklin Mill Co., flour, etc., 6; Globe Iron Co., pig-iron, 30; Jackson Electric Light Co., electric light, 3; Star Furnace Co., pig-iron, 30; Jackson Mill and Lumber Co., doors, sash, etc., 8; Buckeye Mill and Lumber Co., doors, sash, etc., 8; Franklin Mill Co., blankets, flannels, etc., 17.—*State Reports, 1888.*

Banks.—First National, T. S. Matthews, president, D. Armstrong, cashier; Iron, Isaac Brown, president, T. P. Sutherland, cashier.

Population in 1880, 3,021. School census, 1888, 1,476; J. E. Kinnison, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 4,275. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$47,700; value of annual product, \$57,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

TRAVELLING NOTES.

On my original tour I visited every county in the State but Jackson and three of the Black Swamp counties, viz., Ottawa, Paulding, and Williams, where there was little or no history and mostly all a wilderness, with few inhabitants other than wild animals. When near the close of that tour, the last of February, 1847, I arrived at Chillicothe, I designed to ride over to Jackson Court-House, as they then called it; but the roads were breaking up with the oncoming of spring, and "Old Pomp" had acquired such a habit of stumbling to his knees, that I felt to attempt the journey over the rough road then intervening between the places would be at too serious a peril to life and limb. Since that day Jackson has been a desire for my eyes, and now, on a March day, 1886, I breathe more free, for I have reached Jackson.

When this county was formed Gen. Jackson was in the height of his military glory, and so it was named in his honor. And thus the name is a key to the date of its formation, as it is with other counties around, as Perry, Lawrence, etc.

Jackson is one of the best of sites for a village. It lies upon the summit or backbone of a gentle rolling ridge, about fifty feet above Salt creek. The streets are of great width. Main street, the principal one, on which are the county buildings and most of the business places, crowns the ridge. From it the land falls

away gently in all directions, until the scene is closed by a circumference of low hills a mile or two away. Thus a free circulation of air, perfect drainage, health, and free prospects are supplied to its inhabitants. No gas nor water-works are established here with bills to send out, and no tall, ambitious structures to require a laborious getting up-stairs. At night several furnaces send up from the outskirts their lurid light. The basis for these smelting establishments is "the excellent Jackson block coal," or "the shaft coal."

The town has a large proportion of Welsh people, who are given to mining. The whole country, north and east of Jackson, teems with veins of coal, while iron is found everywhere in vast quantities.

There is not enough of wheat, oats and hay raised in this county for home consumption. Cattle, horses and sheep are raised largely. It is fair for grass and excellent for fruit, and for the production of a healthy, strong people. In this vicinity were the old Scioto Salt Works, and near here once lived a very valuable man to Ohio, a sketch of whom follows:

William Williams Mather, LL.D., was born May 4, 1804, in Brooklyn, Conn., a descendant from the family of Cotton and Increase Mather. At an early age he showed great aptitude for chemical analysis and the study of mineralogy. When he entered West Point Academy, in June, 1823, he was already proficient in chemical analysis, and soon went to the head of his classes in chemistry and mineralogy.

On graduating, he remained in the United States service about eight years. In 1829 he was detailed as acting professor of chemistry and mineralogy at West Point. In August, 1836, he resigned from the army to take part in the geological survey of New York, and in 1837 came to Ohio to superintend the first geological survey of this State. After the suspension of the Ohio survey he purchased a tract of several hundred acres, including the Pigeon Roost, north of the court-house in Jackson county, on which he built a house, cleared a farm, and became a citizen of Ohio. Professor Mather was large and dignified in person and an indefatigable worker. He held professorships in the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.; Marietta College and the Ohio University, at Athens, of

which he was vice-president from 1850 to 1854, during which time he was also chemist and secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture. He died February 26, 1859, of paralysis of the heart while rising from his bed. His first wife, Emily M. Baker, died in November, 1850. In August, 1851, he married Mrs. Mary Curtis, of Columbus, Ohio.

A West Point classmate, Col. Charles Whittlesey, has given the following synopsis of his character:

"Not possessing the genius which dazzles, he had an intellect which continually improved by exercise, achieving valuable results by patient and conscientious industry. . . . Not indifferent to fame, he never sought it by doubtful or devious courses. His object was to enhance his reputation, but faithfully to do the work before him. . . . In his extensive knowledge of the physical world, in all his scientific investigations, he found nothing to foster the barren spirit of scepticism or a cold and cheerless infidelity. . . . The deep recesses of the earth which he explored taught him lessons of the infinite wisdom, force and goodness of the Deity."

WELLSTON is eighty-five miles southeast of Columbus, 126 miles east of Cincinnati, and ten miles northeast of Jackson, on the Portsmouth branch of the C. W. & B. Railroad, at the terminus of the O. S. Railroad, and on the D. Ft. W. & C. Railroad. Located in the centre of large and valuable fields of iron ore, coal and limestone, practically inexhaustible, it is more than likely to become a great manufacturing and mining centre.

Newspapers: *Argus*, Republican, W. E. Bundy, editor; *Ohio Mining Journal*, Hon. Andrew Roy and W. E. Bundy, editors; *Central Free Will Baptist*, religious, Rev. T. E. Peden, editor. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Presbyterian, one United Brethren, one Baptist, one Welsh. Bank: First National, H. S. Willard, president, J. H. Sellers, Jr., cashier. City Officers: Mayor, Adam Scott; Clerk, J. M. Baker; Marshal, J. B. Hutchison; Treasurer, George W. Andrews; Solicitor, Thomas Moore; Street Commissioner, Henry Hadker.

Manufactures and Employees.—Hahn, Kruskamp & Murphy, flour, etc., 7 hands, A. B. Leach, doors, sash, etc., 10; Wellston *Argus*, printing, etc., 4;

Milton Furnace, pig-iron, 32; Wellston Foundry and Machine Works, foundry and machine work, 45.—*State Report, 1888*. Population in 1880, 952. School census, 1888, 1,395; T. S. Hogan, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$318,000. Value of annual product, \$485,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887*. U. S. census, 1890, 4,694.

MINERAL WEALTH.

The development of Wellston and surroundings, showing, as it does, the vast stores of undeveloped mineral wealth in Southern Ohio, only awaiting the master mind to make it productive, requires that something more than a brief description should be given of a town which, in little more than a decade, developed from a farm to a place of more than 5,000 inhabitants.

In 1869 the discovery of inexhaustible beds of coal of a superior quality attracted the attention of capitalists to this region, and in November, 1873, the town of Wellston (named in honor of its founder, Harvey Wells) was laid out on a farm purchased of Hon. H. S. Bundy. The new town was well planned, no street being less than seventy-four feet and some of them more than 100 feet in width. February 2, 1874, contracts were made for the construction of the first iron furnace, double blast, for the Wellston Coal and Iron Company. Other furnaces followed, and notwithstanding the panic and hard times prevalent throughout the country, the young town grew and prospered, railroads were projected and built, and new enterprises were entered into. In February, 1876, the village was incorporated; in 1880 the United States Census Reports gave it a population of 952, but in 1887 a conservative estimate placed its population at 5,000, or more, and its sure, rapid and steady growth is destined to make it a large mining and manufacturing centre. In 1885 an important experiment in co-operation was started here by Mr. Harvey Wells, viz., The Wellston Steel and Nail Company. It is the only concern of its kind in the country; its prospects are bright, and its progress as a factor in solving the all-important labor problem will be watched with interest.

We make some quotations as to the resources of this region from an article by Hon. Andrew Roy, which was published in the *Wellston Argus*, April 30, 1887:

"No mineral region in Ohio or in the United States can bear comparison with Wellston and its surroundings, whether we consider the extent and quality of the mineral treasures or the unparalleled development of the coal and iron industries. There are twelve shafts for mining coal in active operation within a radius of two miles of the town, besides four blast furnaces and one rolling or steel and nail mill. These industries give direct employment to 2,000 men. The capacity of the mines is equal to half a million tons annually, while the capacity of the blast furnaces is fully 300,000 tons of pig-iron.

"The quality of the coal has become so fully established in market that there is no longer cavil or dispute in regard to its rank. It stands at the head of the bituminous coals of the United States.

"The quality of the limestone ore of this region need hardly be alluded to now, after forty years of successful effort. The Wellston coal does not more surely surpass all other coals in Southern Ohio, than that the limestone iron ore surpasses all other ores.

"The Hanging Rock iron is known all over the United States for its superior quality and its adaptability for the finest purposes of trade—for the manufacture of car-wheels, ordnance, and other castings which require to be made out of unusually tough and strong iron.

"The supply of siderate iron ore is practically inexhaustible in Jackson county."

OAK HILL is ten miles southeast of Jackson, on the C. W. & B. Railroad. Population in 1880, 646. School census, 1888, 283.

COALTON, five miles north of Jackson, at the point where the O. S. & T. and C. & St. L. Railroads meet, is a great mining centre; another is GLEN ROY, a few miles east of it.

JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, named from President Jefferson, was the fifth county established in Ohio. It was created by proclamation of Governor St. Clair, July 29, 1797; its original limits included the country west of Pennsylvania and Ohio; and east and north of a line from the mouth of the Cuyahoga; southwardly to the Muskingum, and east to the Ohio. Within those boundaries are Cleveland, Canton, Steubenville, Warren, and many other large towns and populous counties. The surface is hilly and the soil fertile. It is one of the greatest manufacturing counties in the State, and abounds in excellent coal. Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 76,976; in pasture, 86,680; woodland, 39,543; lying waste, 3,474; produced in wheat, 219,812 bushels; rye, 1,320; buckwheat, 168; oats, 309,089; barley, 2,511; corn, 517,398; broom-corn, 3,800 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 36,157 tons; clover hay, 4,201; flaxseed, 39 bushels; potatoes, 74,795; butter, 472,913 lbs.; cheese, 600; sorghum, 1,740 gallons; maple syrup, 5,146; honey, 4,938 lbs.; eggs, 443,652 dozen; grapes, 9,820 lbs.; wine, 540 gallons; sweet potatoes, 10 bushels; apples, 29,121; peaches, 785; pears, 1,644; wool, 566,680 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,284. School census, 1888, 11,905; teachers, 250. Miles of railroad track, 83. Coal mined, 243,178 tons, employing 347 miners and 80 outside employees; fire-clay, 144,090 tons.—*Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.*

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Brush Creek,	757	623	Saline,	963	1,480
Cross Creek,	1,702	1,711	Smithfield,	2,095	1,887
Island Creek,	1,867	2,029	Springfield,	1,077	817
Knox,	1,529	2,011	Steubenville,	5,203	13,150
Mount Pleasant,	1,676	1,582	Warren,	1,945	1,923
Ross,	927	741	Wayne,	1,746	1,751
Salem,	2,044	1,907	Wells,	1,492	1,406

Population in Jefferson in 1820 was 18,531; in 1830, 22,489; 1840, 25,031; 1860, 26,115; 1880, 33,018, of whom 24,761 were born in Ohio; 2,578 in Pennsylvania; 930 in Virginia; 158 in New York; 61 in Kentucky; 40 in Indiana; 1,179 in Ireland; 739 in England and Wales; 592 in German Empire; 188 in Scotland; 60 in British America; 9 in France, and 29 in Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 39,415.

EARLY HISTORY.

The old Mingo town, three miles below Steubenville, now (1846) the site of the farms of Jeremiah H. Hallock, Esq., and Mr. Daniel Potter, was a place of note prior to the settlement of the country. It was the point where the troops of Colonel Williamson rendezvoused in the infamous Moravian campaign, and those of Colonel Crawford, in his unfortunate expedition against the Sandusky Indians. It was also at one time the residence of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, whose form was striking and manly and whose magnanimity and eloquence have seldom

been equalled. He was a son of the Cayuga chief Skikellimus, who dwelt at Shamokin, Pa., in 1742, and was converted to Christianity under the preaching of the Moravian missionaries. Skikellimus highly esteemed James Logan, the secretary of the province, named his son from him, and probably had him baptized by the missionaries.

In early life, Logan for a while dwelt in Pennsylvania, and in Day's Historical Collections of that State is a view in Mifflin county of Logan's Spring, which will long remain a memorial of this distinguished chief. The letter below gives an incident which occurred there that speaks in praise of Logan. It was written by the Hon. R. P. Maclay, a member of the State Senate, and son of the gentleman alluded to in the anecdote, and published in the *Pittsburg Daily American*:

SENATE CHAMBER, March 21, 1842.

TO GEORGE DARSIE, ESQ., of the Senate of Pennsylvania:

DEAR SIR—Allow me to correct a few inaccuracies as to place and names, in the anecdote of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, as published in the *Pittsburg Daily American* of March 17, 1842, to which you called my attention. The person surprised at the spring, now called the Big Spring, and about six (four) miles west of Logan's Spring, was William Brown—the first actual settler in Kishacoquillas valley, and one of the associate judges in Mifflin county, from its organization till his death, at the age of ninety-one or two—and not Samuel Maclay, as stated by Dr. Hildreth. I will give you the anecdote as I heard it related by Judge Brown himself, while on a visit to my brother, who then owned and occupied the Big Spring farm, four miles west of Reedville:

"The first time I ever saw that spring," said the old gentleman, "my brother, James Reed and myself, had wandered out of the valley in search of land, and finding it very good, we were looking about for springs. About a mile from this we started a bear, and separated to get a shot at him. I was travelling along, looking about on the rising ground for the bear, when I came suddenly upon the spring; and being dry, and more rejoiced to find so fine a spring than to have killed a dozen bears, I set my rifle against a bush and rushed down to the bank and laid down to drink. Upon putting my head down, I saw reflected in the water, on the opposite side, the shadow of a tall Indian. I sprang to my rifle, when the Indian gave a yell, whether for peace or war I was not just then sufficiently master of my faculties to determine; but upon my seizing my rifle, and facing him, he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming, and extended his open palm toward me in token of friendship. After putting down our guns, we again met at the spring, and shook hands. This was Logan—the best specimen of humanity I ever met with, either *white* or *red*. He could speak a little English, and told me there was another white hunter a little way down the stream, and offered to guide me to his camp. There I first met your father. We remained together in the valley a week, looking for springs and selecting lands, and laid the foundation of a friendship which never has had the slightest interruption.

"We visited Logan at his camp, at Logan's Spring, and your father and he shot at a mark for a dollar a shot. Logan lost four or five rounds, and acknowledged himself beaten. When we were about to leave him, he went into his hut, and brought out as many deer-skins as he had lost dollars, and handed them to Mr. Maclay—who refused to take them, alleging that we had been his guests, and did not come to rob him—that the shooting had been only a trial of skill, and the bet merely nominal. Logan drew himself up with great dignity, and said: 'Me bet to make you shoot your best—me gentleman, and me take your dollar if me beat.' So he was obliged to take the skins, or affront our friend, whose nice sense of honor would not permit him to receive even a horn of powder in return.

"The next year," said the old gentleman, "I brought my wife up and camped under a big walnut tree, on the bank of Tea creek, until I had built a cabin near where the mill now stands, and have lived in the valley ever since. Poor Logan" (and the big tears coursed each other down his cheeks) "soon after went into the Allegheny, and I never saw him again.

"Yours,

R. P. MACLAY."

Mrs. Norris, who lives near the site of Logan's spring, is a daughter of Judge Brown; she confirmed the above, and gave Mr. Day the following additional incidents, highly characteristic of the benevolent chief, which we take from that gentleman's work:

Logan supported his family by killing deer, dressing the skins, and selling them to the whites. He had sold quite a parcel to one De Yong, a tailor, who lived in Ferguson's valley, below the gap. Tailors in those days

dealt extensively in buckskin breeches. Logan received his pay, according to stipulation, in wheat. The wheat, on being taken to the mill, was found so worthless that the miller refused to grind it. Logan was much cha-

grined, and attempted in vain to obtain redress from the tailor. He then took the matter before his friend Brown, then a magistrate; and on the judge's questioning him as to the character of the wheat, and what was in it, Logan sought in vain to find words to express the precise nature of the article with which the wheat was adulterated, but said that it resembled in appearance the wheat itself. "It must have been *cheat*," said the judge. "Yoh!" said Logan, "that very good name for him." A decision was awarded in Logan's favor, and a writ given to Logan to hand to the constable, which, he was told, would bring him the money for his skins. But the untutored Indian—too uncivilized to be dishonest—could not comprehend by what magic this little paper would force the tailor, against his will, to pay for the skins. The judge took down his own commission, with the arms of the king upon it, and explained to him the first principles and operations of civil law. "Law good," said Logan; "make rogues pay." But how much more simple and efficient was the law which the Great

Spirit had impressed upon his heart—to *do as he would be done by!*

When a sister of Mrs. Norris (afterwards Mrs. Gen. Potter) was just beginning to learn to walk, her mother happened to express her regret that she could not get a pair of shoes to give more firmness to her little step. Logan stood by, but said nothing. He soon after asked Mrs. Brown to let the little girl go up and spend the day at his cabin. The cautious heart of the mother was alarmed at such a proposition; but she knew the delicacy of an Indian's feelings—and she knew Logan, too—and with secret reluctance, but apparent cheerfulness, she complied with his request. The hours of the day wore very slowly away, and it was nearly night, when her little one had not returned. But just as the sun was going down, the trusty chief was seen coming down the path with his charge; and in a moment more the little one trotted into her mother's arms, proudly exhibiting a beautiful pair of moccasins on her little feet—the product of Logan's skill.

Logan took no part in the old French war, which ended in 1760, except that of a peace-maker, and was always the friend of the white people until the base murder of his family, to which has been attributed the origin of Dunmore's war. This event took place near the mouth of Yellow creek, in this county, about seventeen miles above Steubenville. The circumstances have been variously related. We annex them as given by Henry Jolly, Esq., who was for a number of years an associate judge on the bench of Washington county, in this State. The facts are very valuable, as coming from the pen of one who saw the party the day after the murder; was personally acquainted with some of the individuals, and familiar with that spot and the surrounding region.* He says:

I was about sixteen years of age, but I very well recollect what I then saw, and the information that I have since obtained was derived from (I believe) good authority. In the spring of the year 1774, a party of Indians encamped on the northwest of the Ohio near the mouth of the Yellow creek. A party of whites, called "Greathouse's party," lay on the opposite side of the river. The Indians came over to the white party, consisting, I think, of five men and one woman, with an infant. The whites gave them rum, which three of them drank, and in a short time they became very drunk. The other two men and the woman refused to drink. The sober Indians were challenged to shoot at a mark, to which they agreed; and as soon as they had emptied their guns, the whites shot them down. The woman attempted to escape by flight, but was also shot down; she lived long enough, however, to beg mercy for her babe, telling them that it was akin to themselves. The whites had a man in the cabin, prepared with a tomahawk, for the purpose

of killing the three drunken Indians, which was immediately done. The party of men then moved off for the interior settlements, and came to "Catfish Camp" on the evening of the next day, where they tarried until the day following. I very well recollect my mother feeding and dressing the babe; chirruping to the little innocent, and it smiling. However, they took it away, and talked of sending it to its supposed father, Col. George Gibson, of Carlisle, Pa., "who was then, and had been for many years, a trader among the Indians." The remainder of the party at the mouth of Yellow creek, finding that their friends on the opposite side of the river were massacred, attempted to escape by descending the Ohio; and in order to prevent being discovered by the whites, passed on the west side of Wheeling island, and landed at Pipe creek, a small stream that empties into the Ohio a few miles below Grave creek, where they were overtaken by Cresap, with a party of men from Wheeling.† They took one Indian scalp, and had one white man

* This statement was written for Dr. S. P. Hildreth, by Mr. Jolly, and published in *Silliman's Journal*, for 1836.

† Cresap did not live at Wheeling, but happened to be there at that time with a party of men, who had, with himself, just returned from an exploring expedition down the Ohio, for the purpose of selecting and appropriating lands (called in the West, locating lands) along the river in choice situations; a practice at that early day very common, when Virginia claimed both sides of the stream, including what is now the State of Ohio.—S. P. Hildreth.

(Big Tarraner) badly wounded. They, I believe, carried him in a litter from Wheeling to Redstone. I saw the party on their return from their victorious campaign. The Indians had, for some time before these events, thought themselves intruded upon by the "Long Knife," as they at that time called the Virginians, and many of them were for war. However, they called a council, in which Logan acted a conspicuous part. He admitted their grounds of complaint, but at the same time reminded them of some aggressions on the part of the Indians, and that by a war they could but harass and distress the frontier settlements for a short time; that "the Long Knife" would come like the trees in the woods, and that ultimately they should be driven from the good lands which they now possessed. He therefore strongly recommended peace. To him they all agreed; grounded the hatchet, and everything wore a tranquil appearance; when behold, the fugitives arrived from Yellow creek, and reported that Logan's father, brother, and sister were murdered! Three of the nearest and dearest relations of Logan had been massacred by white men. The consequence was, that this same Logan, who a few days before was so pacific, raised the hatchet, with a declaration that he would not ground it until he had taken *ten* for *one*; which I believe he completely fulfilled, by taking *thirty* scalps and prisoners in the summer of 1774. The above has often been related to me by several

persons who were at the Indian towns at the time of the council alluded to, and also when the remains of the party came in from Yellow creek. Thomas Nicholson, in particular, has told me the above and much more. Another person (whose name I cannot recollect) informed me that he was at the towns when the Yellow creek Indians came in, and that there was great lamentation by all the Indians of that place. Some friendly Indian advised him to leave the Indian settlements, which he did. Could any rational person believe for a moment that the Indians came to Yellow creek with hostile intentions, or that they had any suspicion of similar intentions, on the part of the whites, against them? Would five men have crossed the river, three of them become in a short time dead drunk, while the other two discharged their guns, and thus put themselves entirely at the mercy of the whites; or would they have brought over a squaw with an infant pappoose, if they had not reposed the utmost confidence in the friendship of the whites? Every person who is at all acquainted with Indians knows better; and it was the belief of the inhabitants who were capable of reasoning on the subject, that all the depredations committed on the frontiers, by Logan and his party, in 1774, were as a retaliation for the murder of Logan's friends at Yellow creek. *It was well known that Michael Cresap had no hand in the massacre at Yellow creek.**

During the war which followed, Logan frequently showed his magnanimity towards prisoners who fell into his hands. Among them was Maj. Wm. Robinson, of Clarksburg, Va., from whose declaration, given in "Jefferson's Notes," and information orally communicated by his son, Col. James Robinson, now living near Coshocton, these facts are derived.

On the 12th of July, 1774, Major Robinson, then a resident on the west fork of the Monongahela river, was in the field with Mr. Colburn Brown and Mr. Helen, pulling flax, when they were surprised and fired upon by a party of eight Indians, led by Logan. Mr. Brown was killed and the other two made prisoners. On the first alarm Mr. Robinson started and ran. When he had got about fifty yards Logan called out in English: "Stop, I won't hurt you!" "Yes, you will," replied Robinson, in tones of fear. "No, I won't," rejoined Logan, "but if you don't stop, by — I'll shoot you." Robinson still continued his race, but, stumbling over a log, fell and was made captive by a fleet savage in pursuit. Logan immediately made himself known to Mr. Robinson and manifested a friendly disposition to him, told him that he must be of good heart and go with him to his town, where he would probably be adopted in some of their families. When near the Indian village, on the site of Dresden, Muskingum county, Logan informed him that he must run the gauntlet, and gave him such directions that he reached the council-house without the slightest harm. He was then tied to a stake for the purpose of being burnt, when Logan arose and addressed the assembled council of chiefs in his behalf. He spoke long and with great energy,

* A brother of Capt. Daniel Greathouse, said to have been present at the massacre, was killed by the Indians the 24th March, 1791, between the mouth of the Scioto and Limestone, while emigrating to Kentucky in a flat-boat, with his family. He seems to have made little or no resistance to the Indians, who attacked him in canoes. They probably knew who he was, and remembered the slaughter of Logan's family, as he was taken on shore, tied to a tree, and whipped to death with rods.—S. P. Hildreth.

until the saliva foamed from the sides of his mouth. This was followed by other chiefs in opposition and rejoinders from Logan. Three separate times was he tied to the stake to be burnt, the counsels of the hostile chiefs prevailing, and as often untied by Logan and a belt of wampum placed around him as a mark of adoption. His life appeared to be hanging on a balance; but the eloquence of Logan prevailed, and when the belt of wampum was at last put on him by Logan he introduced a young Indian to him, saying: "This is your cousin; you are to go home with him, and he will take care of you."

From this place Mr. Robinson accompanied the Indians up the Muskingum, through two or three Indian villages, until they arrived at one of their towns on the site of New Comerstown, in Tuscarawas county. About the 21st of July Logan came to Robinson and brought a piece of paper, saying that he must write a letter for him, which he meant to carry and leave in some house, which he should attack. Mr. Robinson wrote a note with ink which he manufactured from gunpowder. He made three separate attempts before he could get the language, which Logan dictated, sufficiently strong to satisfy that chief. This note was addressed to Col. Cresap, whom Logan supposed was the murderer of his family. It was afterwards found, tied to a war club, in the cabin of a settler who lived on or near the north fork of Holston river. It was doubtless left by Logan after murdering the family. A copy of it is given below, which, on comparison with his celebrated speech, shows a striking similarity of style.

CAPTAIN CRESAP:

What did you kill my people on Yellow creek for? The white people killed my kin, at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow creek and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill, too. I have been three times to war since then; but the Indians are not angry; only myself.

July 21, 1774.

CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

Major Robinson after remaining with the Indians about four months returned to his home in Virginia. In 1801 he removed to Coshocton county and settled on a section of military land, on the Muskingum, a few miles below Coshocton, where he died in 1815, aged seventy-two years. His son resides on the same farm.

Dunmore's war was of short duration. It was terminated in November of the same year, within the present limits of Pickaway county, in this State, under which head will be found a copy of the speech which has rendered immortal the name of Logan.

The heroic adventure of the two Johnson boys, who killed two Indians in this county, has often and erroneously been published. One of these, Henry, the youngest, is yet living in Monroe county, in this State, where we made his acquaintance in the spring of 1846. He is a fine specimen of the fast vanishing race of Indian hunters, tall and erect, with the bearing of a genuine backwoodsman. His narrative will be found in Monroe county.

The last blood shed in battle between the whites and Indians in this part of the Ohio country was in Jefferson county, in August, 1793. This action, known as "Buskirk's battle," took place on the farm of Mr. John Adams, on what was then known as Indian Cross creek, now as Battle-Ground run. The incidents given below were published in a Steubenville paper a few years since.

A party of twenty-eight Indians having committed depredations on this side of the river, a force of thirty-eight Virginians, all of them veteran Indian fighters, under Capt. Buskirk, crossed the river to give them battle. And, although they knew they were in the vicinity of the enemy, they marched into an ambuscade, and but for a most singular circumstance would have been mowed down

like pigeons. The whites marched in Indian file with their captain, Buskirk, at their head. The ambush quartered on their flank, and they were totally unsuspecting of it. The plan of the Indians was to permit the whites to advance in numbers along the line before firing upon them. This was done, but instead of each selecting his man every gun was directed at the captain, who fell with

thirteen bullet holes in his body. The whites and Indians instantly treed, and the contest lasted more than an hour. The Indians, however, were defeated and retreated towards

the Muskingum with the loss of several killed, while the Virginians, with the exception of their captain, had none killed and but three wounded.

STUBENVILLE IN 1846.—Steubenville is on the Ohio river, 22 miles above Wheeling, 36 below Pittsburg and 147 east by north from Columbus. It derives its name from a fort, called Fort Steuben, erected on its site as early as 1789. It stood on High street, near the site of the female seminary. It was built of block houses connected by palisade fences, and was dismantled at the time of Wayne's victory, previous to which it had been garrisoned by United States infantry, under the command of Col. Beatty, father of the Rev. Dr. Beatty, of Steubenville. On the opposite side of the river then stood a block-house.

The town was laid out in 1798, by Bezaleel Wells and the Hon. James Ross, of Pennsylvania, from whom Ross county, in this State, derived its name. Mr. Ross, who has attained high honor, is yet living; but Mr. Wells died poor, after having been at one time considered the most wealthy person in Eastern Ohio. On the 14th of February, 1805, the town was incorporated and the following officers appointed: David Hull, president; John Ward, recorder; David Hog, Zachæus A. Beatty, Benj. Hough, Thos. Vincents, John England, Martin Andrews and Abm. Cazier, trustees; Samuel Hunter, treasurer; Matthew Adams, assessor; Charles Maxwell, collector, and Anthony Beck, town marshal.

Steubenville is situated upon a handsome and elevated plain, in the midst of beautiful scenery. The country adjacent is rich and highly cultivated, affording the finest soil for wheat and sheep. Messrs. Bezaleel Wells and Dickerson introduced the merino sheep at an early day, and established in the town, in 1814, a woollen manufactory, which laid the foundation for the extensive manufactures of the place. Steubenville contains about 30 mercantile stores, 2 printing offices (1 daily newspaper), 1 Episcopal, 2 Presbyterian, 3 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Baptist, 1 Associate Reformed, 1 New Jerusalem and 1 church for persons of color, 1 bank, 5 woollen, 1 paper, 1 cotton and 2 glass manufactories, 1 iron foundry and numerous other manufacturing and mechanical establishments. In the vicinity are 7 copperas manufactories. From 800 to 1,000 hands are employed in these various establishments, and over a million bushels of coal annually consumed, which is obtained from inexhaustible coal-beds in the vicinity at 3 cents per bushel. The town is very thriving and rapidly increasing. Its population in 1810 was 800; in 1820, 2,479; in 1830, 2,964; in 1840, 4,247, and in 1847 about 7,000.

Much attention is given to the cause of education in Steubenville. There are five public and four select schools, a male academy and a female seminary. The male institution, called "Grove academy," is flourishing. It is under the charge of the Rev. John W. Scott, has three teachers and eighty scholars. The female seminary is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Ohio, commanding an extensive view of the river and the surrounding hills. It is under the charge of the Rev. Charles C. Beatty, D. D., superintendent, and Mrs. Hetty E. Beatty, principal. It was first established in the spring of 1829, and now receives only scholars over twelve years of age. It is in a very high degree flourishing, having a widely extended reputation. The establishment cost nearly \$40,000, employs from ten to twelve teachers and usually has 150 pupils, the full number which it can accommodate.—*Old Edition.*

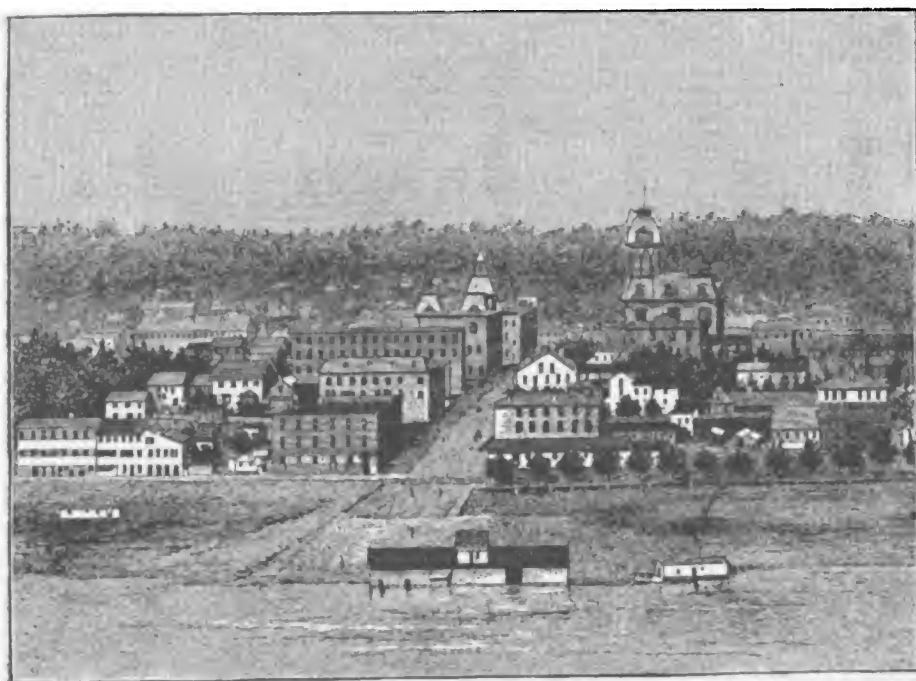
The Steubenville Seminary, which the year of its foundation had but seven pupils, and at the time of the issue of our first edition 150, had gone on increasing its educational facilities, so that it has since had 250 pupils in one year, has graduated over 4,500, and at a reunion, held in 1873, more than 700 alumni were present.

In 1856 Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Reid succeeded Dr. and Mrs. Beatty, and in



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MARKET STREET, STEUBENVILLE.



Davison Fillson, Photo., Steubenville, 1886.

STEUBENVILLE FROM THE WEST VIRGINIA SHORE.

1863 they in turn were succeeded by Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Wightman, the present principals.

This school is remarkable for its age, its widespread educational, moral and religious influence. It has sent missionaries to all quarters of the globe, many of whom are still engaged in the good work.

The coal mines at Steubenville are among the deepest in the State, Rush Run Shaft being 261 feet; Mingo Shaft 250 feet, and the Market street shaft 225 feet.

The Perils of the Coal Miner, who works down deep in the bowels of the earth, are such that those engaged in coal-mining become imbued with a spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice that finds strong expression in times of danger. The greatest peril of the miner is that caused by the explosion of fire-damp, a highly combustible and explosive gas generated by the coal. Notwithstanding the precautions taken to avoid them, these explosions are constantly occurring in mining regions, with more or less loss of life, under the most horrifying conditions.

Thus it was at the rolling mill shaft at Steubenville, about 7 o'clock on the morning of June 5, 1865, when the surrounding neighborhood was startled by a loud rumbling noise, the rattling of windows and the visible shaking of the ground.

The miners were on a strike at the time, and but nine men were in the mine; of these Thomas Sweeny and Patrick Burke escaped with but slight injury; Frederick Hazeler was seriously injured but recovered. Wm. Cowan was fatally burned and a few days later died of his injuries; John Douglas, James Riley, James Cowan, Wm. Millhizer and Lynch were killed.

On the morning of the 23d of February, 1868, the large building known as Wallace factory, located near the shaft of the "High Shaft" mine at Steubenville, was discovered on fire. It became a question of great moment if it were possible to save the building over the coal-mine from destruction. There were at this time about one hundred men and boys in the mine who must be got out ere the building burned or be lost. Some of them were not only 225 feet underground, but three-quarters of a mile away from the bottom of the shaft. Under the direction of Superintendent James H. Blinn, volunteers fought heroically to save the building, while others entered the mine to warn the miners of the danger. Wm. Dixon and Hugh Sutherin, track layers in the mine, did noble service at imminent risk of losing their lives. The hoisting cages were kept running at their highest speed until all the miners were at last safe above ground. An instance of filial devotion displayed on this occasion is related by Mr. Wm. Smithwaite, from whose writings this article is abridged.

A miner, John Stewart, who was crippled by an accident in a mine in Scotland many years before, was working with his son William in one of the farthest workings of the mine, when they received notice of the danger. They immediately started for the shaft, but their progress was so slow, that prospect of their arriving there in time was very discouraging. The son assisted the father's feeble steps, being passed on the way by men and boys hurrying to escape, who urged them to hasten, telling them again and again of their danger. This increased their excitement, hindering rather than assisting them; the poor old crippled father, losing all courage, sank down by the way, giving up all hope and resigning himself to his fate urged his son to leave him and seek his own safety. "I am auld an crippled, Willie, and of nae account in the warl; nae worth ony sacrifice; gang awa an save yoursel or we'll baith perish. You are young and strang an may have mony years tae live; gang awa, Willie, an save yoursel; I canna coom." "I wanna le you, fayther. Coom, I'll help you alang, and we'll baith get out," was the reply.

After repeated efforts the old man was induced to try again, but again sank down in despair, and in most piteous accents in his broad Scotch dialect urged his son to leave him and seek his own safety. Paying no attention to the old man's importunities, William would again with encouraging words and earnest pleadings get the old man up and make a little more progress towards the shaft.

Finally, after much toil and persistence, they both reached the shaft and were hoisted out in safety.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY MANUFACTURES OF SOUTHEASTERN OHIO.

The following very valuable article was written for this work by the venerable WILLIAM C. HOWELLS, father of Wm. Dean Howells, the author. It was written and sent under the date of Jefferson, Ohio, December, 1887, when he was eighty years of age. In an accompanying letter, he wrote us: "I have endeavored to say enough to give the proper information, and to avoid saying anything

of which I did not feel reasonably certain; yet it is hardly to be expected that, after a lapse of seventy years, many errors will not have occurred:”

Quaker Enterprise.—My father emigrated from Brecknockshire in South Wales, in 1808, landing at Boston. I was then just one year old. He had acquired a thorough knowledge of the manufacture of woollen goods. In 1812 he was at Waterford, Loudon county, Va., having made his way to that point from Boston, when he made the acquaintance of a Quaker, Joseph Steer, who had a large flouring-mill and water-power on Short creek, about eighteen miles from Steubenville and four from Mount Pleasant. This was a Quaker settlement of considerable importance, and the wealth and influence of that locality were chiefly in their hands; and they were not excelled by any in all useful enterprises that tended to improve the then new and growing country. Along the little river of Short creek they had built flouring-mills, salt-works, and a paper-mill of no mean capacity.

Joseph Steer sought to supply a needed woollen manufactory, and he engaged my father to put it in operation.

Passengers Transported by the Pound.—In the spring of 1813, as soon as the roads were in proper condition, my father engaged with one of the “Waggoners of the Alleghenies,” for our passage from Waterford to Brownsville, Pa., which was the usual place of changing shipments from wagons to boats, on the way to Ohio. The wagons used in the transportation of goods on that route were large and heavy, drawn by teams of four, five, or six horses. They would hold and carry 5,000 to 9,000 pounds, and movers took passage in them as they would in boats for themselves and household effects. The wagon in which we travelled was one of the five-horse class, owned and driven by one Thomas, not Mr. Birchard, who did not drink whisky or swear at his horses, which my mother regarded as virtues of high esteem. At this time he had loaded nearly full at Alexandria, and took us on to complete the cargo. I very well remember that mother, my sister, brother, and myself, were weighed at the time our goods were loaded on, and all charged for at so much per pound, though I forget at what price, if I ever knew. My father had a pony, which he rode in company with the two wagons that travelled together, for mutual help over bad places and steep hills, when they joined teams. The trip was necessarily a slow one, as twenty miles was a long day's drive.

Keel Boat Travel.—Arriving at Brownsville, we gladly stopped to rest and wait for a boat. We happened upon a new flat boat, which was being floated to Pittsburg, in which we found unbounded room, after the cramped journey in the wagon. At Pittsburg we changed to what was then called a keel boat; a kind of barge about the size of a canal boat. In it we soon floated the eighty miles to Warrenton, at the mouth of Short

creek, then a thriving village, and an important point for building flat boats, and loading them with flour and other produce for the New Orleans market. Three miles up the creek brought us to our destination, and we took our position as Ohioans seventy-five years ago.

Difficulties of New Manufacturing Enterprises.—The destruction of Mr. Steer's flouring-mill deranged his plans as to manufacturing; and the woollen mill was limited to machinery adapted to country custom, carding and spinning machine, fulling-mill, etc., in a small way. Though a child, I very well remember that this new business was started under very great difficulties. Many of the parts of the machines had to be made by local mechanics. For the spinning “jenny,” a blacksmith forged the spindles, and finished them with grindstone and files; while a tinsmith, a cabinetmaker, a turner, and one or two ingenious general workers made the other parts. My father superintended the job; made the drawings, etc.; and in due time, before winter set in, the little factory was in operation.

Early Manufactures of Southeastern Ohio.—My father moved his family into Steubenville in 1816, when I had just entered upon my tenth year. I was a rather forward boy, and especially interested in manufacturing and mechanical work, of which I had a good conception for one of my years, so that now I have a good recollection of what I then saw. When recurring to that time—say August, 1818, and onward for a few years—I am rather surprised at the variety, as well as extent, of manufactures in which the people of Southeastern Ohio and the adjacent parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania were engaged. The town of Steubenville, whose inhabitants then numbered about 2,000, was a centre of these operations that was typical in its way of the whole. The chief manufacture of the place was woollen cloths, carried on by a company, formed about 1812, on a more extensive scale than any in the State, or west of the Allegheny mountains, at that time.

An Enterprising Pioneer.—The leading man in this enterprise was Hon. Bezaleel Wells, who was the original proprietor of the town, which was laid out in 1797, and who represented the county in the first Constitutional Convention in 1802, and who really spent his life and fortune in developing that part of the State. Mr. Wells associated with him in this undertaking several men of capital and enterprise, among whom were James Ross, of Pittsburg; William Dickinson, of Steubenville; and a Mr. Patterson, of whom tradition said that, after great anxiety to see this factory in operation, he died simultaneously with the starting of the engine. My father having been engaged as wool-grader in the concern till 1826, I had an opportunity

of observing, and was familiar with its general work.

Losses Through Improvements in Machinery.—About 1818 another firm was organized, of which the late Judge and Senator Tappan was a member, that was known as B. Wells & Co., which continued until about 1827, when the business passed into other hands. It was for a time managed by Mr. Wolcott, of Akron, the father of the late Judge Wolcott, who changed the style of the product to a less expensive kind, and made it pay its way for a time.

It was successful in the manufacture of great quantities of good cloth, and cheapening the cost to consumers, who were largely the people of the State, and making a market for good wool; besides introducing greatly improved brands of sheep. As a profit to those who invested money, it must have been one of the worst of failures. The original cost was necessarily very great; while the introduction of new machinery and new styles of working every year absorbed a great part of the profits. I well remember, when very young, being impressed with the terrible losses that were evident to me, in the discarded machinery that filled every vacant spot of the ground and buildings—the result of changes that came in constant succession from year to year. This was not the result of dishonesty or very bad management. It seemed to have come of the crowding growth of improvements, which often made it economy to cast aside a machine of real value. To this may be added successive fires, panics, and money depressions following the war of 1812. This factory and its various buildings occupied about ten acres, near the west end of Main street, a little east of the two factories afterwards built by James and Ebenezer Wallace.

The establishment of Messrs. Wallace, started under better auspices and in better times, succeeded, and has done well. The Wallaces, availing themselves of a valuable vein of coal underlying the town, some twenty-five years ago sunk a shaft to it, which not only supplied them with fuel but became a source of material profit.

Cotton Cloth Factories.—About the time of the commencement of the old woollen factory, another company put in operation a steam flouring-mill and cotton factory in a small way, both in adjoining buildings and propelled by the same engine, on the bank of the river at the foot of Main street. The cotton department was confined to carding and spinning only, producing yarns used in home-made linseys, carpets, and satinette warps, etc. It was discontinued about 1821. Soon after this date two cotton mills, on quite an extensive scale, were built; both of which prospered permanently in the manufacture of yarns and unbleached cotton cloths.

Early Paper Mills.—At an early day the manufacture of paper was commenced in many places in the State, that seemed to do well, and made a full supply for the wants of the country, with the various kinds then in

use. There were mills at or near Cincinnati, Lebanon, Hamilton, Chillicothe, Columbus, Zanesville, Mount Pleasant, and Steubenville. Of course, they all made paper by the old hand-process, that had been in use from time immemorial, and was good enough for the world until the Fourdrinier process was introduced; and these Western mills made a great deal of superior, fine paper. In 1816 the Mount Pleasant mill made the paper for the notes of the Bank of Mount Pleasant. The Steubenville mill, as I remember, had two rag-engines and three or four moulding-vats, and employed forty or fifty men and women—many more than are now employed in the mill with its ten-times increased power of production. This mill was propelled by a large low-pressure engine, as were the flour and cotton mills and the woollen factory. The business was carried on by John B. Bayless & Co., who sold their paper at prices not much higher than it was sold thirty or forty years ago. I judge from the price of foolscap, writing paper, that we used at school, which cost twenty-five cents a quire for a good article, not ruled. This mill was on the river bank, near where the Pen Handle Railroad crosses.

On the river bank, a short distance below, there was an iron foundry, operated by Martin Phillips. Connected with this, Adam Wise had a machine shop, where much of the machinery of the factory and mills of the vicinity was made or repaired. Mr. Wise also made the first plows of the country with iron mould-boards.

Extinct Trades.—On Main street, near Third, James Watt did a lively business as wheelwright, which meant the making of hand-spinning wheels for wool and flax, reels, etc., which trade is now extinct, and the wheels and reels that were to be found in every farmer's house in nearly constant use, are now retired to garrets or collections of bric-a-brac.

Another extinct trade was carried on by Daniel Kilgour, at the corner of Main and Fourth streets, which was the making of cut-nails by hand, but gave way to nail-making machines about 1825.

Next door to this was the watch and clock-making shop of Alexander Paxton, where he repaired watches and made brass eight-day clocks to order.

Measured for a "Roaram."—At the time I speak of, hats were made in shops as shoe-making and tailoring were done. Then, if a man or boy wanted a hat, it was bespoke, always two weeks in advance. As old boys well remember, the hatter measured his head and fitted him accordingly. The hats were made of wool or fur, or both mixed—the body of wool with the nap of fur, called a "roaram," a name well suited to the appearance of the hat. Fine hats were made with fur bodies and a nap of beaver or otter. These were really nice hats, and were worth the six to ten dollars they cost. Wool hats cost about a dollar, and a "roaram" \$2.50 or \$3. In that day the stiffening of hats

with gum-shellac was not in use, glue being used instead of water-proof gum; and when overtaken with rain the hats would weaken down and bring the wearer to a "due sense of his unworthiness," for they would become flabby and the nap stick to them till they shone like a junk bottle after they became dry, besides "going to seed," as it was called. This made the hat an object of tender care, and led the wearer to carry in reserve an oiled silk or gingham covering, to be put on as required. There were three hatters in town—Messrs. Hull, Odbert and Hoagland, each of whom helped me to a crown, as needed.

Mr. McFetridge, whose trade is now also obsolete, made weavers' reeds, of reed-cane, to supply the many looms that were to be found in the farmers' houses all through the country.

Of general trades, there were the usual variety. I remember one earthenware pottery, three tanneries, carried on by Brice Viers, Samuel Williams and Hans Wilson; six or seven shoe-shops and a like number of tailors, and one gunsmith, James Leaf.

An old paper that I have fixes the number

of merchants' stores at twenty-seven, and of taverns at sixteen.

Early Schools and Churches.—In the winter of 1816-17 there were two schools of the same order as our common schools, maintained by private subscription, as all schools then were, at \$2.50 a scholar per quarter. One of these schools, at which I was a pupil, was taught by Rev. James B. Finley, and continued until it was overshadowed by the well-known school of Rev. Dr. Beatty.

At the beginning of 1817 there were three places of religious worship, where services were regularly held every Sunday: one Presbyterian, with Rev. Mr. Hoagland as pastor; one United Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Buchanan as pastor, and a Methodist Episcopal Church, forming a part of the Steubenville Circuit, with Rev. James B. Finley as presiding elder for the quarterly meeting district, the extent of which would astonish many of his brethren of this day. He lived in Steubenville, whence he made his four journeys on horseback, each year visiting, as extreme points, Zanesville, Norwalk, Cleveland and Warren, Ohio; Beaver and Erie, Pa.; and Fredonia, N. Y.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Steubenville was named in a spirit of patriotism, from Baron von de Steuben, the drill master of the soldiers of the Revolution. He taught them to bring their muskets to the order by three motions in the slow style of the tactics of that day. He lies buried alone in the depths of a forest in Oneida county, New York, and in 1840 I walked twenty miles for the sole purpose of sketching his grave.

Steubenville is well situated, the best river town, steamboat men say, of any town on the Ohio, and because on the second plateau, and thus above the highest floods. The scenery around is impressive. In its rear high hills rise rounding in majestic curves. Opposite, close up to the West Virginia shore, is a steep wooded bluff, some 600 or more feet in height, its upper part an overhanging precipitous cliff. Down the river the view is expansive with bounding hills and never-returning waters. One may well term this as the gateway to the charming scenery of the Upper Ohio.

A Sort of Lubberland.—The city has an old-time look—little or no ornate architecture—but there is comfort everywhere. It is similar in its social aspects and appearance to Marietta and Chillicothe. The country around laughs in its fatness—nobody starves. Going into a restaurant for dinner, there was placed before me on a side table some nineteen dishes—1. Roast beef, very tender, Ohio grown. 2. Excellent coffee. 3 and 4. Cucumbers and onions. 5. Corn. 6. Asparagus in milk. 7. String beans. 8. Cabbage, boiled. 9. Tomatoes, stewed with toast. 10. Rhubarb. 11. Potatoes warmed in milk. 12. Cold bread, butter. 13. Warm biscuit. 14 and 15. Rhubarb and cherry pie. 16. Ice cream. 17, 18 and 19. Vanilla and chocolate, with strawberries—and for all this but twenty-five cents charge. On my tour over Ohio forty years ago no such variety was anywhere seen, and not once a napkin at a meal, and eatable butter almost never—but no

charge for smelling. In no one thing has there been a greater improvement than in food. Lubberland seems to be heaving in sight for this people, and yet they don't all seem happy.

The track of the Cincinnati & Pittsburg Railroad runs on the river bank in front of Steubenville. The first person I met on my arrival to welcome me was Mr. J. J. Robinson, the station agent, at whose residence I called on an errand. His house stands with its rear to the rail track and river, near by the station. His home lot is 120 feet broad and 180 deep. The house, on an elevation fifteen feet above the lawn, occupies the farther end and fronts on a street. A line of Lombardy poplars, 120 feet in length and twelve feet apart, stands as sentinels on the river front of the lot. They were set out in 1878, being then saplings but two inches in diameter and ten feet high; yet in 1884 they had attained a height of sixty feet, which he cut off



Davison Fillson, Photo.

BOYHOOD HOME OF STANTON.



From the old edition of 1846.

FEMALE SEMINARY, STEUBENVILLE.

twenty feet from the top. Now (1886) they are forty-five feet in height, in luxurious foliage. On V.I.P 321 I speak on the subject of the poplar more fully. Around some of the home lots in the upper part of the town are very long lines of poplars hundreds of feet in length, making a very imposing appearance. I know nothing of the kind equalling it. The easy swaying of the top of the poplars in the wind and the glinting lights on their branches are pleasing. But it is a solemn tree—does for graveyards and melancholy blue states of the mind.

A Lesson in Ornithology.—Mr. Robinson's house has a veranda eighty feet in length on the second story facing the river. As he took me from the sentinel poplars across the lawn, through the shrubbery, grape vines and blooming roses to the veranda he said: "Come; I want you to see my birds." At that moment a peacock spread his tail at my feet and gave an infernal screech—"Look! admire my tail!" "That," said he, "is better than any watch-dog or policeman that can be got. Nothing can enter my yard at night but he sounds the alarm. He is ever faithful. Unlike a watchman, he never falls asleep on his post, and, unlike a dog, can never be seduced from duty."

Taking me on to the veranda, there in fifteen cages were nineteen birds chirping their joy. Among them English black-birds, golden oriole, canaries, mocking bird, Irish lark, Irish thrush, cat-bird and red-bird—nearly all foreign birds. The Irish lark has a voice of a peculiar rollicking nature. "Soars up in the air," said Mrs. Robinson, a black-eyed lady, with a merry laugh.

One canary was sitting on its nest. It was her third brood. I got within a foot of the little creature as she was sitting there so happy and comfortable. She cocked up her little eye, as much as to say: "Oh, you get out. You are nothing but a man. You can know nothing of a mother's joy." Mrs. R. told me that the canary lays from four to five eggs, and that fourteen days after the laying of the first egg a bird is hatched, and then after that one daily. If it is a male bird it is surely a singer and will sing fourteen days from its birth. Canaries are weaned in from fifteen to twenty-one days.

Just at that moment a train went thundering by, when the peacock gave a screech. He always does, and they pass every half hour;

yells at every child's laugh and spreads his tail *ad libitum*. At night he perches on a flat board nailed on top of a post, close by the back door, and performs sentinel duty, at every noise sending forth a screech.

Suffering Bennie Shaw.—While here I sketched a cottage, the once home of the long-suffering but happy Bennie Shaw, who was deaf and dumb, very near-sighted and paralyzed. It stands in a nook between two other buildings on a business street in Steubenville. I called there and had an interview with his mother, a sad-appearing woman, to learn the history of her boy. When he was eleven years of age he was taken sick, and, becoming paralyzed, lay on his back until he died, at the age of thirty-seven, November 2, 1884. During that entire period only his head and chest grew, his body below remaining as in childhood. The cottage in which he lived and the room in which he was confined were very small, the latter with only one window which looked upon a little garden wherein grew flowers. He was very near-sighted, could use but one arm, could not lift himself in bed nor turn his head, and yet on the wall were numerous pictures in water-colors of flowers, birds and other objects which he painted mostly from copies and quite handsomely. And how he was enabled to do them at all seemed almost incredible. His mother thus described it to me, first showing me a board ten by twelve inches: "We," said she, "tacked the paper on this board. He laid on his back in his cot by the window, the board resting on his chest. He held the top of the board with his two little fingers. With the other three fingers he painted. Owing to his near-sightedness he was obliged to bring the board within four inches of his face. He could not paint all over the board except by turning it around, so it was often wrong side up. As he could not turn his head, he had a mirror, which magnified and reflected the flowers in the garden which he studied and painted. It was always a wonder to me how he was able to paint, and so beautifully, and when I asked him how he did it his answer always was, and with a smile, 'God helps me. He loves me.'" His little room was a holy spot. His presence made it an atmosphere of love, and when any strangers came in he always wanted to know if they loved God and enjoyed him as he did.

Several days passed in Steubenville enabled me to gather from some old gentlemen some amusing reminiscences upon its historical characters, as Edwin Stanton, Senator Tappan, Thomas Cole, etc. One of these was Mr. James Gallagher, a tall, wiry gentleman, with some hesitation in his speech but none in his brains, who came here, in 1816, from Philadelphia, when a lad of ten years. He said:

Anecdotes of Ben Tappan.—I knew Ben Tappan well. He was very sharp. He had a large house-dog, which one day strolled into the shop of one Peters, a butcher, and seizing a nice roast of beef made off with it. Peters, on discovering whose dog it was, called upon Tappan, and put the question to him: "If a neighbor's dog enters my shop and steals meat, is he not legally held in payment?" "Certainly he is," rejoined Tappan. "Your dog," continued Peters, "has this very

morning stolen seventy-five cents worth of meat from me, and I have come for the money." "Not so fast, Mr. Peters," replied Tappan; "I don't give legal advice without compensation. As you are a neighbor, I won't be hard upon you. My charge to you in this case is \$2.00. You must therefore pay me the difference, \$1.25, and we will call it square."

BEN TAPPAN was a most audacious man, and I have no doubt his example had much to do with the formation of the character of Edwin Stanton when he, a youth, became his partner. In olden times our Common Pleas court consisted of a president judge for each judicial district, and three associate justices for each county in which the court was held. The presence of three constituted a quorum. At a court held here a Mr. Anderson, a very worthy man, was one of the judges. He lived three miles out of town, and was wont to come to court on horseback with his saddle-bags, with his own dinner in one bag and oats for his horse in the other. After a certain noon recess Anderson failed to appear in time. Tappan, who was naturally impatient, arose to address the court, when Judge Hallock interrupted him: "Brother Tappan, there is not a quorum; you will have to wait for Judge Anderson." "Are his saddle-bags under the bench?" "Yes." "Then," rejoined Tappan, "I'll go on with my plea; they will do just as well." And he did. Soon Anderson came in, and heard the balance of the plea. It is to be inferred its opening was in due time communicated to him by the saddle-bags.

The Stanton family were from North Carolina, and originally Quakers. They fell under the influence of the itinerating Methodists, and their house became a favorite stopping-place for itinerants. Edwin was of an emotional nature, and, when a lad, was converted and joined them; eventually he "backslid," but always had a great respect for religion. We went to school together, he nine years younger. He was somewhat lax in getting his lessons, especially in arithmetic, which he disliked, and often came to me for assistance. He was an enterprising lad, and established a circulating library, a nice collection, the only one in town, and it was well patronized. I drew from his library Plutarch's "Lives," Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination," Campbell's "Poems," and other old-style books of that day.

Edwin went as a clerk at about the age of thirteen with Mr. James Turnbull, who kept books for sale, and was with him for several years. Mr. Turnbull is now living here at the age of ninety-two, and is the only survivor of the war of 1812 in this region of Ohio. Edwin was reading so constantly that he somewhat neglected his duties as a salesman; he was a great reader, and largely self-taught. Turnbull thought highly of him as a boy.

In his early career as a lawyer the people, more especially us old Whigs, regarded him as unscrupulous. The family were Whigs, and he was brought up in that faith, but he

joined the Democrats, they being especially strong in this county. This was under the influence, I believe, of old Ben Tappan. This change we thought was not from political ambition, but for the legal business the association would bring him. He was a grand talker; not as logical as some, but his forte was his perfect self-poise and his indomitable bulldog courage and tenacity. Though the heavens fell, he would never let up; it was push through or die. His mind acted as a flash, and he never lost his balance, never flinched at a surprise; but with a bound would make a forward spring with a point for the emergency sharp as a bayonet; all his knowledge was always at hand.

On looking at Stanton's war record, the gigantic strength of character he exhibited, the value of his labors, and his absorbing devotion to his country, which finally broke him down and put him into his grave, I cannot but feel a great respect for his memory. He left the office poor and broken down. When he died, as a reward for his herculean labors and great services to his country, Congress voted his widow a year's salary as judge. The friends of Stanton think, and justly think, that Grant in his Memoirs failed to do him justice. He was naturally of a kindly nature, fond of children, and exceedingly generous to his poor relations; indeed, to all who had any claim upon him.

I knew THOMAS COLE, the celebrated landscape painter, well. He was born in England, and was regarded as a bright, intelligent young man. There was quite a colony of English and Germans, who came here to work in the paper-mill and woollen factory, which were established here in the war period. Among the English were the Cole family; Dr. Ackerly, afterwards the noted New York surgeon; Wm. Watkins, a wool stapler, who soon returned to England and gained distinction as a miniature painter; painted a portrait of Queen Victoria on ivory. He had taken lessons from Cole. Then there was old Joe Howells, grandfather of Howells, the novelist. Cole's father had charge of the manufacture of the wall-paper, and Tom worked at it, stamping the colors with diagram blocks. Tom came here about 1820; did not stay very long, but went to Zanesville and elsewhere, and engaged in painting portraits. His skill displayed in painting scenery for theatres first brought Cole into notice in New York. The paper-mill was established about 1812-1813. It stood on the river-bank, on the site of the present Hartje paper-mill. The paper was all made by hand in the olden style. The pulp was water-soaked in vats, dipped out with sieves, and spread out on blocks on felt,

in alternate sheets of felt and pulp. The sheets were generally foolscap size. The sheets were then hung up to dry in a large drying-house, with open-air slats. It sold for twenty-five cents a quire of twenty-four sheets, but for a single sheet the price was one cent. A bright boy one day went into Mr. Turnbull's store and said, "I want twenty-four sheets of paper," and he supplied him at that rate, whereby the boy saved a cent.

Copperas Works.—About the year 1820 copperas works were established here by Bezaliel Wells, and was for a time a thriving industry. The material was obtained from the coal banks, and manufactured in a rude way by a process of washing, boiling, and crystallizing. The industry, at first lucrative, became overdone, from the abundance of the stock. Copperas is now manufactured differently; but for some purposes the old kind is the best. The works were on top of the hill, at the Red House farm, back of the town. Wells' chemist was a North Prus-

sian, by the name of Kolb. He rigged up a huge grindstone for some purpose, but was a better chemist than mechanic; couldn't make things work; got mad, and started the grindstone a rolling down hill; and it didn't stop until he got it to the bottom. Then he had to pay Christian Bougher a dollar to get it back.

Thespian Society.—These Germans and English working-people established a *Thespian Society*, and gave theatrical entertainments in an old brick stable for a theatre, and Tom Cole painted the scenery. Kolb was active, and so was another German, Christian Orth, a blue-dyer in the factory. One evening, in the midst of a play wherein a thunder-storm was represented, a vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene, whereupon the audience were convulsed with laughter, by the voice of Kolb from behind the scenes calling out, in his rough German accent, "Now, Orth, hurry up mit yer thunder!" which, by the way, was produced by rolling cannon balls on the floor.

The photographer is one of our best modern acquisitions. He is generally poor in his purse, but then he is, personally, a rich blessing. We should thank the Lord for him. While our daily bread feeds our bodies, his labors feed the soul; help preserve memories of the precious now dead or far away. His business got a great start in the war era, when the soldier boys, in marching away, proudly clad in the panoply of Uncle Sam's warriors, largely left their portraits behind, and carried away those of their loves to the camp and the battle-field.

Steubenville rejoices in the possession of one photographer, who has been taking the faces of the people here for thirty years, until he has grown gray in the service. He has lived to picture babes in the arms of parents, whose pictures he had made when they themselves began life's march in the ranks of the light infantry. This gentleman lives in rooms adjoining his gallery, and his son and daughter work with him; and there, for a pet, is Pearly, a French poodle, with white curly hair, soft as lamb's wool, who is ever ready to sneeze, "by request." He has an honored pedigree. His name is Davison Filson, a descendant of the Davison Filson whose son, John Filson, a surveyor, was the very man, an hundred years ago, who laid out the city of Cincinnati and named it *Losantiville*.

This John was a pedagogue, and author of a history of Kentucky. One day, shortly after his survey, he set out alone to explore the solitudes of the Miami woods, and that was the last ever known of him. His fate is yet a mystery. It is supposed he was killed by the Indians. One verse of Venable's simple ballad, "John Filson," tells all that anybody knows:

"Deep in the wild and solemn woods,
Unknown to white man's track,
John Filson went one autumn day,
But never more came back."

The Six Hundred Dead.—Upon the walls of Mr. Filson's gallery, in a large frame, 36 × 30 inches, is a picture consisting of 600 photographs of prominent citizens of the town, all of whom, with but few exceptions, were taken by him, and all of whom are now dead. The sight of this vast concourse of

adults—men and women from early manhood and womanhood to extreme old age, most of them looking upon you as in life—affects one with solemn sensations akin to those which we could imagine if they should collectively rise from their graves and appear as in life. The faces are largely those of mature and thoughtful people, upon whom the cares and duties of human life, with its solemn responsibilities, have left their weighty impress. One can but feel awed in their presence, and the mind goes instinctively beyond the portals of the grave to the unknown world to which each of that mighty concourse has vanished from sight forever.

Among these are the faces of people whose history is imperishable. The central head is that of EDWIN M. STANTON, the last portrait of him, taken but a few months before his death. It is a massive head of great power, and the expression of the face is one of sadness and suffering. It shows he was

worn out with labors and anxieties. In a lower corner is the head of BEZALIEL WELLS, founder of the town, and that of his wife. They are from oil paintings, and are fine faces of marked character. The head of JAMES HUNTER, the first child born on the soil, appears as a very old man with a strong face and long gray locks, combed behind his ears. Near the portrait of Stanton is the beautiful face and head of Colonel GEORGE MCCOOK (see Vol. I., p. 365), as he was in his prime; also the heads of Major-General DANIEL MCCOOK, killed at Peach Tree Orchard, and General ROBERT L. MCCOOK, murdered by guerillas. On the extreme right is the head of Judge HUMPHREY HOWE LEAVITT, once a citizen of this town, later a citizen of Cincinnati, where, on the bench, in his capacity of District Judge of the United States Supreme Court, he sat on the case of Clement L. Vallandigham. He was long an honored citizen of Cincinnati, and an old neighbor and a personal friend, and it did me good to look upon his kindly, benignant face among the six hundred. He was an old-style gentleman, a Presbyterian in faith, very modest and quiet, and simple in speech and manner; had but a few words; was a godly, dignified man. We had marked time together in a company of the Home Guards, called the "Silver Grays"—because all the members were over forty-five years of age—when Cincinnati was threatened by Kirby Smith. I missed his presence when we crossed the river to meet the foe. Like myself, I suppose, he did not ache to kill anybody.

Here are the heads of Benjamin Tappan, Thomas L. Jewett, Rev. C. C. Beatty, Rev. George Buchanan—who here preached for forty years in the United Presbyterian Church—with numerous other local celebrities. Among these, on his couch of suffering, is the recumbent form of little Bennie Shaw, the only portrait where more than the head and bust are shown. Heads of manly vigor and womanly virtue look down upon you as when among these earthly scenes, and they all preach to you—these six hundred dead. I felt it with inexpressible awe, for only a few hours before, while in an abstracted state of mind, a train of cars was slowly, silently backing through a narrow alley upon me, and I only escaped by the fraction of a second from being crushed under the remorseless wheels.

From the grave to the gay is the story of life. The sun carries the morning on her wings and night flees at her coming.

An Easy Talker.—As I sat gazing upon the faces of those six hundred dead, impressed by their, as I felt, living presence, an old gentleman, large, fleshy, with rotund visage, rosy cheeks and smiling eyes, came in by invitation of Mr. Filson to tell me of the olden time; and this he did with an ease and deliberation of speech that was charming. With him every sentence, as a printer would say, was wide-spaced, as if with em-quadrats, and every word the exact word for the place

it was put; and there were no "doublets" nor "outs," anywhere in his speech. This was FRANCIS ASBURY WELLS, son of Bezaliel Wells, who laid out the town. As his name indicates, his parents were Methodists, and so named him after the renowned Bishop Asbury.

"From an old book," said he, "I find it was August 25, 1797, that my father, after laying out the town, sold the first lots. They were 60 × 180 feet, and sold for from \$60 to \$180 per lot. About the year 1819 the first steamboat was built here, and named from him 'Bezaliel Wells'—the boys called it 'Beelzebub.' It had brick chimneys, and they were built by Ambrose Shaw; they were not finished when she started on her first trip, which was for Pittsburgh. Mr. Shaw finished them between here and Brown's island, seven miles north.

"My father, with others, in 1814 built the first woollen factory, I believe, west of the mountains. I have here [showing it to me] a silver medal presented in 1824 to Wells & Co. by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, as a 'reward of skill and ingenuity.' This was in consequence of their having sent a piece of broadcloth to them on exhibition."

Memento of the Harrison Campaign.—Mr. Wells showed to me a memento of the Harrison campaign of 1840. It was a brass button, with a plough in front, a log-cabin in the centre, and a barrel of hard cider in one corner. "During that campaign," said he, "I wore a Kentucky jeans suit buttoned with these buttons, and with my brother and others I manufactured a kind called Tippecanoe jeans—a sort of gray mixed. We sent suits both to General Harrison and Henry Clay."

When Lafayette visited this country, in 1825, he came up the Ohio from Cincinnati, and it was expected would stop here. My father got his woollen factory in order, intending to show it to him and give him a big reception here. He was sadly disappointed, for, owing to the low stage of water, Lafayette could get no farther than Wheeling, twenty-two miles below, and so went by stage to Pittsburgh, where father went to see him.

On meeting Lafayette he conversed with him upon the subject of raising wool in Jefferson county, and the trouble they had of raising sheep owing to the depredations of dogs. Lafayette told him that in France they had a breed of shepherd-dogs, very large, of great sagacity, which were used in driving and protecting their flocks. "Old a country as France is, and strange as you may think it," said Lafayette, "our mountains are infested with wolves which commit depredations upon our sheep. I will send you a pair for breeding." In due time they came, and were quite prolific. They were a noble species, white with generally golden-hued spots; resembled the English mastiff, and were found extremely useful, but in time run out by mongrel associates.

One of them one day followed my brother



SALMON P. CHASE.



EDWIN M. STANTON.

Alexander to market when a large, ferocious bull-dog, encouraged by his master, attacked him. The butchers formed a ring around them expecting the bull-dog to conquer. He had seized the shepherd-dog by the throat. The skin there was tough, and so loose that the other was enabled to twist his head around and grasp the bull's head, and soon

the bones were heard to crack. The master of the bull then interfered. "No," said the others, "we formed a ring to see fair play; you set him on and now we will see it out." And they did. The shepherd-dog had got his spunk up, and they heard the crunching of the bones, and quickly the bull-dog yielded up the ghost.

I conclude these notes with some more reminiscences of the early days of Edwin Stanton, from Mr. John McCracken. Nothing is too small to narrate that illustrates the characteristics of that great man.

I was a schoolmate with the Stanton boys, Edwin and his younger brother, Darwin, and lived opposite. The boys had for pets, which they kept in their house, some black and garter-snakes. They would bring the snakes out, sit on their doorstep and let them crawl over them. I joined them and let them crawl over me. I was then about thirteen, Darwin the same and Edwin sixteen.

The Stanton homestead was on the west side of Third street, between Market and Washington streets. Opposite their house was Isaac Jenkinson's hotel, the principal hotel of the town. In the rear was a noble grove. There under the trees I have seen General Jackson and Henry Clay take dinner.

I was very intimate with Stanton. A most famous case in which he was engaged was

wherein the firm of Gano, Thomas & Talbot, pork dealers, was sued on a claim involving an immense sum. Stanton travelled all over the country, east and west, for evidence. He argued the case from early morning until evening; looked fairly black in the face; was so tired. In the evening the case was given to the jury. I was sitting on the steps when Stanton came out and called to me. He wanted me to walk with him: said his mind was so excited he could not sleep, and I walked the streets until about six in the morning. When the jury came in the verdict was for Stanton. Stanton studied law with D. L. Collier. I remember on the day he was admitted to the bar hearing Collier say he was as capable of practising as he or any other member of the bar. Stanton was a very hard student and very muscular.

STEUBENVILLE, the county-seat of Jefferson, is situated on the right bank of the Ohio river, 68 miles below Pittsburg and 400 miles above Cincinnati. The average altitude of the city is a little over 700 feet above tide water, surrounded by hills rising several hundred feet higher. The city lies well above the river with a general slope toward it, giving a fine natural drainage. It is $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Pittsburg and 150 miles east of Columbus, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R., which crosses the Ohio river at this point. It is also on the C. & P. R. R. The surrounding country abounds in coal and natural gas, with which the city is supplied for manufacturing and other purposes. County Officers: Auditor, William F. Simeral; Clerk, Andrew S. Buckingham; Commissioners, John Underwood, David Simpson, Jacob P. Markle; Coroner, James M. Starr; Infirmary Directors, Eli Petrow, Thomas Nixon, Charles Barrett; Probate Judge, John A. Mansfield; Prosecuting Attorney, Henry Gregg; Recorder, Jacob Hull; Sheriff, John G. Burns; Surveyor, Samuel Huston; Treasurer, Hugh S. Coble. City Officers: Henry Opperman, Mayor; James Reynolds, Clerk; Wm. McD. Miller, Solicitor; James Beans, Street Commissioner; Wm. M. Scott, Marshal. Newspapers: *Gazette*, Democrat, McFadden & Hunter, editors and publishers; *Germania*, German Independent, Max Gescheider, editor and publisher; *Herald*, Republican, P. B. Coon, editor and publisher; *Sunday Life*, Independent, A. W. Beach, editor and publisher; *Ohio Press*, Independent Republican, W. R. Allison, editor; *Saturday News*, Independent, Frank Stokes, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Christian, 1 American Methodist Episcopal, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Episcopal, 2 Catholic, 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian and 2 Lutheran. Banks: Commercial, Sherrard, Mooney & Co.; Miners & Mechanics, Jno. H. Hawkins, president, J. W. Cookson, cashier; Steubenville National, R. L. Brownlee, president, Charles Gallagher, cashier; Union Deposit, Wm. A. Walden, president, Horatio G. Garrett, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Hartje Brothers, glazed wrapping paper, 25

hands; Ohio Valley Clay Co., glass melting pots, 38; Jefferson Iron Works, iron and nails, 540; Pearl Mills, flour and feed, 6; Sumner Glass Co., bottles, 140; Gill Brothers & Co., lamp chimneys, etc., 470; Riverside Iron Works, pig-iron, 95; James Means & Co., foundry work, etc., 30; H. J. Betty & Sons, table glassware, 670; Steubenville Steam Laundry, laundering, 10; Electric Light and Power Co., electric light, 4; Humphry Glass Co., glass novelties, 30; Steubenville Pottery Co., decorated ware, etc., 175; Cyrus Massie, doors, sash, etc., 9; Caswell & Pearce, furniture, 35; W. L. Sharp & Son, stoves, mantles, etc., 55; Robinson, Irwin & Co., machinery, 5; Robert Hyde, doors, sash, etc., 6; L. Anderson & Sons, doors, sash, etc., 15; William McDowell, stairs and stair railings, 4.—*State Report, 1888*. Population in 1880, 12,092. School census, 1888, 4,382; Henry N. Mertz, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$2,215,600. Value of annual product, \$3,007,000. Census, 1890, 13,363.

BIOGRAPHY.

EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON was born in Steubenville, December 19, 1814. His boyhood home, of which we give a picture, is yet standing on Third street. This was not his birthplace. By the records his father bought this house when Edwin was three years old, and moved into it. Through Mrs. Wolcott, a sister now living, we learn he was born on Market street, in a house of which only the rear is now standing. It was in the house shown that when a boy he had a museum of butterflies, bugs and other curiosities he had collected.

His father, a physician, died in Edwin's boyhood. He entered Kenyon College in 1831, but left two years later to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836, beginning practice in Cadiz. He returned to Steubenville in 1839, was Supreme Court Reporter in 1842-5, preparing vols. XI, XII. and XIII. of the Ohio Reports. Removed to Pittsburg in 1848, and in 1857 to Washington. He was engaged by the government in many important land cases. December 20, 1860, he was appointed Attorney-General by President Buchanan to fill the unexpired term of Jeremiah S. Black, who had been appointed Secretary of State. He was called to the head of the War Department by President Lincoln on the retirement of Simon Cameron, January 15, 1862.

Mr. Stanton was originally a Democrat of the Jackson school, and until Van Buren's defeat in the Baltimore Convention in 1844 took an active part in political affairs in his locality. He favored the Wilmot proviso to exclude slavery from territory acquired by the war with Mexico, and sympathized with the Free Soil movement headed by Martin Van Buren. He was an anti-slavery man, but his opposition to that institution was qualified by his views of the qualifications imposed by the Federal Constitution.

While a member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet he took a firm stand for the Union, and at a Cabinet meeting, when John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, demanded the withdrawal of the United States from the forts in Charleston harbor, he indignantly declared that the surrender of Fort Sumter would, in his opinion, be a crime equal in atrocity to that of Arnold, and that all who participated should be hung like Andre.

After the assassination of President Lincoln Secretary Stanton took sides against the new President, Andrew Johnson, in the controversy between him and the Republican party. Johnson demanded his resignation, which he refused; the President then suspended him, but he was restored to office by the Senate. The President then informed the Senate that he had removed Secretary Stanton, but the Senate denied his authority to

do this, and Stanton refused to surrender the office.

After Mr. Stanton's retirement from office he resumed the practice of law. President Grant appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court on December 20, 1869, and he was confirmed by the Senate, but died four days later, worn out by his herculean labors for his country. Of Stanton it has been well said: "He was the GIANT of the great war, who more than any other *trampled out* the rebellion—that more and more as the ages run will history develop this fact." President Lincoln was a politician, statesman and philanthropist, and Gen. Grant was embodied military business, but the mighty public will was concentrated in Stanton, and he brushed aside the failures and pretenders, and the speculators and sentimentalists, and not only gave Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and those who came to

the front when the deadly work was done, a chance, but thrust into their hands the resources of the country, and more than organized victory.

He cared nothing for men, everything for the cause of the Union. That he should have made swarms of enemies was of course inevitable; as inevitable as that his full merits should be but slowly recognized. For Stanton was a patriot of so firm and indomitable a character that his purity and single-mindedness belittled and humiliated the crowd of greedy egotists who pushed to the doors of the treasury, and the same qualities even obscured the greatness of all but the greatest of his contemporaries. When the

names of Lincoln and Grant have been written there is no other that deserves to be linked with that of Stanton. He was a heaven-sent minister, if ever there was one. Carnot, the organizer of battles, was less to France in the crisis of the Revolution than our War Secretary was to the salvation of the Union. So just, so pure, so incorruptible, so patriotic was he that it seems almost a work of supererogation to attempt the defence of his memory against the base aspersions of his enemies who "with his darkness durst affront this light." His was a soul which could afford to disregard the spite of men, having taken for its standard from the beginning the judgment of God."

BENJAMIN TAPPAN was born in Northampton, Mass., May 25, 1773, and died in Steubenville, April 12, 1857. He was the son of Benjamin Tappan, a Congregational pastor, and Sarah Holmes, the great-niece of Benjamin Franklin. The original family name was Topham. The Tappans were largely clergymen and educated men. Benjamin Tappan received a public-school education, and was apprenticed to learn copper-plate engraving and printing. Subsequently he studied law and was admitted to the bar, and began practice in 1799 at Steubenville; was elected to the Legislature in 1803; aide to Gen. William Wadsworth in the war of 1812; after which he served for seven years as President Judge of the Fifth Ohio Circuit. President Jackson appointed him Judge for the District of Ohio in 1833. From December, 1839, to March, 1845, he served in the United States Senate, as a Democrat. He was an active leader of his party, but afterward joined in the Free-Soil movement at its inception. Judge Tappan published "Cases Decided in the Court of Common Pleas," with an appendix (Steubenville, 1831).



BENJAMIN TAPPAN.

His brother, Arthur Tappan, was the distinguished Abolitionist and philanthropist, President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, founder of the American Tract Society and Oberlin College. A son of Benjamin, Eli T. Tappan, LL.D., was from 1868 to 1875 President of Gambier. Later he received the appointment, under Gov. Foraker, of School Commissioner for Ohio, and died in office 1889, much lamented; he was a man of superior ability and usefulness.

Judge Tappan was widely known for his drollery and wit and anti-slavery sentiments.

HUMPHREY HOWE LEAVITT was born in Suffield, Conn., June 18, 1796, and died in Springfield, Ohio, in March, 1873. His father removed to Ohio in 1800. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, and settled at Cadiz, but later removed to Steubenville, where he was prosecuting attorney, and successively representative and senator in the Ohio Legislature in 1825-6-7. He was elected as a Jackson Democrat to Congress in 1830, and resigned in 1834 to accept the appointment of President Jackson as Judge of the United States Court for the District of Ohio,

which office he held for nearly forty years. Before the war, in 1858, in a charge to a jury in a fugitive slave case, he said: "Christian charity was not the meaning or intent of the fugitive slave law, and it would not therefore answer as a defence for violating the law." He was an authority on patent laws, and during the civil war decided the Vallandigham case, which Mr. Lincoln said was worth three victories. He was a greatly influential member of the Presbyterian Church, and sat as a delegate during eleven sessions of the General Assembly.

In his manners he was simple, unostentatious and with that quiet dignity and modesty that is ever weighty. We never heard him laugh aloud, but his smile was a carrying power. As our neighbor in Cincinnati, we felt as though he was one of those characters that adorned humanity, a much venerated person. He once told us that it was one of the enigmas of his life, how it was that he was given for a middle name the name of "Howe." We were sorry we could not aid him to its solution, but glad that such a man had it to help give it respect.

JAMES COLLIER was, we believe, a native of Connecticut, born in 1789; an officer at the battle of Queenstown in the war of 1812, after which he settled in Steubenville; became eminent as a lawyer; was, with Thomas Ewing and John Brough, of the High Commission on the part of Ohio that settled the disputed boundary line between Ohio and Virginia; in 1849 was appointed United States Collector for California, and went overland, escorted by a small company of dragoons, fighting his way through hostile Indians. On his arrival, being the only government officer there, he for some time acted as Military Governor. He died at Steubenville, February 2, 1873, aged 84 years. He was a contributor of valuable facts for our first edition.

Judge JOHN C. WRIGHT was, we think, at one period a partner with Collier; at any rate, was contemporaneous with him in the practice of law here. In about 1848 he edited the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

Col. JOHN MILLER, an eminent officer of the war of 1812, was from Steubenville. He commanded the gallant sortie from Fort Meigs, May 5, 1813, driving the British from their batteries. He edited the *Western Herald* at Steubenville, both before and after the war. He eventually removed to Missouri, of which he was elected Governor. From 1837 to 1843 he represented it in Congress. He died at Florissant, Mo., March 18, 1846. ("Western Reserve Historical Society Tracts," No. 19.)

THOMAS L. JEWETT was born in Maryland about 1810, and was a lawyer in Steubenville—at one time a judge. When he became interested in the construction of the Pan Handle Railroad was elected its president, and eventually became a conspicuous railroad manager. As Virginia was unwilling to grant a charter for a connecting line across her territory for the Penn. Central Railroad, Judge Jewett sought the interposition of the General Government. He died in 1875.

HUGH J. JEWETT, of Zanesville, the emi-

nent railroad president and politician, was a younger brother.

THOMAS COLE was born in England in 1801. His father emigrated to Steubenville, where the son resided until 1825, when he removed to New York city. He became famous as one of the best American landscape painters, particularly of autumn scenes. He was a warm friend of the poet Bryant, who delivered a memorial address in New York city after his death, which occurred at Catskill, N. Y., February 11, 1848. (See page 463.)

JAMES ALEXANDER WILSON McDONALD was born in Steubenville, August 25, 1824. In 1844 he removed to St. Louis and while employed in business during the day studied art at night. His first production in marble was a bust of John H. Benton in 1854. Eleven years later he settled in New York city, where several of his works adorn the public parks. He also paints portraits and landscapes in oils, lectures on art and science and writes criticisms on art and artists.

STEPHEN MASON MERRILL was born in Jefferson county, September 16, 1825. In 1864 he was a travelling preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, four years later became editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and in 1872 was consecrated bishop. He received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D., and has published a number of valuable religious works.

WILLIAM PITTINGER was born in Knoxville, Jefferson county, January 31, 1840; is the historian and one of the participants in that daring enterprise of the civil war known as Andrew's raid. After the war he became a clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and since 1878 he has been a professor in the National School of Elocution and Oratory in Philadelphia. He is also the author of "Oratory, Sacred and Secular" (Phila., 1881), and "Extempore Speech" (1882).

A few miles north of the Jefferson county line, near Hanoverton, in Columbiana county, was born, October 4, 1841, the eminent scientist, Prof. THOMAS CORWIN MENDENHALL. From childhood he showed a fondness for the study of mathematics and natural philosophy and acquired by himself a knowledge of those branches of physics in which he has since excelled. He has been twice a Professor in the Ohio State University, resided a number of years in Japan as professor of physics in the University of Tokio; in 1884 became Professor in the United States Signal Service; in 1886 President of Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Ind. He gave the first public

lectures on science in Japan to popular audiences. In 1889 was appointed by President Harrison Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Beside many scientific papers he has published *A Century of Electricity*.

A Scientist's Witticism.—We once heard in Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Proctor, the famous lecturer on astronomy, to illustrate the distance of the sun from us, quote this wit-

icism of Mendenhall's, which naturally brought down the house.

Professor Mendenhall, of the Ohio State University, said he, has stated that if an infant to-day, attracted by the brightness of the sun, should attempt to reach it by thrusting forth its hand and it should travel toward it at the rate of a thousand miles an hour and thus finally reach it and burn its fingers, that young one would then have been dead more than a hundred years!

TORONTO is on the Ohio river and the C. & P. R. R., eight miles north of Steubenville. It is located in the centre of the great fire-clay industry of Eastern Ohio, there being in this section a half dozen large manufacturing engaged in making sewer-pipe, a total of nearly a thousand men being thus employed. Newspaper: *Tribune*, Independent Republican, Frank Stokes, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Methodist Protestant, and 1 Catholic.

Manufactures and Employees.—Franeys' Sons & Co., sewer pipe, etc., 55; Great Western Fire Clay Co., sewer pipe, etc., 75; Pennsylvania Manufacturing, Mining and Supply Co., sewer pipe, etc., 55; Bowers & Custer, flour and feed, 3; Myers & McFerren, doors, sash, etc., 8; Medcalf, Cooper & Goodlin, doors, sash, etc., 12.—*Ohio State Report, 1888*. Population about 2,000. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$98,000. Value of annual product, \$110,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888*.

RICHMOND is 11 miles west of Steubenville, on the proposed line of the Lake Erie, Alliance and Southern Railroad. It is surrounded by an agricultural region and noted for fruits, especially fine plums. A skirmish between United States forces and John Morgan's raiders took place near Two Ridge Church, three miles east of here. This is the seat of Richmond College, Rev. S. C. Faris, president. Newspaper: *Radiator*, Independent, J. B. Sprague, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian and 1 United Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 491.

ELLIOTTSVILLE (P. O. Calumet) is on the Ohio river and C. & P. R. R., 11 miles north of Steubenville, where are situated the extensive sewer-pipe works of E. Connor and the Calumet Fire Clay Company.

MT. PLEASANT is 20 miles southwest of Steubenville. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Friends, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian. Bank: First National, R. W. Chambers, president, I. K. Ratcliff, cashier. Population, 1880, 693. School census, 1888, 281; Wm. M. White, school superintendent.

IRONDALE, 9 miles southwest of Steubenville, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Presbyterian. Population in 1880, 399.

SMITHFIELD is 14 miles southwest of Steubenville. Newspaper: *Times*, Independent, Herbert Harrison, editor and publisher. Bank: First National, C. D. Kaminsky, president, Wm. Vermillion, cashier. Population, 1880, 559. School census, 1888, 196.

BRILLIANT, P. O. La Grange, is 7 miles south of Steubenville, on the C. & P. R. R. and Ohio river. Population about 1,000.

NEW ALEXANDRIA is 4 miles southwest of Steubenville. Population in 1880, 175.

BLOOMFIELD, P. O. Bloomingdale, is 18 miles west of Steubenville, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Population, 1880, 175. School census, 1888, 67. Newspaper: *Bloomfield Correspondent*, Independent, C. T. Athearn, editor and publisher.

MINGO JUNCTION is on the Ohio river, 3 miles below Steubenville, at the crossing of the P. C. & St. L. and C. & P. R. R. It is a famed historical point. It has some manufacturing establishments one Methodist church and a population of about 700.

KNOX.

KNOX COUNTY was named from Gen. Henry Knox, a native of Boston, General in the war of the Revolution, and Secretary of War in Washington's administration. It was formed from Fairfield, March 1, 1808. The north and east parts are hilly; the central, west and south parts, undulating or level. The bottom lands of the streams are very rich, particularly those of Vernon river, which stream affords abundance of water-power.

Area about 540 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 1,141,915; in pasture, 119,622; woodland, 55,262; lying waste, 714; produced in wheat, 452,889 bushels; rye, 3,736; buckwheat, 1,397; oats, 410,960; barley, 263; corn, 1,038,560; broom-corn, 4,425 pounds brush; meadow hay, 33,228 tons; clover-seed, 5,291 bushels; flax-seed, 5,321; potatoes, 59,562; tobacco, 475 pounds; butter, 503,720; cheese, 200; sorghum, 436 gallons; maple syrup, 14,832; honey, 3,463 pounds; eggs, 550,061 dozen; grapes, 19,620 pounds; wine, 57 gallons; sweet potatoes, 76 bushels; apples, 9,915; peaches, 13,479; pears, 685; wool, 772,829 pounds; milch cows owned, 5,831. School census, 1888, 7,897; teachers, 283. Miles of railroad track, 73.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Berlin,	1,100	910	Jefferson,	994	967
Bloomfield,	1,252		Liberty,	1,205	1,034
Brown,	1,204	1,152	Middlebury,	1,002	911
Butler,	647	788	Milford,	1,157	876
Chester,	1,297		Miller,	977	826
Clay,	1,304	926	Monroe,	1,258	1,031
Clinton,	920	6,213	Morgan,	912	728
College,		895	Morris,	1,077	833
Franklin,	1,343		Pike,	1,216	1,307
Harrison,	833	723	Pleasant,	888	1,032
Hilliar,	1,012	1,141	Union,	1,098	1,728
Howard,	999	983	Wayne,		1,621
Jackson,	994	806			

Population of Knox in 1820 was 8,326; 1830, 17,125; 1840, 19,584; 1860, 27,735; 1880, 27,431; of whom 22,437 were born in Ohio, 1,581 in Pennsylvania, 438 in Virginia, 404 in New York, 123 in Indiana, 32 in Kentucky, 467 in England and Wales, 378 in Ireland, 182 in German Empire, 44 in British America, 24 in Scotland, and 19 in France. Census, 1890, 27,600.

The early settlers of the county were mainly from the Middle States, with some of New England origin. In 1805 Mount Vernon was laid out, and named by the proprietors of the soil, who were Joseph Walker, Thomas B. Paterson and Benjamin Butler, from the seat of Washington. At this time the county was

thinly settled. Two years after, the principal settlers were, as far as their names are recollected, the Rileys, Darlings, Shriplins, Butlers, Kritchfields, Walkers, Dials, Logues, and De Witts, on Vernon river. In other parts of the county, the Hurds, Beams, Hunts and Dimick, Kerr, Ayres, Dalrymple, Houck, Hilliard, the Youngs, Mitchells, Bryants, Knights and Walkers. In the spring of 1807 there were only three families living on the plat of Mount Vernon, viz.: Benjamin Butler, tavern-keeper, from Pennsylvania, Peter Coyle and James Craig. The early settlers of the village were, beside those named, Joseph and James Walker, Michael Click, David and William Petigrue, Samuel Kratzer, Gilman Bryant, and Rev. James Smith, who came in 1808, and was the first Methodist clergyman.

When the settlers first came, there were two wells, only a few rods apart, on the south bank of Vernon river, on the edge of the town, the origin of which remains unknown. They were built of neatly hammered stone, laid in regular masonry, and had the appearance of being overgrown with moss. Near by was a salt lick, at which the Indians had been accustomed to encamp. Almost immediately after the first settlement, all traces of the wells were obliterated, as was supposed, by the Indians. A similar well was later brought to light, a mile and a half distant, by the plow of Philip Cosner, while plowing in a newly cleared piece of forest land. It was covered with poles and earth, and was about thirty feet deep.

In the spring of 1807 Gilman Bryant opened the first store in Mount Vernon, in a small sycamore cabin, in the western part of the town. A hewed-log and shingle-roofed building stood on the northeast corner of Wood and Main streets; it was the first tavern, and was kept by Benjamin Butler. The first frame building was put up in 1809, and is now (1846) standing on lot 138 Main street. The old court-house, erected about 1810, opposite the present court-house, on the public square, was the first brick building; it was two stories high and thirty-six feet square. The first brick building was erected in the spring of 1815, by Gilman Bryant, now standing next to and south of his present residence. The first church, the Old-School Presbyterian (now down), was built about 1817. It was of brick, forty feet square, and one story high; the first pastor was the Rev. James Scott. The first licensed preacher in the county was the Rev. William Thrift, a Baptist, from Loudon county, Va., who came in 1807, and travelled about from house to house. The first crops raised in the county were corn and potatoes. They were grown on the bottom lands, which were the first cleared; those lands were too rich for wheat, making *sick wheat*, so termed, because when made into bread, it had the effect of an emetic, and produced feelings similar to sea-sickness.

At an early day the Indians, in great numbers, came to Mount Vernon to trade. They encamped on the river bank and brought large quantities of furs and cranberries to dispose of for goods. The whites of the present day might take some beneficial hints from their method of trading at the store in this place. They walked in deliberately and seated themselves, upon which the merchant presented each with a small piece of tobacco. Having lighted their pipes, they returned the residue to their pouches. These were made of a whole mink-skin, dressed with the hair on, with a slit cut in the throat as an opening. In it they kept, also, some *kinnickinnick* bark, or *sumach*, which they always smoked with their tobacco, in the proportion of about three of the former to one of the latter. After smoking and talking a while together, one only at a time arose, went to the counter, and taking up a yardstick, pointed to the first article he desired, and inquired the price. The questions were in this manner: "How many buck-skins for a shirt-pattern?" or "cloth for leggings?" etc.; according to their *skin currency*.

A muskrat skin was equal to a quarter of a dollar; a raccoon-skin, a third of a dollar; a doe-skin, half a dollar, and a buck-skin, "the

almighty dollar." The Indian, learning the price of an article, paid for it by picking out and handing over the skins, before pro-

ceeding to purchase the second, when he repeated the process, and so on through the whole, paying for everything as he went on, and never waiting for that purpose until he had finished. While the first Indian was trading, the others looked uninterruptedly on, and when he was through, another took his place, and so on, in rotation, until all had traded. No one desired to trade before his turn, and all observed a proper decorum, and never attempted to "beat down," but, if dissatisfied with the price, passed on to the next article. They were cautious not to trade while intoxicated; but usually preserved some of their skins to buy liquor, and end their visit with a frolic.

The early settlers in the town all felt as one family. If one got a piece of fresh meat, he shared it with his neighbors, and when a person was sick, all sympathized. At night, they met in each other's cabins, to talk, dance, and take a social glass. There was no distinction of party, for it was a social democracy. At their weddings, a puncheon table, formed like a bench, without a cloth, was covered with refreshments. These were plain and simple: wild turkeys, that had been gobbling about in the woods, were stewed and eaten with a relish; corn, that had grown on the river flats, made into "*pone*" served as wedding cake; while methueglin and whiskey, the only articles probably not indigenous, were the beverages that washed them down. Their plates were either of wood or pewter, perhaps both, and no two alike; their knives frequently butcher knives, and their forks often of wood. A dance was the finale of their festivities. They made merry on the puncheon floor to the music of the fiddle. Cotillions were unknown, while jigs, four-handed reels, the double shuffle and break down "were all the rage."

After Mount Vernon was laid out, the settlers from the region roundabout were accustomed to come into town on Saturdays, to clear the stumps out of the streets. Early in the afternoon they quitted work, and grew jolly over a large kettle of "*stew*." This was made as follows: First, a huge kettle, of gallons' capacity, was placed upon the ground, resting upon three stones, and a fire kindled under it. In it was put two or three buckets of water, a few pounds of maple sugar, a few ounces of allspice, which had been pounded in a rag, a pound of butter, and, finally, two or three gallons of whiskey. When boiled, the stew was taken off, a circle was formed around, and the men helped themselves liberally, with tin cups, to the liquor, told hunting stories, wrestled, ran, hopped and jumped, engaged in foot races, shot at mark for goods or tobacco purchased at the store, and occasionally enlivened the scene by a fight.

Upon the organization of the county, there was a spirit of rivalry as to which should be the county-seat, Mount Vernon or Clinton, a

town laid out a mile and a half north, by Samuel Smith—then a place of the most population, now among the "things that were." The commissioners appointed to locate the seat of justice first entered Mount Vernon, and were received with the best cheer, at the log tavern of Mr. Butler. To impress them with an idea of the public spirit of the place, the people were very busy at the moment of their entrance and during their stay, at work, all with their coats off, grubbing the streets. As they left for Clinton, all quitted their labor, not "of love;" and some rowdies, who dwelt in cabins scattered round about in the woods, away from the town, left "the crowd," and stealing ahead of the commissioners, arrived at Clinton first. On the arrival of the others at that place, these fellows pretended to be in a state not conformable to temperance principles, ran against the commissioners, and by their rude and boisterous conduct, so disgusted the worthy officials as to the apparent morals of the inhabitants of Clinton, that they returned and made known their determination that Mount Vernon should be the favorite spot. That night there were great rejoicings in town. Bonfires were kindled, stew made and drank, and live trees split with gunpowder.

The first settler north of Mount Vernon was Nathaniel M. Young, from Pennsylvania, who, in 1803, built a cabin on the south fork of Vernon river, three miles west of Fredericktown. Mr. Young and his neighbors being much troubled with wolves, got together and made a written agreement to give nine bushels of corn for every wolf's scalp. In the winter of 1805-6 Mr. Young, John Lewis and James Bryant caught forty-one wolves, in steel traps and pens. Wolf-pens were about six feet long, four wide and three high, formed like a huge square box, of small logs, and floored with puncheons. The lid, also of puncheons, was very heavy, and moved by an axle at one end, made of a small, round stick. The trap was set by a figure four, with any kind of meat except that of wolf's, the animals being fonder of any other than their own. On gnawing the meat, the lid fell and enclosed the unamiable native. Often to have sport for the dogs, they pulled out the legs of a wolf through the crevices of the logs, hamstringed, and then let him loose, upon which the dogs sprang upon him, while he, crippled by the operation, made but an ineffectual resistance. In the adjoining county of Delaware, a man, somewhat advanced in years, went into a wolf-trap to render the adjustment of the spring more delicate, when the trap sprung upon him, and, knocking him flat on his face, securely caught him as was ever any of the wolf species. He was unable to lift up the lid, and several miles from any house. There he lay all one day and night, and would have perished had not a passing hunter heard his groans and relieved him from his peril.

Mount Vernon in 1846.—Mount Vernon, the county-seat, is forty-five miles



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MOUNT VERNON.



F. S. Crowell, Photo., Mount Vernon, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MOUNT VERNON.

northeast of Columbus. It is beautifully situated on ground slightly ascending from Vernon river. The town is compactly and substantially built, and some of the dwellings elegant. Main, the principal business street, is about a mile in length, on which are many brick blocks, three stories in height. The view was taken in this street, at the southern extremity of the public square, looking north. On the left is shown the market and court-house; on the right the Episcopal church, an elegant stone edifice, and in the centre the tower of the Old-School Presbyterian church and the jail. This flourishing town contains two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Lutheran, one Catholic and one Episcopal church; twenty dry-goods, six grocery, two hardware, three apothecary and two book-stores; one fulling, four grist and five saw-mills; three newspaper printing-offices, and had, in 1840, 2,363 inhabitants, and has now over 3,000. The railroad, constructing from Sandusky City to Columbus, will connect this place with those.—*Old Edition.*

MOUNT VERNON, county-seat of Knox, is forty miles northeast of Columbus, on the Kokosing river, the C. A. & C. and S. M. & N. Railroads. The Magnetic Springs, a noted health resort, is about two miles north of the city. County Officers: Auditor, Curtis W. McKee; Clerk, Hugh Neal; Commissioners, Stephen Craig, Samuel T. Vannatta, W. D. Foote; Coroner, Samuel R. Stofer; Infirmary Directors, James O. McArtor, William H. Wright, John C. Hammond; Probate Judge, John M. Critchfield; Prosecuting Attorney, William L. McElroy; Recorder, Dwight E. Sapp; Sheriff, John G. Stevenson; Surveyor, John McCrory; Treasurer, William H. Ralston. City Officers: Mayor, W. B. Brown; Clerk, P. B. Chase; Solicitor, C. A. Merriman; Engineer, D. C. Lewis; Treasurer, W. B. Dunbar; Street Commissioner, W. B. Henderson; Marshal, Robert Blythe; Clerk Board of Health, M. M. Murphy. Newspapers: *Tribune*, Republican, John W. Critchfield, editor; *Democratic Banner*, Democratic, L. Harper, editor and proprietor; *Republican*, Republican, C. F. and W. F. Baldwin, editors; *Knox County Democrat*, Democratic, William A. Silcott, proprietor. Churches: one Congregational, one Methodist, one Methodist Protestant, one Presbyterian, one Catholic, one Episcopalian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Colored Methodist Episcopal, one Baptist and one Colored Baptist. Banks: First National, C. Delano, president, Fred. D. Sturges, cashier; Knox County Savings, G. A. Jones, president, Samuel H. Israel, cashier; Knox National, Henry L. Curtis, president, John M. Ewalt, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. A. & C. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 125 hands; E. L. Black, plows and castings, 4; the Cooper Manufacturing Co., engines and saw-mills, 45; Mount Vernon Bridge Co., iron bridges, 100; Kokosing Mills, flour, etc., 20; Eagle Mills, flour; S. H. Jackson, carriages and buggies; Mount Vernon Linseed Oil Co.; C. & G. Cooper, saw-mills, etc., 190; Mount Vernon Steam Laundry, laundrying, 10.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 5,249. School census, 1888, 1,100; J. A. Shawan, school superintendent (and from 1883 to 1889, when he was given the same position in Columbus). Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$1,009,150; value of annual product, \$1,326,700.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 6,027.

The first jury trial in Knox county was in May, 1808; it was that of the State of Ohio vs. William Hedrick; William Wilson, of Licking county, presiding. Judgment was rendered against the prisoner on four charges of theft. Besides fines and imprisonment, it was ordered that the "prisoner be whipped on his naked back." This was one of the few instances in the history of Ohio in which this barbarous mode of punishment was legally inflicted. Its degrading and brutalizing effect, both on the victim and the public, is apparent in the following account from Norton's spicy "History of Knox County."

The judgment of castigation was executed upon the public square of Mount Vernon, shortly after the adjournment of court, in presence of all the people. Silas Brown was

the sheriff, and it fell to his lot as such to serve the "legal process" upon the body of William Hedrick. There was a small, leaning, hickory tree upon the east side of the public square, between the present Norton building (now occupied by Dr. Israel Green, druggist) and High street, and a little south of where the jail was afterwards built, and this tree bent in such a way that a man could walk around under it. To this delectable spot the culprit was taken, and his hands stretched up over his head and tied to the tree, and the stripes were applied by the sheriff to his naked back. He was struck forty times with a heavy, rawhide whip.

The first few blows with the rawhide were across the kidneys. Mr. Bryant, one of the bystanders, at once called out to the sheriff to

whip him elsewhere; that was no place to whip a man; he should strike higher up; and the rest of the lashes were applied across the shoulders.

The criminal sobbed and cried piteously, and when released went off weeping and groaning. In many places the skin was cut and broken, and the blood oozed out, making a pitiable spectacle. And yet, such was the feeling against him, that few seemed to sympathize with the scourged. As he started off he said to the spectators: "You should not blame me for this, for it was not my fault." Bob Walker replied: "No, you wouldn't have stood up and been whipped that way, if you could have helped it." At this prompt retort to Hedrick's explanation, or apology, the crowd laughed uproariously.

Gambier in 1846.—Five miles east of Mount Vernon, on a beautiful, healthy, and elevated ridge, encompassed on three sides by the Vernon river, is the village of Gambier, so named from Lord Gambier, and widely known as the seat of Kenyon College. This town, exclusive of the college, contains about 200 inhabitants. It was laid out under the auspices of the venerable Bishop Chase, in July, 1826, in the centre of a 4,000-acre tract, belonging to Kenyon College. This institution was then founded, with funds obtained by Bishop Chase in England, and named after Lord Kenyon, one of its principal benefactors. It was first chartered as a theological seminary. It is richly endowed, having 8,000 acres of land, and its property is valued at \$100,000. The college proper has about fifty students; the theological seminary about twenty; the senior grammar school about twenty, and Milnor Hall, an institute for boys, about twenty-five. In the various libraries are near 10,000 volumes.

The main college building is romantically situated. You enter a gate into a large area: in the foreground is a large, grassy, cleared plat of several acres, on the right of which stands Rosse Chapel, an elegant Grecian structure; on the left and below, is the beautiful Vernon valley, bounded by forest-clad hills, over which the eye passes in the perspective for miles and miles, until the blue of distant hills and sky meet and blend in one. Through the centre of the grassy plat, passes a footpath, which, at a distance of 200 yards, continues its straight line in a narrow opening through a forest, and terminates at the college, about one-third of a mile distant, the spire of which rises darkly above the green foliage, like that of an ancient abbey, while the main building is mostly concealed. The whole scene, the graceful, cheerful architecture of the chapel, on the right, the valley on the left, the pleasant, grassy green in front, the forest beyond, with the sombre, half-concealed building in the distance, give

an ever-enduring impression. Standing at the gate, with the back to the college, the scene changes: a broad avenue terminates at the distance of half a mile, at the head of which, in a commanding position, faces Bexley Hall, a building appropriated to the theological seminary. It is a large, elegant, and highly-ornamented Gothic structure, of a light color, with battlements and turrets, standing boldly relieved against the blue sky, except its lower portion, where it is concealed by the shrubbery of a spacious yard in front. To the left, and near the hall, an imposing residence, late occupied by Bishop McIlvaine, faces the avenue. Away off to the right, among the trees, is Milnor Hall, and scattered about in various directions, near and far, private dwellings, offices and various structures, some plain and others adorned, some in full view and others partly hidden by the undulations of the ground, trees and shrubbery.—*Old Edition.*

THE CAREER OF KENYON.

Since the foregoing was published, important changes have taken place at Gambier. Now it has railroad facilities by the C. A. & C. Railroad; new and beautiful buildings have been erected, and now connected with it are Kenyon Military Academy and "Harcourt Place Seminary for Young Ladies and Girls." Kenyon has many warm friends among her distinguished alumni. Ex-President



KENYON COLLEGE.
1846.



BISHOP CHASE AND WIFE.

Hayes wrote that, with the exception of the four years spent in the Union army, no other period of his life, in cherished recollections, could be compared with it. Edwin M. Stanton, the great War Secretary, was accustomed to say: "If I am anything, I owe it to Gambier College."

When Bishop McIlvaine succeeded Bishop Chase in the presidency of Kenyon College, the affairs of the institution were in a critical condition, owing to the accumulation of debt, and his timely aid and able government, in which he was assisted by Dr. William Sparrow, the first vice-president, were invaluable.

Bishop McIlvaine's duties were divided between the college and his diocese; but Dr. Sparrow gave to Kenyon his full and undivided strength. Under these two strong men the institution flourished and its educational influence was widespread.

"The expenses of living in Gambier in early days were very small. The annual charges were: for instruction, \$30; for board at the college table, \$40; room rent in a room with a stove, \$4; room rent in a room with fire-place, \$6. For theological students and sons of clergymen the total charge was \$50."

The college formed a large landed estate, and kept a hotel and shops, mills and stores. One looks curiously to-day at its inventory of goods—pots, pans, pails, tubs, saucers, spoons, white dimity bed-curtains, mixed all up with oxen, cows and vinegar.

An early college publication advertises, "Cash will be given at the seminary store for hats and old shoes suitable for making coffee." It also chronicles an "Awful Catastrophe.—Died, very suddenly, on Wednesday last, seventeen interesting hogs, of sore throat, endeared to the students by their unassuming manners, gentlemanly deportment, and a life devoted to the public service. The funeral of each of them will be attended every day until the end, in the dining-hall."

Those were the days when the boys were required "to sweep their own rooms, make their own beds and fires, bring their own water, black their own boots—if they ever were blacked—and take an occasional turn at grubbing in the fields or working on the roads." The discipline was somewhat strict and the toil perhaps severe, but the few pleasures that were allowed were thoroughly enjoyed. We read of a sophomore who was commanded to the room of a professor, and severely beaten with a rod. For the first time in his life a Mississippi freshman received bodily chastisement, and even Dr. Sparrow, the vice-president, took care to see that it was well laid on.

In 1840 Bishop McIlvaine was succeeded in the presidency of Kenyon by Major D. B. Douglass, LL. D., but remained at the head of the theological seminary. Succeeding Major Douglass in the presidency came Rev. Dr. H. A. Bronson; later came Lorin Andrews, LL. D., the first Ohio volunteer to the Union army (see vol. i., page 253). His successors were Charles Short, LL. D. (1863-67), James Kent Stone, A. M. (1867-68),

Eli T. Tappan, LL. D. (1868-75), William B. Bodine, D. D., the present incumbent.

Gambier is greatly indebted to Bishop G. T. Bedell, ex-president of the theological seminary, who, by his ardent and faithful endeavors, secured contributions amounting in all to nearly \$200,000.

For her present measure of prosperity, if not, indeed, for her very existence, the one man to whom—after Bishop Chase—Kenyon College is most indebted is the Rev. M. T. C. Wing, D. D. For a third of a century, in addition to the duties of his professorship, he carried on his strong shoulders the financial burdens of the college. He struggled through deep waters, but he bravely triumphed. Bishop McIlvaine testified "to his eminent faithfulness, wisdom, self-devotion, patience and constancy in most trying circumstances."

In all her requisites for admission, and in the course of study, Kenyon does not materially differ from the leading colleges of the Eastern States. She aims to give a thorough liberal education, and believes in the value of hard mental discipline. She also believes in right religious influences, and labors to afford them, pursuing steadily "the true, the beautiful, the good."

Among the most eminent of the sons of Kenyon are ex-President R. B. Hayes, Edwin M. Stanton, David Davis, Henry Winter Davis, Stanley Matthews, David Turpie, M. M. Granger, Frank H. Hurd, R. E. Trowbridge and Wm. G. LeDuc.

The "Church of the Holy Spirit," the college chapel at Kenyon, is said to be "the most beautiful church in this country." The funds for its erection were given by members of the Church of the Ascension, New York, as a tribute of appreciation for their former rector, Bishop Bedell.

Mr. Geo. A. Benedict, editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, has written of it: "The crowning glory of the Church of the Holy Spirit is its teachings in every window, in all its carvings, in its illuminated wall-texts, in its ceilings, and in its everything. That church is a biblical study. It is cheerful; there is nothing the least gloomy about it, and the most irreverent intuitively would take off his hat when he entered it, for it is the beauty of holiness."

BIOGRAPHY.

PHILANDER CHASE was born in Cornish, N. H., December 14, 1775; died at Jubilee College, Ill., September 20, 1852. Graduated at Dartmouth in 1795. Ordained priest in the Episcopal church, November 10, 1799. Was occupied in missionary labor in Western New York and later at New Orleans, being

the first Protestant minister in the State of Louisiana.

In 1811 became rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.; and in 1817 went to Ohio, where "he began a work for the church in Ohio, and in truth of the whole West, such as no other man then living would have attempted, or probably would have accomplished."

He took charge of the academy at Worthington, organized several parishes, three of which he assumed the rectorship of himself. He was elected bishop and consecrated at Philadelphia, February 11, 1819. It was about this time that Salmon P. Chase, his nephew, became a member of his family.

He began his work with rare earnestness. For several years it was necessary for him to gain his support as a tiller of the soil, as his ministrations did not yield pecuniary return sufficient to pay his postage. The need of helpers in his work, who should be Western men inured to hardships, turned his mind toward the founding of a college for the training of such helpers. He went to England to raise the funds to endow such an institution. Great opposition and many obstacles were overcome by him both in America and England.

An anecdote describes his first experience in London: One day Dr. Dow, of New Orleans, called on Mr. Butterworth, Wilberforce's particular friend, when in the course of conversation the latter said: "So you are from America. Dr. Dow? Were you acquainted with Bishop Chase?" "Yes; he was my pastor in New Orleans, and I his physician and friend." "Tell me about him; there must be something singular in him or he would not be neglected as he is in England." "Singular! I never knew anything singular in him but his emancipating his yellow slave, and that, I should suppose, would not injure him here in England."

This story made Butterworth Bishop Chase's friend, and through him he became the hero of the hour; subscriptions poured in upon him until \$30,000 were realized. Lord Gambier, Lord Kenyon, Sir Thomas Ackland, Lady Rosse, and Hannah More helped him.

Returning to Ohio, he purchased 8000 acres in Knox county and founded Kenyon College and Gambier Theological Seminary. He was determined that the school should be located in the country. "Put your seminary," he said, "on your own domain; be owners of the soil on which you dwell, and let the tenure of every lease and deed depend on the express condition that nothing detrimental to the morals and studies of youth be allowed on the premises."

Bishop Chase occupied the office of president of the college, performing a prodigious amount of labor, making every obstacle give way before his indomitable will and persistent industry. In all his labors he was ably seconded by his efficient wife and helpmate. "Mrs. Chase entered with her whole soul into her husband's plans. She was a lady perfectly at home in all the arts and minutiae

of housewifery; as happy in darning stockings for the boys as in entertaining visitors in the parlor, in making a bargain with a farmer in his rough boots and hunting blouse as in completing a purchase from an intelligent and accomplished merchant, and as perfectly at home doing business with the world about her, and in keeping the multifarious accounts of her increasing household as in presiding at her dinner table, or dispensing courtesy in her drawing-room."

September 9, 1831, Bishop Chase resigned the presidency of the college and the episcopate of Ohio, on account of differences that had arisen between himself and his clergy. He entered upon missionary work in Michigan, and in 1835 was chosen Bishop of Illinois, when he again visited England, raised \$10,000, and in 1838 founded Jubilee College at Robin's Nest, Ill. A friend described him as follows: "In height he was six feet and over; the span of his chest was nearly, if not quite, equal to his height, and with that noble trunk his limbs were in full and admirable proportion. In a crowd his giant figure, in front or back, excited, wherever he moved, universal attention. Large and heavy in stature as he was, he was remarkably light and graceful in his movements, and, when not ruffled with opposition or displeasure, exceedingly agreeable, polished and finished in his manner. Toward those who betrayed hauteur in their deportment with him, or whom he suspected as actuated by such a spirit, or who positively differed with him as to his policy, and especially toward those whom he looked upon as his enemies, he was generally distant and overbearing, and sometimes, when offended, perhaps morose. In his bearing toward them his noble countenance was always heavy and lowering, and his deportment frigid and unmistakably repulsive; but in his general intercourse, and always with his particular and intimate friends, his address and social qualities were polished, delightful and captivating; his countenance was sunlight, his manner warm and genial as balmy May, and his deportment winning to a degree rare among even remarkably commanding and popular men."

His published works were, "A Plea for the West" (1826); "The Star in the West, or Kenyon College" (1828); "Defence of Kenyon College" (1831); and "Reminiscences: an Autobiography, comprising a History of the Principal Events in the Author's Life to 1847" (2 vols., New York, 1848).

CHARLES PETTIT MCILVAINE, son of Joseph McIlvaine, U. S. Senator from New Jersey, was born in Burlington, N. J., January 18, 1799; graduated at Princeton in 1816; was made priest in the Episcopal church, March 20, 1821. He was five years rector of Christ Church, Georgetown, D. C. In 1825 was appointed chaplain and professor of ethics at West Point. Settled over St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, in 1827; four years later was chosen professor in the University of the City of New York. Was elected Bishop of Ohio

and consecrated in New York, October 31, 1832. Before settling in Ohio Bishop McIlvaine raised among his friends in eastern cities nearly \$30,000 for Kenyon College and the theological seminary at Gambier, of which institutions he became president.

He received the degrees of D. D. from



CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE.

Princeton and Brown in 1832, D. C. L. from Oxford in 1853, and LL. D. from Cambridge in 1858.

During the war he was a member of the Sanitary Commission and on a visit to England at this period he was of great service to the United States government in creating favorable sentiment for the Union. As Bishop of Ohio and President of Kenyon College he was a great power in the development of religion, morals and education.

"Born in the same year in which George Washington died, he bore a close resemblance to the Father of his Country, both in appearance and character. He looked a king among men; he was great, also, as a thinker and orator."

The first by-law under his administration at Kenyon is characteristic: "It shall be the duty of every student of the college and grammar-school on meeting or passing the president or vice-president, any professor, or other officer of the institution, to salute him by touching the hat, or uncovering the head, and it is equally required of each officer to return the salutation."

Bishop McIlvaine died in Florence, Italy, March 13, 1873, while abroad for his health. He was the author of many valuable religious works. His "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity" (New York, 1832) has had very extensive circulation.

The Hon. COLUMBUS DELANO was born in Shoreham, Vt., June 5, 1809; removed to Mount Vernon in 1817; was admitted to the bar in 1831. He was eminently successful as an advocate and criminal lawyer. In 1847 he lacked but two votes for nomination for Governor; was a delegate to the Convention that nominated Lincoln and Hamlin in 1860; also chairman of the Ohio delegation in the Baltimore Convention that nominated Lincoln and Johnson in 1864. He was appointed State Commissary-General of Ohio in 1861, and filled the office with great acceptance. He was a member of the Ohio House of Representatives in 1863, and a member of Congress in 1844, 1864 and 1866. In March, 1869, he was appointed by President Grant Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and very greatly improved the organization of that bureau. In 1870 he succeeded Jacob D. Cox as Secretary of the Interior, and resigned in 1875. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Kenyon College, and he was one of the trustees of that institution,



COLUMBUS DELANO.

in connection with which he endowed a grammar school called Delano Hall.

He has been prominently identified with the agricultural and wool interests of Ohio; is President of the National Wool-Growers' Association, and is an able and indefatigable advocate for the protection of domestic wool from foreign competition.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MORGAN was born in Washington county, Pa., September 20, 1820. In 1836 he left college to enlist in the regular Texan army, from which he retired with the rank of captain, and in 1841 entered the United States Military Academy. In 1843 he removed to Mount Vernon, and began the practice of law there in 1845.

He was colonel in the Mexican war and brevetted brigadier-general for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco. While in Mexico, several of his command were murdered by guerillas, and in one case two young soldiers were killed, and their hearts and other parts of their person hung upon bushes by the roadside. Colonel Morgan thereupon caused to be seized and held as hostages a



GEN. G. W. MORGAN.

number of wealthy Mexican citizens, and gave notice that for every American soldier killed, otherwise than in fair fight, he would hang one of these Mexicans. No more murders occurred.

In 1856 Morgan was appointed United States Consul to Marseilles, and in 1858 Minister to Portugal; returning to the United States in 1861 to enter the army as brigadier-general of volunteers, under Gen. Don Carlos Buell.

In March, 1862, he was assigned command of the Seventh Division of the Army of Ohio. He was afterwards assigned to the Thirteenth Army Corps, and commanded at the capture of Fort Hindman, Ark. He resigned from the army in 1863, owing to failing health.

In 1865 he was the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio; was elected to Congress in 1866, but supplanted in 1868 by Columbus Delano, who contested his seat.

He was the Democratic candidate for Speaker when Blaine was first elected to that office. He was again elected to Congress in 1869, serving till 1873; was a delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876.

LECKY HARPER was born in Ireland, 1815. His parents emigrated to the United States in 1820, and settled in Washington, D. C., where his father shortly died, and the self-sacrificing mother exerted all her faculties to the rearing and education of her four children, with whom she removed to Ohio in 1826.

Mr. Harper early entered into journalism, at Steubenville. In 1837 he edited the *American Union*. Later he studied law and was admitted to the Pittsburg bar while editing the *Pittsburgher*. He removed to Cadiz, O., and then returned to Pittsburg, where, as editor of the *Post*, his vigorous support of the ten-hour labor law brought him prominently into notice as a supporter of the rights of humanity. In 1853 he removed to Mount Vernon and purchased the *Democratic Banner*, which he has since ably conducted and edited.

Mr. Harper has served as President of the Ohio Editorial Association, and was elected as a Democrat to the State Senate in 1879. He is one of the oldest editors in the State, still in the harness, with force and vigor.

WILLIAM WINDOM was born in Belmont county, of Quaker parentage. His parents removed to Middlebury township, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm. Apprenticed to a tailor, he was a failure in that trade, and then made a success at law in the office of Judge R. C. Hurd, of Mount Vernon. While studying law, he sometimes lectured on temperance, and on one occasion he was threatened by a mob if he attempted to speak. He went to the hall, laid a pistol on the speaker's stand, and delivered the lecture without interference. In 1855 he removed to Winona, Minn., and from there was sent to the United States Senate.

FRANK HUNT HURD was born in Mount Vernon, December 25, 1841; graduated at Kenyon College in 1858. He studied law, was elected Prosecuting Attorney in 1863, and State Senator in 1866. In 1867 he removed to Toledo, and was elected to Congress as a Democrat in 1874; served one term and was defeated for re-election in 1876; was re-elected in 1878 and 1882, but defeated in 1880 and 1886. Mr. Hurd is widely known as an earnest advocate of free-trade doctrines. He is the author of "Ohio Criminal Code of Procedure," and other law works.

FREDERICKTOWN, laid out in 1807 by John Kerr, is seven miles northwest of Mount Vernon, on the B. & O. Railroad. Newspaper: *Free Press*, independent, W. E. Edwards, M. D., editor. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist, one Baptist. Bank: Daniel Struble. Industries are creamery, bell-foundry, planing-mill and sealing-wax factory of Cumming & Hosack, and carriage factory of Stephens & Hagerty. Population in 1880, 850. School census, 1888, 266; C. W. Durbin, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments,

\$56,200 ; value of annual product, \$67,600.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Vernon river, on which it is situated, furnishes considerable water-power. On the middle branch of that stream, near the village, are some ancient fortifications and mounds.

CENTREBURG is fourteen miles southwest of Mount Vernon, at the crossing of the C. A. & C. and T. & O. C. Railroads. Newspaper: *Gazette*, independent, E. N. Gunsaulus, editor. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Cumberland Presbyterian, one Christian, one Free-Will Baptist. Bank: Centreburg (Daniel Paul). It is an important point for the shipment of grain, and here are the extensive tile-works of T. E. Landrum & Co. Population, 1880, 400. School census, 1888, 185. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$69,100 ; value of annual product, \$70,800.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

MARTINSBURG is eleven miles southeast of Mount Vernon. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Methodist, one Disciples. School census, 1888, 124.

GAMBIER, the seat of Kenyon College, is five miles east of Mount Vernon, on the C. A. & C. Railroad. Population, 1880, 576.

DANVILLE is fifteen miles northeast of Mount Vernon, on the C. A. & C. Railroad. Newspaper: *Knox County Independent*, independent, W. M. Kinsley, editor and publisher. Bank: Danville (Wolfe & Sons), Albert J. Wolfe, cashier. School census, 1888, 210.

LAKE.

LAKE COUNTY was formed March 6, 1840, from Geauga and Cuyahoga, and so named from its bordering on Lake Erie. The surface is more rolling than level; the soil is good, and generally clayey loam, interspersed with ridges of sand and gravel. This county is peculiar for the quality and quantity of its fruit, as apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, etc. Its situation tends to the preservation of the fruit from the early frosts, the warm lake winds often preventing its destruction, while that some twenty miles inland is cut off.

Area about 215 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 55,817; in pasture, 38,401; woodland, 18,181; lying waste, 2,221; produced in wheat, 81,789 bushels; rye, 14,942; buckwheat, 1,046; oats, 249,240; barley, 9,017; corn, 194,241; meadow hay, 15,949 tons; clover hay, 8,396; flaxseed, 5,321 bushels; potatoes, 59,562; tobacco, 7,830 lbs.; butter, 307,705; cheese, 166,372; sorghum, 19 gallons; maple sugar, 32,983 lbs.; honey, 6,762; eggs, 129,435 dozen; grapes, 1,169,435 lbs.; wine, 787 gallons; apples, 146,471 bushels; peaches, 15,674; pears, 3,042; wool, 68,023 lbs.; milch cows owned, 3,816. School census, 1888, 4,387; teachers, 160. Miles of railroad track, 118.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Concord,	1,136	722	Mentor,	1,245	1,822
Kirtland,	1,777	984	Painesville,	2,580	5,516
Leroy,	898	722	Perry,	1,337	1,316
Madison,	2,801	2,720	Willoughby,	1,943	2,524

Population of Lake in 1840 was 13,717; 1860, 15,576; 1880, 16,326, of whom 10,583 were born in Ohio; 1,905 New York; 549 Pennsylvania; 43 Virginia; 32 Indiana; 19 Kentucky; 649 Ireland; 481 England and Wales; 244 British America; 141 German Empire; 19 Scotland; 4 France, and 11 Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 18,235.

FIRST SETTLEMENT.

Mentor, according to the statement of Mrs. Tappan, in the MSS. of the Ash-tabula Historical Society, was the first place settled in this county. In the summer of 1799 two families were there. Among the earliest settlers of Lake was the Hon. John Walworth, who was born at New London, Ct., in 1765.

When a young man he spent five years at sea and in Demerara, South America. About the year 1792 he removed, with his family, to the then new country east of Cayuga lake, New York. In 1799 he visited Cleveland, and after his return, in the fall of that year, journeyed to Connecticut, purchased over two thousand acres of land in the present township of Painesville, with the design of making a settlement. On the 20th of February, 1800, he commenced the removal of his family and effects. They were brought on as far as Buffalo, in sleighs. At that place, after some little detention, the party, being enlarged by the addition of some others, drove in two sleighs on the ice of the lake, and proceeded until abreast of Cattaraugus creek, at which point they were about ten miles from land. At dusk, leaving their sleighs and horses some 50 or 60 rods from shore, they made their camp under some

hemlock trees, where all, men, women and children, passed an agreeable night, its earlier hours being enlivened by good cheer and social converse. The next afternoon they arrived at Presque Isle (now Erie, Pa.), where, leaving his family, Mr. Walworth went back to Buffalo for his goods. On his return to Erie, he, with his hired man and two horses and a yoke of oxen, followed the lake shore, and arrived in safety at his new purchase. His nearest neighbors east were at Harpersfield, 15 miles distant. On the west, a few miles distant, within or near the present limits of Mentor, was what was then called the Marsh settlement, where was then living Judge Jesse Phelps, Jared Wood, Ebenezer Merry, Charles Parker and Moses Parks. Mr. Walworth soon returned to Erie, on foot, and brought out his family and effects in a flat boat, all arriving safe at the new home on the 7th of April. The

first fortnight they lived in a tent, during which period the sun was not seen. About the expiration of this time Gen. Edward Paine—the first delegate to the legislature from the Lake county, in the winter of 1801–2—arrived with seven or eight hired men, and settled about a mile distant. Mutually assisting each other, cabins were soon erected for shelter, and gradually the conveniences of civilization clustered around them.

Shortly after the formation of the State government (states the Barr MSS.) Mr. Walworth, Solomon Griswold, of Windsor, and Calvin Austin, of Warren, were appointed associate judges of Trumbull county. In 1805 Judge Walworth was appointed

collector of customs for the district of Erie. In August he opened the collector's office at Cleveland, and in the March ensuing removed his family thither. He held various offices until his decease, September 10, 1812, and was an extensive land agent. Judge Walworth was small in stature, and of weakly constitution. Prior to his removal to the West it was supposed he had the consumption; but to the hardships and fatigue he endured, and change of climate, his physicians attributed the prolongation of his life many years. He was a fearless man, and possessed of that indomitable perseverance and strength of will especially important in overcoming the obstacles in the path of the pioneer.

WILLOUGHBY is on the Chagrin river, 3 miles from Lake Erie and 11 miles southwest of Painesville, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. and N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. Newspaper: *Independent*, Independent, J. H. Merrill, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Congregationalist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Episcopal, 1 Disciples, 1 Catholic. Bank: Willoughby, S. W. Smart, president, S. H. Smart, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,001. School census, 1888, 323.

Willoughby in 1846.—The village and township were originally called Chagrin, and changed, in 1834, to the present name, in honor of Prof. Willoughby, of Herkimer county, N. Y. It was settled about the year 1799, by David Abbot (see page 579), Peter French, Jacob West, Ebenezer Smith, Elisha Graham, and others. Abbot built the first grist mill on the site of the Willoughby mills: Smith was the first man who received a regular deed of his land from the Connecticut land company. In 1796 Charles Parker, one of the surveyors, built a house at the mouth of the river, and a number of huts for the use of the land company; the house was the first erected in the township, and probably the first in the county. Parker became a settler in 1802; in 1803 and 1804 John Miller, Christopher Colson, James Lewis and Jacob West settled in Willoughby. Dr. Henderson, the first regular physician, came in 1813, and the first organized town meeting was held April 3, 1815. A bloody battle, says tradition, was fought at an early day between the Indians, on the spot where the medical college stands: human bones have been discovered, supposed to be of those who fell in that action.

The village of Willoughby contains 4 stores, 2 churches, 18 mechanic shops, 1 fulling mill, and in 1840 had 390 inhabitants. The engraving shows, on the right, the Presbyterian church; on the left, the Methodist church, and in the centre, on a pleasant green, the Medical University, a spacious brick edifice. This flourishing and well-conducted institution was founded in 1834: its number of pupils has been gradually increasing, and in 1846 its annual circular showed 174 students in attendance.—*Old Edition*. This institution was removed, in 1846, to Columbus, and became the foundation for Starling Medical College.

THE MORMONS.

Nine miles southwest from Painesville, on the east branch of Chagrin river, in a beautiful farming country, is the little village of KIRTLAND, so famous in the history of Mormonism. We reproduce here from our old edition the account we then gave as to the origin of the sect and their position at that time.

Kirtland is widely known, from having formerly been the headquarters of the Mormons. While here, in the height of their prosperity, they numbered nearly 3,000 persons. On their abandoning it, most of the dwellings went to decay, and it now has somewhat the appearance of a depopulated and broken-down place. The view taken shows the most prominent buildings in the village. In the

centre is seen the Mormon Temple; on the right, the 'Teachers' Seminary, and on the left, on a line with the front of the temple, the old banking house of the Mormons. The temple, the main point of attraction, is 60 by 80 feet, and measures from its base to the top of the spire 142 feet. It is of rough stone, plastered over, colored blue, and marked to imitate regular courses of masonry. It cost about \$40,000. In front, over the large window, is a tablet, bearing the inscription: "House of the Lord, built by the Church of the Latter Day Saints, A. D. 1834." The first and second stories are divided into two "grand rooms" for public worship. The attic is partitioned off into about a dozen small apartments. The lower grand room is fitted up with seats as an ordinary church, with canvas curtains hanging from the ceiling, which, on the occasion of prayer meetings, are let down to the tops of the slips, dividing the room into several different apartments, for the use of the separate collections of worshippers. At each end of the room is a set of pulpits, four in number, rising behind each other. Each pulpit is calculated for three persons, so that, when they are full, twelve persons occupy each set, or twenty-four persons the two sets. These pulpits were for the officers of the priesthood. The set at the farther end of the room are for the Melchisedek priesthood, or those who minister in spiritual concerns. The set opposite, near the entrance to the room, are for the Aaronic priesthood, whose duty it is to simply attend to the temporal affairs of the society. These pulpits all bear initials, signifying the rank of their occupants.

On the Melchisedek side are the initials P. E., *i. e.*, President of the Elders; M. P. H., President of the High Priests; P. M. H., President of the High Council, and M. P. C., President of the Full Church. On the Aaronic pulpits are the initials P. D., *i. e.*, President of Deacons; P. T. A., President of the Teachers; P. A. P., President of the Aaronic Priesthood, and B. P. A., Bishop of the Aaronic Priesthood. The Aaronic priesthood were rarely allowed to preach, that being the especial duty of the higher order, the Melchisedek.

We have received a communication from a resident of Kirtland, dated in the autumn of 1846. It contains some facts of value, and is of interest as coming from an honest man, who has been a subject of the Mormon delusion, but whose faith, we are of opinion, is of late somewhat shaken.

The Mormons derive their name from their belief in the book of Mormon, which is said to have been translated from gold plates found in a hill, in Palmyra, N. Y. They came to this place in 1832, and commenced building their temple, which they finished in 1835. When they commenced building the temple they were few in number, but before they had finished it they had increased to two thousand.

There are in the church two Priesthoods—the Melchisedek and the Aaronic, including the Levitical, from which they derive their officers. This place, which they hold to be a *stake of Zion*, was laid off in half acres for a space of one square mile. When it was mostly sold, they bought a number of farms in this vicinity, at a very high price, and were deeply in debt for goods in New York, which were the causes of their eventually leaving for Missouri. They established a bank at Kirtland, from which they issued a number of thousand more dollars than they had specie, which gave their enemies power over them, and those bills became useless.

They adhered to their prophet, Smith, in all things, and left here in 1837, seven hundred in one day. They still hold this place to be a stake of Zion, to be eventually a place

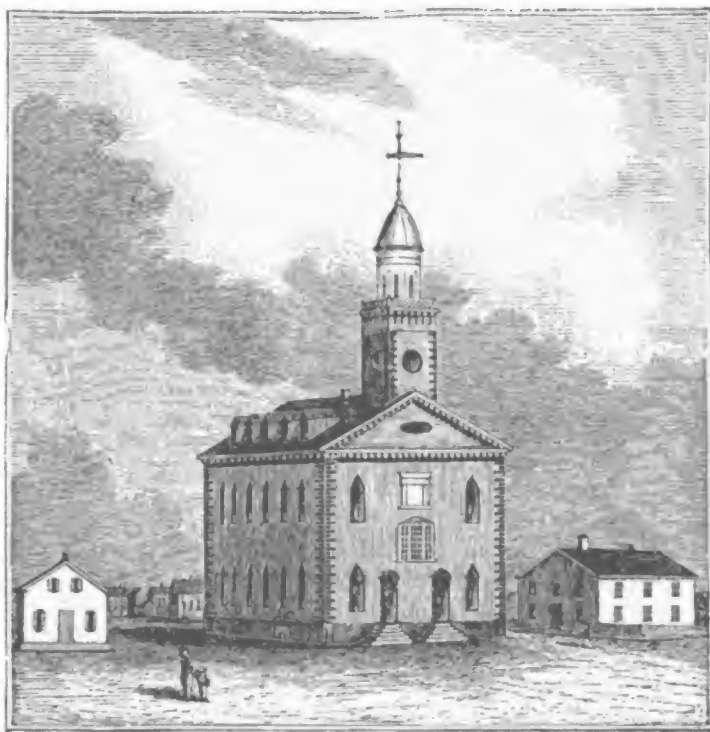
of gathering. There is a president with his two counsellors, to preside over this stake. The president is the highest officer; next is the high priest, below whom are the elders—all of the Melchisedek priesthood. The lesser priesthood are composed of priests, teachers and deacons. They have twelve apostles, whose duty it is to travel and preach the gospel. There are seventy elders or seventies, a number of whom are travelling preachers: seven of the seventies preside over them. There were two seventies organized in Kirtland. They ordain most of the male members to some office. They have a bishop with two counsellors to conduct the affairs of the church in temporal things, and sit in judgment upon difficulties which may arise between members; but there is a higher court to which they can appeal, called the high council, which consists of twelve high priests. The president and his council sit as judges over either of these courts. There are, however, three presidents who preside over the whole in all the world—so termed.

The method of conducting worship among the Mormons is similar to other denominations. The first ordinance is baptism for the remission of sins; they lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and to heal the sick;



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN WILLOUGHBY.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MORMON TEMPLE AT KIRTLAND.

anoint with oil; administer the sacrament; take little children and bless them; they hold to all the gifts of the Apostolic church, believing there is no true church without them, and have the gift of speaking in different tongues; they sometimes interpret for themselves, but commonly there is some one to interpret for them.

A prophet has lately risen among the Mormons, viz., James J. Strang of Wisconsin, who claims to be the successor of Joseph Smith. He has been with them only about two years, and was a young lawyer of Western New York. He claims to have received communications from Heaven at the very hour of Smith's death, commissioning him to lead the people. He has established a stake in Walworth county, Wisconsin, called the city of Voree, by interpretation signify-

ing "Garden of Peace," to which they are gathering from Nauvoo and other places. He has lately visited Kirtland and re-established it as a *stake* of Zion, and organized the church with all its officers. There are now here about one hundred members, who are daily increasing, and it is thought that the place will be built up.

Strang is said to have found plates of brass or some other metal. He was directed by an angel, who gave him a stone to look through, by which he made the discovery. They were found three feet under ground, beneath an oak of a foot in diameter. These he has translated; they give an account of a race who once inhabited that land and became a fallen people. Strang preaches pure Bible doctrine, and receives only those who walk humbly before their God.

The Mormons still use the temple at Kirtland. This sect is now divided into three factions, viz.: the Rigdonites, the Twelveites, and the Strangites. The Rigdonites are the followers of Sidney Rigdon, and are but a few in number. The Twelveites—so named after their twelve apostles—are very fanatical, and hold to the spiritual wife system and the plurality of Gods. The Strangites maintain the original doctrines of Mormonism, and are located at this place and Voree.

We derive, from a published source, a brief historical sketch of Mormonism.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was born in Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1805, and removed to Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y., about the year 1815, at an early age, with his parents, who were in quite humble circumstances. He was occasionally employed in Palmyra as a laborer, and bore the reputation of a lazy and ignorant young man. According to the testimony of respectable individuals in that place, Smith and his father were persons of doubtful moral character, addicted to disreputable habits, and, moreover, extremely superstitious, believing in the existence of witchcraft. They at one time procured a mineral rod, and dug in various places for money. Smith testified that when digging he had seen the pot or chest containing the treasure, but never was fortunate enough to get it into his hands. He placed a singular-looking stone in his hat, and pretended by the light of it to make many wonderful discoveries of gold, silver and other treasures, deposited in the earth. He commenced his career as the founder of the new sect, when about the age of eighteen or nineteen, and appointed a number of meetings in Palmyra for the purpose of declaring the divine revelations which he said were made to him. He was, however, unable to produce any excitement in the village; but very few had curiosity sufficient to listen to him. Not having means to print his revelations he applied to Mr. Crane, of the Society of Friends, declaring that he was moved by the Spirit to call upon him for assistance. This gentleman bid him go to work or the State prison would end his career. Smith had better success with Martin

Harris, an industrious and thrifty farmer of Palmyra, who was worth about \$10,000, and who became one of his leading disciples. By his assistance 5,000 copies of the Mormon bible (so called) were published, at an expense of about \$3,000. It is possible that Harris might have made the advances with the expectation of a profitable speculation, as a great sale was anticipated. This work is a duodecimo volume, containing five hundred and ninety pages, and is, perhaps, one of the weakest productions ever attempted to be palmed off as a divine revelation. It is mostly a blind mass of words, interwoven with scriptural language and quotations, without much of a leading plan or design.

Soon after the publication of the Mormon bible, one Parley B. Pratt, a resident of Lorrain county, Ohio, happening to pass through Palmyra, on the canal, and hearing of the new religion, called on the prophet, and was soon converted. Pratt was intimate with Sidney Rigdon, a very popular preacher of the denomination called "Reformers," or "Disciples." About the time of the arrival of Pratt at Manchester, the Smiths were fitting out an expedition to the western country, under the command of Cowdery, in order to convert the Indians, or Lamanites, as they termed them. In October, 1830, this mission, consisting of Cowdery, Pratt, Peterson and Whitmer, arrived at Mentor, Ohio, the residence of Rigdon, well supplied with the new bibles. Near this place, in Kirtland, there were a few families belonging to Rigdon's congregation, who, having become extremely fanatical, were daily looking for some wonderful event to take place in

the world : seventeen of these persons readily believed in Mormonism, and were all re-immersed in one night by Cowdery. By the conversion of Rigdon soon after, Mormonism received a powerful impetus, and more than one hundred converts were speedily added. Rigdon visited Smith at Palmyra, where he tarried about two months, receiving revelations, preaching, etc. He then returned to Kirtland, Ohio, and was followed a few days after by the prophet, Smith, and his connections. Thus, from a state of almost beggary, the family of Smith were furnished with the "fat of the land" by their disciples, many of whom were wealthy.

A Mormon temple was erected at Kirtland, at an expense of about \$40,000. In this building there was a sacred apartment, a kind of holy of holies, in which none but the priests were allowed to enter. An unsuccessful application was made to the Legislature for the charter of a bank. Upon the refusal they established an unchartered institution, commenced their banking operations, issued their notes, and made extensive loans. The society now rapidly increased in wealth and numbers, of whom many were doubtless drawn thither by mercenary motives. But the bubble at last burst. The bank being an unchartered institution, the debts due were not legally collectable. With the failure of this institution the society rapidly declined,

and Smith was obliged to leave the State to avoid the sheriff. Most of the sect, with their leader, removed to Missouri, where many outrages were perpetrated against them. The Mormons raised an armed force to "drive off the infidels," but were finally obliged to leave the State.

The last stand taken by the Mormons was at Nauvoo, Ill., a beautiful location on the Mississippi river. Here they erected a splendid temple, one hundred and twenty feet in length by eighty in width, around which they built their city, which at one time contained about 10,000 inhabitants. Being determined to have their own laws and regulations, the difficulties which attended their sojourn in other places followed them here, and there was constant collision between them and the surrounding inhabitants. By some process of law, Joseph Smith (the prophet) and his brother Hiram were confined in the debtor's apartment in the jail at Carthage, in the vicinity of Nauvoo, and a guard of eight or ten men were stationed at the jail for their protection. While here, it appears a mob of about sixty men, in disguise, broke through the guard, and firing into the prison, killed both Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram, June 27, 1844. Their difficulties still continued, and they determined to remove once more.

In 1840 a work was published at Painesville, by E. D. Howe, called a "History of Mormonism," which gives almost conclusive evidence that the historical part of the book of Mormon was written by one Solomon Spalding. From this work we derive the following facts :

Mr. Spalding was born in Connecticut, in 1761 ; graduated at Dartmouth, and having failed in mercantile business, removed in 1809 to Conneaut, in the adjoining county of Ashtabula. About the year 1812 his brother John visited him at that place. He gives the following testimony :

He then told me that he had been writing a book, which he intended to have printed, the avails of which he thought would enable him to pay all his debts. The book was entitled the "Manuscript Found," of which he read to me many passages. It was an historical romance of the first settlers of America, endeavoring to show that the American Indians are the descendants of the Jews, or the lost tribes. It gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem, by land and sea, till they arrived in America, under the command of NEPHI and LEHI. They afterwards had quarrels and contentions, and separated into two distinct nations, one of which he denominated Nephites, and the other Lamanites. Cruel and bloody wars ensued, in which great multitudes were slain. They buried their dead in large heaps, which

caused the mounds so common in this country. Their arts, sciences and civilization were brought into view, in order to account for all the curious antiquities found in various parts of North and South America. I have recently read the "Book of Mormon," and to my great surprise, I find nearly the same historical matter, names, etc., as they were in my brother's writings. I well remember that he wrote in the old style, and commenced about every sentence with "and it came to pass," the same as in the "Book of Mormon," and according to the best of my recollection and belief, it is the same as my brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter. By what means it has fallen into the hands of Joseph Smith, Jr., I am unable to determine.

JOHN SPALDING.

Mr. Henry Lake, of Conneaut, also states :

I left the State of New York late in the year 1810, and arrived at this place the 1st

of January following. Soon after my arrival I formed a copartnership with Solomon



Drawn by Henry Hove in 1846.

VIEW IN PAINESVILLE.

The Public Buildings on the left face the south end of the Public Square.



Geo. W. Barnard, Photo., Painesville, 1886.

VIEW IN PAINESVILLE.

The Public Square and Soldiers' Monument are shown in the distance.

Spalding, for the purpose of rebuilding a forge which he had commenced a year or two before. He very frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, which he entitled the "Manuscript Found," and which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings, and became well acquainted with its contents. He wished me to assist him in getting his production printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. I designed doing so, but the forge not meeting our anticipations, we failed in business, when I declined having anything to do with the publication of the book. This book represented the American Indians as the descendants of the lost tribes, gave an account of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time, when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered an inconsistency, which he promised to correct; but by referring to the "Book of Mormon," I find to my surprise that it stands there just as he

read it to me then. Some months ago I borrowed the Golden Bible, put it into my pocket, carried it home, and thought no more of it. About a week after, my wife found the book in my coat pocket, as it hung up, and commenced reading it aloud as I lay upon the bed. She had not read twenty minutes till I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spalding had read to me more than twenty years before, from his "Manuscript Found." Since that, I have more fully examined the said Golden Bible, and have no hesitation in saying that the historical part of it is principally if not wholly taken from the "Manuscript Found." I well recollect telling Mr. Spalding that the so frequent use of the words "And it came to pass," "Now it came to pass," rendered it ridiculous. Spalding left here in 1812, and I furnished him means to carry him to Pittsburg, where he said he would get the book printed, and pay me. But I never heard any more from him or his writings, till I saw them in the "Book of Mormon."

HENRY LAKE.

The testimony of six other witnesses is produced in the work of Mr. Howe, all confirming the main facts as above given. As Mr. Spalding was vain of his writings, and was constantly showing them to his neighbors, reliable testimony to the same general facts might have been greatly multiplied.

The disposition Spalding made of his manuscripts is not known. From Conneaut Spalding removed to Pittsburg, about the year 1813, remained there a year or two, and from thence went to Amity, in the same State, where he died in 1816. His widow stated that, while they resided at Pittsburg, she thinks that the "Manuscript Found" was once taken to the printing office of Patterson & Lambdin, but did not know whether it was ever returned. We again quote verbatim from the work of Mr. Howe:

Having established the fact, therefore, that most of the names and leading incidents contained in the Mormon Bible originated with Solomon Spalding, it is not very material, as we conceive, to show the why and manner by which they fell into the hands of the Smith family. To do this, however, we have made some inquiries.

It was inferred at once that some light might be shed upon the subject, and the mystery revealed, by applying to Patterson & Lambdin, in Pittsburg. But here again death had interposed a barrier. That establishment was dissolved and broken up many years since, and Lambdin died about eight years ago. Mr. Patterson says he has no recollection of any such manuscript being brought there for publication, neither would he have been likely to have seen it, as the business of printing was conducted wholly by Lambdin at that time. He says, however, that many manuscript books and pamphlets were brought to the office about that time, which remained upon their shelves for years, without being printed or even examined. Now, as Spalding's book can nowhere be found, or anything heard of it after being carried to this establishment, there is the strongest presumption that it remained there

in seclusion, till about the year 1823 or '24, at which time Sidney Rigdon located himself in that city. We have been credibly informed that he was on terms of intimacy with Lambdin, being seen frequently in his shop. Rigdon resided in Pittsburg about three years, and during the whole of that time, as he has since frequently asserted, abandoned preaching and all other employment, for the purpose of *studying the Bible*. He left there, and came into the county where he now resides, about the time Lambdin died, and commenced preaching some new points of doctrine, which were afterwards found to be inculcated in the Mormon Bible. He resided in this vicinity for about four years previous to the appearance of the book, during which time he made several long visits to Pittsburg, and perhaps to the Susquehanna, where Smith was then digging for money, or pretending to be translating plates. It may be observed also, that about the time Rigdon left Pittsburg, the Smith family began to tell about finding a book that would contain a history of the first inhabitants of America, and that two years elapsed before they finally got possession of it.

We are, then, led to this conclusion:—that Lambdin, after having failed in business, had

recourse to the old manuscripts then in his possession, in order to *raise the wind*, by a book speculation, and placed the "Manuscript Found," of Solomon Spalding, in the hands of Rigdon, to be embellished, altered, and added to, as he might think expedient; and three years' study of the Bible we should deem little time enough to garble it, as it is transferred to the Mormon book. The former dying, left the latter the sole proprietor, who was obliged to resort to his wits, and in a miraculous way to bring it before the world; for in no other manner could such a book be published without great sacrifice. And where could a more suitable character be found than Jo Smith, whose necromantic fame of arts and of deception had already extended to a considerable distance? That Lambdin was a person every way qualified and fitted for such an enterprise we have the testimony of his partner in business and others of his acquaintance. Add to all these circumstances

the facts, that Rigdon had prepared the minds in a great measure of nearly a hundred of those who had attended his ministration, to be in readiness to embrace the first mysterious *ism* that should be presented—the appearance of Cowdery at his residence as soon as the book was printed—his sudden conversion, after many pretensions to disbelieve it—his immediately repairing to the residence of Smith, 300 miles distant, where he was forthwith appointed an elder, high priest, and a scribe to the prophet—the pretended vision that his residence in Ohio was the "promised land,"—the immediate removal of the whole Smith family thither, where they were soon raised from a state of poverty to comparative affluence. We, therefore, must hold out Sidney Rigdon to the world, as being the original "author and proprietor" of the whole Mormon conspiracy, until further light is elicited upon the lost writings of Solomon Spalding.

When the main body of the Mormons left Kirtland the family of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton held the key of the temple and claimed to have a title to it. A few years since a body calling themselves the "Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints" returned to Kirtland and laid claim to the old deserted temple. Mr. George A. Robertson, writing of this society, says :

This new body is aggressive, dogmatical, earnest. Its missionaries go forth into all regions and preach the gospel to the lowly. They returned four years ago [1883] and laid claim to the old deserted temple. Mrs. Electa Stratton still held the key. A few dollars expended in renovating made the old building a presentable structure, as good or better than the ordinary country church. The "Reorganized" branch laid claim to the property and have obtained at length a clear title to it. Kirtland, which for fifty years has been stranded away from the beaten routes of travel, is again having a "boom." It is the Mecca of a church. It is the centre of a conference, and here resides one of the principal bishops.

The conference which has just closed its sessions here is the largest ever held by the

denomination. Its deliberations were participated in by all the prominent men of the church, and near its close Joseph Smith II., the son and heir of the prophet, on whom the prophetic mantle fell, delivered an important revelation from the spirit.

These anti-polygamous Mormons are growing in the estimation of the public. Barring their alleged fanaticism and their faithful belief in Joseph Smith as a prophet, they do not differ materially from other Christian sects. They very strenuously oppose the use of liquor or tobacco, and are particular about the observance ordinances of the New Testament as they understand them. They are certain to take no mean place, so far as membership goes, in the denominations of the world.

Painesville in 1846.—Painesville, the county-seat, and the largest village between Cleveland and Erie, Pa., is thirty-one miles east of Cleveland, and one hundred and seventy miles northeast of Columbus. The Grand river skirts the village on the east, in a deep and picturesque valley. Painesville is one of the most beautiful villages in the West: it is somewhat scattered, leaving ample room for the cultivation of gardens, ornamental trees and shrubbery. A handsome public square of several acres, adorned with young trees, is laid out near the centre of the town, on which face some public buildings and private mansions. The view represents the principal public buildings in the place. The first on the left is the Methodist church; the building next, without a spire, tower or cupola, is the Disciples church; the one beyond, the Presbyterian church, and that most distant, the court-house: these last two front the west side of the public square. Painesville is a flourishing town, containing 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples and 1 Methodist church, 14 mercantile stores, 1 flouring mill, 1 bank, 1 newspaper printing office, and has increased since 1840, when it had 1,014

inhabitants. The Painesville Academy is a classical institution for both sexes, and in fine repute: a large brick building is appropriated for its uses. Near the town is the Geauga furnace, which employs a heavy capital.

Painesville was laid out about the year 1805, by Henry Champion, and originally named Champion: it was afterwards changed to that of the township which derived its name from Gen. Ed. Paine, a native of Connecticut, an officer of the Revolution, and an early settler: he died only a few years since, at an advanced age, leaving the reputation of a warm hearted and excellent man.

Among the aborigines familiarly known to the early settlers at Painesville, was a fine specimen of manhood, called by the whites, Seneca; by the Indians, *Stiguanish*, which being rendered in English, signifies the Standing Stone. Says an old pioneer, in the Barr MSS:

Whoever once saw him, and could not at once perceive the dignity of a Roman senator, the honesty of Aristides and the philanthropy of William Penn, must be unacquainted with physiognomy. He was never known to ask a donation, but would accept one exactly as he ought, when offered. But it was not suffered to rest there; an appropriate return was sure to be made, and he would frequently be in advance. He drank cider or Malaga wine moderately, but was so much of a teetotaller, as to have abjured ardent spirits since the time when, in a drunken frenzy, he aimed a blow with his tomahawk at his wife, which split the head of the papoose on her back. He seldom wanted credit in his trading transactions, and when he did, there was no difficulty in obtaining it, as he was sure to make punctual payment in specie. Once, when himself and

wife dined with us at Painesville, he took much trouble to instruct her in the use of the knife and fork. Vain attempt! his usual politeness forsook him, and bursts of immoderate laughter succeeded, in which we were all compelled to join. The last time I saw Seneca—the fine old fellow—was at Judge Walworth's, in Cleveland, a short time before hostilities commenced with Great Britain. He expressed to me a fear that war was inevitable, and that the Indians, instigated by the British, would overwhelm our weak settlements; but gave the strongest assurances that if it should be possible, he would give us seasonable notice. If he was not prevented by age or infirmities from redeeming his pledge, he was probably killed by his own people while endeavoring to leave their lines, or by some of ours, through a mistake of his character.

The Hon. Samuel Huntington, who was Governor of the State from 1808 to 1810, resided at Painesville in the latter part of his life, and died there in 1817. Prior to his removal to Painesville, he resided at Cleveland. One evening, while travelling towards Cleveland from the east, he was attacked about two miles from the town, by a pack of wolves, and such was their ferocity that he broke his umbrella to pieces in keeping them off, to which, and the fleetness of his horse, he owed the preservation of his life.—*Old Edition.*

PAINESVILLE, county-seat of Lake, is 150 miles northeast of Columbus, twenty-nine miles northeast of Cleveland, on the L. S. & M. S., N. Y. C. & St. L. and P. P. & F. Railroads. Fairport Harbor is about two miles north of the city.

County Officers: Auditor, Walter C. Tisdell; Clerk, John C. Ward; Commissioners, Charles A. Moodey, Stephen B. Baker, Henry C. Rand; Coroner, Henry M. Mosher; Infirmary Directors, Benjamin H. Woodman, John W. Crocker, Charles M. Thompson; Probate Judge, George H. Shepherd; Prosecuting Attorney, Homer Harper; Recorder, Henry B. Green; Sheriff, Albert Button; Surveyor, Horatio N. Munson; Treasurers, Harcy Armstrong, William D. Mather.—*State Report, 1888.*

City Officers: S. K. Gray, Mayor; H. P. Sanford, Clerk; A. D. Crofut, Marshal; S. L. Thompson, Treasurer; S. T. Woodman, Chief of Fire Department; Horace Alvord, Solicitor. Newspapers: *Advertiser*, Republican, Robert N. Travers, editor and publisher; *Democrat*, Democratic, D. G. Morrison, editor; *Northern Ohio Journal*, Democratic, James E. Chambers, editor; *Telegraph*, Republican, J. F. Scofield, editor. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Disciples, 1 Methodist. Banks: Lake County, Aaron Wilcox & Co.; Painesville

National, I. P. Axtell, president, C. D. Adams, cashier; Painesville Saving and Loan Association, H. Steele, president, R. K. Paige, cashier.

Manufactures and Employes.—Coe & Wilkes, machine work, 21 hands; The Paige Manufacturing Co., machine work, 48; Solon Hall, iron castings; R. Laroe, sash, doors, etc.; Painesville Manufacturing Co., window shade rollers, 26; Moody & Co., flour, etc.; S. Bigler & Co., flour, etc.; Swezey & Johnson, butchers' skewers, 43; Geauga Stove Co., stoves.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 3,841. School census, 1888, 1,121. G. W. Ready, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$232,000. Value of annual product, \$340,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 4,612.

An interesting fact in connection with Painesville is that here is located the "LAKE ERIE FEMALE SEMINARY," an institution of high repute. Its site is on the border of the town, in the midst of its finest residences. The seminary buildings are large and imposing, and placed on an attractive lawn of noble trees.

Fairport in 1846.—Three miles below Painesville, at the mouth of Grand river, is Fairport, laid out in 1812, by Samuel Huntington, Abraham Skinner, Seymour and Calvin Austin, and Simon Perkins. The first warehouse in this region, and perhaps on the lake, was built about 1803, on the river, two miles above, by Abraham Skinner, near which, in the dwelling of Mr. Skinner, the first court in the old county of Geauga was held. Fairport has one of the best harbors on the lake, and so well defended from winds and easy of access that vessels run in when they cannot easily make other ports. The water is deep enough for any lake craft, and about \$60,000 has been expended in improving the harbor by the general government. Lake steamers stop here and considerable commerce is carried on. Fairport contains eight forwarding houses, several groceries, from twenty to forty dwellings and a light-house, and a beacon to guide the mariner on the fresh water sea.

Richmond, one mile above Fairport, on the opposite and west side of the river, was laid out about ten years ago in the era of speculation. A large village was built, a steamboat was owned there, and great things promised. Not having the natural elements of prosperity it soon waned; some of its dwellings were removed to Painesville, while many others, deserted and decaying, are left to mark the spot.—*Old Edition.*

In 1835 the Painesville and Fairport Railroad Company was chartered, and in 1837 was running horse cars over hard wood rail. In 1836 the Fairport and Wellsville Railroad Company was chartered, and in fifteen days \$274,800 stock subscriptions were made. Other railroads were projected and Fairport's prospects were booming, when the panic of 1836-37 came on and the boom burst. At one time Fairport, with contiguous towns and territory, was considered a rival of Cleveland, but the latter secured the terminus of the Ohio canal, early railroad connections, and Fairport ceased to be a rival at a very early day.

The wonderful development, however, of the lake commerce within the past few years has again attracted attention to the natural advantages of Fairport as a shipping point to and from the great Northwest. In view of this a communication from Mr. George E. Paine, setting forth the present condition of affairs, with a *prediction* for the future, will be of interest:

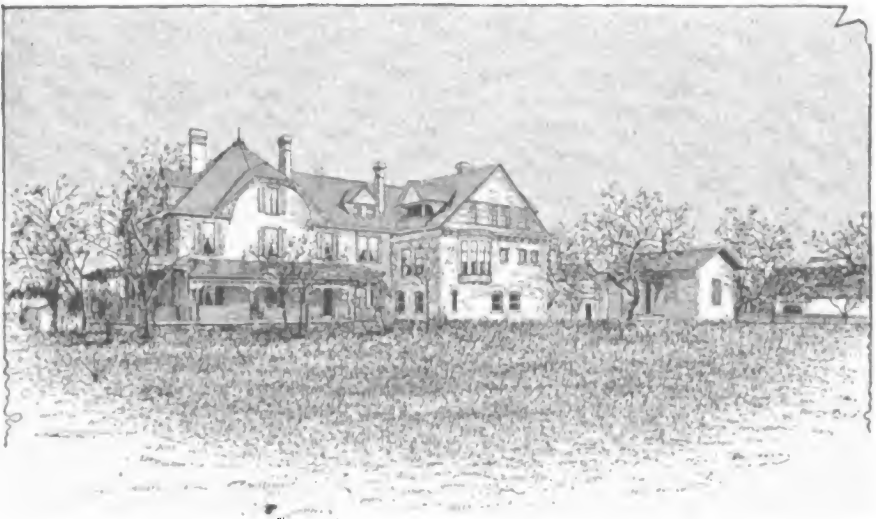
"Before December, 1889, over 8,000 feet of new docks will be completed at Fairport and Richmond, equal to the best on the lakes, and equipped with the very best machinery for handling ore and coal; and elevators for handling Duluth wheat, with warehouses for the rapidly growing Northwestern trade, will soon be built, to be used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the distance by rail from

Fairport via Pittsburg to Baltimore being less than the distance by rail from Buffalo to New York.

"Grand river, with its old river bed extending westward five miles, affords in all sixteen miles of water front, with flats and bayous, into which slips can be cut to any desired extent, making hundreds of acres of land accessible alike to vessels and cars, avail-



J. A. Garfield



Barnard, Photo., 1887.

LAWNFIELD.

able for ore and coal docks, lumber yards, warehouses and elevators, iron mills and factories of all kinds, which require large quantities of iron, steel and wood. And this harbor, with its wonderful natural advantages, can be reached by railroads from the Mahoning valley at Niles, Ohio, and from the Shenango valley, just above Sharpsville, Pa., on maximum grades not to exceed thirty feet per mile either way, with no costly bridges or earthwork. There is no other direct route for a railroad from the Shenango and Mahoning valleys to any other lake port at less than seventy-eight feet maximum grade per mile.

"Many now living will see Grand river valley, from 'New Market' to 'Mentor Marsh' (the mouth of the old river bed), a

distance of eight miles, covered with ore, coal and lumber docks, iron mills, elevators and warehouses, and crowded with steamers, vessels and tugs.

"And the prediction is now made that the Grand river valley, including the old river bed in Mentor, will become the centre of the greatest iron and steel manufacturing district in the world, within the next hundred years, as the best iron ores in the world and the best fuel of all kinds will meet there at the cheapest average rates; and when made into iron and steel, and the ten thousand forms of finished goods required by the civilized world, the shipping facilities by water and by railroad to all parts of the globe, taken altogether, will be surpassed by no other manufacturing locality, domestic or foreign."

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, twentieth president of the United States, was born in Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831, and died in Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19, 1881. His father, Abram Garfield, was a native of New York and of English Puritan ancestry. His mother, Eliza Ballou, was born in New Hampshire and was of Huguenot descent.

In 1830 Abram Garfield removed to the "Western Reserve," to found a home for himself and family in the then "wilderness." Shortly after settling here he died of a sudden attack of fever, and left his wife with four small children. With grand courage and fortitude, the self-sacrificing mother fought against poverty and privation, impressing upon her four children a high standard of moral and intellectual worth.

At three years of age James Garfield commenced his education in a log hut. From this time on he attended such schools as the district afforded, working at manual labor betimes at home and on the farms of neighbors. He seized with avidity upon all books that came within his reach, and early developed a habit of voluminous reading that remained with him through life. The Bible and American history were especially familiar to him. One book of sea tales, which he read while a boy, filled him with an intense desire for the sea, and at sixteen years of age he tried to ship as a sailor on a Lake Erie schooner at Cleveland, but failing in this, he drove for a *canal* boat for some months, from the coal mines of Governor Tod at Brier Hill to Cleveland.

At this time Governor Tod, having occasion to visit the boat one Sunday, found all the hands playing cards, except young Garfield, who was seated in the forward part of the boat studying United States history. An anecdote of one of his canal boat experiences shows that at this time he was, as in after life, of strong physique, courageous, manly and generous. He had offended one of the canal boatmen, a great hulking fellow, who started to thrash him. Dave rushed upon him, with his head down, like an enraged bull. As he came on, Garfield sprang to one side, and dealt him a powerful blow just back of and under the left ear. Dave went to the bottom of the boat, with his head between two beams, and his now heated foe went after him, seized him by the throat, and lifted the same clenched hand for another buffet. "Pound the d—d fool to death, Jim," called the appreciative captain. "If he haint no more sense than to git mad at an accident, he orto die." And as the youth hesitated, "Why don't you strike? D—n me, if I'll interfere." He could not. The man was down, helpless, in his power. Dave expressed regret at his rage. Garfield gave him his hand, and they were better friends than ever.

In the winter of 1849–50 he attended Geauga Seminary at Chester, Ohio, practising the trade of carpenter during vacations, helping at harvesting, teaching

school, and doing whatever came to hand to pay for his schooling. At Chester he first met Miss Lucretia Rudolph, a school teacher, who became his wife, Nov. 11, 1858, at which time he was President of Hiram College. Of this marriage four sons and one daughter were living in 1887.

His early training was strongly religious, his mother being a staunch Campbellite, and while at Chester he was baptized and received into that denomination.

In 1851 he entered Hiram College; three years later entered Williams College, from which he graduated in 1856 with the highest honors of his class. He then returned to Ohio as a teacher of Latin and Greek at Hiram College and a year later was made its president.

While acting in the capacity of a very successful educator, he entered his name as a student-at-law in the office of Williamson & Riddle, of Cleveland, Ohio, although studying in Hiram, and in 1858 was admitted to the bar. A year later, without solicitation on his part, he was elected to the Ohio Senate.

In this new field his industry and versatility were conspicuous. He made investigations and reports on geology, education, finance and parliamentary law; and although at this time it was not believed that the South would take up arms, he was somewhat apprehensive, and gave especial study to the militia system of the State.

The war came, and in August, 1861, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Forty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

We give a chronological record of Garfield's career; to give anything like a full sketch would exceed the limitations and scope of our work. His life, however, is such a remarkable example of what may be accomplished by honest, persistent endeavor, by those of the most humble origin and surroundings, that it should be studied in its details by every child in the land:

1831. Nov. 19, born at Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.

1848. Drives for a canal boat.

1849-50. Attends Geauga Seminary, where he meets Miss Lucretia Rudolph, his future wife. Is baptized and received into the Disciples Church.

1851. Enters Hiram College as a student.

1854. Enters Williams College.

1856. Graduates from Williams College with the highest honors of his class. Returns to Ohio, to teach Greek and Latin in Hiram College.

1857. Is made president of Hiram College. Preacher in the Disciples Church.

1858. Nov. 11, is united in marriage with Miss Lucretia Rudolph, at Hudson, Ohio.

1859. Admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court at Columbus. Elected to the Ohio Senate.

1861. In August commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers. In December reports to Gen. Buell, in Louisville, Ky.

1862. Out-generals Gen. Marshall and, reinforced by Generals Granger and Sheldon, defeats Marshall at Middle Creek, Ky., January 10. In recognition of this service is commissioned brigadier-general. April 7, takes part in the second day's fight at Shiloh. Engaged in all the operations in front of Corinth. In June rebuilds bridges on Memphis and Charleston Railroad. July 30, returns to Hiram from ill

health. Sept. 25, on court-martial duty at Washington, and, on Nov. 25, assigned to the case of Gen. Fitz-John Porter.

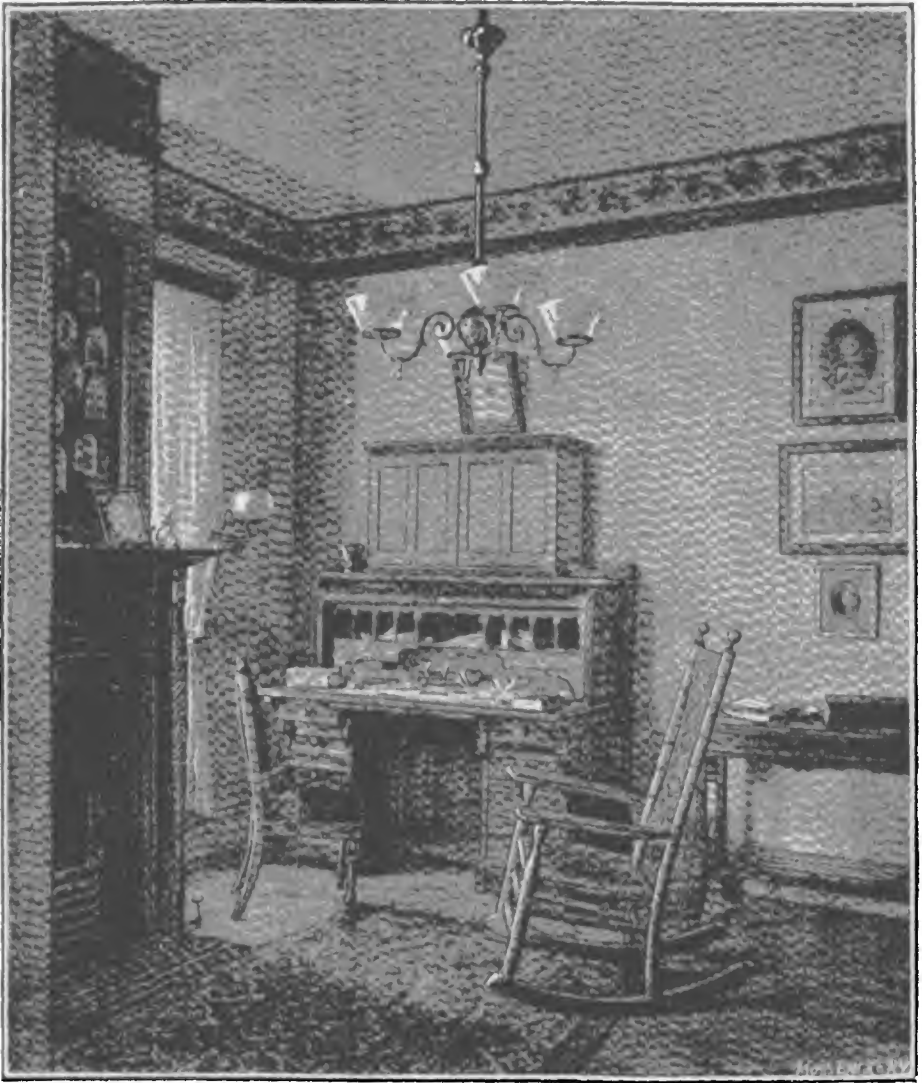
1863. In Feb. returns to duty in the Army of the Cumberland, and made chief of staff under Gen. Rosecrans. At the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19, Garfield volunteered to take the news of the defeat on the right to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, who held the left of the line. It was a bold ride, under constant fire; but he reached Thomas and gave the information that saved the Army of the Cumberland. For this was made major-general. Dec. 3, resigns from the army to take seat in Congress, to which he had been elected fifteen months previously.

1864. Jan. 14, delivers first speech in Congress. Placed on Committee on Military Affairs.

1865. Jan. 13, discusses constitutional amendment to abolish slavery. Changed from Committee on Military Affairs to Ways and Means Committee.

April 15, delivers from the balcony of the New York Custom House, to a mob frenzied by the news of President Lincoln's death, the following speech:

"Fellow-citizens: Clouds and darkness are around him; his pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds; justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne; mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow-citizens: God



Barnard, Photo., 1887.

GARFIELD'S STUDY AT LAWNFIELD.

The room and its objects are just as left by him when last there.

- reigns, and the Government at Washington lives !"*
1866. In March made his first speech on public debt, foreshadowing resumption of specie payments.
1867. Made Chairman of Committee on Military Affairs.
- 1869-71. Chairman of new committee of Forty-first Congress on Banking and Currency.
- 1871-75. Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, Chairman of Committee on Appropriations.
1875. Member of Ways and Means Committee. (House Democratic, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses.)
1877. Chosen member of Presidential Electoral Commission.
1880. January 13, elected to United States Senate. April 23, delivers last speech in House of Representatives. June 8, nominated for the presidency. Nov. 2, elected President.
1881. March 23, nominates William H. Robertson to be Collector of the Port of New York. May 5, withdraws all New York nominations. May 16, Senators Conkling and Platt resign. May 18, Collector Robertson confirmed. July 2, shot by Guiteau. Sept. 6, taken to Elberon, N. J. Sept. 19, died of blood-poisoning from pistol-shot wound. Sept. 21, remains carried to Washington. Sept. 22 and 23, remains lie in state in rotunda of Capitol.
1882. Sept. 26, remains placed in Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland, Ohio.

"Garfield's tragic death," writes a biographer, "assures to him the attention of history. It will credit him with great services rendered in various fields, and with a character formed by a singular union of the best qualities, industry, perseverance, truthfulness, honesty, courage ; all acting as faithful servants to a lofty and unselfish ambition. Without genius, which can rarely do more than produce extraordinary results in one direction, his powers were so many and well trained that he produced excellent results in many. If history shall call Garfield great, it will be because the development of these powers was so complete and harmonious."

The speeches of Garfield are almost a compendium of the political history of the stirring era between 1864 and 1880. Said ex-President Hayes : "Beyond almost any man I have known, he had the faculty of gathering information from all sources and then imparting it to an audience in instructive and attractive oratory."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A VISIT TO LAWNFIELD, THE GARFIELD HOME.

The home of the murdered President will always be a place of melancholy interest. Lawnfield is near the village of Mentor, twenty-two miles east of Cleveland, about seven west of Painesville and three from the lake. It is a level, grassy region, from which it derives its name.

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 28, 1886, I left Painesville by the cars. Lawnfield is over a mile from the Mentor depot, and, on arriving, I started directly thither on foot, in a pouring rain and with no umbrella. I soon reached the Mentor school-house ; a plain brick building standing back from the road, with a grove in front. Half a dozen boys were in the doorway, like so many flies, to get out of the rain. I went in for shelter and to inquire my way.

THE HILARIOUS SCHOOL CHILDREN.

It was the noon recess. Some dozen boys and girls were in the room and had disposed of their noon lunch, and seeing I was wet from the rain, put in more wood in the box-stove and set a chair for me. As I was drying myself mid the roarings of the burning wood, I looked around upon the children, who were full of glee. One boy, dancing after a girl, said, "I'll put a head on you !" This seemed entirely superfluous ; she had one good head already. Another called out, "To-morrow is *Wiggins day*—the world is going to be destroyed !" This was from a weather prediction of Wiggins, a Canadian crank.

Prophecies of the end of the world, coming at certain dates, have been common in the past centuries. The most notable prophet of our time was William Miller,

a Baptist preacher, who began his predictions in 1831 and had over 50,000 converts, who were called Millerites. They eventually formed a religious denomination known as "The Second Adventists," who believed that the second appearance of Christ was then near at hand. In my town, about the time of the expected fulfilment of one of the prophecies, one winter night, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, the heavens were lighted up with an ominous glow, and every snow-flake came down lighted like a flake of fire; the like had not been seen before, and many cheeks grew pale; not those of Black Milly, a pious old negress, a great shouter at Methodist meetings. Next day, in telling of it, she said, "I felt sure my blessed Jesus was a coming, and I got up and put on my best clothes, and lighted my candles, and set my house in order and waited, singing and praying, to give him a welcome; and oh, I was so happy!"

This unusual phenomena was occasioned by the burning of paper-mills three miles away, and the snow-flakes being large and moist reflected the light. In a term of years, prior to each of these dates, several different times were set by the prophet, as others had failed of being correct. Some of his adherents sold their property, to get the free use of cash for the short time they felt they were to stay here below. One of these went to a neighbor to sell a young pig. The latter demurred; "too young." "No," rejoined the Millerite, "he'll grow." "Not much; for, according to your belief, he will be roasted pig altogether too soon for my use."

Well dried and warmed, I arose to leave the gleeful group, and as I opened the nearest door, an urchin behind me called out, "You are going into the girls' closet!" Sure enough, a little room, with bonnets and wraps, opened to my vision. Female paraphernalia is always interesting; and this sight of the clothing of the innocents was not an exception.

CYRUS AND HIS GARFIELD FUND.

I inquired the way to Mrs. Garfield's, when one of the boys called out, "She's got lots of money." "Yes, I knew about how that came;" but did not pause to tell the lad what I tell here.

The death of President Garfield was a sad shock to the nation, and as it was understood the widow and young family were left in restricted circumstances, Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, originated a popular subscription in their behalf. Happening to call upon him at that juncture, I found this man of millions in a plainly furnished office, in a back room on Broadway; a rather tall, slender old gentleman of sixty years; quick, nervous, agile as a youth, kindly in manner, a rapid, voluble talker, bending over to one as he talked, with the manner, "no matter who you are, I'll hear you; your wants are as great to you as mine are to me." With him was a confidential clerk, advanced in life, evidently a fossil from old England, for he had the cockney dialect; and then at a side table sat a plainly-dressed boy of twelve, apparently a German lad, and he attracted me. Before him was perhaps a half peck of letters, just in by the mail, with contributions for the GARFIELD FUND. These the lad was opening, taking the names of the donors, with the amounts from each, for publication in the next day's papers, and piling up the bills and checks. In a few days the fund amounted to over \$360,000, in sums from single contributors, varying from the single dollar to the thousands; it came some from working people; some from millionaires. The money poured in so bounteously that Mr. Field had to shut down receiving, and he so published.

It was about this time or a little later that Mr. Field erected a monument to the British spy, Major Andre, on American soil. He did this out of his exuberance of good feeling to those "bloody Britishers;" for they had allowed him to fasten one end of his big wire rope around their tight little island, and then, what was more, loaned him their biggest ship, the "Great Eastern," to stow away the remainder when she started for our shores, paying it out as she steamed until she

reached our side. Whereupon their great man, John Bright, for his success, had called Cyrus the "Columbus of modern times, who, by his cable, had moored the new world alongside the old."

That compliment and fact made no difference, and so one dark night some enterprising people, who had no stomachs yawning to glorify the memory of a British spy, put under the monument on the North river at least half an ounce of gunpowder, set a match to it; so, when the sun arose next morning, it failed to catch any of its glowing rays. But the big rope still remains at the bottom of the ocean, continually wagging at both ends, telling people on both sides "what's up." In this respect it is like old Mother Tucker, of Tuckerton, on the Jersey coast, a great talker, of whom it was said, "her tongue hung in the middle, and she talked with both ends." This was the story I heard in my youth, but I never believed so wonderful a thing could be done until this demonstration of the cable of Cyrus.

LAWNFIELD, THE GARFIELD HOME.

I write the above for the benefit of the Mentor children who may read it. Five minutes after leaving them I was at the Garfield place. It is on a level spot, with broad green fields in front and around, and an orchard in the rear. The buildings occupy much ground. The old Garfield home which fronts the cluster is a wooden building; its entire front a vine-clad porch of say fifty feet in length. Behind the cluster is a small barn-like structure called the "Campaign Building." During the Garfield campaign a bevy of clerks were kept there busy mailing campaign documents, and from it telegraphic wires extended over the Union up to the night of the election and victory.

A serving-man answered my ring. He had the exquisite suavity common to his class—they outdo their lords. I laid my card on his waiter. He bowed and left, and soon returning, I was ushered into a sort of double room. It was dark there; the overhanging portico and the rainy, murky sky outside uniting to that end. The room and ceilings were low and I could discern but little. Pictures were on the walls, apparently old family portraits; but I could not tell male from female, the place and day were so dark. The rooms around opened into each other, and the interior seemed comfortable, old-fashioned and home-like.

As I sat there musing in the gloom, I suddenly felt the presence of some one by my side. I looked up, and there stood a young man of say twenty-five; slender, reticent, dark-eyed, hollow cheeks, olive complexion—looked like a thinker. It was Harry A. Garfield, the eldest of the sons. His mother was occupied with guests, and Grandmamma Garfield was away. No matter, it was business I was upon, and I arranged with him for my sending a photographer to take some views, which are given. He subsequently gave me by letter the items in the following paragraph:

The Mentor farm was purchased by Mr. Garfield about the year 1877. His idea was to eventually run the farm into cattle, raising good stock upon it, etc.; and this is what the family are now trying to carry out. The house was originally a story and a half high. In 1880 a story and a larger piazza were added. In 1885 Mrs. Garfield added to the modest frame house of her husband a palatial "Queen Anne structure of stone." It was in accordance with an intent expressed by Mr. Garfield while living, as a repository for his extensive collection of books.

To the foregoing items I annex a published description of that period, by a visitor who had a facile pen with which to write, and a bright day in which to observe:

"The new part of the Garfield mansion is behind and wholly subservient to the old house in which the President lived. This still remains the head and front of the Garfield home, although remodelled to conform

with the addition. There are probably thirty rooms in both old and new houses. They are all furnished in modern style and with considerable elegance. Although the house is far in the country it has all the conven-

iences of a city home, in plumbing, gas-fitting and steam-heating. A natural gas well has been bored on the farm and the yard is kept lighted day and night. The main entrance is through the old house. In the hall facing the door is an old wall-sweep clock. To the left is the smoking-room. To the right is the old parlor, now a reception-room. Bibles and other books are upon the tables, and the furniture is much the same as when the family left for Washington.

To the left is a modest little room occupied by the aged "Grandma" Garfield. She is eighty-five, but a vigorous old lady yet, who reads her Bible every day. Her room is modestly but richly furnished, and the face of her son looks upon her from every side. A handsome fire-screen, with a transparency of the dead, stands before the hearth. A half dozen other portraits of him hang where the eye meets them at every turn. Over the mirror of the dresser is a picture of him as a young man, taken in 1852. On an opposite wall is a picture in colors of the old pioneer home of the Garfield family. But the great relic of this room is the last letter of the son to his mother, of which so many thousand *fac-simile* copies were sold. Here is the original:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER: *Do not be disturbed by*

conflicting reports of my condition. It is true I am still weak, but am gaining every day and need only time and patience to bring me through. Give my love to all the friends and relatives, and especially Aunt Hetty.

Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

There is less simplicity in other parts of the great house. The paintings in the parlor are works of art. But the one great idea in this home is Garfield the father, Garfield the statesman. Pictures and busts of him are everywhere. On the stairway leading to the library is an oil portrait of him, made in 1862 when he came from the war. Above it hang his swords. The library is the refuge-room. It is in the upper story of the new part, and an ideal spot for rest or literary labor. There are about 2,000 volumes here arranged for convenience. The tables are loaded with art books and magazines. Where there are walls above the books, pictures of authors with their autographs attached are hung. The autographic portraits of Bismarck and Gambetta occupy prominent places.

With Mrs. Garfield live her father, Mr. Rudolph, a brother and his family. A half dozen men are employed on the farm, which consists of 160 acres.

THREE OLD MEN AND THE MONEY-GRABBER.

On leaving the mansion it was still raining, and I sought shelter in the post-office opposite the school-house. It was a small place. The postmaster, an elderly personage, was behind the letters in his cage. Three old men were seated out in front of the cage talking: the business of life about wound up with them. I told them where I had been, and then they were loud in the praises of the Garfields. Mrs. Garfield paid generously the people who worked for her on her place; and as for Mr. Garfield, in his lifetime, he was one of the most social, genial of spirits. One of them said, "He got me to build him a manger, and he came down and watched the job; and I found he knew more than I did about mangers. He talked with everybody about their business; learned all they knew; added to what he knew, and then knew more than all the rest of us put together."

I got back to the depot at three o'clock. The cars were to return at six. There was no tavern. A sign, "Boarding House," was over the door of a two-story dwelling. I knocked and entered. Two ladies well along in the afternoon of their earthly pilgrimage were there, with "their things on," ready to go out. I made known my wants. One, a bright, cheery soul, threw off her wraps, saying to her friend, "You go on; I'll join you soon; I'll get his dinner. I'm a *money-grabber*—I want the two shillings." Soon I heard the stove roaring in the adjoining room, and in a trice my dinner was ready—stewed chicken (poultry of her own raising), cold pork, vegetables, fruits, apples, pears, grapes, pie and hot coffee and on my part a relishing appetite.

While I was at table she started the fire in the box-stove in the room I was in and it roared for my drying; for I was wet through from knees down. Then she left me to dry and cogitate; and hanging myself over two chairs, I smoked my cigar and meditated, while the old clock ticked away the hours from its wall-perch.

To the young waiting is dreary; action and acquisition is their occupation. To the old the passing of time is as nothing. The leaves of the book of life are full when memory glides in and turns over to their vision page after page of the mor-

tal panorama, made sacred in the dim hallowed light of the vanished years. And when the life has been imprinted with blessing thoughts and deeds, these retrospective hours are as calming to the spirit as the mellow suffusing glow of an autumnal sunset.

A WELL-FIXED PEOPLE.

The cars came. My cigar was in ashes, my clothes dry; and I was done with Mentor. Three hours later I was seated ruminating in a chair on the pavement in front of the Stockwell House, Painesville. The storm had passed; the stars looked down with their silent eyes, and my ears were open. Two old men were sitting near me in the darkness, sounding the praises of the Western Reserve; and they both agreed. One of them was a retired general officer of our army, over seventy years of age. He had lived in every part of our country; at the far East and the far West; in Kansas and California; was familiar with Canada and every part of the Mississippi valley. "Elsewhere," said he, "in places they produce larger single crops, some in corn, some in wheat, and some grow more hogs; but here the soil is rich and of that nature that it gives a wonderful variety of everything; grain, fruit, vegetables, etc., which, with the climate, makes it the choicest spot of our land."

And he might have added a word more upon the people, their general thrift and intelligence, fortified with the truthful statement that the Reserve exceeds all other populations of equal number in the amount of domestic correspondence, and books, magazines and newspapers received through the mails. This old veteran who spake with such enthusiasm, was General R. B. Potter, President of the Military Commission before whom C. L. Vallandigham was tried for treason. The old soldier has since that night answered his last roll-call.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN FLAVIAL MORSE, born in Massachusetts in October, 1801, removed with his father to Kirtland in 1816. He was a third time member of the Ohio legislature in 1848, when, in connection with Dr. N. S. Townshend, he was instrumental in the election of Salmon P. Chase to the United States Senate, and in the repeal of the *Black Laws*. (See Vol. I., page 100.) In 1851 he was Speaker of the Ohio house of representatives; in 1860 elected to the State senate. In 1861 was captain of the Twenty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In 1862 Secretary Chase offered him employment on the public buildings, in which service he continued until 1876. Mr. Morse died January 30, 1884.

WILLIAM H. BEARD was born in Painesville, April 13, 1825. He is famous for his caricatures of the vanities and the foibles of men through the portrayal of their prototypes in the animal kingdom. He began his professional career about 1846 as a travelling portrait painter. In 1856 visited and studied in Europe. In 1860 settled in New York city, and two years later was elected a member of the National Academy.

His brother, JAMES H. BEARD, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1814, and then in infancy was brought to Painesville, where he spent his boyhood days. Later was for a number of years engaged in portrait and other painting in Cincinnati. In 1870 he settled permanently in New York, and two years later was elected a full member of the National Academy, of which he had been an honorary member since 1848. Of late years he has devoted himself to animal painting, and has attained great eminence as an artist.

The works of the brothers are largely permeated with the spirit of humor. James H. has several sons, all artists of fine capacity. When in Cincinnati James H. designed the engraving, for distribution by the Western Art Union, entitled "Poor Relations." A family of aristocratic dogs, consisting of a mother dog, with her plump, well-fed pups, are in their parlor receiving their poor relations, consisting of a mother dog, with her pups, lean and of a half-starved look, who

have just entered the door. The expressions of contempt and pride on the faces of the first are in marked contrast with those of the visitors, whose abject, crouching forms are pitiful to behold.

While in Cincinnati Beard painted his celebrated picture, "The Last Man," which for a long term of years has been hanging on the walls of the Burnet House there, and has been the admiration of thousands of the guests of that famous hostelry. The last man is the last victim of the ancient flood, who awaits, on a crag, the closing in upon him of the angry waters. His wife has perished, and floats in the surges at his feet. The rain still beats down from the black wind-tossed sky. The storm-pelted man knows his fate, and awaits it with a stern sadness and a grand fortitude. Few paintings equal this as a dramatic conception, and few arouse the same deep feeling by suggestion.

In the *American Magazine* for December, 1889, is an article upon Mr. Beard, by Leon Adams, from which the following is derived. It is entitled "The Apprenticeship of an Academician." Mr. Mead begins with an extraordinary fact:

"James H. Beard has devoted more than sixty years to the art of painting, and has long been a member of the National Academy of Design. He has painted the portraits of some eminent personages, and, both as por-



JAMES H. BEARD.

trait painter and animal painter, has had numerous admirers that have paid good prices for his productions; and yet, he has never had any instruction in either drawing or color, has never studied the anatomy of either man or beast, and has not had more than a year's schooling in his life. This career is a noteworthy instance of how a strong natural bent will assert itself in spite of very discouraging obstacles."

Mr. Beard was born in Buffalo. His father, James Beard, a shipmaster on the lakes, commanded the first brig that sailed on Lake Erie. His wife was the first white woman that visited the post where Chicago now stands. The subject of this sketch be-

gan to draw when he was a small boy, and grew to manhood in Painesville, Ohio, and Cleveland. At sixteen he met at Painesville a wandering sign and portrait painter, and concluded to try his own luck with the brush. He found sitters who were not very critical, and painted them in red, white and brown—the only colors he could find at a cabinet-maker's. He made his own implements, except the brushes, and prepared his own canvas. There was something about his pictures that rendered them a success, and insured his popularity. At length he visited Ravenna and painted a full-length portrait for ten dollars, a sum that he considered munificent, for it cost him but \$1.25 a week for his board, lodging and washing at the Ravenna hotel.

From this time until he was eighteen Beard was a wanderer chiefly, and experienced many hardships. He reached Pittsburg, and saw for the first time in his life a paved street and the wonders of an early Western museum. A keelboat, on which he worked his passage, brought him to this city. At Cincinnati he was paid off with the rest of the hands, and within an hour after landing he parted with his friend, the sign-painter, having determined to take a trip to Louisville. The deck passage was two dollars, but no one came to collect his fare, and so he enjoyed a free sail, though it was not his intention to defraud the steamboat company. Not knowing but that he was entitled to them, he took his meals regularly in the cabin. At night, together with a young man who had two blankets, he slept on a pile of pig iron. He spent a week wandering about Louisville, adding several unimportant experiences to his budget, and then returned to Cincinnati with about eight dollars in his pocket.

Putting on a bold face, Beard obtained work in Cincinnati as a chair painter who had had "experience." No one ever discovered that he was not an experienced chair painter. During his leisure time he used to make pencil drawings at the house where he boarded, of different things, and drop them carelessly on the floor so that they would attract attention. The landlord possessed a strong, char-

acteristic face, and Beard drew him in uniform, he being a colonel in the militia. The young artist also dropped this drawing on the floor of his chamber. His chief ambition was to get to painting portraits again. He thought this drawing would please the colonel, and it did. In short, it led to Beard's receiving a commission to paint the portraits of the colonel and his entire family, consisting of five members, at five dollars a piece. With this work to occupy him, Beard left the chair factory and resumed his portrait painting. But the income was precarious, and he was often "hard up."

The article concludes as follows: Mr. Beard was about twenty-two when he married Miss Mary Caroline Carter. Her father, Colonel Carter, was a river-trader. Soon afterwards he went down the river, taking charge of one of the boats of his father-in-law. Before reaching New Orleans he confronted many dangers, and passed through many adventures with the river pirates and dishonest traders.

On one of his trips to New Orleans Mr. Beard stopped at Baton Rouge, and painted a three-quarter length life-size portrait of Gen. Taylor. At this time it was generally conceded that Taylor would be nominated for the Presidency. One day, while at work on the portrait, the artist said to his distinguished sitter, "General, I will vote for you, but under protest. I never knew you as a statesman, and I am not certain that a military man is qualified for the office." Taylor replied, "You are right. I am no more fit to be President than you are. Don't vote for me." Afterward Mr. Beard made a copy of this portrait of Gen. Taylor, and sold it to a

gentleman who presented it to the city of Charleston. In 1840 he painted for the city of Cincinnati a full-length portrait of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison.

Since 1863 he has devoted himself principally to animal painting. His animal pictures appeal to popular taste, being generally intended to tell a story, humorous or pathetic, and the intention of the painter is easily discernible. There is no better example of his work in that line than "The Streets of New York," which he sold for \$3,000.

Mr. Beard, with a studio in New York, resides at Flushing, L. I., where he is passing a serene old age, delighting his visitors with some of the incidents of his varied experience. Well preserved, tall, erect, with a yellowish grey beard and abundant white curly hair flowing down his shoulders, wherever he appears he is a striking figure, picturesque and patriarchal.

We have spoken of the great suggestion in Mr. Beard's "The Last Man." One of his most recent paintings, "It's Very Queer, Isn't It?" is almost equal to a dissertation on Darwinian theory. No one could ever tire of a picture marked by such concentrated humor and philosophy. The contrasted skulls of the man and of the monkey are a powerful illustration—but who can say of what?

This picture shows an old monkey, with the face of a sage, seated in a chair in a meditative mood. On one side of him is the skull of a man, on the other that of an ape. It is evident that they have been a subject of study, and he is pondering whether man came from the monkey or the monkey from the man.

GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD was born in Painesville, Ohio, Jan. 19, 1842; graduated at Western Reserve College in 1864. He preached in Edinburgh, Ohio, for two years. In 1879 was professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in Bowdoin College. In 1881 was called to the chair of philosophy in Yale College. The same year the Western Reserve College conferred on him the degree of D. D. He is the author of "Doctrine of Sacred Scripture" (New York and Edinburgh, 1883) and other publications.

THOMAS W. HARVEY was born in New Hampshire in 1821, and removed to Lake county when twelve years of age. He early developed a strong desire for a good education, made a beginning under adverse circumstances, and through life has been a hard student and able worker in the development of education in Ohio. Prof. Harvey is recognized as one of the leading educators of the State. He was for fourteen years superintendent of schools in Massillon, and has served many years in a similar capacity at Painesville. He was three years State commissioner of common schools. As a lecturer and instructor he has a widespread reputation, and a number of valuable text-books bear testimony to his ability as an author.

MADISON is eleven miles east of Painesville, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., and on the old stage route from Cleveland to Buffalo, and a station on the Underground Railroad. The George Harris of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was arrested here and rescued at Unionville. Newspaper: *Monitor*, Independent, F. A. Williams, editor and publisher. Bank: Exchange, L. H. Kimball, president; A. S. Stratton, cashier. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 793. School census, 1888, 197.

MENTOR is near Lake Erie, six miles west of Painesville, on the L. S. & M. S.

and N. Y. C & St. L. Railroads. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Catholic church. Population, 1880, 540. School census, 1888, 218.

Little Mountain is said to be about the highest point of land on the Western Reserve. It is seven miles south of Painesville; a small and abrupt eminence of about 200 feet in height above the surrounding country, and can be seen from a far distance. It is much visited, and commands a beautiful prospect of the adjacent country and Lake Erie, distant ten miles. A cool breeze generally blows from the lake to brace the nerves of the visitor, while around and below the earth is clad in beauty.

LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE COUNTY was organized March 1, 1816, and named from Capt. James Lawrence, a native of Burlington, N. J., and a gallant naval officer of the war of 1812. Most of the county consists of high, abrupt hills, in which large quantities of sand or free-stone exist: soil mostly clay. There is some rich land on the creek bottoms, and on that of the Ohio river, on which, and at the iron furnaces, are the principal settlements. This county is rich in minerals, and is the greatest iron manufacturing county in Ohio. Coal abounds in the western part, while clay, suitable for stoneware, is found under the ore, in the whole of the iron region. The agricultural products, which are small in quantity, are wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, hay and apples.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were, 50,421; in pasture, 37,048; woodland, 37,094; lying waste, 20,145; produced in wheat, 122,070 bushels; rye, 410; buckwheat, 64; oats, 65,693; barley, 145; corn, 371,191; meadow hay, 6,179 tons; clover hay, 841; potatoes, 29,633 bushels; tobacco, 11,940 pounds; butter, 210,159; sorghum, 47,371 gallons; maple syrup, 60; honey, 11,018 pounds; eggs, 148,371 dozen; grapes, 3,280 pounds; wine, 520 gallons; sweet potatoes, 7,291 bushels; apples, 39,403; peaches, 5,835; pears, 212; wool, 10,343 pounds; milch cows owned, 2,839. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 137,086 tons; employing 248 miners and 63 outside employees. Iron ore, 104,140 tons. Fire-clay, 15,280 tons. Limestone, 114,652 tons, burned for fluxing. School census, 1888, 13,942; teachers, 202. Miles of railroad track, 55.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Aid,	610	1,530	Perry,	663	2,217
Decatur,	594	2,043	Rome,	879	2,512
Elizabeth,	1,534	4,586	Symmes,	472	1,099
Fayette,	841	2,308	Union,	1,036	2,460
Hamilton,		1,168	Upper,	1,181	11,663
Lawrence,	425	1,788	Washington,		1,444
Mason,	695	2,021	Windsor,	815	2,229

Population of Lawrence in 1820 was 3,499; 1830, 6,366; 1840, 9,745; 1860, 23,249; 1880, 39,068, of whom 29,079 were born in Ohio; 2,597, Kentucky; 2,291, Virginia; 937, Pennsylvania; 118, Indiana; 117, New York; 1,116, German Empire; 615, Ireland; 513, England and Wales; 33, France; 22, Scotland; and 22, British America. Census, 1890, 39,556.

In the INDIAN WAR, prior to the treaty of Greenville, many boats, descending the Ohio, were attacked by the Indians, and the whites in them cruelly massacred. After the war had closed, wrecks of boats were frequently seen on the shore, to remind the traveller of the unhappy fate of those who had fallen a prey to the rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife. Among the unpublished incidents of this nature is one that belongs to the history of this county, obtained by us orally from one acquainted with the circumstances:

Among the early settlers of Mason county, Ky., was Mr. James Kelly, who emigrated from Westmoreland, Pa. Shortly after his arrival, the Indians carried on their murderous incursions with so much energy, as to seriously threaten the annihilation of the infant settlements. His father, alarmed for his safety, sent another son, William, to Kentucky, to bring his brother and family back to

Pennsylvania. They embarked at Maysville, in a large canoe, with two men as passengers, who were to assist in navigating the boat. When about a mile below the mouth of the Big Guyandotte, and near the Virginia shore, they were suddenly fired upon by a party of Indians, secreted behind the trees on that bank of the river. William, who had risen up in the boat, was shot through the body,

when James sprang up to save him from falling into the river, and receiving a death wound, fell forwards in the boat. The two men, as yet unharmed, steered for the Ohio shore. The instant the boat touched land, one of them, panic-stricken, sprang ashore, and, running into the recesses of the forest, was never heard of more.

The other passenger, however, was a man of undaunted courage. He determined to protect Mrs. Kelly and her little children, consisting of James, a boy of about five years of age, and an infant named Jane. They landed, and turned their course for Gallipolis, about thirty miles distant. In their haste they had forgotten to get any provisions from the boat, and the prospect of reaching there, through a wilderness swarming with Indians, was gloomy. To add to the horrors of their situation, they had gone but a few miles, when Mrs. Kelly was bitten in the foot by a copper-head, and was unable to make further progress. As the only resort her companion told her that he must leave her alone in the woods, and travel to Gallipolis, procure a boat and a party, and come for her. Having secreted them among some paw-paws, he started on his solitary and perilous journey. The Indians were soon on his track, in hot pursuit; and taking inland to avoid them, three or four days elapsed before he

arrived at his destination. He there obtained a keel boat, and a party of thirty men, and started down the Ohio, with but a faint hope of finding Mrs. Kelly and her little ones alive.

During his absence Mrs. Kelly had been accustomed daily to send her little son to the river's edge, to hail any boats that might pass. Fearing a decoy from the Indians, several went by without paying any attention to his cries. An hour or two before the arrival of the aid from Gallipolis, another boat from farther up the river passed down. At first but little attention was given to the hailing of little James; but feelings of humanity prevailed over their fears, and reflecting also upon the improbability of the Indians sending such a mere child as a decoy, they took courage, turned to the shore, and took the sufferers aboard. They were then in a starving and deplorable condition; but food was soon given them by the kind-hearted boatmen, and their perils were over. Soon the Gallipolis boat hove in sight, and they were taken on board, and eventually to Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Kelly, in the course of a few years, married again. The infant Jane grew up to womanhood, and was remarkable for her beauty. The little boy James finally emigrated to the Muskingum country. From him and his mother our informant derived these facts.

Lawrence was settled about 1797, by people from Pennsylvania and Virginia, who were principally of Dutch and Irish descent. When the iron works were first established, only about one-eighth of the land was entered, since which the workmen have accumulated means to purchase more. At that day the inhabitants were principally hunters, and for months together, our informant says, he did not see one wear a coat or shoes; hunting-shirts and moccasins being the substitutes.

When Lawrence was first organized, the commissioners neglected to lay a tax, and the expenses of the county were carried on by orders, which so depreciated that the clerk had to pay \$6, in orders, for a quire of paper. The county was finally sued on an order, and judgment obtained for the plaintiff, but as the public property could not be levied upon, not anything was then recovered. Eventually, the legislature passed laws compelling the commissioners to lay a tax, by which the orders were paid in full, with interest.

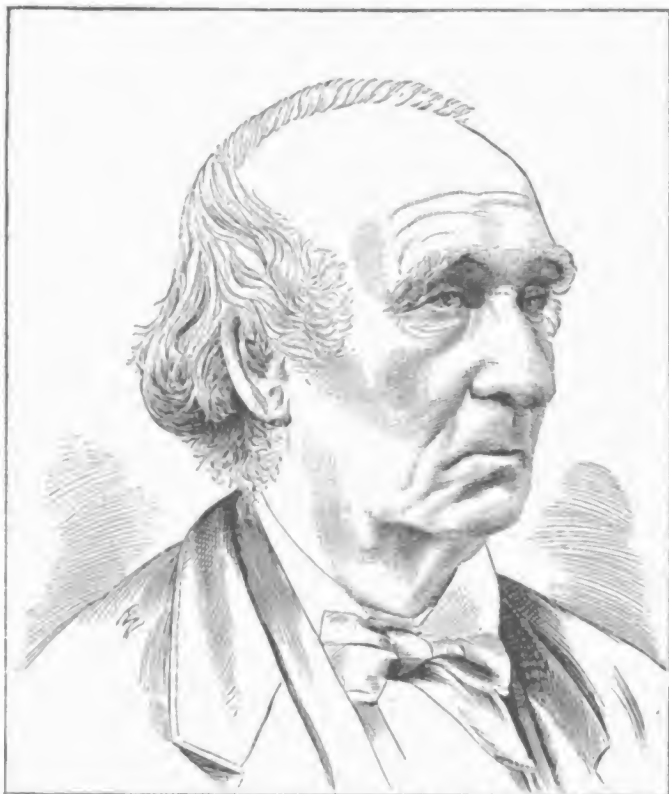
BURNING A BEWITCHED HORSE.

The annexed report of a case, that came before the Court of Common Pleas in this county, is from the pen of a legal gentleman of high standing. It shows that in our day the belief in *witchcraft* has not entirely vanished.

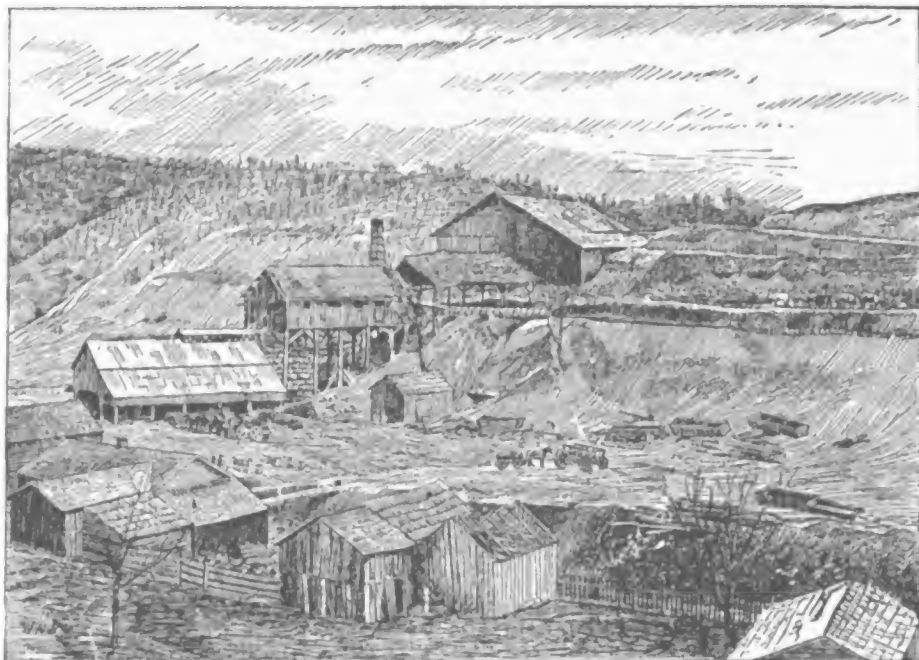
— vs. — } *Lawrence Common*
 Enoch H. FLEECE. } *Pleas. Term 1828.*
Action on the case, for
a false warranty in the sale of a horse. Plea,
general issue.

The plaintiff having proved the sale and warranty, called a witness to prove the defendant's knowledge of the unsoundness of the horse at the time of sale. This witness testified, that both he and defendant lived at Union Furnace, in Lawrence county, and that the latter was by trade a tanner; that he, witness, knew the horse previous to the sale to the plaintiff, and before he was owned by

defendant, and was then, and at the time defendant purchased him, in bad health. He saw him daily employed in defendant's bark mill, and was fast declining, and when unemployed, *drooping* in his appearance, and so continued until sold to the plaintiff. Having been present at the sale, and hearing the warranty, the witness afterwards inquired of the defendant why he had done so, knowing the horse to be unsound. He answered by insisting that the horse was in no way *dis-eased*, or in unsound *health*, but that the drooping appearance arose from his being *bewitched*, which he did not call *unsoundness*,



JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
Aged 82 years, the veteran iron-master. "Father and Founder of Ironton."



J. N. Bradford, del., O. S. University.

THE OLD HECLA FURNACE.

The celebrated gun known as the "Swamp Angel," of Charleston Harbor, was cast from Hecla iron.

and so soon as they could be got out of the horse he would then be as well as ever.

The defendant further stated, that the same witches which were in that horse had been in one or two persons, and some cows, in the same settlement, and could only be driven out by a witch doctor, living on the head waters of the Little Scioto, in Pike county, or by burning the animal in which they were found; that this doctor had some time before been sent for to see a young woman who was in a *bad way*, and on examination found her bewitched. He soon expelled them, and also succeeded in ascertaining that an old woman not far off was the witch going about in that way, and she could be got rid of only by killing her. At some subsequent time, when defendant was from home, his wife sent for witness and others, to see and find out what was the matter with her cow, in a lot near the house. They found it frantic, running, and pitching at everything which came near. It was their opinion, after observing it considerably, that it had the *canine madness*. The defendant, however, returned before the witness and others left the lot; he inspected the cow with much attention, and gave it as his opinion that they were mistaken as to the true cause of her conduct—she was not mad, but bewitched; the same which had been in the horse had transferred itself to the cow. By this time the animal, from exhaustion or other cause, had lain down. The defendant then went into the lot, and requested the persons present to assist in putting a rope about her horns, and then make the other end fast to a tree, where he could burn her. They laughed at the man's notion, but finally assisted him, seeing she remained quiet—still having no belief that he really intended burning her.

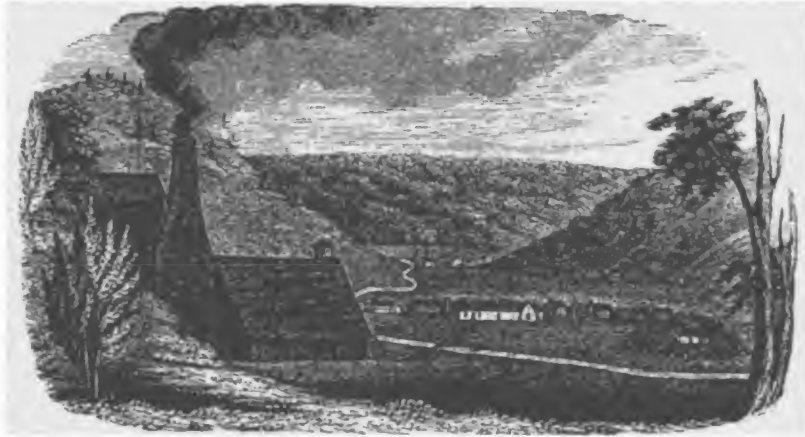
This being done, the defendant piled up logs, brush and other things around, and finally over the poor cow, and then set fire to them. The defendant continued to add fuel, until she was entirely consumed, and afterwards told the witness he had never seen any creature so *hard to die*; that she continued to moan after most of the flesh had fallen from her bones, and he felt a pity for her, but die she must; that nothing but the witches in her kept her alive so long, and it was his belief they would be so burnt before getting out, that they never would come back. Night having set in before the burning was finished, the defendant and his family set up to ascertain if the witches could be seen about the pile of embers. Late at night, some one of the family called the defendant to the window—the house being

near the place—and pointed to two witches, hopping around, over and across the pile of embers, and now and then seizing a brand and throwing it into the air, and in a short while disappeared. The next morning, on examination, the defendant saw their tracks through the embers in all directions. At a subsequent time, he told the same witness and others, that from that time the witches had wholly disappeared from the neighborhood, and would never return—and to burn the animal alive, in which they were found, was the only way to get clear of them: he *had been* very fearful they would torment his family.

The writer found, after the above trial, from a conversation with the defendant, that he had a settled belief in such things, and in the truth of the above statement.

In our edition of 1846 we stated that the *iron region* is about eight miles wide. It extends through the east part of Scioto, and the west part of this county, and enters Jackson county on the north, and Greenup county, Ky., on the south. Most of the iron in Lawrence is made into pig metal, which stands high for castings, and is equal to Scotch pig for foundry furnaces: it is also excellent for bar iron. The principal markets are Pittsburg and Cincinnati. The four counties of Jackson, Lawrence, Scioto and Greenup, Ky., make about 37,450 tons annually, which, at \$30 per ton, the current market price, amounts to \$1,123,500. There are 21 furnaces in the iron region, of which the following are in Lawrence, viz., Union, Pine Grove, Lawrence, Centre, Mount Vernon, Buckhorn, Etna, Vesuvius, La Grange, Hecla and Olive. The oldest of these, in this county, is Union, built in 1826 by John Means, a view of which is given, showing on the left the furnace, in the middle ground the log-huts of the workmen, with the store of the proprietors, while around is wild, hilly scenery, amid which these furnaces are usually embosomed. Each of the 21 furnaces employs, on an average, 70 yoke of oxen, "100 hands, sustains 500 persons, consumes 560 barrels of flour, 1,000 bushels of corn meal, 10,000 bushels of corn, 50,000 pounds of bacon, 20,000 pounds of beef, 1,500 bushels of potatoes, beside other provisions, and tea, sugar and coffee in proportion." From this it will be seen, that their existence is highly important to the agriculturist. In the winter season about 500 men come from abroad, to cut wood for the furnaces in Lawrence; some of whom walk distances of hundreds of miles from their cabin homes among the mountains of Virginia and Kentucky.

The HANGING ROCK IRON REGION is now understood to comprise an area of country embracing more than 1,000 square miles, extending into the States of Kentucky and West Virginia, and Scioto, Lawrence, Jackson and Vinton counties in Ohio, with its centre at Ironton. This vast mineral region, containing, besides its valuable iron ores, large and accessible deposits of coal, limestone and fire-clays, was in 1825 almost an unknown wilderness; in 1845, as given in our orig-



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

UNION FURNACE AND VILLAGE.

inal edition, it had 21 furnaces, while the Geological State Report of 1884 says of that part of it lying within Ohio: "This region comprises some 42 furnaces in blast and some in course of erection in the counties of Vinton, Jackson, Gallia, Scioto and Lawrence."

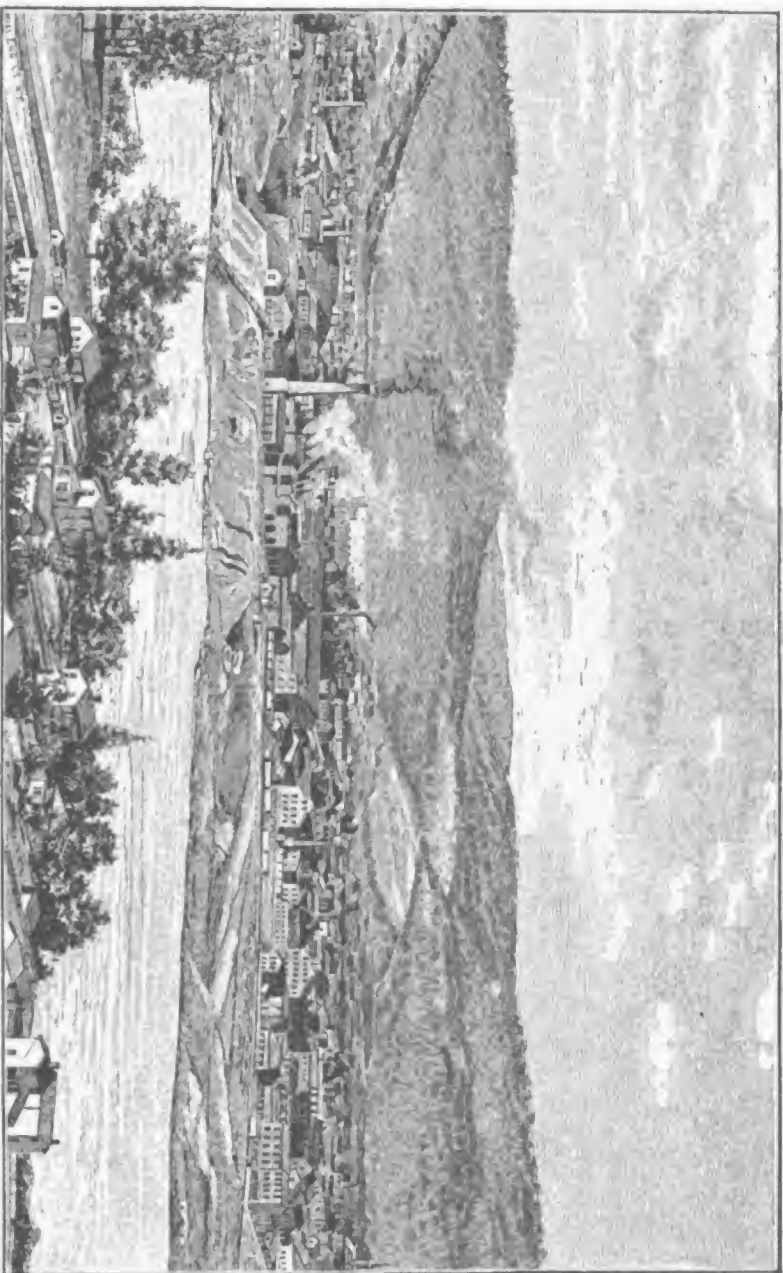
The purity of the iron ores in this district is attributable in a large measure to the fact that the plane of the veins lies far enough above the general water level to drain the water that accumulates from the rain fall, through the minerals and out into the streams. The dip of the strata being about 30 feet to the mile to the south of east, the inclination of all coals, ores, etc., gives a rapid fall in the direction of the dip and renders it possible to run all material out on tram tracks by gravitation, as well as to get rid of the water without expense.

The *Hanging Rock ores* are peculiarly adapted to the production of an iron of great strength and durability; they are of the red hematite variety—the "hill-top" ores being largely used with underlying limestone ore. The productions of the Hecla furnace of this region are famous, being in special demand for machinery and car-wheels.

Prior to the late war the government made a test of irons with reference to ordnance, in which "the cold-blast Hecla was equalled only by results obtained from two furnaces, respectively located at Toledo, Spain, and in Asia Minor." During the late war every ton of Hecla iron (excepting armor plates) was used at the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburg; for casting heavy ordnance and field guns, and ran far above the government required test for tenacity. The celebrated gun known as the "Swamp Angel," of Charleston Harbor, was cast from Hecla iron. There is direct authority for stating that car wheels of this iron have been in use for twenty years. In a memorial to Congress (1862) for the es-

tablishment of a national foundry at Ironton, we find the statement of one who was employed by the English government in 1855, that "while thus employed, my particular duties were to make selection and mixture of metal for heavy ordnance for service in the Crimea. This employment required the making of numerous tests on different metals, to determine their tenacity, deflection and specific gravity." The cold-blast pig made in Lawrence county, Ohio, was found superior not only to the irons of a similar make in other portions of the United States, but also, "as compared with the best English iron, the difference is about thirty per cent. in favor of this metal."

IRONTON, county-seat of Lawrence, is on the Ohio river, ten miles from the southernmost point in Ohio, 100 miles south of Columbus, 142 miles above Cincinnati, and 325 miles from Pittsburg. It is the centre of the Hanging Rock iron region, celebrated for the quantity and quality of iron ore, lime and coal, found in close proximity. The timber regions of the Virginias and Kentucky supply one of the large industries of the city, and large quantities of fire and pot-



Lawrence Barrell, Photo, Ironton, 1887.

IRONTON, FROM THE KENTUCKY SHORE.

J. N. Bradford, del., Ohio State University.

ters' clay found in this vicinity create another great industry. Iron-ton was laid out in 1848, by the Ohio Iron and Coal Co., and was incorporated as a city in 1865. The first iron smelted in the region was at a cupola built in 1815, by Richard Deering. In 1852 the county-seat was removed here from Burlington. Railroads: D. Ft. W. & C., S. V., and the Iron-ton, while by transfer across the Ohio river connection is had with the C. & O. Railroad. County Officers: Auditor, Mark S. Bartram; Clerk, John W. Sayre; Commissioners, Charles Bramer, Elisha T. Edwards, Thompson F. Payne; Coroner, John S. Henry; Infirmary Directors, Isaac Massie, Zachary T. Fugitt, William H. Heiner; Probate Judge, Lot Davis; Prosecuting Attorney, George W. Keye; Recorder, Paschal F. Gillett; Sheriff, John L. Fisher; Surveyor, James T. Egerton; Treasurer, Joseph A. Turley. City Officers: John M. Corns, Mayor; Halsey C. Burr, Clerk; John Hayes, Treasurer; John K. Richards, Solicitor; J. R. C. Brown, Engineer; W. L. Vanhorn, Marshal; John Culkins, Street Commissioner; William George, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Register*, Republican, E. S. Wilson, editor; *Republican*, Republican, Hayden & McCall, proprietors; *Iron-tonian*, Democratic, L. P. Ort, proprietor; *Wachter am Ohio*, German, Independent, Christian Feuchter, editor. Churches: two Catholic, two Methodist Episcopal, one Baptist, one Lutheran, one Congregational, one Calvinistic Methodist, one German Reformed, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one German Methodist, one Christian and three Colored. Banks: Exchange (W. D. Kelly), W. D. Kelly, cashier; First National, George Willard, president, H. B. Wilson, cashier; Second National, C. C. Clarke, president, Richard Mather, cashier; Halsey C. Burr & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. H. Crowell, lumber, 12 hands; D., Ft. W. & C. Railroad Shop, railroad repairs, 25; Phillips Carriage Works, 10; the Foster Stove Co., stoves and ranges, 50; Whitman Stove Co., stoves and ranges, 60; Sarah Furnace, pig-iron, 50; Standard Gas Retort and Fire-brick Co., 30; Etna Furnace, pig-iron, 100; Iron-ton Fire-brick Co., 30; R. N. Fearon, lumber, 12; Iron-ton Lumber Co., lumber, 6; the Kelly Nail and Iron Co., 375; Newman & Spanner, lumber, 60; Iron-ton Furnace Co., pig-iron, 50; Iron-ton Carriage Works, carriages and buggies; Iron-ton Soap Works, soap; Lawrence Iron and Steel Co., 300; Lambert Bros. & Co., furnace machinery, etc., 50; R. S. Dupuy, oak harness leather, 11; Eagle Brewery, 10; the Goldcamp Milling Co., 9.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 8,857. School census, 1888, 3,528; R. S. Page, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$1,790,900. Value of annual product, \$1,518,225.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* U. S. census, 1890, 10,939.

From a newspaper correspondence published in 1887, we extract some interesting items of history and reminiscences of the *early iron trade*:

In 1819 there went from Spartanburg, S. C., to Hanging Rock, on the Ohio side of the river, a certain man named John Means, carrying his slaves with him. He was an abolitionist, but not being able to manumit his slaves in his native State, he sold his possessions there, and with his family and negroes emigrated to the nearest point where he could set them free. In 1826 John Means built a charcoal furnace near his home, and began the manufacture of pig-iron. The Union, as he named it, was the first iron furnace north of the Ohio in this district. In Ashland your correspondent met Mr. Thomas W. Means, a son of the pioneer furnace-builder. This gentleman, now 83 years old, has a vivid recollection of those early times, and of the hardships which all who made iron had to endure because of free-trade tendencies and laws. In 1837 he leased

the Union Furnace of his father, and ever since he has been connected with it as lessee or owner. At first they made from three to four tons a day, and when they increased the output to thirty tons a week, it was considered a wonderful performance.

Speaking of those days, Mr. Means said: "When I leased Union Furnace corn sold for twelve and a half cents a bushel, and wheat for from twenty-four to twenty-six cents. Wages for competent laborers were only ten dollars a month. I made a trip to New Orleans and saw wheat sold there for a quarter of a dollar a bushel, and corn on the cob at the same price per barrel.

"We used only maple sugar in those days, and paid for the commonest molasses thirty-two cents a gallon. Our woollen goods were woven on hand-looms. It took six yards of calico to make a dress, and the material cost

half a dollar a yard. There are more people in Ironton now than there were then in the county. We saw no gold, and little silver coin, except in small pieces. Our circulation was chiefly bills of State banks, and those were continually breaking. From 1854 to 1861 I kept my furnaces going, but sold very little iron—only enough to keep me in ready money.

"Charcoal iron was then worth from \$10 to \$14 a ton. In 1863 I had an accumulated stock of 16,000 tons. Next year it advanced to \$40, which I thought a fine lift, but in 1864 it netted me \$80 a ton. For eight years before the war, nearly all the furnace-owners were in debt, but creditors did not distress them, for they were afraid of iron, the only asset they could get, and so they carried their customers the best they could, hoping all round for better times. We are all right and so is the country, if the fools will quit tariff-meddling."

JOHN CAMPBELL was born near Ripley, Ohio, January 14, 1808. In 1834 he removed to Hanging Rock, and became identified with the iron interests of this region, building in connection with Robert Hamilton the Mount Vernon Furnace. The "Biographical Cyclopædia of Ohio" says of him: "It was here that he made the change of placing the boilers and hot blast over the tunnel head, thus utilizing the waste gases—a proceeding now generally adopted by the charcoal furnaces of that locality and others elsewhere in the United States." In 1837, through the guarantee against any loss by Mr. Campbell and three other iron-masters,

Vesuvius Furnace was induced to test the hot blast principle. This, the first hot blast ever erected in America, was put up by William Firmstone, and though, by those opposed to the principle, it was contended that by it the iron would be weakened and rendered unfit for casting purposes, the result proved satisfactory to all concerned in producing an increased quantity of iron of the desired quality for foundry use.

"In 1849 he became prime mover and principal stockholder in the organization of the Ohio Iron and Coal Company, and was made its president. This company purchased four hundred acres of land three miles above Hanging Rock, and laid out the town of Ironton, to which Mr. Campbell gave its name."

He is justly accorded the honor of being called the "father and founder of Ironton."

In 1850 he removed from Hanging Rock to the newly founded town, and has ever since been prominently identified with its remarkable growth and development, as well as that of the entire surrounding region.

In 1852 he purchased the celebrated Hecla cold blast furnace.

He now enjoys in his old age the veneration and respect of all who know of him and his grand life-work, in developing the industries and wealth of this region, bringing as it has increased comforts and happiness to a large number of his fellow-men.

To no other single individual is so much due for developing the resources of Hanging Rock Iron Region.

For a personal description of Mr. Campbell see Vol. I., page 237.

Hanging Rock in 1846.—Hanging Rock, seventeen miles below the county-seat, on the Ohio river, contains 1 church, 4 stores, a forge, a rolling mill, and a foundry—where excellent bar iron is made—and about 150 inhabitants. It is the great iron emporium of the county, and nearly all the iron is shipped there. It is contemplated to build a railroad from this place, of about fifteen miles in length, to the iron region, connecting it with the various furnaces. The village is named from a noted cliff of sandstone, about four hundred feet in height, called the "Hanging Rock," the upper portion of which projects over, like the cornice of a house.

Some years since, a wealthy iron-master was buried at Hanging Rock, in compliance with his request, above ground, in an iron coffin. It was raised about two feet from the ground, supported by iron pillars, resting on a flat stone. Over all was placed an octagonal building of wood, about twelve feet diameter and fifteen high, painted white, with a cupola-like roof, surmounted by a ball. It was, in fact, a tomb, but of so novel a description as to attract crowds of strangers, to the no small annoyance of the friends of the deceased, who, in consequence, removed the building, and sunk the coffin into a grave near the spot.—*Old Edition.*

HANGING ROCK is on the Ohio river, four miles below Ironton. Population, 1880, 624. School census, 1888, 214.

Burlington in 1846.—Burlington, the county-seat, is on the southernmost point of the Ohio river in the State, one hundred and thirty-three miles southeasterly from Columbus. It is a small village, containing 4 stores, an academy, 1 or 2 churches, a newspaper printing office, and from 40 to 60 dwellings.—*Edition of 1846.*

It lies about ten miles southeast of Ironton, the present county-seat, nearly opposite Catlettsburg, Ky., and in 1888 its school census was 211.

MILLERSPORT, P. O. MILLER's, is thirty-three miles above Ironton, on the Ohio river. Population, 1880, 250. School census, 1888, 82.

PROCTORVILLE is on the Ohio river, twenty miles above Ironton. Newspaper: *Ohio Valley News*, Republican, Dwight W. Custer, editor and publisher. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. Population, 1880, 385.

The development of the mineral resources of Southeastern Ohio is due largely to the study of its geology by Dr. CALEB BRIGGS, born in North Rochester, Mass., May 24, 1812, but long a resident of Ironton, O., where he died September 24, 1884. He was educated for a physician. He was engaged in the first survey of the coal and iron regions of Ohio, entering upon the work in June, 1837, and exploring Athens, Gallia, Hocking, Jackson, Lawrence and Scioto counties. Subsequently he also made surveys in Crawford, Tuscarawas, Wood, and perhaps other counties, terminating his earliest labors in 1839, after which he was employed in similar work in the western counties of Virginia. He was an extremely intelligent, useful, broad-minded and benevolent citizen, giving to Ironton, the city of his adoption, \$25,000 with which to found a public library.

LICKING.

LICKING COUNTY was erected from Fairfield, March 1, 1808, and named from its principal stream, called by the whites Licking—by the Indians, *Pataskala*. The surface is slightly hilly on the east, the western part is level, and the soil generally yellow clay; the valleys are rich alluvium, inclining many of them to gravel. Coal is in the eastern part, and iron ore of a good quality. The soil is generally very fertile, and it is a wealthy agricultural county. Area about 680 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 144,092; in pasture, 172,844; woodland, 55,038; lying waste, 2,868; produced in wheat, 510,655 bushels; rye, 7,490; buckwheat, 1,111; oats, 324,441; barley, 6,045; corn, 1,518,435; broom-corn, 18,545 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 47,277 tons; clover hay, 6,862; flaxseed, 1,752 bushels; potatoes, 92,930; tobacco, 100 lbs.; butter, 909,118; cheese, 7,052; sorghum, 2,114 gallons; maple syrup, 21,138; honey, 3,399 lbs.; eggs, 908,128 dozen; grapes, 28,935 lbs.; wine, 20 gallons; sweet potatoes, 152 bushels; apples, 15,794; peaches, 14,448; pears, 1,667; wool, 1,155,992 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,908; sheep, the largest number of any county in Ohio, namely, 174,672. School census, 1888, 12,602; teachers, 440. Miles of railroad track, 159.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bennington,	1,244	884	Liberty,	1,115	752
Bowling Green,	1,464	992	Licking,	1,215	1,256
Burlington,	1,423	1,073	Lima,	739	1,803
Eden,	853	767	Madison,	1,119	929
Etna,	1,076	1,166	Mary Anne,	866	951
Fallsburg,	910	929	McKean,	1,424	981
Franklin,	1,131	818	Monroe,		1,339
Granville,	2,255	2,114	Newark,	4,138	10,613
Hanover,	943	1,236	Newton,	1,247	1,332
Harrison,	1,049	1,329	Perry,	994	1,032
Hartford,	1,355	1,164	St. Albans,	1,515	1,187
Hopewell,	1,150	1,062	Union,	2,219	1,872
Jersey,	932	1,348	Washington	3,048	1,521

Population of Licking in 1820 was 11,861; 1830, 20,864; 1840, 35,096; 1860, 37,011; 1880, 40,050, of whom 32,736 were born in Ohio; 1,461 Virginia; 1,336 Pennsylvania; 669 New York; 156 Indiana; 51 Kentucky; 782 England and Wales; 611 Ireland; 511 German Empire; 54 Scotland; 49 British America, and 29 France. Census, 1890, 43,279.

With Butler county, which has 1,000 bridges in use, this county is also noted for its bridges. The streams which unite to form the Licking spread over it like the fingers of the hand. Hence it takes as much bridging as half-a-dozen of the counties on the dividing ridge of the State.

This county contains a mixed population; its inhabitants originated from Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Jersey, New England, Wales, and Germany. Among the early settlers were John Channel, Isaac Stadden, John Van Buskirk, Benjamin Green, Samuel Parr, Samuel Elliott, John and Washington Evans, Geo. Archer, John Jones, and many Welsh. It was first settled, shortly after Wayne's treaty of 1795, by John Ratliff and Ellis Hughes, in some old Indian corn-fields, about five miles below Newark, on the Licking. These men were from Western Virginia. They lived mainly by hunting, raising, however, a little corn, the cultivation of which was left, in a great measure, to their wives.

Hughes had been bred in the hot-bed of Indian warfare. The Indians having, at an early day, murdered a young woman to whom he was attached, and subsequently his father, the return of peace did not mitigate his hatred of the race. One night, in April, 1800, two Indians stole the horses of Hughes and Ratliff from a little enclosure near their cabins. Missing them in the morning, they started off, well armed, in pursuit, accompanied by a man named Bland. They followed their trail in a northern direction all day, and at night camped in the woods. At the gray of the morning they came upon the Indians, who were asleep and unconscious of danger. Concealing themselves behind the trees, they waited until the Indians had awakened, and were commencing preparations for their journey. They drew up their rifles to shoot, and just at that moment one of the Indians discovered them, and instinctively clapping his hand on his breast, as if to ward off the fatal ball, exclaimed in tones of affright, "me bad Indian!—me no do so more!" The appeal was in vain, the smoke curled from the glistening barrels, the report rang in the morning air, and the poor Indians fell dead. They returned to their cabins with the horses and "plunder" taken from the Indians, and swore mutual secrecy for this violation of law.

One evening, some time after, Hughes was quietly sitting in his cabin, when he was startled by the entrance of two powerful and well-armed savages. Concealing his emotions, he gave them a welcome and offered them seats. His wife, a muscular, squaw-like looking female, stepped aside and privately sent for Ratliff, whose cabin was near. Presently, Ratliff, who had made a detour, entered with his rifle, from an opposite direction, as if he had been out hunting. He found Hughes talking with the Indians about the murder. Hughes had his tomahawk and scalping-knife, as was his custom, in a belt around his person, but his rifle hung from the cabin wall, which he deemed it imprudent to attempt to obtain. There all the long night sat the parties, mutually fearing each other, and neither summoning sufficient courage to stir. When morning dawned, the Indians left, shaking hands and bidding farewell, but, in their retreat, were very cautious not to be shot in ambush by the hardy borderers.

Hughes died near Utica, in this county, in March, 1845, at an advanced age, in the hope of a happy future. His early life had been one of much adventure; he was, it is supposed, the last survivor of the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. He was buried with military honors and other demonstrations of respect.

THE BURLINGTON STORM.

On the 18th of May, 1825, occurred one of the most violent tornadoes ever known in Ohio. It has been commonly designated as "*the Burlington storm*," because in Burlington township, in this county, its effects were more severely felt than in any other part of its track. This event is told in the language of a correspondent.

It commenced between the hours of one and two P. M., in the southeast part of Delaware county. After passing for a few miles upon the surface of the ground, in an easterly direction, it appeared to rise so high from the earth that the tallest trees were not affected by it, and then again descended to the surface, and with greatly increased violence and force proceeded through the townships of Bennington and Burlington, in Licking county, and then passed into Knox county, and thence to Coshocton county. Its general course was a little north of east. For force and violence of wind this storm has rarely been surpassed in any country in the same latitude. Forests and orchards were completely uprooted and levelled, buildings blown down, and their parts scattered in every direction and carried by the force of the wind many miles distant. Cattle were taken from the ground and carried one hundred rods or more. The creek, which had been swollen by recent rains, had but little water in its bed after the storm had passed. The roads and fields, recently plowed, were quite muddy from previous rains; but after the storm had passed by, both roads and fields were clean and dry. Its track through Lick-

ing county was from one-third to three-fifths of a mile wide, but became wider as it advanced farther to the eastward. Those who were so fortunate as to be witnesses of its progress, without being victims of its fury, represent the appearance of the fragments of trees, buildings, etc., high in the air, to resemble large numbers of birds, such as buzzards, or ravens. The ground, also, seemed to tremble, as it is asserted by many credible persons, who were, at the time, a mile from the tornado itself. The roar of the wind, the trembling of the ground, and the crash of the falling timber and buildings, is represented by all who were witnesses as being peculiarly dreadful.

Colonel Wright and others, who witnessed its progress, think it advanced at the rate of a mile per minute, and did not last more than a minute and a half or two minutes. The cloud was exceedingly black, and sometimes bore hard upon the ground, and at others seemed to rise a little above the surface. One peculiarity was, that the fallen timber lay in every direction, so that the course of the storm could not be determined from the position of the fallen trees.

Many incidents are related by the inhabi-

tants calculated to illustrate the power, as well as the terror, of the storm, among which are the following. A chain from three to four feet long, and of the size of a common plow-chain, was taken from the ground near the house of John M'Clintock, and carried about half a mile, and lodged in the top of a sugar-tree stub, about twenty-five feet from the ground. An ox, belonging to Col. Wait Wright, was carried about eighty rods and left unhurt, although surrounded by the fallen timber, so that it required several hours chopping to release him. A cow, also, was taken from the same field and carried about forty rods, and lodged in the top of a tree, which was blown down, and when found was dead and about eight feet from ground. Whether the cow was blown against the tree-top before it was blown down, or was lodged in it after it fell, cannot be determined. A heavy ox-cart was taken from the yard of Colonel Wright and carried about forty rods, and struck the ground with such force as to break the axle and entirely to demolish one wheel. A son of Colonel Wright, upwards of fourteen years of age, was standing in the house holding the door. The house, which was built of logs, was torn to pieces, and the lad was thrown with such violence across the room as to kill him instantly. A coat, which was hanging in the same room, was found, in the following November, in Coshocton county, more than forty miles distant, and was afterwards brought to Burlington, and was identified by Colonel Wright's family. Other articles, such as shingles, pieces of timber and of furniture, were carried twenty, and even

thirty miles. Miss Sarah Robb, about twelve years of age, was taken from her father's house and carried some distance, she could not tell how far; but when consciousness returned, found herself about forty rods from the house, and walking towards it. She was much bruised, but not essentially injured. The family of a Mr. Vance, on seeing the storm approach, fled from the house to the orchard adjoining. The upper part of the house was blown off and carried through the orchard; the lower part of the house remained. Two sons of Mr. Vance were killed—one immediately, and the other died in a day or two from his wounds. These, and the son of Colonel Wright, above mentioned, were all the lives known to be lost by the storm. A house, built of large logs, in which was a family, and which a number of workmen had entered for shelter from the storm, was raised up on one side and rolled off the place on which it stood without injuring any one. A yoke of oxen, belonging to Wm. H. Cooley, were standing in the yoke in the field, and after the storm were found completely enclosed and covered with fallen timber, so that they were not released till the next day, but were not essentially injured. A black walnut tree, two and a half feet in diameter, which had lain on the ground for many years, and had become embedded in the earth to nearly one-half its size, was taken from its bed and carried across the creek, and left as many as thirty rods from its former location. A crockery crate, in which several fowls were confined, was carried by the wind several miles, and, with its contents, set down without injury.

THE REFUGEE TRACT.

Abridged from an article published in the *Newark American*, by Isaac Smucker, entitled "A Bit of Important History Appertaining to Licking County."

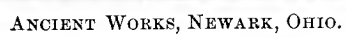
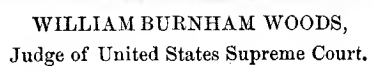
During the Revolutionary war many of the people of the British provinces so strongly sympathized with the cause of the American colonies that they were obnoxious to their neighbors, and were ultimately obliged to abandon their homes and property, and seek refuge in the colonies, where some entered the Revolutionary army. The property of such was confiscated, and they became permanent citizens of the United States.

By resolutions passed by Congress, April 23, 1783, and April 13, 1785, the refugees were, "on account of their attachment to the interest of the United States, recommended to the humanity and particular attention of the several States in which they reside," and informed that, "whenever Congress can consistently reward them by grants of land they will do so, by making such reasonable and adequate provision for them on our public domain as will amply remunerate them."

The realization of these promises held out to the refugees was a work of time depending upon the passage of the celebrated ordinance of 1787, which established civil government in the Northwest Territory, and opened the public lands to survey and settle-

ment. On the 17th of April, 1798, Congress progressed to the point of inviting all refugees who were claimants of land to make their claims apparent to the War Department within two years from the date of said action, by "rendering a full and true account of their claims to the bounty of Congress."

The refugees thereupon made proofs of their respective services, sacrifices and sufferings in consequence of their attachment to the cause of the colonies against the mother country, and when the legal limit had expired, within which proof of claims must be made, the Secretary of War divided the refugees into a number of classes, awarding to the first class 2,240 acres, and to the lowest 160 acres.



On February 18, 1801, Congress took action upon the report of the Secretary by appropriating about 100,000 acres, which they deemed sufficient to meet all the awards. This was a tract four and a half miles wide, and extending eastward from the Scioto river towards the Muskingum, about forty-eight miles, terminating in Muskingum county not far east of Gratiot.

Two and a half miles of this four and a half miles strip, as originally surveyed, belonged to the United States military tract, and the remaining two miles was Congress land.

This line, dividing the military from the Congress land, running through the refugee tract, forms the southern boundary of Licking county, and the northern boundary of Fairfield and Perry counties. Thus all three of these counties have each a strip of the refugee tract.

Although the refugee tract, as originally appropriated, extended into Muskingum county, but few, if any, refugee locations were made there, because it was land in excess of the awards, and so reverted to the government.

The little notch on one and a half by two and a half miles, taken out of the southeastern corner of Licking county, was also doubtless part of the refugee tract. It is supposed that it was at this notch that the refugee locations terminated, for the reason there were no more refugee claims to satisfy.

The national road runs almost the entire forty-eight miles from the Scioto river to Hopewell township, Muskingum county, within the refugee tract. The southern boundary of Licking county was also the southern boundary of the United States military tract of 1,500,000 acres.

Newark in 1846.—Newark, the county-seat, is thirty-seven miles, by the mail route, easterly from Columbus, at the confluence of the three principal branches of the Licking. It is on the line of the Ohio canal, and of the railroad now constructing from Sandusky City to Columbus, a branch from which, of about twenty-four miles in length, will probably diverge from this place to Zanesville. Newark is a beautiful and well-built town, on a level site, and it has the most spacious and elegant public square in the State. It was laid out, with broad streets, in 1801, on the plan of Newark, N. J., by General William C. Schenk, George W. Burnet, Esq., and John M. Cummings, who owned this military section, comprising 4,000 acres.

The first hewed-log houses were built in 1802, on the public square, by Samuel Elliott and Samuel Parr. The first tavern, a hewed-log structure, with a stone chimney, was opened on the site of the Franklin House, by James Black. In 1804 there were about fifteen or twenty families, mostly young married people. Among the early settlers were Morris A. Newman, Adam Hatfield, Jas. Black, John Johnson, Patrick Cunningham, Wm. Claypole, Abraham Miller, Samuel H. Smith, Annanah Pugh, James Petticord, John and Aquila Belt, Dr. John J. Brice, and widow Pegg. About the year 1808 a log building

The following is a list of the refugees and the quantities awarded to them, to wit :

To the following, 2,240 acres : Martha Walker, widow, John Edgar, Samuel Rodgers, James Boyd's heirs, P. Francis Cazeau, John Ailing, Seth Harding.

To the following, 1,280 acres : Jonathan Eddy, Col. James Livingston, Parker Clark, John Dodge's heirs.

The following, 960 acres : Nathaniel Reynolds' heirs, Thomas Faulkner, Edward Faulkner, David Gay, Martin Brooks, Lieutenant-Colonel Bradford, Noah Miller, Joshua Lamb, Atwood Fales, John Starr, William How, Ebenezer Gardner, Lewis F. Delesdernier, John M'Gowan, Jonas C. Minot, Simeon Chester's heirs, Charlotte Hasen, widow, Chloe Shannon, widow, Mrs. Obadiah Ayer, widow, Israel Rutland's heirs, Elijah Ayer's heirs, Edward Antell's heirs, Joshua Sprague's heirs.

The following, 640 acres : Jacob Venderhayden, John Livingston, Jacob Crawford, Isaac Danks, Major B. Von Heer, Benjamin Thompson, Joseph Binden, Joseph Levittre, Lieutenant Wm. Maxwell, John D. Mercer, Seth Noble, Martha Bogart, widow, John Halsted, Robert Sharp, John Fulton, John Morrison.

The following, 320 acres : David Jenks, Ambrose Cole, James Cole, Adam Johnson, Jeremiah Dugan's widow and heirs, Daniel Earl, Jr., John Paskell, Edward Chinn, Joseph Cone, John Torreyre, Elijah Ayer, Jr., Anthony Burk's heirs, James Sprague, David Dickey, John Taylor, and Gilbert Seaman's heirs. To Samuel Fales alone was awarded 160 acres.

Thus the land was divided into sixty-nine parts, amounting to 65,280 acres, to which should be added seven sections, or nearly 5,000 acres more, awarded to the inhabitants by Congress for school purposes, making in all about 70,000 acres. The locations were made by law on the 2d of January, 1802, and patents were promptly issued.

was erected on or near the site of the court-house, which was used as a court-house and a church, common for all denominations. The Presbyterians built the first regular church, about 1817, just west of the court-house, on the public square. The first sermon delivered in Newark, by a Presbyterian, and probably the first by any denomination in the county, was preached under peculiar circumstances.

In 1803 Rev. John Wright, missionary of the Western Missionary Society at Pittsburg, arrived on a Saturday afternoon at Newark, which then contained five or six log-cabins

and Black's log tavern, at which he put up. On inquiring of the landlady, he found there was but one Presbyterian in the place, and as he was very poor, he concluded to remain at the tavern rather than intrude upon his hospitality. The town was filled with people attending a horse-race, which, not proving satisfactory, they determined to try over the next day. Mr. Wright retired to rest at an early hour, but was intruded upon by the horse-racers, who swore that he must either join and drink with them or be ducked under a pump, which last operation was coolly performed upon one of the company in his presence. About midnight he sought and obtained admittance in the house of the Presbyterian, where he rested on the floor, not without strenuous urging from the worthy couple to occupy their bed. The next morning, which was Sunday, when the guests ascertained he

was a clergyman, they sent an apology for their conduct, and requested him to postpone preaching until afternoon, when the race was over. The apology was accepted, but he preached in the morning to a few persons, and in the afternoon to a large congregation. The sermon, which was upon the sanctification of the Sabbath, was practical and pungent. When he concluded, a person arose and addressed the congregation, telling them that the preacher had told the truth; and although he was at the horse-race, it was wrong, and that they must take up a contribution for Mr. Wright. Over seven dollars were collected. In 1804 Mr. Wright settled in Lancaster, and after great difficulty, as the population was much addicted to vice, succeeded, in about 1807, through the aid of Mr. David Moore, in organizing the first Presbyterian church in Newark.

NEWARK contains two Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one Methodist, one Welsh Methodist, one German Lutheran, one Welsh Presbyterian and one Catholic church; three newspaper printing-offices, two grist-mills, one foundry, one woollen-factory, six forwarding-houses, ten groceries, one book, two hardware, and eighteen dry-goods stores. In 1830 it had 999 inhabitants; in 1840, 2,705; in 1847, 3,406.—*Old Edition.*

NEWARK, county-seat of Licking, is on the Licking river, thirty-three miles east of Columbus, on the P. C. & St. L., C. O., and S. M. & N. Railroads. The Magnetic Springs, a noted health and pleasure resort, are just at the corporation line. Newark is the centre of a prolific grain and wool-producing district, and is also a manufacturing centre. County officers: Auditor, Allen B. Coffman; Clerk, Thomas F. Lennox; Commissioners: Henry Shipley, John Tucker, Barclay I. Jones; Coroner, David M. Smith; Infirmary Directors, Nathaniel Rugg, Benjamin B. Moats, Finley Stafford; Probate Judge, Jonathan Rees; Prosecuting Attorney, John M. Swartz; Recorder, Jonathan V. Hilliard; Sheriff, Andrew J. Crilly; Surveyor, George P. Webb; Treasurer, William H. Davis. City officers: Mayor, Moses P. Smith; Clerk, William Allen Veach; Solicitor, William D. Fulton; Street Commissioner, Albert Daugherty; Marshal, H. J. Rickenbaugh; Chief of Police, C. L. Brooke; Treasurer, W. H. Davis. Newspapers: *Advocate*, Democratic, J. H. Newton, editor; *American*, Republican, Lyon & Ickes, proprietors; *Banner*, Republican, Milton R. Scott, editor; *Express*, German, F. Kochendortter, proprietor; *Licking County Republican*, Republican, M. P. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: one Congregational, one Welsh Congregational, one Lutheran, one German Lutheran, one Advent, one Methodist Episcopal, one German Methodist, one African Methodist Episcopal, two Presbyterian, one German Presbyterian, one Catholic, one Baptist, two Protestant Episcopal. Banks: First National, J. Buckingham, president, F. S. Wright, cashier; Franklin, Robbins, Winegarner, Wing & Co; People's National, Gibson Atherton, president, J. H. Franklin, Jr., cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Charles Kibler, Jr., & Co., stoves, 45 hands; Newark (Ohio) Wire-Cloth Co., brass and copper wire-cloth, 22; The Edward H. Everett Co., fruit-jars and bottles, 230; Moses & Wehrle, stoves and ranges, 55; Excelsior Rolling Mills, flour and feed; Loudenslager & Atkins, brass and copper wire-cloth; Nutter & Haines, mouldings, etc.; Newark Paper Co., 21; T. H. Holman, carriages, wagons, etc., 15; Dorsey Bros., flour and feed; John H. McNamar, traction engines, etc., 35; Bourner & Phillips, doors, sash, etc., 16; Garber & Vance, doors, sash, etc., 25; D. Thomas & Co., flour and feed; R. Scheidler, traction engines, 25; Newark Steam Laundry, laundrying, 9; James E. Thomas, founders and machinists, 45; Loudenslager & Sites, flour and feed;

Ball & Ward, carriages and buggies, 22; Union Iron Works, traction-engines; Newark Wind-Engine Co., wind-engines; Newark *Daily American*, printing, etc., 14; B. & O. Railroad Shops, railroad repairs, 550; *Advocate* Printing Co., printing and binding, 22; Lane Bros., structural iron works, 25.—*State Report, 1888*. Population in 1880, 9,600. School census, 1888, 3,857; J. C. Hartzler, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$410,300. Value of annual product, \$737,200. U. S. census, 1890, 14,270.

The *Newark Earthworks* are the most extensive, numerous and diversified in style and character, of any within the State. The purpose of their erection seems as difficult of explanation at the present day as when first discovered in 1800. The first impression in viewing them is, that they were constructed for military purposes; but a closer examination explodes this theory, and fails to substitute any more rational one. Suffice it to say, that we must consider these works as one of the mysteries of the past, unless the science of archaeology, which has made such wonderful advances in the past few years, shall solve its mysteries for us.

The following description of these works is extracted from an article by Hon. Isaac Smucker, published in the "American Antiquarian:—"

The Raceoon and South Fork creeks unite on the southern borders of Newark, and these ancient works cover an area of three or four square miles between these streams and contiguous to them, extending about two miles up the Raceoon and a less distance up the South Fork. These works are situated on an elevated plain, thirty or forty feet above these streams, the Raceoon forming the northerly boundary of said plain, and the South Fork its southwestern boundary. The streams come together nearly at right angles, the three or four square miles of land, therefore, covered with these ancient works, situated between said creeks, and extending several miles up both of them from their junction, are, in form, very nearly an equilateral triangle.

The foregoing works consisted of earth mounds, both large and small, in considerable

numbers, of parallel walls or embankments, of no great but tolerably uniform height; of small circles, partial or incompleated circles, semi or open circles, all of low but well-marked embankments or walls; of enclosures of various forms and heights, such as large circles—one parallelogram, one octagon, and others which may have become partially or wholly obliterated under the operation of the plow, or through the devastating action of the elements, their banks having been originally of small elevation, and among them one of the class designated as "effigy mounds." This remains in a good state of preservation, situated within and about the centre of the largest circular enclosure, known as "The Old Fort." It is a representation of an immense bird "on the wing," and is called "Eagle Mound."

In the terrible railroad strike and riot in July, 1877, in the West, by which many lives were lost in Pittsburg, Chicago and elsewhere, there was great trouble at Newark, the strikers there resorting to force by side-tracking trains. The acting Governor, Thomas L. Young, called out and assembled at Newark troops from Cincinnati, Dayton and elsewhere, and by personal consultation with the leaders of the strike, and by his cool, judicious management, restored peace and order without bloodshed.

OPENING OF OHIO CANAL.

The opening of the Ohio Canal was a matter of very great import to the people of Ohio, and although the canal met with its due share of opposition, the people generally expected great things through the canal and were determined that it should be commenced with due pomp and ceremony. Governor Clinton had been invited and accepted the invitation to be present and dig the first shovelful of earth.

The commissioners had decided on the advice of Judge D. S. Bates, of New York, the chief engineer of the work, that the opening should take place on the Licking Summit, in Licking county, about three miles west, on the 4th of July, 1825.

Governor Clinton's Reception at Chere-land.—Governor Clinton entered Ohio on the steamboat *Superior* on the last day of June. Crowds assembled to meet him. Mr.

George B. Merwin, who as a boy witnessed the ceremonies of the reception at Cleveland, thus describes them.

"It was a heavenly day, not a cloud in the sky, the lake calm as the river, its glistening bosom reflecting the fierce rays of an almost tropical sun; the boat soon passed Water street, dressed with all her flags, and came to anchor about a mile opposite the mouth of the river and fired her usual signal gun."

Her commander, Captain Fisk, ordered the steps to be let down and her yawl boat placed along side of them; then taking Governor Clinton by the hand seated him in the stern of the boat, and was followed by his aids, Colonel Jones, Colonel Read and Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who had traversed the State when a wilderness, as an officer under General Wayne, Messrs. Rathbone and Lord, who had loaned us the money with which to commence the canal, and Judge Conkling, United States District Judge, of New York.

They came up the river, the stars and stripes waving over them, and landed at the foot of Superior street, where the reception committee with carriages and a large concourse of citizens awaited them and took them to the Mansion House, then kept by my father, where Governor Clinton was addressed by the late Judge Samuel Cowles, who had been selected by the committee to make the reception address.

Governor Clinton made a eloquent reply. In a part of his remarks he made the statement, 'that when our canals were made, even if they had cost five million dollars, they would be worth three times that sum; that the increased price of our productions in twenty years would be worth five million dollars; that the money saved on the transportation of goods, to our people, during the same period would be five millions of dollars, and that the canals would finally by their tolls refund their entire cost, principal and interest.'"

The First Spadeful of Earth.—The next day the party departed by stage for Licking county. There they were received on behalf of Licking county by Judge Wilson and Alexander Homes, and on the part of Fairfield by Judge Elnathan Scofield and Colonel John Noble. The latter has described the opening ceremonies in the *Columbus Gazette* as follows:

"The ceremonies commenced as had been agreed upon. Governor Clinton received the spade, thrust it into the rich soil of Ohio, and raised the first spadeful of earth, amidst the most enthusiastic shouts of the thousands present. This earth was placed in what they called a canal wheel-barrow. Then the spade was passed to Governor Morrow, the then Governor of Ohio, a statesman and farmer. He soon sunk the spade its full depth, and raised the second spadeful. Then commenced a hustle for who should raise the next. Captain Ned King, as we familiarly called him, having the command of an infantry company present from Chillicothe,

raised the third; then some of the guests in Governor Clinton's company, and finally, the barrow being full, Captain King took hold of the handles and wheeled it out to a bank. For me at this time to attempt to describe the scene is impossible—the most enthusiastic excitement by all the thousands, and shouts of joy went to the All-Giver. The feeling was so great that tears fell from many eyes, the strong expression of the heart. Mr. Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, was orator of the day. The stand for speaking was in the woods. The crowd was so great that one company of cavalry were formed in a hollow square, around the back and sides of the stand for speaking. The flies, after a three days' rain, were so troublesome that the horses kept up a constant tramping, which induced the following remark from my old friend Caleb Atwater, that evening at Lancaster: 'Well,' says he, 'I suppose it was all right to have the horses in front of the speaker's stand, for they cannot read and we can.'"

Wages on the Ohio Canal.—Governor Clinton and friends, Governor Morrow, Messrs. Rathburn and Lord, and many others were invited to visit Lancaster, where they were handsomely entertained by the citizens. They then passed north to Columbus. The Lancaster, Ohio, Bank was the first to make terms with the Fund Commissioners to receive and disburse the money, in payment of work as estimated every month, on the Roaring Canal, as the boys on the work were pleased to call it. Boys on the work—only think of it, ye eight hour men! Their wages were eight dollars per 26 working dry days, or 30½ cents per day, and from sunrise to sunset. They were fed well and lodged in shanties, and had their jiggers of whiskey the first four months.

Remarkable Increase in Values.—Men came from Fairfield, Hocking, Gallia, and Meigs counties, and all the country around came forward. Farmers and their sons wanted to earn this amount of wages, as it was cash, and they must have it to pay taxes and other cash expenses. Wheat sold at 25 cents per bushel, corn 12½ cents delivered in Lancaster or at distillery, oats ten cents. But before the canal was finished south of the Summit, the North End, from Dresden to Cleveland, was in operation. Then wheat sold on the canal at 75 cents per bushel, and corn rose in proportion, and then the enemies of the canal, all of whom were large land-holders or large tax-payers, began to have their eyes opened. One of these I will name. A Mr. Shoemaker, of Pickaway county, below Tariton, was a rich land-owner, and had opposed the building of the canal, as it would increase his tax, and then be a failure. This same gentleman, for such he was, told me his boys had, with one yoke of oxen and farm-cart, hauled to Circleville potatoes and sold them for forty cents per bushel, until they had more money than paid all his taxes for the year. This was an article they never had sold before, and he was now a convert

to the improvement. Wheat raised from 25 cents to \$1.00 per bushel before the canal was finished.

And now let me say, as I have lived to see all to this time, the Ohio canal was the beginning of the State's prosperity."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.—Newark takes pride in her reputation of having supplied the youngest and smallest recruit to the Union army, and in the person of JOHNNIE CLEM, sometimes called the Drummer Boy of Shiloh, and sometimes of Chickamauga. Lossing says he was probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle. His full name is John Winton Clem, but the family spell the name Klem and not Clem. He was born in Newark, August 13, 1851, and ran away from home when less than ten years of age and enlisted as a drummer boy in the army; was in many battles and won singular distinction.

Johnnie Clem's parents were French-Germans, his mother from Alsace. His father was a market-gardener and huckster, and used to send Johnnie, accompanied by his sister, Lizzie (now Mrs. Adams), two years younger, from house to house to sell vegetables. Johnnie was a universal favorite with the people, being a bright, sprightly boy, and very small of his age—only thirty inches high.

The family are now living in garden-like surroundings on the outskirts, on the Granville road, where I went to have an interview to get the facts of his history. I knocked at the side-door of an humble home. A sturdy, erect, compact little woman answered my knock, and to my query replied, "I am his sister and can tell you everything. Please take a seat and I'll be ready in a few moments." She was the Lizzie spoken of above. It was the kitchen I was in: two young children were by her side, and some pies, with their jackets on, on the table about ready for the oven, and only requiring the trimming off of the overhanging dough, which she did dextrously, twirling them on the tips of her uplifted fingers during the operation. Placing them in the oven, and then "tidying up things a little," she took a seat and thus opened up her story for my benefit, while the children in silence looked at me with wondering eyes and listened also:

LIZZIE'S NARRATIVE.

It being Sunday, May 24, 1861, and the great rebellion in progress, Johnnie said at dinner-table: "Father, I'd like mighty well to be a drummer boy. Can't I go into the Union army?" "Tut, what nonsense, boy!" replied father, "you are not ten years old." Yet when he had disappeared it is strange we had no thoughts that he had gone into the service.

When dinner was over Johnnie took charge of us, I being seven years old and our brother, Lewis, five years, and we started for the Francis de Sales Sunday-school. As it was early he left us at the church door, saying, "I will go and take a swim and be back in time." He was a fine swimmer. That was the last we saw of him for two years.

The distress of our father and step-mother at Johnnie's disappearance was beyond measure. Our own mother had met with a shocking death the year before: had been run over by a yard engine as she was crossing the track to avoid another train. No own mother could be more kind to us than was our step-mother. Father, thinking Johnnie must have been drowned, had the water drawn from the head of the canal. Mother travelled hither and yon to find him. It was all in vain. Several weeks elapsed when we heard of him

as having been in Mount Vernon; and then for two years nothing more was heard and we mourned him as dead, not even dreaming that he could be in the army, he was so very small, nothing but a child.

It seems he went up on the train to Mount Vernon and appeared next day at the house of Mrs. Dennis Cochrane, an old neighbor of ours. He told her that his father had sent him there to peddle vegetables which were to come up from Newark. None arriving, Mrs. Cochrane surmised the truth, and at the end of the week, fearful he would escape, fastened to him a dog chain and put him in charge of a Newark railroad conductor to deliver to his home, which he could readily do as it was near the depot. On his arrival here he worked on the sympathies of the conductor to let him go free, saying his father would whip him dreadfully if he was delivered to him. This father wouldn't have done—he would have been but too glad to have got him.

The train carried him to Columbus, where he enlisted as a drummer boy in the 24th Ohio. Finding an uncle in that organization he left it and went as a drummer boy in the 22d Michigan. He was an expert drummer, and being a bright, cheery child, soon made

his way into the affections of officers and soldiers.

He was in many battles : at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro', Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Nashville, Kenesaw, and others, in which the army of the Cumberland was engaged. He was at one time taken prisoner down in Georgia. The rebels stripped him of everything, his clothes, his shoes, his little gun—an ordinary musket, I suppose, cut short—and his little cap. He said he did not care about anything but his cap. He did want to save that, and it hurt him sorely to part with it, for it had three bullet holes through it.

When he was exchanged as a prisoner he came home for a week. He was wasted to a skeleton. He had been starved almost to death. I was but a little thing then, but I never shall forget his dreadful corpse-like aspect when the carriage which brought him stopped at our door. He seemed like as if he was done up in a mass of rags. There were no soldier clothes small enough to fit him, and he was so small and wan and not much larger than a babe, about thirty inches high, and couldn't have weighed over sixty pounds.

He returned to the army and served on the

On closing her narrative Mrs. Adams showed me a portrait of her brother as a captain. He is a perfect blonde with large blue eyes, large straight nose, and a calm, amiable expression. Another as a child standing by the side of General McClennan, who looks pleased, the natural result of having such a sweet-looking little fellow by him. He was a great favorite with all the generals, as Grant, Rosecrans and Thomas, the latter keeping up with him a fatherly correspondence as long as he lived.

To the foregoing narrative from Mrs. Adams we have some items to add of his war experiences, from an equally authentic source.

When he joined the 22d Michigan, being too young to be mustered in, he went with the regiment as a volunteer, until at length he was beating the long roll in front of Shiloh. His drum was smashed by a piece of shell, which occurrence won for him the appellation of "Johnnie Shiloh," as a title of distinction for his bravery. He was afterwards regularly mustered in and served also as a marker, and with his little musket so served on the battlefield of Chattanooga. At the close of that bloody day, the brigade in which he was partly surrounded by rebels and was retreating, when he, being unable to fall back as fast as the rest of the line, was singled out by a rebel colonel, who rode up to him with the summons, scoundrel, "Halt! surrender, you little Yankee!" By way of order Johnnie halted, brought his piece to the position of charge bayonet, thus throwing the colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, fired, and the colonel fell dead from his horse. Simultaneously with this the regiment was fired into, when Johnnie fell as though he had been shot, and laid there until darkness closed in, when he arose and made his way toward Chattanooga

staff of General Thomas until the close of the war. After it, he studied at West Point, but could not regularly enter as a cadet on account of his diminutive size. General Grant, however, commissioned him as a Lieutenant. He is now (1886) Captain of the 24th U. S. Infantry, and is stationed at Fort McHenry, Md. He is still small: height, only five feet, and weight, 105 pounds. He married, May 24, 1875, Annita, daughter of the late General Wm. H. French, U. S. A. Like her husband, she is under size, short and delicate; can't weigh over seventy pounds. They have had six children, only one of whom is living.

I have told you of the dreadful death of our mother, run over by a yard engine. My brother Louis, five years old on that noted Sunday, also came to a shocking end. I think father will never get over mourning for him. He grew to be very tall, full six feet, but of slender frame and feeble health. He was off West on a furlough for his health when he went with Custer, as a guest, on his last ill-fated expedition, and was with the others massacred by the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, in the battle of Little Big Horn, in Montana, June 25, 1876.

after the rest of the army. A few days later he was taken prisoner with others whilst detailed to bring up the supply trains from Bridgeport.

When he returned to service, General Thomas was in command of the army of the Cumberland. He received him with the warmest enthusiasm, made him an orderly sergeant, and attached him to his staff. At Chickamauga he was struck with a fragment of a shell in the hip, and at Atlanta, while he was in the act of delivering a despatch from General Thomas to General Logan, when a ball struck his pony obliquely near the top of his head, killing him and wounding his fearless little atom of a rider in the right ear.

For his heroic conduct he was made a sergeant by Rosecrans, who placed him upon the Roll of Honor, and attached him to the head-quarters of the army of the Cumberland, while a daughter of Chief-Justice Chase presented him with a silver medal inscribed, "Sergeant Johnnie Clem, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, from N. M. C.," which he worthily wears as a priceless badge of honor upon his left breast, in connection with his Grand Army medal.

Now (1890) Captain Clem is holding the important positions of Depot Quartermaster, Depot Commissary, ordnance office, Columbus, Ohio.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, NEWARK.



Frank Henry Howe, Photo., 1890.

PUBLIC SQUARE, NEWARK.

Granville in 1846.—Granville is six miles west of Newark on Raccoon creek, a branch of the Licking, and is connected with the Ohio canal by a side cut of six miles in length. It is a neat, well-built town, noted for the morality and intelligence of its inhabitants and its flourishing and well-conducted literary institutions. It contains 6 churches, 6 stores, 3 academies—(beside a large brick building, which accommodates in each of its stories a distinct school,—and had, in 1840, 727 inhabitants. The Granville College belongs to the Baptists, and was chartered in 1832. It is on a commanding site, one mile southwest of the village: its faculty consists of a president, two professors and two tutors. The four institutions at Granville have, unitedly, from 15 to 20 instructors, and enjoy a generous patronage from all parts of the State. When all the schools and institutions are in operation, there are, within a mile, usually from 400 to 600 scholars.—*Old Edition.*

GRANVILLE is six miles west of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R., about thirty-five miles from Columbus. It is the seat of Dennison University, Granville Female College and Shepardson's Institute for Women. Newspaper: *Times*, Republican, Kussmaul & Shepardson, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Welsh Congregational, and 1 Welsh Calvinistic. Bank: Granville (Wright, Sinnett & Wright), Theodore F. Wright, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,127. School census, 1888, 363. City officers, 1888: T. J. Durant, Mayor; H. A. Church, Clerk; W. J. Pond, Treasurer; Abner Evans, Marshal. Census, 1890, 1,293.

The annexed historical sketch of Granville township is from the published sketches of the Rev. Jacob Little.

In 1804 a company was formed at Granville, Mass., with the intention of making a settlement in Ohio. This, called "*the Scioto Company*," was the third of that name which effected settlements in Ohio. The project met with great favor, and much enthusiasm was elicited; in illustration of which, a song was composed and sung to the tune of "Pleasant Ohio," by the young people in the house and at labor in the field. We annex two stanzas, which are more curious than poetical.

When rambling o'er these mountains
And rocks, where ivies grow
Thick as the hairs upon your head,
'Mongst which you cannot go;
Great storms of snow, cold winds that blow,
We scarce can undergo;
Says I, my boys, we'll leave this place
For the pleasant Ohio.

Our precious friends that stay behind,
We're sorry now to leave;
But if they'll stay and break their shins,
For them we'll never grieve;
Adieu, my friends! come on, my dears,
This journey we'll forego,
And settle Licking creek,
In yonder Ohio.

The *Scioto Company* consisted of 114 proprietors, who made a purchase of 28,000 acres. In the autumn of 1805, 234 persons, mostly from East Granville, Mass., came on to the purchase. Although they had been forty-two days on the road, their first business, on their arrival, having organized a church before they left the East, was to hear a sermon. The first tree cut was that by which public worship was held, which stood just front of the site of the Presbyterian church. On the first Sabbath, November

16, although only about a dozen trees had been cut, they held divine worship, both forenoon and afternoon, at that spot. The novelty of worshipping in the woods, the forest extending hundreds of miles every way, the hardships of the journey, the winter setting in, the fresh thoughts of home, with all the friends and privileges left behind, and the impression that such must be the accommodations of a new country, all rushed on their nerves and made this a day of varied interest. When they began to sing, the echo of their voices among the trees was so different from what it was in the beautiful meeting-house they had left, that they could no longer restrain their tears. *They wept when they remembered Zion.* The voices of part of the choir were for a season suppressed with emotion.

An interesting incident occurred, which some Mrs. Sigourney should put into a poetical dress. Deacon Theophilus Reese, a Welsh Baptist, had two or three years before built a cabin a mile and a half north, and lived all this time without public worship. He had lost his cows, and hearing a lowing of the oxen belonging to the company, set out towards them. As he ascended the hills overlooking the town-plot, he heard the singing of the choir. The reverberation of the

sound from hill-tops and trees threw the good man into a serious dilemma. The music at first seemed to be behind, then in the tops of the trees or the clouds. He stopped, till by accurate listening, he caught the direction of the sound, and went on, till passing the brow of the hill, when he saw the audience sitting on the level below. He went home and told his wife that "the promise of God is a bond;" a Welsh phrase, signifying that we have security, equal to a bond, that religion will prevail everywhere. He said "These must be good people. I am not afraid to go among them." Though he could not understand English, he constantly attended the reading meeting. Hearing the music on that occasion made such an impression on his mind, that when he became old and met the first settlers, he would always tell over this story. The first cabin built was that in which they worshipped succeeding Sabbaths, and before the close of winter they had a school and school-house. That church, in forty years, has been favored with ten

revivals, and received about one thousand persons.

Morals and Religion.—The first Baptist sermon was preached in the log church by Elder Jones, in 1806. The Welsh Baptist church was organized in the cabin of David Thomas, September 4, 1808. "The Baptist church in Christ and St. Albans," was organized June 6, 1819. On the 21st of April, 1827, the Granville members were organized into "the Granville church," and the corner-stone of their church was laid September 21, 1829. In the fall, the first Methodist sermon was preached under a black walnut; the first class organized in 1810, and first church erected in 1824. An Episcopal church was organized May 9, 1827, and a church consecrated in 1838. More recently, the Welsh Congregationalists and Calvinistic Methodists have built houses of worship, making seven congregations, of whom three worship in the Welsh language. There are, in the township, 405 families, of which 214 sustain family worship; 1431



FIRST HOUSE IN GRANVILLE.

persons over 14 years of age, of whom nearly 800 belong to these several churches. The town has 150 families, of which 80 have family worship. Twenty years ago, the township furnished 40 school-teachers, and in 1846 70, of whom 62 prayed in school. In 1846, the township took 621 periodical papers, besides three small monthlies. The first temperance society west of the mountains was organized July 15, 1828, and in 1831, the Congregational church adopted a by-law, to accept no member who trafficked in or used ardent spirits.

Snake Hunt.—There are but six men now living who came on with families the first fall, viz: Hugh Kelly, Roswell Graves, Elias Gillman, William Gavit, Levi and Hiram Rose. Other males, who arrived in 1805, then mostly children, and still surviving, are, Elkanah Linnel, Spencer, Thomas and Timothy Spelman, Dennis Kelly, William Jones, Franklin and Ezekiel Gavit, Cotton, Alexander and William Thrall, Augustine Munson, Amos Carpenter, Timothy, Samuel, Heland,

Lemuel, C. C. and Hiram P. Rose, Justin and Truman Hillyer, Silvanus, Gideon, Isaac and Archibald Cornel, Simeon and Alfred Avery, Frederick More, Worthy Pratt, Ezekiel, Samuel and Truman Wells, Albert, Mitchell, Joshua, Knowles and Benjamin Linnel, Lester and Hiram Case, Harry and Lewis Clemens, Leverett, Harry and Charles Butler, and Titus Knox: which, added to the others, make forty-one persons.

When Granville was first settled, it was supposed that Worthington would be the capital of Ohio, between which and Zanesville, this would make a great half-way town. At this time, snakes, wolves and Indians abounded in this region. On the pleasant spring mornings, large numbers of snakes were found running on the flat stones. Upon prying up the stones, there was found a singular fact respecting the social nature of serpents. Dens were found containing very discordant materials, twenty or thirty rattlesnakes, black-snakes and copper-heads, all coiled up together. Their liberal terms of



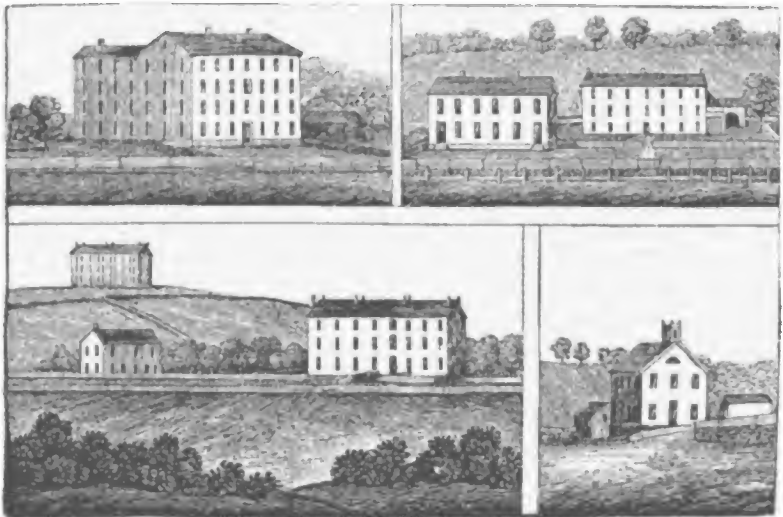
SHEPARDSON'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.



GRANVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.



DENNISON BAPTIST UNIVERSITY, LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, GRANVILLE, 1890.



Drawn by Henry Howe.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, GRANVILLE, 1846.

On left lower is the Baptist College; on the right lower Male Academy; on left upper Presbyterian Female Seminary; and on right upper Episcopal Female Seminary.

admission only seemed to require evidence of snakeship. Besides various turnouts to kill them, the inhabitants had one general hunt. Elias Gillman and Justin Hillyer were the captains, who chose sides, and the party beaten were to pay three gallons of whiskey. Tradition is divided as to the number killed that day. Some say 300. They killed that year between 700 and 800 rattle-snakes and copper-heads, keeping no account of the black and other harmless serpents. The young men would seize them by the neck and thrash them against the trees, before they had time to bite or curl round their arms. The copper-head, though smaller, was much more feared. The rattle-snake was larger, sooner seen, and a true Southerner, always living up to the laws of honor. He would not bite without provocation, and by his rattles gave the challenge in an honorable way. Instead of this well-bred warfare, the copper-head is a wrathful little felon, whose ire is always up, and he will make at the hand or foot in the leaves or grass before he is seen, and his bite is as poisonous as that of his brother of the larger fang. The young men tested his temper, and found that in his wrath he would bite a red-hot coal. Very few were bitten by the rattle-snake, and all speak well of his good disposition and gentlemanly manners; but so many were bitten in

consequence of the fractious temper of the copper-head, that he has left no one behind him to sound a note in his praise.

The limb bitten became immediately swollen, turned the color of the snake, and the patient was soon unable to walk. In some cases the poison broke out annually, and in others the limb was exposed to frequent swellings. After all that was suffered from poisonous reptiles, it was proved to a demonstration that no animal is so poisonous as man. Carrying more poison in his mouth than any other creature, he can poison a venomous serpent to death, quicker than the serpent can him. Martin Root and two other young men, chopping together, saw a rattle-snake, set a fork over his neck, and put in his mouth a new quid from one of their mouths. They raised the fork, and the poor creature did not crawl more than his length before he convulsed, swelled up and died, poisoned to death by virus from the mouth of one of the lords of creation. Deacon Hayes and Worthy Pratt tried the same experiment upon copper-heads, with the same results. Many others killed venomous reptiles in the same way, and one man pretended that, by the moderate use, he had taught a copper-head to take tobacco without injury.

AN EARLY TRAVELLER'S VISIT TO GRANVILLE.

From the narrative of the visit to the American churches by the divines, Reed and Matheson, deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, published in 1835, we make an extract descriptive of the religious state of Granville as they found it. It was certainly an unique community: it is doubtful if in the entire Union then—and much less so now—was there another like it. The writer of this account was Rev. Dr. Reed. The pastor of whom he speaks was the Rev. Jacob Little, the author of the foregoing historical sketch, who ministered here from 1828 to 1864, over thirty-seven years, as we learn from Rev. Henry Bushnell's valuable History of Granville, recently published.

Some of the new-made towns present a delightfully religious aspect. Of these, I might name Columbus, Zanesville and Granville. The first has 3,000 persons, 3 churches, and 5 ministers. The second has 3,200 persons and 6 churches; and Granville is a small town, which I believe is wholly religious. As a settlement it deserves notice.

It was made by a party of ninety persons from New England. On arriving at this spot they gave themselves to prayer, that they might be directed in choosing their resting-place in the wilderness and enjoy the blessing of God. At first they rested with their little ones in the wagons; and the first permanent building they erected was a church. The people retain the simple and pious manners of their fathers.

They all go to church, and there are four hundred in a state of communion. They give \$1,000 a year to religious institutions. One plain man, who never allowed himself the luxury of a set of fire-irons, besides what he

does at home, gives \$100 a year to religious objects. The present pastor is a devoted man and very prosperous in the care of his flock. Some of his little methods are peculiar, and might be objectionable or impracticable elsewhere. He meets his people in districts once a week in turn for instruction. He keeps an alphabetical list of the members, and places each name opposite a day of the month throughout the year, and on that day all the church are to pray for that member.

He has overseers in the districts, who are to make an entry of all points of conduct under separate heads during the year, and to furnish full reports to him at its close. This report, and the names of the parties, he reads from the pulpit, with rebuke or commendation, and the year begins afresh.

Every one, therefore, knows that he is subject to report, and in a small community, where there is neither power nor will to resist, it must act as a strong restraint. Of course, the drunkard, the fornicator, the Sabbath-

breaker, are not found here; and what is yet better, on the last report there was

only one family that had not domestic worship.

THE GRANVILLE RIOT.

In 1834 the *anti-slavery* movement was first agitated in Granville township. Theodore D. Weld, after a narrow escape from death by drowning, arrived in Granville, Friday, April 3, 1835. He had been an agent of the American Colonization Society in Alabama, an inmate of Judge Birney's family, and was one of forty-two young men, who, influenced by the reputation of Dr. Beecher, had gathered at Lane Seminary to study for the ministry. Not satisfied with the position taken by that institution on the anti-slavery question, they had left in a body.

He lectured at the conference-room of the Congregational Society, and the mob pelted him and his audience with eggs, not sparing the ladies. On another occasion he was addressing an audience from a window of a private dwelling-house—every public building in the village being closed against him—the male portion of his hearers were in the enclosed yard about the house, when a man in the crowd was heard muttering threats against the speaker. One of the Whiteheads, of Jersey, a man of great strength, stepped quietly up to the disturber, and grasping him under one arm, lifted him over the picket-fence and set him down in the street, saying, "There, my little man, keep quiet! We do not allow such language in the yard. Do not make any noise." The meeting proceeded without further disturbance.

Thursday, April 27, 1836, the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Convention held its anniversary in Granville. No room could be obtained for it in the village. A remonstrance was signed by seventy-five men—including the mayor, recorder, and members of the council—many of them prominent citizens and of two classes: those who abominated abolition and those whose motive was to avoid a disturbance of the peace.

The anti-slavery party yielded so far as not to meet in the village, and gathered in a large barn owned by Mr. A. A. Bancroft. This they named "The Hall of Freedom."

The day of the Convention the village was crowded with men of opposing factions. The anti-slavery faction was headed by such men as President Mahan and Professor Cowles, of Oberlin College; Hon. J. G. Birney, of Cincinnati, and kindred spirits. The other, numbering about 200 men, was a miscellaneous mob gathered from all parts of the county and without definite plan or leaders. They tried to get a militia captain to organize and lead them, but failed; they spent the day in harangues, in *bobbing* abolitionists' horses, and in drilling by squads.

The mayor purposely absented himself that day, and the constable declined to act until the afternoon brought violence.

The abolitionists quietly assembled and proceeded with their business. Word was sent to them that if they did not adjourn by a given time, they would be assailed. They

determined on self-defence, if attacked, and Mr. Bancroft, with a log-chain, secured the gate leading to the barn, thus making it necessary for assailants to scale the fence. A load of hoop-poles was brought from James Langdon's cooper-shop; each one was cut in two, affording an abundant supply of shillalahs in case of necessity.

At 2 P. M. the Convention had finished its business and adjourned *sine die*. In the meanwhile the mob had gathered in the village, at the corner of Prospect and Broad streets, and were prepared to meet the members of the Convention as they came up the street in procession, with the ladies' school of Misses Grant and Bridges (which had suspended for the day to attend the Convention) in the centre.

The two crowds came in collision. A part of the mob gave way and allowed the procession to move partially through its outskirts; but the mass of them resisted, and the procession was crowded into the middle of the street. As the excitement increased the mob began to hoot and cry for Samuel White and William Whitney—abolition lecturers conspicuous among the escort.

The procession closed in together and quickened their pace as the mob pressed upon them. One prominent citizen was heard to shout, "Egg the squaws!" Eggs and other missiles began to fly. Efforts were made to trip the ladies in the procession.

Near the centre of the town a student of the college and a lady he was escorting were pushed into a ditch. Hastening to place the lady among friends, the student returned, found his assailant, and knocked him down. This incident precipitated a general free fight. The student made a gallant fight, laying several of the mob in the dust before he was overpowered by numbers. At the rear of the procession a furnace man got an abolitionist down, and was pounding him unmercifully, when a citizen interfered, crying, "Get off; you're killing him!" "Wh-wh-why," said the man, who was a stammerer, "I s'posed I'd g-g-got to k-k-kill him, and he 'aint d-d-dead yet!" and he gave him another blow. A little farther on, several of the mob had laid hands on two of the young ladies. Citizens endeavored to hold back the mob and protect them until they could reach

places of safety, when one of them sank to the ground from fright, but soon gained courage enough to flee to a place of refuge.

The march had changed to the double-quick and almost a rout. But the ladies all reached places of safety, as did most of the men. Individual abolitionists were caught and assaulted. Eggs were thrown and there was more or less personal injury. Mr. Anderson, the constable, came upon the scene of action on horseback, and sought to use his authority. He was very unceremoniously dragged from his horse and treated with indignity. The closing scene was the ride of Judge Birney past the mob, now re-assembling at the hotel. He started from Dr.

Bancroft's, on his awfully *bobbed* horse, rode slowly by the mob, while they pelted him on every side with eggs; and when past the reach of their missiles, he put spurs to his horse, and in that plight rode out of town. An immediate reaction followed this outbreak, and the citizens were filled with shame that such violence should be done in their midst. The same evening an abolition meeting was held in the stone school-house on the Welsh Hills, without molestation. The abolition party received great accessions as a result of the day's work, and soon Granville became a well-known station on the Great Northwestern Underground Railroad.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

GRANVILLE is, perhaps, the most peculiar, unique village in the State. It was for a long period "a chunk" of the old-time New England set down in Central Ohio. There is much in the place to remind one of those ancient days, especially in the graveyards. Granville, at this hour, is a spot where learning welcomes you as you enter, looks down upon you from the hills as you pass through, and bids you farewell as you leave at the farther end. In other words, at each end of the main street is a female seminary, while on a hill, overlooking all, stands Dennison University.

I came over from Newark Thursday afternoon, June 17th, in a hack—a ride of six miles through the broad and beautiful valley of the Raccoon. I noticed some fine elms on the margin of wheat-fields; one of perfect symmetry, shaped like a weeping-willow. The Ohio elm has not the height nor the grandeur of the New England elm. Entering the village about 4 P. M., I found it to be class-day at the greeting institution. The exercises were over, but on the lawn, under the trees, was a bevy of maidens in white, with one gray-bearded patriarch among them—probably the teaching sire of the flock. The village street was ornamented with the moving figures of the nymphs, and, entering a photograph gallery, I found it filled with them, looking their prettiest for their sun pictures.

Granville is mainly on a single street called Broadway, 100 feet wide from curb to curb. It is well lined with trees, while the dwellings stand well back, half concealed in masses of shrubbery. The village has a peculiar air of refined neatness and purity, rendering it one of the sweetest spots I know of anywhere. The Baptist Church in its centre is a structure of unusual beauty: it is in Gothic architecture, and built of light-blue limestone from Sandusky. The Welsh Baptists and the New England Congregationalists alike

got a good grip upon this favored spot when the century was young.

The next morning, by a gentle-winding path, I went up the hill that overhangs the village, on which stands the University, and resting under some trees enjoyed the scene. I looked down upon the nestling village below me with its rising spires, and then stretching for miles away the broad and beautiful valley of the Raccoon, a rolling landscape of gentle hills, with here and there golden wheat-fields in a setting of livid green—there were farms, forests and sentinel trees upon the slopes and in the meadows of the valley, while over all was the tender blue sky and floating cumulus snowy-white clouds to flit their shadows. And life was around me, the moving figures of refined-looking youths and maidens on the grassy hill-side, their laughing voices gladdening the air as they passed by me to the college chapel. Presently the sound of music arose from therein, then died away, and the day wore on, calmly wore on over a picture of earthly beauty. The strange, unknown people who built the ancient works knew the superlative attractions of this favored valley, and from here to Newark, for a space of six miles, have left numerous monuments of their labors, showing it was once densely populated.

A DAY AMONG THE GRAVES.

Excepting that at Marietta I know of no ancient graveyard in Ohio to compare in interest with that at Granville. It is called the "Old Burying Ground," and was established in 1805. It is in the valley, within five minutes walk of the

centre of the village, contains three acres, and is partly enclosed by a stone wall. I visited it June 18, in company with Mr. Chas. W. Bryant, President of the Granville Historical Society.

The dead who lie buried here are about 2,000 in number, thus nearly doubling the living population of the village. The spot is thickly dotted with grave stones, largely sandstone slabs, many of the older ones with elaborately carved artistic, eccentric devices and quaint inscriptions. Many of the stones are leaning over and in varied directions, making it evident that their friends, whose duty it is to keep them in order, have also passed away or gone hence. Sunken graves abound densely carpeted with myrtle, concealing the treacherous hollows beneath, and rendering careful footsteps in certain places a necessity.

I here copy from my notes while among the graves. "This is a spot for melancholy and purifying emotion. Such a graveyard with its relics of the past is invested with tenfold the interest of a modern, ornate cemetery. Here the fathers sleep under their sculptured monuments, which not only preserve the art of their time, but give the theological ideas and the simple-hearted culture which guided their lives and made them a strong, heroic people. This place, with its never-ending lesson of the brevity of life, with its dilapidated leaning stones and time-eaten inscriptions, should be held sacred by the villagers with the same sort of veneration as that which puts a continued watch over the most famous of all graves—that of Shakespeare.

GOOD FRENDS FOR IESVS SAKE, FORBEARE,
TO DICER THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE!
BLESE BE Y^e MAN Y^e SPARES THESE STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y^e MOVES MY BONES!

"Such are the thoughts I pencil upon the spot in the sun of a fine June morning, with a persistent robin singing from a cedar hard bye, joined in with an occasional note from a Baltimore oriole, whose whereabouts I am unable to learn. I write seated upon the edge of the base of an overturned slab, which is elaborately carved in alto-relievo on top with vase and cloth. The slab lies buried flat in the grass and myrtle growth, and with all due respect to the memory of her who lies buried here I rest my feet upon the inscription, which reads:

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Abigail Boardman, relict of Moses Boardman, who departed this life Feb. 1st, 1820, in the 51st year of her age.

"To the grave her children resigned her consoled with the assured hope that her departed spirit is at rest with Christ, and that in the resurrection of the dead she will be raised and appear with him in glory."

"The tears shed for her demise have long been exhaled. The grass of sixty-six successive years has come and gone from over this spot. That of the present year now dots the graveyard in picturesque cones of fragrance, while a tethered cow six rods away is busy swinging her tail and gathering sustenance from the cropped herbage in the little vale on the margin of the place.

Blessings upon old muley, who teaches by example the virtues of meekness and humility!

"In this venerated spot lie buried, not only several soldiers of the American Revolution, but at least one of the old French and Indian war who, for aught we know, was with Wolfe at the storming of Quebec. On his stone is inscribed:

"Jonathan Benjamin, died August 26th, 1841, aged 102 years, and 10 months, and 12 days.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

This ends my notes in the graveyard. Mr. Bryant, who was the Old Mortality of this region, had copied into a book all the inscriptions that could be deciphered, and therein they are numbered, 928 in all. Among them are those of the parents of HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the historian of the Pacific coast.

We copy a few inscriptions from his book. The first is that of Deacon Rose. It gives interesting personal items. The old style graveyards are rich in history and biography, for the lack of which the modern cemetery is shorn of one great source of interest and instruction.

"Erected to the memory of Deacon Lemuel Rose, who died September 13, 1835, aged 71 years and 4 months. Born in Granville, Mass. A Revolutionary soldier. Emigrated with the first company of settlers. Drove the first team on the town-plot. Led the devotions of the first Sabbath assembly. Was twenty-two years deacon of the Granville Congregational Church. Was faithful, consistent, generous. His graces shone with a brighter and brighter lustre till his death."

A large number of the inscriptions are of children, some of which I copy entirely and others only their elegiac verse.

No. 928. An infant son of Eliza and Clarissa Abbot, died October 21, 1824.

Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to gasp and die.

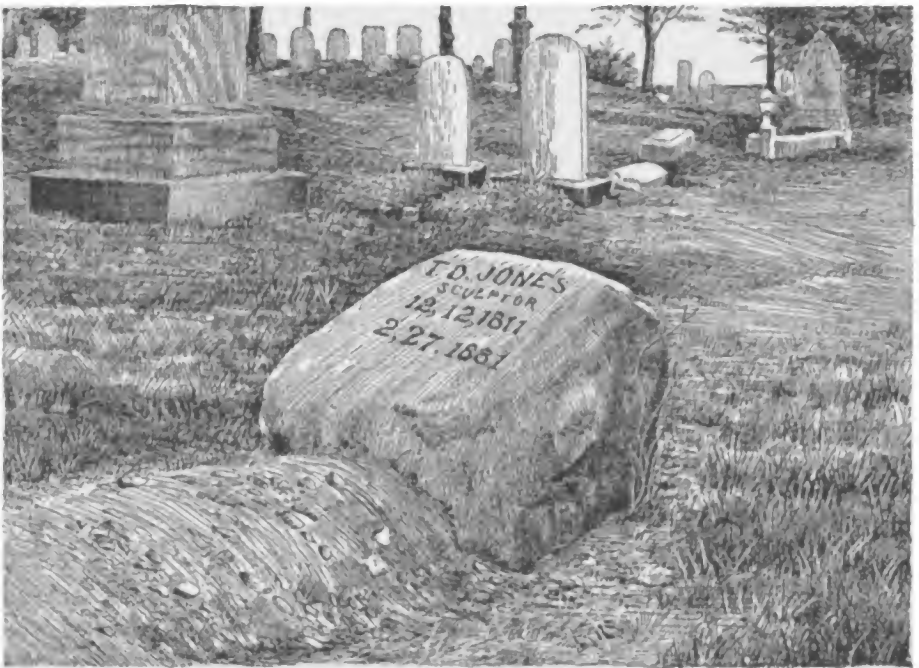
No. 694. Norman William, son of Aaron and Phoebe Bean, died July 13, 1828, aged 18 months and 13 days:

The Saviour called me from the earth
Ere I engaged in sinful mirth,



From Photograph by Elliott, Columbus.

PORTRAIT OF T. D. JONES, SCULPTOR.



S. P. Tresize, Photo., Granville.

THE WELSH HILLS BURYING-GROUND.

To sing with saints in ceaseless light,
Around the throne with cherubs bright;
Where babes like me are ever blest
And in the arms of Jesus rest!

No. 547.

The Gardener came and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took,
Took from the soil wherein it grew
And hid it from the parents' view.

No. 557.

Oh, William, dear, my darling child,
The treasure of my heart;
Why was it that I should be called
With thee so soon to part?

No. 597.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;

Life is but a winter day,
A journey to the tomb.

No. 763. Sereno Wright also talks from
the grave:
O poor worm of the dust and food for worms!
Reader! the same, the same fate awaits thee
too;
And soon, too soon, that such a being ever
lived
Will not be known.

No. 871. To the memory of Samuel Thrall,
Jr., who died February 10, 1830, aged 42
years:
Oh, think not that you are safe when in
your health:
The kick of a horse was the means of my
death.

No. 668.

To home, my friends; dry up your tears;
For I shall rise when Christ appears.

From the old burying-ground Mr. Bryant drove me to the WELSH HILLS CEMETERY. What is called the Welsh quarter comprises the northeastern part of Granville and goes under the general name of the Welsh Hills. Mr. Bryant told me that the Welsh were fast losing their national characteristic: the young people go much to other churches. The Welsh I have met seemed to me a wiry people with thoughtful faces, and with a capacity for the best sort of things. A fat, pussy, flabby Welshman is a *rara avis*.

The artistic work on the Granville sandstone monuments was largely done by two Welsh stone-cutters, one Hughes and my old friend "Poor Tom Jones," whom, from his genius, Donn Piatt called "an inspired stone-cutter." He began on monuments before essaying busts. Mr. Bryant showed me a statuette, the first work of art by Jones other than on monuments. It is the bust of an old man cut from a block of sandstone, wearing spectacles, cravat, and hat, and quite comic in character.

It is an interesting historical fact that in this very township were two such diverse colonies as Yankees and Welshmen, each equally strong in religion, only differing in the use of the kind of words in which they expressed their ideas and the use of water in church ministrations, for these were Welsh *Baptists*. Alike in their hearts, they could but acknowledge the force of the truth so touchingly told in the verse of Longfellow in the last utterance of Sir Humphrey Gilbert:

"He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand;
Do not fear: 'Heaven is near,'
He said, 'by *water* as by land.'"

Hitching the horse at the gate we entered the cemetery, whereupon myriads of grasshoppers arose at every step and literally came "as grasshoppers for multitude," and such that no man could number. They appeared to have been holding a levee just there, which was a sandy, sun-exposed spot. I know of no creature that gets so much hilarity out of short jumps as the grasshopper; the toad is altogether too solemn and contemplative, and when at last he decides to go it is but a feeble accomplishment.

In the old style graveyards of our fathers at the East, they being generally located upon

poor sandy soil, grasshoppers, I found, used to abound. So that the grasshopper has naturally a graveyard association, even if we did not find it scripturally so.

"And the GRASSHOPPER shall be a burden,
and desire shall fail; because man goeth to
his long home and the mourners go about the
streets."

The cemetery is on the summit of a very high hill, an expansive lonely spot, with a grand out-look of miles to the east-southeast over a magnificent pastoral region. I am told that Granville is the banner township of Ohio in its number of sheep and cattle, and

from the looks of the country around me I could well believe it.

We early came to a large marble slab, six feet by three feet, one end upon the ground and the other resting upon a pile of stones, about four feet high, sloping like a roof. On its upturned face was this inscription :

On this spot was erected in 1809 the first meeting-house of the Welsh Hills Baptist Church. Here also was organized in 1811 the Muskingum Baptist Association. The church was organized some forty rods east in the cabin of David Thomas, September 4, 1808, with the following members, viz. :

Theophilus Rees,	Elizabeth Rees,
David Thomas,	Mary Thomas,
Thomas Powell,	Elizabeth James,
David Lobdell,	Joshua Lobdell,
Nathan Allyn.	

Near this is the monument of the Deacon Theophilus Rees, the pioneer of the Welsh colony, of whom is given a pleasant anecdote on page 329. The inscription is as follows :

In memory of Theophilus Rees, who died February 16, 1814, aged 67 years. He was a native of Caermarthenshire, near Mildrem, South Wales.

"Poor Tom Jones," the sculptor, died in Columbus, and was brought here for burial among the scenes of his boyhood. Near the summit is his burial spot, his monument, a huge granite boulder, his own device, with the simple inscription, as shown : "T. D. Jones, sculptor, 12-12-1811 ; 2-27-1881." His father, a farmer, had several sons. He gave each the middle name of David.

The best known work of Jones is the LINCOLN MEMORIAL in the rotundo of the State House at Columbus, for which he was commissioned by the Ohio Monument Association. It was unveiled January 19, 1870, and is fourteen feet in height.

On its centre face is carved in alto-rilievo the scene of the surrender at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, of Pemberton to Grant, each of whom are shown accompanied by their principal officers. It is surmounted by a colossal bust of Lincoln of pure white Carrara marble. On its base stands forth Lincoln's simple grand request :

Care for him who shall have borne the battle, and his widow and his orphans.

Tom Jones truly was "an inspired stone-cutter." I knew Tom well. He was a fellow-townsmen of mine in Cincinnati for many years. In person he was rather short, powerfully built, with dark complexion, strong features, and walked the streets with a quick, firm, well-accented tread, showing he meant to "get there." He sculptured more busts of our eminent men, such as Chase, Seward, Lincoln, etc., than probably any other artist, and his work was masterly. His nature was eminently social. He was an amusing, interesting talker, enjoyed a good laugh, and was replete with anecdotes of the noted characters whom he had for sitters and whose lips he managed to unseal for

the outpouring of words of wisdom and humanity.

Our early artists had generally but a sorry time, and Tom was no exception. To wed Art was to make one a polygamist, for he had to take with her another bride, *Poverty*. Tom's struggle for existence rendered his last days melancholy and he died a poor, broken-hearted man.

There were some graves on this Welsh ground that rather surprised me, evidently those of young people. They were bordered with clam shells, the rounded sides upwards. Others were framed with bits of white marble, with gravel stones over the graves instead of turf or flowers. Still others there were sprinkled over with bits of marble. It is common in Wales to adorn graves with bright stones and shells from the sea, disposed in the form of a cross and otherwise. The soil in rocky places on the coast is often too scant for even flowers, and their bloom is at best but transient, while stones and shells abound there to please the eye the entire year around.

The inscription below from a neat marble shaft was the last one I copied. While so engaged I was interrupted by a visit from a slender, nimble little black dog, a stranger, all joy in this sad place, who came up to be petted, and, succeeding, then rolled over just once in the grass and so suddenly disappeared I think he must have been a spirit.

John V., son of John and Catherine Price. Born July 26, 1843. Died March 24, 1867. Aged 23 years, 7 months, 28 days.

Sickness was my portion,
Medicine was my food ;
Groans was my devotion,
Drugs did me no good.

The Lord took pity on me,
Because he saw it best,
And took me to his bosom,
And now my soul is at rest.

In my youth in my historical tours over the different States of the East it was my habit to visit the old graveyards and copy inscriptions. It was a melancholy sort of pleasure, but refining and instructive. One exceeding common was :

Remember, stranger, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am now you soon must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

This inscription is not to my knowledge in any place in Ohio, excepting on a grave-stone in Serpent Mound Park, in Adams county, and to that some profane wag has added :

To follow you I am not content
Until I learn which way you went.

Another inscription also very common in olden times at the East I know of but in one place in Ohio, and that is in the old Method-

ist Burying-Ground at Worthington, which was settled in 1803 by the same sort of people as Granville. My attention was called to it by one of Ohio's ancient inhabitants, Gen. Joseph Geiger, of Columbus, whose funny speeches on the stump in the Whig campaigns of 1840 and later made him laughingly known all over Ohio. Mrs. Pearce's inscription was copied direct from the stone by Mr. J. M. Milne, July 19, 1890, and it is now put where her memory will last longer than her monument.

Died, Sept. 7, 1847, Sarah, wife of Wm. Pearce, aged 59 years.

Sarah Pierce is my name,
Baltimore county is my nation,
Ohio is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my salvation.

Now I am dead and in my grave,
Where all my bones are rotten ;
When this you see remember me
Lest I should be forgotten.

Dismissing the line learned in childhood that came obtruding into my mind while I was there, viz., that "Taffy was a Welshman," I left with Mr. Bryant to see the Alligator. It is a mound so called from its form. It is about a mile below Granville, on a spur of land on the south side of the valley of the Raccoon. It has been thus described :

"Its extreme length is 205 feet ; average height is 4 feet, parts of it being 6 feet. The greatest breadth of body is 20 feet and the length of legs or paws is 25 feet, the ends being broader than the links, as if the spread of the toes was indicated. The superstructure is of clay, which must have been brought from a distance. Upon the inner side of the effigy and about 20 feet from it is a raised space covered with stones which have been exposed to the action of fire, denominated an altar, and from this leading to the top is a narrow graded way now barely traceable."

Prof. Wilson, in his work on pre-historic man, describes this effigy and says "that it

symbolizes some object of especial awe or veneration, thus reared on one of the 'high places' of the nation, with its accompanying altar on which the ancient people of the valley could witness the rites of their worship, its site having been obviously selected as the most prominent natural feature in a populous district abounding with military, civic and religious structures."

Squier and Davis say it is analogous to the Serpent Mound in Adams county.

We walked up to the summit of the rounded hill by an easy ascent, and there again before us was the same magnificent valley I have before described, its patches of golden wheat in the soft repose of the lengthening shadows of the June afternoon. As my eye took in the peaceful scene I felt I was enveloped in the glory of our world.

There was little to be seen of the Alligator, the place was so overgrown with herbage, especially hoarhound, "enough," said Mr. Bryant, in a professional way, for he was a druggist, "to cure all the colds in the United States." Hoarhound is in some places cultivated by old ladies in their gardens. It is about two feet in height and looks not unlike catnip, indeed, belongs to the same family. It was in blossom. It blooms earlier than the catnip, is about two feet high and has a leaf only about half the size of the other, but has no such startling exhilarating effect upon puss.

From the Alligator we passed to Maple Grove, the new cemetery near the village, laid out about 1864, a very pleasant spot, with handsome monuments, a profusion of evergreens and luxuriant junipers full fifteen feet in height and in perfect graceful symmetry. Also a new feature—low, bush-like trees, say twenty feet in height, completely enveloped in an outer garb of wild grapevines, hanging to the ground and affording underneath an enticing arbor from the noon-day heat.

Thus ended my day among the graves. Shortly after my visit my obliging, gentlemanly companion, in the very prime of his life, fell sick unto death, when he, too, became a tenant of a grave.

BIOGRAPHY.

HOMER, near the north line of the county, has produced some much-noted characters. From Homer went ZENOPHON WHEELER, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. At Homer were passed the boyhood days of the ROSECRANS—the General and Bishop Roscerans. The father of these two eminent men was Crandall Rosecrans, of Amsterdam ancestry ; the name in Dutch signifies a "wreath of roses." Their mother was Jemima Hopkins, of the family of the Timothy Hopkins whose trembling signature appears on the Declaration of Independence. They emigrated from the Wyoming valley to Ohio in 1808. The family lived in a double cabin.

While other boys were at play, they were noted for their studious habits. The general from youth was interested in religious study. He possessed an extraordinary memory, being

able to commit almost entire books. The family were Methodists, but he was eventually converted to Catholicism, and influenced his younger brother, Sylvester Horton,

to also adopt that faith. The latter graduated at Kenyon with distinguished honor, and died at Columbus in 1878, at the age of 51 years. "Bishop ROSECRANS' life was one of great simplicity and self-denial. All that he had he gave to the poor, and he was often obliged to walk long distances, even when in delicate health, because he had not the money to pay his car-hire. All the money that was in his possession at his death was two silver half-dollars."

In Homer, for a term of years, lived the CLAFLIN family, out of whose loins came those two women of strange, inexplicable career, then known respectively as Victoria and Tennie C. Claflin—the one now Lady Bidulph Martin, and the other Lady Frances Cook, and Viscountess of Montserrat as well, who live to-day in London in great wealth and high social distinction. No one could have anticipated such an outcome for two poor girls from a small Ohio village.

A lady of high respectability, now living in Newark, who was a school-mate with the daughters, and a neighbor breathing the same Homeric air, upon whom we called for information, said to us:

"The parents were originally, I believe, from Pennsylvania, the children born in Homer. The father went by the name of Buck Claflin. He was a lawyer in a small way, and owned a saw-mill. The mother was a German woman and a religious enthusiast. At revivals she was accustomed to walk up and down the aisle of the Methodist Church, of which she was a member, clap her hands,

and shout, 'Alleluiah!' At other times she dropped down on her knees in her garden and prayed in tones that went out over the neighborhood. This was about the year 1852. The children were curiously named—Queen Victoria, Utica Vantitia, Tennessee Celeste; a babe that died Odessa Malvina, and two sons respectively Malden and Hebron. The last became a cancer doctor, travelled, and placarded the towns as Judge Hebron, the great cancer doctor. Victoria was then about 14 and Tennessee about 8 years old. There was nothing especially marked in these girls in intellectuality, that I could discover. The family were considered as a queer, slipshod set; never did anything like other people. To illustrate: They used sometimes to send to our house for milk; instead of a bucket, they brought a green glass flask, which provoked my mother, who found it difficult to pour milk through a nozzle. The family were disliked exceedingly, when there came a catastrophe—the saw-mill, which had been insured, was burned. How the fire originated was a mystery. Upon this, the clamor against them became so strong that one night they left the town."

Another and a good authority, writing to us from Homer, says:

"Buckman Claflin and family came from Pennsylvania about the year 1844. He was a man of much native genius, and became postmaster at Homer, and built a large, splendid grist-mill, and his daughters, Victoria and Tennessee, were ladies of unusual charms."

There died in Homer, April 28, 1889, WILLIAM KNOWLES, at the age of 83 years, where he had long been a resident. He was born in England, emigrated when a young man, and was always poor in purse, but rich in Christian faith, and for a long time brightened the toilsome labor of making brooms for the support of a large family by venturing on airy flights in the realms of poetry. One of his poems, "Betsy and I are One," a sequel to Carleton's "Betsy and I are Out," appeared in the *Toledo Blade*, and received wide commendation. In a volume preserving the results of his winged excursions is another, wherein he epitomizes his own thoughts in the way of the desirable.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

By William Knowles.

I'm building a splendid castle,
With marble walls—and a dome;
'Twill be finished in the summer—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have beautiful statues and paintings
From famous old Greece and Rome;
And costly carpets and mirrors—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have a grand old library,
With many a rare old tome,
Where I can feast with the Muses—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have enchanting gardens,
Where beauty delights to roam;

With flowers, and fountains, and grottos—
When my ship comes home.

I'll have carriages, horses, and servants,
Who all at my bidding will come;
I'll have pastures for sheep and for cattle—
When my ship comes home.

The good ship Phantom sailed
Full fifty years ago;
My old friend Hope is the Captain,
She'll soon be home, I know.

She has frequently doubled the cape,
Where the wild hurricanes blow;
Her crew are all brave and light-hearted—
She will soon be in harbor, I know.

She is freighted with untold treasure,
 A rainbow is spanning her bow ;
 She's been gallantly plowing the ocean,
 And is homeward bound ere now.

Strong head winds have kept her from land-
 ing,

Till my head is as white as the snow ;
 There she comes through the foam of the
 breakers !
 She will soon be in harbor, I know.

What hosts of kind friends then will meet me
 Beneath my magnificent dome ;

And beauty will smile as she greets me,
 When my wonderful ship comes home.

The needy shall feast on my bounty,
 The wolf fly from every door ;
 There shall not be a tear in the county,—
 I'll be rich in the prayers of the poor.

Oh Fancy ! Thou friend of the beggar !
 On thy wings let me soar as I sing,
 And though poor as Job's bony old turkey,
 I'm happier than many a king.

A portrait of Mr. Knowles, before us, fully bears out the concluding verse of his poem. It is the full front face of a happy old man, looking directly in yours ; at peace with earth and heaven, and who feels to his inmost heart—

"My conscience is my crown ;
 Contented thoughts my rest ;
 My heart is happy in itself ;
 My bliss is in my breast.

I feel no care of coin ;
 Well-doing is my wealth ;
 My mind to me a kingdom is,
 While grace affordeth wealth."

JUSTICE WILLIAM BURNHAM WOODS, of the United States Supreme Court, who died in Washington, May 14, 1887, was born in Newark, Ohio, August 3, 1824. He graduated at Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, in 1841, and from Yale in 1845, being the valedictorian at Yale. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and his oratorical powers attracted such attention that he was elected mayor of Newark in 1855, and sent to the Ohio Legislature in 1857 as a Democrat, being speaker in 1858-9. As the leader on the Democratic side, April 18, 1861, he succeeded in supporting the war loan to put Ohio on the defensive and had the vote made unanimous. In the following November he became lieutenant-colonel of the Seventy-sixth Ohio regiment. He served until the war closed, when he was mustered out with the rank of brigadier-general and brevet major-general. He was mustered out in Alabama, where he located and was a leading Republican. Returning to legal duties and political life, he was chosen a state chancellor for six years, but after serving in this position for two years was appointed circuit judge of the United States Court for the Fifth district, which office he held while residing in Mobile for a number of years. His promotion to the United States Supreme Court was made by President Hayes in 1880, and this position he filled most satisfactorily. He participated in the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post (in which he was slightly wounded), Resaca, Dallas, Atlanta (July 22 and 28), Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station and Bentonville, and in the sieges of Vicksburg and Jackson and in many minor affairs and skirmishes.

CHARLES ROBERT WOODS, his brother,

was born in Newark, February 19, 1827, and died there, February 26, 1885. He graduated at West Point ; served on the frontier till the outbreak of the war. He was appointed Colonel of the Seventy-sixth O. V. I., October 13, 1861 ; was at Fort Donelson and Shiloh ; commanded a brigade at the siege of Corinth ; led a brigade at Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. He was promoted for bravery at Arkansas Post, and mustered out of the volunteer service in 1866, a brevet major-general. He was familiarly called "Susan Woods" by the cadets at West Point, a sobriquet which clung to him in the army. He was a gallant and faithful officer and participated in every skirmish or battle in which his command was engaged. General Sherman once spoke of him as a "magnificent officer."

JAMES EDWARD ROYE (colored) was born in Newark, February 3, 1815, and was educated at the high school and at Ohio University at Athens. He kept a barber shop in Newark, but emigrated to Liberia in 1846, where he became a wealthy merchant and was the first Liberian to make shipments in his own vessel to the United States and Europe.

He was elected to the Liberian house of representatives, chosen speaker in 1849, was chief-justice 1865-68, and in 1870 was elected president. He attempted to usurp the office for a second term, but was condemned to imprisonment. While attempting to escape he was drowned, February 2, 1872, in the harbor of Monrovia.

SAMUEL WHITE was born in Granville, March 4, 1813. The history of his brief but brilliant career is well given in an address delivered by the Hon. Isaac Smucker, on the occasion of the Pioneer meeting at Newark, July 4, 1885. "He early developed talents of a high order and was ambitious to acquire an education. He went to school on the Hills when opportunity offered, often barefooted, even in mid-winter, sometimes when snow covered the ground, although the school-house was a mile or more away. His method was to heat a small board quite hot, wrap it up, then start at his best speed

toward the school-house and run until his feet became very cold, when he would lay his hot board down and stand on it until his feet became comfortable; then he would start again. There was a half-way house at which he stopped to warm up his board before arriving at the school-house. It would be safe to predict that such a boy would not go through life without an education."

In 1831 he was the first student to enter Granville (now Dennison) University, but left this institution to complete his education at Oberlin, on account of his views on the slavery question. In 1838 he began the practice of law. He became one of the editors of the *Newark Gazette*. Was elected to the Legislature in 1843; was a Whig candidate for Congress in 1844, but died at Delaware, Ohio, July 28, 1844, and Columbus Delano, who took his place on the Whig ticket, was elected. Mr. Smucker says: "Sam White was a man of remarkable force and power as a public speaker; he was fearless, independent, outspoken, frank, honest, never giving utterance to opinions he did not believe, and always ready to give expression to thoughts that he entertained without fear, favor, or affection." In the famous crusades of his time against slavery, intemperance, and the abridgment of freedom of speech he was always in the front ranks, playing the part of Richard, the Lion-hearted, and playing it best when and where the fight was hottest."

On one occasion, in the western portion of Hartford township, "he, an overpowered, helpless victim, fell into the hands of a satanic, inhuman mob, who rode him on a rail, and inflicted upon him other indignities accompanied by circumstances of humiliating degradation; many of the mobocrats even favoring the proposition to blacken him with lampblack and oil, and threatened to inflict still other and more offensive indignities upon him, which, if those fiendish mobocrats had not relented and moderated their ferocious temper, would have ended in murder."

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT was born in Granville, May 5, 1832. He entered the book-store of his brother-in-law at Buffalo, in 1848, and four years later removed to California and established a branch store. While there he gathered an immense amount of valuable books and documents relating to the early history of the Pacific coast. He also preserved much pioneer and other valuable historical matter, which was dictated to him or his assistants, by pioneers, settlers, and others. His valuable library numbers nearly 50,000 volumes. His business affairs were prosperous, and in 1868 he retired from the management of his business, and has since been engaged on a series of publications, embracing the history of the whole Pacific coast

from Central America to Alaska. This completed work will consist of thirty-nine volumes, about half of which have already been published.

SAMUEL RYAN CURTIS was born near Champlain, New York, February 3, 1807, and died in Council Bluffs, Iowa, December 25, 1866. His parents removed to Ohio the year of his birth; graduated from West Point, in 1831; resigned from the army the succeeding year, and studied and practised law in Newark. From 1837 to 1840 he was chief-engineer of the Muskingum river improvements. In 1846 he was made Adjutant-General of Ohio, for the special purpose of organizing the State's quota of volunteers for the Mexican war. He served in that war as Colonel of the 2d Ohio, acting as Military Governor of Camargo, a large military depot, which he held February 18, 1847, against a large force of Mexicans, under General Urrea. In 1855 he commenced the practice of law in Keokuk, Iowa, and was three times elected to Congress; resigning in 1861, he became a major-general. He was a member of the Peace Commission in 1861. From September, 1862, till May, 1863, he was at the head of the Department of Missouri, and that of Kansas, from January, 1864, till February, 1865. He aided in the pursuit and defeat of General Price's army in 1864. From February to July, 1865, he commanded the Department of the Northwest.

His elder brother, Henry B. Curtis, who died in Chicago, November 5, 1885, was an eminent lawyer of Mount Vernon, active in public works, and an authority on banking and monetary affairs. He was instrumental in the selection of the site and founding of Kenyon College in Knox county.

ISAAC SMUCKER ranks among its early settlers, and one of the best known and most respected citizens of Newark. He was a native of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, born in 1807 and removed to Newark in 1825. He attended the common schools, and also had the benefit of a brief academical course of instruction. He has written many valuable articles for county histories and other publications of a historical character; also, for the Ohio Reports of Secretary of State, and for numerous scientific and miscellaneous periodical publications.

Mr. Smucker has served in public offices in the interest of common schools, and classical education as well. He was for several years a member of the State Legislature; also, a member of the City Council and Board of Education. He was one of the Grant presidential electors in 1872, and since its organization, in 1867, has been secretary of the "Licking County Pioneer Historical and Antiquarian Society."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A DAY WITH A PIONEER PASTOR, AND HIS GOLDEN WEDDING.

At Newark, a literary gentleman of the place, Mr. A. B. Clark, suggested that I should stop off on my way to Columbus at Pataskala, and see Rev.

Timothy Winter Howe, the Nestor of the Presbyterian ministers in this part of Ohio, whose golden wedding he had three years before attended, and read a poem which he had written for the occasion.

Pataskala is a pretty name. It is one of the good things that came down to us from the ancient inhabitants. It is a name that can be sung; the last syllable, "la," is especially musical. The name does double duty—designates a branch of the Licking, and a village which has about eight hundred people. It is on the B. & O. and Pan Handle Railroad, half-way between Newark and Columbus.

I got off the cars at Pataskala, Wednesday morning, June 23, 1886. The name of the spot was so pretty that it made the alighting doubly pleasant; and as I walked off in the midst of the sunshine and green things, it seemed as though every step sung a syllable—*Pa-tas-ka-la!* In two minutes I had *pa-tas-ka-la'd* to a cottage. It stood in the midst of its own home acre, one hundred feet back from the road. A huge black walnut was on duty as sentinel at the gate; as I approached it presented arms. Its leaves rustled in welcome. Then behind and around the house was the orchard and garden with small fruits, which a good old lady there, three hours later, said to me, "are a great comfort to us."

The cottage has four rooms on the ground-floor, also a summer kitchen. The doors stood invitingly open. I entered, and was invited to a seat by a tall, fresh-looking grandmother, who had enjoyed her golden wedding and was three years on her way to the diamond. Her face was yet all golden; more than fifty years of a beautiful wedded life filled with good works had made it to shine as an angel's. I did not tell her who I was, but said I wanted to see Mr. Howe. Three minutes later a side-door to a bedroom opened, an aged head, with a part of a coatless body, was thrust through, and the words fell upon my ear: "If you have any business with me you will have to be quick, for I am dressing to go to the cars to meet an old friend I've not seen in thirty years." I replied, "I've no business; take your time; see your friend. I'm in no haste; have the entire day."

In a few moments in he came, a slender, wiry old gentleman, eighty-two years old. I passed my card. He read it; his face broke into a smile: "Why, I've heard that you were travelling the State, but I did not suppose you would call on *me*." But I did; he was just the man I wanted to see—a venerable father in Israel, who had set up his tabernacle in the wilderness, a great moral light, and had ministered to the same people for thirty-seven years, in joy and in sorrow, from the cradle to the grave. I told him I would leave him for a while. He could go to the cars for his friend; that I wanted to see the village and look upon the shining face of the Pataskala. I made my way to the little stream. It wound around the remote border of the village and frisked by gardens and flower-beds, where the people were at work poking in the earth and tying up the vines. I found it scarce three rods wide and crossed by a covered bridge. It ran clear over a pebbly

bottom, and in places was so shallow that shining pebbles glistened in the sun.

A Witty Guest.—Returning to the house I found the old friend present, Rev. Dr. J. D. B. He was a very learned divine and professor from Madison, Wis.—could talk I don't know how many languages; could talk good sense in each of them, while most people have a hard time of it to always talk good sense in one. He was on his way to meet his old classmates in Middlebury, from whence he had graduated fifty years ago. Such a visitor, full of learning and abounding in apt quotation and in cheery wit, would indeed have been an acquisition anywhere. He helped to make it a field-day in this open cottage of the orchard and the lawn. He told me one thing that was of especial interest, which if I had known I had forgotten; that is, the inscription which is in Latin on the tombstone of Col. David Humphries, the aide of Washington, which is in the Hill-house Cemetery, at New Haven, Conn., was written by Prof. Jas. L. Kingsley, of Yale College. Humphries, while minister to Spain, introduced the Merino sheep into the United States and thereby rendered an inestimable service. Mr. Kingsley, in this inscription, celebrates him as having imported the sheep with a *vellere vere aures*, i. e., "a fleece truly golden."

We sat down to the noon meal. I need not say how appetizing everything was: meats tender and brown, and vegetables and fruits fresh from the very grounds around, and with that indescribable flavor which will never keep long enough for use on any city-spread table. With two divines present it would have been unpardonable not to have had a blessing; and so one of them raised his voice on high. I took occasion to speak of the decadence of the custom even in so-called Christian families, whereupon the professor expressed his regrets: such might be expected among swine who always eat without looking up, for, said he, this is according to the English proverb, "*A pig has no prospects*." A moment later the professor dropped another good thing. "What you *leave* on your plate is a *sacrifice to Satan*."

The meal finished, with its cheerful talk and happy faces, each in turn was called upon to repeat a verse. What mine was I need not say; but there is one that will do for some travelling man like myself: "And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you." And if said travelling man is not

pleased with this we copy some other scripture for his edification and adoption. "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job." And this man of Uz said, "For my sighing cometh *before* I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters."

The verse-repeating finished each kneeled before his or her chair; a short prayer of thanks went up and then all adjourned to the sitting-room adjacent, when to my request my venerable host gave me the following facts in his history which I repeat essentially as he related it, arranging them in the form of a personal narrative. It is valuable as illustrating the life of a class of men, now mostly passed away, the old-time country-settled-for-life pastor.

The Pastor's Story.—My father, Amasa Howe, was a soldier of the American Revolution, and in the beginning of this century was living in Highgate, Vermont, where I was born, Saturday, May 12, 1804. In 1813, when I was a lad of nine years, he removed to Granville, this county, and there I was brought up and became a school-teacher. In 1828, when twenty-four years of age, I went into Virginia to teach school; but I was soon caught up and educated for the ministry of the Presbyterian church, in the Prince Edward Theological Seminary, where I graduated in 1832. I preached for several years in Amelia county. In the fall of 1833 I came north and married, on November 15th, Chloe Harris. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Harris, the first minister of Granville. We had known each other from childhood and I took her back with me.

Slaveholders' Timidity.—After a while, consequent upon the Southampton insurrection in Virginia, by which many persons were killed by the slaves, and the continued growth of the anti-slavery sentiment, and agitation of the abolition project at the North, my situation became unpleasant. Rumors were prevalent among the common and more ignorant class that the abolitionists were coming south to kill the whites and free the negroes. I had been accustomed to preach to the whites in the morning and on Sundays and then after a short recess to the slaves. After a while rumors of dissatisfaction came to me for this and a talk of ornamenting me with a coat of tar and feathers reached my ears.

On a certain Sunday morning an elder asked me if I was going to preach to the slaves after service? I replied, "Yes." He rejoined, "This must be stopped; it wont do for the negroes to assemble; they will plot mischief." I replied, "My appointment is out to preach and I shall keep it, and you must stay here and hear me, for I want you as a witness."

It was the last time I preached to them in a body. I sometimes preached on single plantations to whites in presence of their negroes, some of whom were anxious to have their servants taught the gospel. Some of the planters were at heart anti-slavery like myself, but singly felt they were powerless to

help the matter. Mrs. Howe and myself liked the Virginia people exceedingly, they were so social, frank and kindly.

Slave Children Yearning for Knowledge.—It was against the law to teach the negro children to read. Often they would come to Mrs. Howe with the torn leaf of an old spelling book and request her to teach them the letters. While instructing her own children the young negroes often listened carefully, heard the word, and then without seeing a letter spelled it out carefully to themselves; this too while sweeping the room or making a bed or doing some other work. It seemed hard not to be allowed to teach them.

Driven from Virginia.—Finally the opposition to me became so strong that we were obliged to leave Virginia, and on October 13, 1838, I began preaching in Pataskala in the church being then just organized. My parish extended twelve miles east and west, and five miles north and south, an area of sixty square miles. For seven years there was no church-building. With a single exception every member of my church lived in a log-cabin. I preached in log school-houses and barns; administered the sacrament three times in barns. In 1845 the first church was built; it was at Kirkersville and later at Pataskala, and I preached at each place alternately. My ministry extended over thirty-seven years, until I was obliged to discontinue it from the infirmities of age. I have married 415 couple, buried 588 persons, and baptized I do not know how many. My salary from the beginning was \$400 per annum, never more, never less. I have always had food in abundance. The clothes question was sometimes a puzzle. My *golden wedding* was on November 6, 1883.

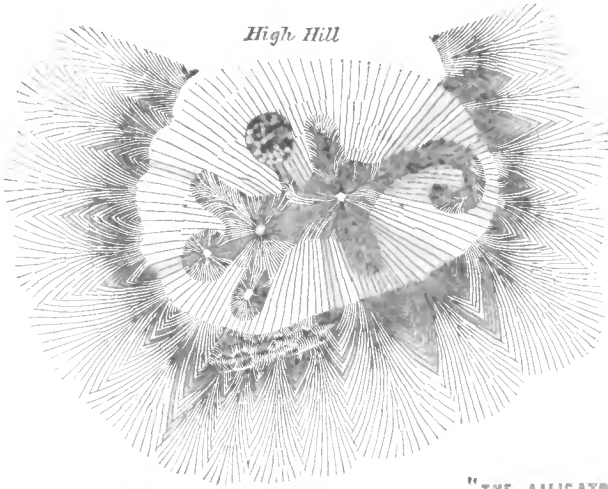
The little room in which we sat was joyous with the insignia of that famous golden wedding that had rounded out so completely the fifty united years of this venerable couple. I cannot describe the various things that loving hands had made for their joy.

The most prominent object was a banner of brown satin. Fifty golden links worked in gold thread, each representing a year of their wedded life, extending from the bottom to the top, "1833 to 1883." Roses were worked on the side with four buds, each representing a child. Four gold crescents, each enclosing a gold star within its horn, carried the same idea. They were enclosed in a ring and the rings were suspended from the banner and finished with tassels. Another was a plaque hanging from the wall and thereon was painted a drear November landscape representing the month of their wedding. There on a dead branch in the foreground rested two birds mated surveying the scene, turtle-doves of course they were, happy in each other irrespective of the sombre season in which they had mated, knowing that spring-time must come, and fruits and flowers follow in due season.

Our patriarch had, as stated, married four hundred and fifteen couple. I did not inquire if all the knots he had thus tied were suc-

High Hill

Nº 2



Section.

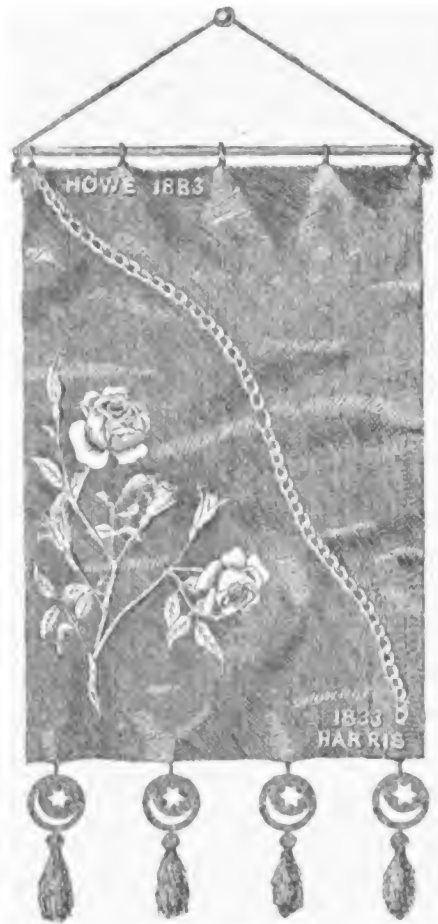


"THE ALLIGATOR"
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JOHNNIE CLEM,
The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.



J. N. Bradford, del, O. S. University.
THE BANNER OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

cesses. I judged him to be a perfect workman at that business, and there would be no slipping. But I once did of another of like great experience, and that other laughingly replied: "Not exactly; for I once married a couple in the morning and in the afternoon the bridegroom ran away." Whereupon I had to tell him of one I knew that was not even that lasting.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, at which I was present, both went out of the minister's house together, parted at the door without a word or a look, turned their backs to each other, when the woman went *east* and the man went *west*; and I felt sure if they should meet again it would be after a half circuit of the globe, each coming in opposite directions, and that meeting-spot must nat-

urally be on the great plain of Gobi in Chinese Tartary.

Another case I knew, that would be funny if it was not sad. On the morning after the marriage the groom turns to his bride, and says: "Sally,"—perhaps Sally at the moment was doing up her back hair—"Sally, what are you going to do for a *living*?" Upon this the poor creature wilted, and soon went to grass.

Luckily in her case, eventually came along an honest man, and she again entered the bonds of felicity—

"No goose so gray and none so late
But at last she finds an honest gander for a mate."

The noted "NARROWS OF LICKING" are in the eastern part of the county. "This is a very picturesque spot; cliffs of sandstone rock, fifty feet in height, line the sides of the canal, especially on the left bank of the stream. In some places they hang over in a semicircular form, the upper portion projecting and defending the lower from the rains and weather. In one of these spots the aborigines chose to display their ingenuity at pictorial writing by figuring on the smooth face of the cliff, at an elevation of eight or ten feet above the water, the outlines of wild animals, and among the rest the figure of a huge black human hand. From this circumstance the spot is known to all the old hunters and inhabitants of this vicinity by the name of 'the *black hand* narrows.' It is the scene of many an ancient legend and wild hunting story." In quarrying for the Ohio Canal the black hand was destroyed.

THE WAR EXPERIENCES OF MAJOR N. BOSTWICK.

An officer of the 20th Ohio Volunteer Infantry giving the details of his capture by the Confederates, imprisonment and escape through the mountains as related by his commander, Col. Charles Whittlesey, in his "War Memoranda."

Enlists in the Army.—In 1861 Major N. Bostwick was a farmer in Licking county, and an active member of the County Agricultural Society. His farm was well stocked with high-bred cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. He was not subject to military duty, but his ancestors had fought in the army of the Revolution, and he was inspired to do the same in the Southern rebellion. One son was of military age, another was not; but both joined the company raised by their father for the 20th Ohio Volunteers. Mrs. Bostwick and the younger children were left in charge of the premises and stock.

Sun-struck.—At the battle of Champion Hills, on the 6th of May, 1863, the 20th Ohio was compelled, by the exigencies of the day, to lie on the ground in a hot sun several hours, awaiting the order to charge. A number of the men and officers were sun-struck, from which cause they fell out as the regiment moved up the hill on the rebel line. Capt. Melick died, with several men, and Major Bostwick was so much prostrated that the effects remain to this time.

Made Prisoner.—About 2 P. M. of the 22d of July, 1864, he was captured by three rebel soldiers, during the battle of Atlanta, and led by them to a captain and thirty-nine men, near to town, who guarded the prisoners. His sad experience from that hour in Southern prisons, and his sufferings during a month in the mountains, effecting an escape, appear like a horrid romance. But most of the details are from his own lips. The whole cannot be reported here, but only the salient events.

Inhuman Treatment.—Before reaching the rebel guard a soldier shot at him, the ball striking a corner of one eye. A piece of the ball went inside of the socket, the main part making an ugly and painful wound on the cheek, cutting an artery, which bled profusely. He had just received a new outfit, including a beaver hat, a twelve-dollar pair of boots, and a sword. The captain took his hat, sword and watch, and said: "Damn you, I want those boots." "You can't have them while I am alive." The officer then threatened to kill him, and stooped to seize the boots. Major B. gave him a kick in the breast, which sent him several feet, sprawling on the ground. The major, expecting to be killed, gave the Masonic grand hail of distress, to which the rebel captain responded, "Well, keep your boots." He then put his own hat on one of his soldiers, whose ragged and worthless hat he jammed on the major's head, down over the wounded eye. It was ten days before the fragment of lead was taken out.

Taken to Charleston.—They were marched about ten miles, and lay down. Among them were Capt. Humiston, Lieut. Colby and Lieut. Rush, of the 20th Ohio. They had nothing to eat until the 24th, when they received a tincup of corn-meal. The men were taken to Andersonville, the officers to Griffin. Col. Shed, of the 30th Illinois, and Col. Scott, of the 68th Ohio, were with them. The latter leaped from the train at night, but was caught by hounds and brought to Macon.

MAJOR BOSTWICK'S OWN STORY.

Here were about 1,800 officers, with no shelter for two weeks. The captains and field-officers were ordered to Charleston, S. C., the lieutenants to Savannah. At Charleston we were put in the old workhouse, where I had bilious fever. Col. Scott nursed me until he was sent away. Our rations were mouldy cakes of rice and bad pork. Dr. Todd, a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, was our surgeon, who treated us kindly, but could get little medicine, and no proper hospital rations.

Plans for Escape.—We planned an escape, making a saw of an old knife, to cut away the bars. I also got an impression of the key to the lock of a door on the second story. Cols. Shed and Scott opened the door with my key. I went again with Capt. Pease, and the key would not work. Some of the Georgia men on guard favored our escape. I might have been exchanged with Cols. Shed and Scott, but was too sick to travel. Capt. McFadden, of the 59th New York, nursed me. At 8 A. M. of October 6th we were put into cattle-cars that had not been cleaned, and started for Columbia, S. C. I sat against the side of the car sick all day and night. The next morning we were left in a field, in a pouring rain, under guard of the provost-marshal.

A Mere Skeleton.—The next day the prisoners were taken across the Combahee river. I could not walk. The guards cursed me, and pushed me with their bayonets. There were others as bad as myself. About 1 P. M. we reached camp. I was a mere skeleton. For three weeks we had neither medicines nor medical attendance; our rations the same as at Charleston. At last Dr. Ladrones came as our surgeon; a kind, cheerful man, who placed me and twelve others on stretchers, and put us in a tent. We were almost eaten up by lice. He said: "You shall not die; don't think of escaping; I will get you paroled." He gave me fifteen grains of quinine at a dose. I had also lung fever, but in about three weeks could walk, and went to the Saluda river, where there was a Union family, who gave me milk, butter and biscuit. Every day our men would lie down and die; there were about 1,100 left. Some escaped through the vaults to the river. I determined to escape. The good Union women brought good cooked food to our hospital tent.

Union Southerners.—It might not be prudent, even at this time, to publish the names of the Union men who helped us to escape. We were not betrayed by

any of them, their wives or families. Our gratitude to them all is as great as there are words to express, but we might do them an injury by relating their acts of kindness toward us. There was Capt. McFadden, Lieut. H. C. Paine, myself, and two officers of the Army of the Potomac, who determined to take the risks of reaching the Federal lines. For many days we made haversacks, collected provisions and clothing, got directions as to the route, and laid our plans to get out of the stockade one by one.

The Escape.—There was a rumor of a change of prisons, which caused us to leave one day earlier and before we were entirely ready. On the 1st day of December, 1864, by many stratagems and the help of many true friends, we succeeded in scattering through the woods. Our rendezvous that night was near the farmhouse of a Union friend, who was to put us across the Congaree in a dug-out. This was eleven miles from Columbia. We made about twenty-five miles that night. On the night of the 2d-3d the two lieutenants of the Army of the Potomac left us and started for the coast. We never heard of them afterwards.

Travels at Night.—With my pocket-knife I cut each of us a stout hickory stick, which were the only weapons we had. These we carried through to Knoxville, Tenn. We travelled only at night, and in single file within sight of each other. As the day began to dawn we turned into the woods and lay during the day, but dare not make a fire. On the 5th, near Newberry, just before morning, we met a colored man. He told us to go up one of the forks, where he had a brother. McFadden mistrusted this man and would not go with us, but Paine and myself went. That night he brought us some cooked spare-ribs, coffee and milk, and showed us the way to his brother's. This man's wife was tickled to death to see us, and he wanted to go with us. He put some red pepper and onions into a bottle of turpentine, and said if we rubbed this on our feet and legs the hounds would not follow us. He kept watch outside the cabin and went eight miles with us on the way, but refused to take any pay from us.

We kept to the east of Greenville, S. C., because there were troops at that station. Being out of rations we ate turnips and stumps of cabbages, which made us sick. I went to a negro cabin where they got us a supper and cooked a peck of sweet potatoes to put in our haversacks. Perhaps I shall not place everything in the right order, for I lost my memoranda before I got to the lines.

Captures a Guard.—At Tyger's river, on the waters of the Saluda, we came to a bridge where there was a guard, all of whom appeared to be asleep. The stream could not be crossed except at this bridge, and one sat near one end with his head on his knees. I was to strike him on the head with my cane, and all of us to spring on the other two. My man fell off into the water. We seized the muskets of the others and bound them with their knapsack straps. We hurried along the road with them about two miles. They

begged so piteously (promised not to tell and told us about the roads) that we did not kill them. We bound them to some trees and hurried on. By daylight we thought we had made twenty-five miles and were in the vicinity of Hendersonville.

Bloodhounds on their Track.—At the Saluda pass of the Blue Ridge was a fire ahead of us on the road, and there appeared to be men standing around it. We went back up a mountain and got into a rock shelter. The next day we saw there were no pickets, but only stumps around the fire. In that shelter I left my diary, knife, fork and spoon. Soon after we saw a tent and some men at a bridge, about 9 P. M. There was a fearful storm. We crossed the stream among the rocks below the bridge, climbed a precipice over one hundred feet high by grasping the laurels, and got into the road beyond. About this time, towards morning, we heard the bloodhounds bellow. Then horns began to blow and other hounds to answer in all directions. We crept along a fence into a brook, and went up it in the water. As we lay on our blankets two hounds attacked us, whom we killed with our clubs.

Challenged by a Rebel Picket.—We wished to get on the west side of the French Broad river, and believing we were on the wrong road, came out of the woods that night, when we heard a halloo. I went into the road and saw a rebel picket, who called halt. "Where do you belong?" said he. "Charleston." "Where are you going?" "To Flat Rock." "You are deserters." "That's so." "Well, I would desert too, but I have a wife here. You can pass." We came upon a number of houses, and went behind a large elm log, from which the bark had partly slid off. In the morning we thought it was the town of Asheville. It rained and snowed three inches deep, with a strong wind. Our pains were dreadful, but we dared not stir that day. The place was Hendersonville, thirty-five miles from Asheville.

Friendliness of Negroes.—That night we had so nearly perished that we went to the negro quarters of a fine house to dry our blankets. The man was not at home, but his wife said it would not do to stay in their cabin. She was the most sympathetic person we had met, and went to the still house, built a fire, gave us a bottle of apple-jack, gave me a pair of socks, made a pouch for me, and when her husband came home he offered to pilot us to the house of a Union white man in the mountains, who had charge of the underground railroad.

An Underground Railroad Official.—It

was midnight when we found his house, with great difficulty. He doubted us, and held a parley through the door. I convinced him by showing a letter from home. He said they were watched day and night; it would not do for us to be seen there, but his colored man would show us to the stable; they would send us something to eat and this man would show us the way to Mr. —, twelve miles. He said it was reported that Col. Kirk's Federal Rangers were on the French Broad, and that the rebel pickets had withdrawn to Asheville.

I do not give the name of this heroic man and family, for fear there may be yet in that region some rebel devils who would retaliate.

Reaches the Union Lines.—He gave us his sign manual on a piece of paper, a peculiar scrawl which all the underground white men of the mountains understood, and helped the

prisoners forward. At Mr. —'s were only his wife and daughter; he was obliged to stay in the woods, or be shot. We showed our sign manual. We stayed two nights in the centre of a hay stack. They directed us to —'s; and he to —'s. From there we crossed the French Broad, in a dug-out, to Painted Rocks, where the Federal pickets were. There were nineteen escaped prisoners there. Paine started alone for the next station in the night. He met a sentinel, who fired at him in the dark, but did not hit him. The prisoners went on without guns or a guard. Near night, when we thought all danger was past, about a dozen guerillas rose up in the bushes and fired at us. Only one man was hit, whose under lip was entirely carried away. They stripped us of our blankets and all other valuables. It was the last day of December when we reached Knoxville.

In the southeastern part of this county, commencing about eight miles from Newark and extending eastward toward Zanesville, and into Hopewell township, Muskingum county, is what is called "THE FLINT RIDGE." It was the principal source of supply for Indian arrow-heads and other flint implements, not only for the aborigines of Ohio but for a large extent of country beyond the present limits of this State.

The flint forms the cap-rock of this ridge, which for a distance of almost ten miles is scarred with trenches and pits, left by the aboriginal diggers, while surrounding fields and farms are covered with large quantities of chippings where the flint was dressed.

The stone, varying greatly in different parts, is mainly buhr-stone, jasper, and chalcedony. Much of it is very beautiful, capable of a very high polish; certain kinds of it are sometimes mistaken for moss-agate. It is found in many colors, as white, red, blue, brown, yellow, green, black, and some of it translucent.

The stone is found at varying depths from the surface of three to eighty feet; the aborigines would remove the superincumbent

earth, and then build fires, which cracked and loosened the rock, pieces of which suitable to their purpose were then removed to some adjoining field or camp, and by means of stone hammers dressed to convenient shape and size for transportation. In many instances these dressed stones were carried great distances before they were worked into their finished shapes, as is evidenced by the finding of large quantities of flint chippings hundreds of miles from the "Ridge." This "Flint Ridge" must have been as valuable to the Indians and other aborigines as the coal and iron mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania are to the white men of the present day.

PATASKALA is fifteen miles southwest of Newark, on the B. & O. R. R. Newspaper: *Standard*, Independent, A. Q. Beem, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian. School census, 1888, 261. Population about 800.

UTICA is fourteen miles north of Newark, on the B. & O. R. R. Newspaper: *Herald*, Republican, H. E. Harris, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Reformed Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Christian. Bank: Utica (Sperry & Wilson). Population, 1880, 702. School census, 1888, 233; I. C. Gunther, school superintendent.

HOMER is four miles west of Utica. It has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist church, and about 300 inhabitants.

HEBRON is nine miles southwest of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. and Ohio Canal. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 2 Baptist, 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 489. School census, 1888, 163.

HANOVER is eight miles east of Newark, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Churches: 1 Methodist and 1 Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 302. School census, 1888, 159.

HARTFORD is twenty miles northeast of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. Population, 1880, 349. School census, 1888, 116.

ALEXANDRIA is eleven miles west of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. Population, 1880, 269.

JOHNSTOWN is sixteen miles northwest of Newark, on the T. & O. C. R. R. Newspaper: *Independent*, Democratic, Wm. A. Ashbrooke, editor and publisher. Bank: Johnstown; C. Derthick, president; C. V. Armstrong, cashier. Population, 1880, 278. School census, 1888, 163.

The following are the names of the villages in this county, in 1840, with their populations. The first six named were on the old National Road. Brownsville, 313; Hebron, 473; Jacksontown, 215; Kirkersville, 179; Luray, 109; Gratiot, 147; Alexander, 200; Chatham, 173; Etna, 219; Fredonia, 107; Hartford, 106; Havana, 54; Homer, 201; Linnville, 101; Lockport, 125; and Utica, 355.

LOGAN.

LOGAN COUNTY derived its name from General Benjamin Logan; it was formed March 1, 1817, and the courts ordered to be holden at the house of Edwin Matthews, or some other convenient place in the town of Bellville, until a permanent seat of justice should be established. The soil, which is various, is generally good; the surface broken around the head waters of Mad river, elsewhere rolling or level; in the western part are eight small lakes, covering each from two to seventy acres.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 138,272; in pasture, 47,314; woodland, 50,765; lying waste, 1,643; produced in wheat, 630,487 bushels; rye, 1,856; buckwheat, 1,253; oats, 197,399; barley, 1,331; corn, 1,283,173; broom-corn, 350 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 17,454 tons; clover hay, 6,588; flaxseed, 220 bushels; potatoes, 44,793; tobacco, 110 lbs.; butter, 582,708; cheese, 3,160; sorghum, 2,855 gallons; maple sugar, 158,587 lbs.; honey, 9,249; eggs, 517,596 dozen; grapes, 5,910 lbs.; wine, 14 gallons; sweet potatoes, 605 bushels; apples, 4,735; peaches, 911; pears, 1,383; wool, 287,130 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,040. School census, 1888, 8,316; teachers, 273. Miles of railroad track, 61.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloomfield,	565	895	Perry,	1,014	1,007
Boke's Creek,	222	1,617	Pleasant,		1,123
Harrison,	658	978	Richland,		1,761
Jefferson,	1,527	1,572	Rush Creek,	1,077	2,265
Lake,	1,175	4,640	Stokes,	299	1,095
Liberty,	807	1,666	Union,	832	784
McArthur,	1,673	1,579	Washington,	517	886
Miami,	1,423	2,157	Zane,	1,021	939
Monroe,	1,203	1,303			

Population of Logan in 1820 was 3,181; in 1830, 6,432; 1840, 14,013; 1860, 20,996; 1880, 26,267, of whom 21,766 were born in Ohio; 1,236 in Pennsylvania; 836 in Virginia; 234 in Indiana; 208 in New York; 160 in Ken-

tucky; 476 in Ireland; 163 in German Empire; 59 in England and Wales; 43 in Scotland; 39 in British America, and 17 in France. Census, 1890, 27,386.

The territory comprised within the limits of this county was a favorite abode of the Shawanoe Indians, who had several villages on Mad river, called the *Mack-a-chack*, or *Mac-o-chee* towns, the names and position of three of which are given to us by an old settler. The first, called Mac-o-chee, stood near West Liberty, on the farm of Judge Benjamin Piatt; the second, Pigeon Town, was about three miles northwest, on the farm of George F. Dunn, and the third, Wappatomica, was just below Zanesfield.

LOGAN'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE MAC-O-CHEE TOWNS.

The Mac-o-chee towns were destroyed in 1786 by a body of Kentuckians under General Benjamin Logan. The narrative of this expedition is from the pen of General William Lytle, who was an actor in the scenes he describes.

March to the Mac-o-chee Towns.—It was in the autumn of this year that Gen. Clarke raised the forces of the Wabash expedition. They constituted a numerous corps. Colonel Logan was detached from the army at the falls of the Ohio, to raise a considerable force with which to proceed against the Indian villages on the head waters of Mad river and the Great Miami. I was then aged 16, and too young to come within the legal requisition; but I offered myself as a volunteer. Colonel Logan went on to his destination, and would have surprised the Indian towns against which he had marched, had not one of his men deserted to the enemy, not long before they reached the town, who gave notice of their approach. As it was, he burned eight large towns, and destroyed many fields of corn. He took seventy or eighty prisoners and killed twenty warriors, and among them the head chief of the nation. This last act caused deep regret, humiliation and shame to the commander-in-chief and his troops.

Attack on the Towns.—We came in view of the first two towns, one of which stood on the west bank of Mad river, and the other on the northeast of it. They were separated by a prairie half a mile in extent. The town on the northeast was situated on a high, commanding point of land, that projected a small distance into the prairie, at the foot of which eminence broke out several fine springs. This was the residence of the famous chief of the nation. His flag was flying at the time from the top of a pole sixty feet high. We had advanced in three lines, the commander with some of the horsemen marching at the head of the centre line, and the footmen in their rear. Colonel Robert Patterson commanded the left, and I think Colonel Thomas Kennedy the right. When we came in sight of the towns, the spies of the front guard made a halt, and sent a man back to inform the commander of the situation of the two towns. He ordered Colonel Patterson to attack the towns on the left bank of Mad river. Col. Kennedy was also charged to incline a little to the right of the town on the east side of the prairie. He determined himself to charge with the centre division immediately on the

upper town. I heard the commander give his orders, and caution the colonels against allowing their men to kill any among the enemy that they might suppose to be prisoners. He then ordered them to advance, and as soon as they should discover the enemy, to charge upon them. I had my doubts touching the propriety of some of the arrangements. I was willing, however, to view the affair with the diffidence of youth and inexperience. At any rate, I was determined to be at hand, to see all that was going on, and to be as near the head of the line as my colonel would permit. I was extremely solicitous to try myself in battle. The commander of the centre line waved his sword over his head as a signal for the troops to advance. Colonel Daniel Boone and Major (since General) Kenton commanded the advance, and Colonel Trotter the rear. As we approached within half a mile of the town on the left, and about three-fourths from that on the right, we saw the savages retreating in all directions, making for the thickets, swamps and high prairie grass, to secure them from their enemy. I was animated with the energy with which the commander conducted the head of his line. He waved his sword, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Charge from right to left!"

Capture of Mountha.—The horses appeared as impatient for the onset as their riders. As we came up with the flying savages, I was disappointed, discovering that we should have little to do. I heard but one savage, with the exception of the chief, cry for quarter. They fought with desperation, as long as they could raise knife, gun or tomahawk, after they found they could not screen themselves. We dispatched all the warriors we overtook, and sent the women and children prisoners to the rear. We pushed ahead, still hoping to overtake a larger body, where we might have something like a general engagement. I was mounted on a very fleet gray horse. Fifty of my companions followed me. I had not advanced more than a mile, before I discovered some of the enemy, running along the edge of a thicket of hazel and plum bushes. I made signs to the men in my rear to come on. At the same time,

pointing to the flying enemy, I obliques across the plain, so as to get in advance of them. When I arrived within fifty yards of them I dismounted and raised my gun. I discovered, at this moment, some men of the right wing coming up on the left. The warrior I was about to shoot held up his hand in token of surrender, and I heard him order the other Indians to stop. By this time the men behind had arrived, and were in the act of firing upon the Indians. I called to them not to fire, for the enemy had surrendered. The warrior that had surrendered to me came walking towards me, calling his women and children to follow him. I advanced to meet him, with my right hand extended; but before I could reach him the men of the right wing of our force had surrounded him. I rushed in among their horses. While he was giving me his hand several of our men wished to tomahawk him. I informed them they would have to tomahawk me first. We led him back to the place where his flag had been. We had taken thirteen prisoners. Among them were the chief, his three wives—one of them a young and handsome woman, another of them the famous grenadier squaw, upwards of six feet high—and two or three fine young lads. The rest were children. One of these lads was a remarkably interesting youth, about my own age and size. He clung closely to me, and appeared keenly to notice everything that was going on.

Brutal Murder of Moluntha.—When we arrived at the town a crowd of our men pressed around to see the chief. I stepped aside to fasten my horse, and my prisoner lad clung close to my side. A young man by the name of Curner had been to one of the springs to drink. He discovered the young savage by my side, and came running towards us. The young Indian supposed he was advancing to kill him. As I turned around, in the twinkling of an eye he let fly an arrow at Curner, for he was armed with a bow. I had just time to catch his arm, as he discharged the arrow. It passed through Curner's dress, and grazed his side. The jerk I gave his arm undoubtedly prevented his killing Curner on the spot. I took away his arrows, and sternly reprimanded him. I then led him back to the crowd which surrounded the prisoners. At the same moment Col. McGary, the same man who had caused the disaster at the Blue Licks, some years before, coming up, Gen. Logan's eye caught that of McGary. "Col. McGary," said he, "you must not molest these prisoners." "I will see to that," said McGary in reply. I forced my way through the crowd to the chief, with my young charge by the hand. McGary ordered the crowd to open and let him in. He came up to the chief, and the first salutation was in the question, "Were you at the defeat of the Blue Licks?" The Indian, not knowing the meaning of the words, or not understanding the purport of the question, answered, "Yes." McGary instantly seized an axe from the hands of the

grenadier squaw, and raised it to make a blow at the chief. I threw up my arm, to ward off the blow. The hand of the axe struck me across the left wrist, and came near breaking it. The axe sunk in the head of the chief to the eyes, and he fell dead at my feet. Provoked beyond measure at this wanton barbarity, I drew my knife, for the purpose of avenging his cruelty by dispatching him. My arm was arrested by one of our men, which prevented me inflicting the thrust. McGary escaped from the crowd.

A Foot-Race after Hogs.—A detachment was then ordered off to two other towns, distant six or eight miles. The men and prisoners were ordered to march down to the lower town and camp. As we marched out of the upper town, we fired it, collecting a large pile of corn for our horses, and beans, pumpkins, etc., for our own use. I told Capt. Stucker, who messed with me, that I had seen several hogs running about the town, which appeared to be in good order, and I thought that a piece of fresh pork would relish well with our stock of vegetables. He readily assenting to it, we went in pursuit of them; but as orders had been given not to shoot unless at an enemy, after finding the hogs we had to run them down on foot, until we got near enough to tomahawk them.

An Indian's Gallant Fight.—Being engaged at this for some time before we killed one, while Capt. S. was in the act of striking the hog, I cast my eye along the edge of the woods that skirted the prairie, and saw an Indian coming along with a deer on his back. The fellow happened to raise his head at that moment, and looking across the prairie to the upper town saw it all in flames. At the same moment I spake to Stucker in a low voice that here was an Indian coming. In the act of turning my head round to speak to Stucker I discovered Hugh Ross, brother-in-law to Col. Kennedy, at the distance of about sixty or seventy yards, approaching us. I made a motion with my hand to Ross to squat down; then, taking a tree between me and the Indian, I slipped somewhat nearer, to get a fairer shot, when at the instant I raised my gun past the tree, the Indian being about one hundred yards distant, Ross's ball whistled by me, so close that I felt the wind of it, and struck the Indian on the calf of one of his legs. The Indian that moment dropped his deer, and sprang into the high grass of the prairie. All this occurred so quickly that I had not time to draw a sight on him, before he was hid by the grass. I was provoked at Ross for shooting when I was near enough to have killed him, and now the consequence would be that probably some of our men would lose their lives, as a wounded Indian only would give up with his life. Capt. Irwin rode up at that moment, with his troop of horse, and asked me where the Indian was. I pointed as nearly as I could to the spot where I last saw him in the grass, cautioning the captain, if he missed him the first charge, to pass on out of his reach before he wheeled to recharge, or the

Indian would kill some of his men in the act of wheeling. Whether the captain heard me I cannot say; at any rate the warning was not attended to, for after passing the Indian a few steps Captain Irwin ordered his men to wheel and recharge across the woods, and in the act of executing the movement the Indian raised up and shot the captain dead on the spot—still keeping below the level of the grass, to deprive us of any opportunity of putting a bullet through him. The troop charged again; but the Indian was so active that he had darted into the grass, some rods from where he had fired at Irwin, and they again missed him. By this time several footmen had got up. Capt. Stucker and myself had each taken a tree that stood out in the edge of the prairie, among the grass, when a Mr. Stafford came up, and put his head first past one side and then the other of the tree I was behind. I told him not to expose himself that way, or he would get shot in a moment. I had hardly expressed the last word when the Indian again raised up out of the grass. His gun, Stucker's, and my own, with four or five behind us, all cracked at the same instant. Stafford fell at my side, while we rushed on the wounded

Indian with our tomahawks. Before we had got him dispatched he had made ready the powder in his gun, and a ball in his mouth, preparing for a third fire, with bullet holes in his breast that might have all been covered with a man's open hand. We found with him Capt. Beasley's rifle—the captain having been killed at the Lower Blue Licks, a few days before the army passed through that place on their way to the towns.

An English Block-house Burned.—Next morning Gen. Logan ordered another detachment to attack a town that lay seven or eight miles to the north or northwest of where we then were. This town was also burnt, together with a large block-house that the English had built there, of a huge size and thickness; and the detachment returned that evening to the main body. Mr. Isaac Zane was at that time living at this last village, he being married to a squaw, and having at the place his wife and several children at the time.

The name of the Indian chief killed by McGary was *Moluntha*, the great sachem of the Shawnees. The grenadier squaw was the sister to Cornstalk, who fell (basely murdered) at Point Pleasant.

Jonathan Alder (see Madison County) was at this time living with the Indians.

From his narrative it appears that the news of the approach of the Kentuckians was communicated to the Indians by a Frenchman, a deserter from the former. Nevertheless, as the whites arrived sooner than they expected, the surprise was complete. Most of the Indians were at the time absent hunting, and the town became an easy conquest to the whites. Early one morning an Indian runner came into the village in which Alder lived, and gave the information that Mac-o-chee had been destroyed, and that the whites were approaching. Alder, with the people of the village, who were principally squaws and children, retreated for two days, until they arrived somewhere near the head waters of the Scioto, where they suffered much for want of food. There was not a man among them capable of hunting, and they were compelled to subsist on paw-paws, muscles and craw-fish. In about eight days they returned to Zane's town, tarried a short time, and from thence removed to Hog creek, where they wintered: their principal living, at that place, was "raccoons, and that with little or no salt, without a single bite of bread, hommony, or sweet corn." In the spring they moved back to the site of their village, where nothing remained but the ashes of the dwellings and their corn burnt to charcoal. They remained during the sugar season, and then removed to Blanchard's fork, where, being obliged to clear the land, they were enabled to raise but a scanty crop of corn. While this was growing, they fared hard, and managed to eke out a bare subsistence by eating a "kind of wild potato" and poor raccoons, that had been suckled down so poor that dogs would hardly eat them: "for fear of losing a little, they threw them on the fire, singed the hair off, and ate the skin and all."

The Indian lad to whom General Lytle alludes was taken, with others of the prisoners, into Kentucky. The commander of the expedition was so much pleased with him that he made him a member of his own family, in which he resided some years, and was at length permitted to return. He was ever afterwards known by the name of Logan, to which the prefix of captain was eventually attached. His Indian name was *Spemica Lawba*, i. e., "the High Horn." He subsequently rose to the rank of a civil chief, on account of his many estimable intellectual and moral qualities. His personal appearance was commanding, being six feet in height, and weighing near two hundred pounds. He from that time

continued the unwavering friend of the Americans, and fought on their side with great constancy. He lost his life in the fall of 1812, under melancholy circumstances, which evinced that he was a man of the keenest sense of honor. The facts follow, from Drake's *Tecumseh*.

Logan's Indignation at False Accusations.—In November of 1812 General Harrison directed Logan to take a small party of his tribe, and reconnoitre the country in the direction of the rapids of the Maumee. When near this point they were met by a body of the enemy, superior to their own in number, and compelled to retreat. Logan, Captain Johnny [see vol. i., p. 602] and Bright-horn, who composed the party, effected their escape to the left wing of the army, then under the command of Gen. Winchester, who was duly informed of the circumstances of their adventure. An officer of the Kentucky troops, Gen. P., the second in command, without the slightest ground for such a charge, accused Logan of infidelity to our cause, and of giving intelligence to the enemy. Indignant at this foul accusation, the noble chief at once resolved to meet it in a manner that would leave no doubt as to his faithfulness to the United States. He called on his friend Oliver [now Major Wm. Oliver, of Cincinnati], and having told him of the imputation that had been cast upon his reputation, said that he would start from the camp next morning, and either leave his body bleaching in the woods, or return with such trophies from the enemy as would relieve his character from the suspicion that had been wantonly cast upon it by an American officer.

Logan Captured by Winnemac.—Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, he started down the Maumee, attended by his two faithful companions, Captain Johnny and Bright-horn. About noon, having stopped for the purpose of taking rest, they were suddenly surprised by a party of seven of the enemy, among whom were young Elliott, a half-breed, holding a commission in the British service, and the celebrated Potawatamie chief, Winnemac. Logan made no resistance, but, with great presence of mind, extending his hand to Winnemac, who was an old acquaintance, proceeded to inform him that he and his two companions, tired of the American service, were just leaving Gen. Winchester's army, for the purpose of joining the British. Winnemac, being familiar with Indian strategy, was not satisfied with this declaration, but proceeded to disarm Logan and his comrades, and placing his party around them, so as to prevent their escape, started for the British camp at the foot of the rapids. In the course of the afternoon Logan's address was such as to inspire confidence in his sincerity, and induce Winnemac to restore to him and his companions their arms. Logan now formed the plan of attacking his captors on the first favorable opportunity; and while marching along succeeded in communicating the substance of it to Captain Johnny and Bright-horn. Their guns being already loaded, they had little further preparation to

make than to put bullets into their mouths, to facilitate the reloading of their arms. In carrying on this process Captain Johnny, as he afterwards related, fearing that the man marching by his side had observed the operation, adroitly did away the impression by remarking, "Me chaw heap tobac."

Fight and Escape of Logan's Party.—The evening being now at hand, the British Indians determined to encamp on the bank of Turkeyfoot creek, about twenty miles from Fort Winchester. Confiding in the idea that Logan had really deserted the American service, a part of his captors rambled around the place of their encampment in search of blackhaws. They were no sooner out of sight than Logan gave the signal of attack upon those who remained behind; they fired, and two of the enemy fell dead—the third, being only wounded, required a second shot to dispatch him; and in the mean time the remainder of the party, who were near by, returned the fire, and all of them "treed." There being four of the enemy, and only three of Logan's party, the latter could not watch all the movements of their antagonists. Thus circumstanced, and during an active fight, the fourth man of the enemy passed round until Logan was uncovered by his tree, and shot him through the body. By this time Logan's party had wounded two of the surviving four, which caused them to fall back. Taking advantage of this state of things, Captain Johnny mounted Logan, now suffering the pain of a mortal wound, and Bright-horn, also wounded, on two of the enemy's horses, and started them for Winchester's camp, which they reached about midnight. Captain Johnny, having already secured the scalp of Winnemac, followed immediately on foot, and gained the same point early on the following morning. It was subsequently ascertained that the two Indians of the British party, who were last wounded, died of their wounds, making in all five out of the seven who were slain by Logan and his companions.

Logan Laughs while in the Death-throes.—When the news of this gallant affair had spread through the camp, and, especially, after it was known that Logan was mortally wounded, it created a deep and mournful sensation. No one, it is believed, more deeply regretted the fatal catastrophe than the author of the charge upon Logan's integrity, which had led to this unhappy result.

Logan's popularity was very great; indeed, he was almost universally esteemed in the army for his fidelity to our cause, his unquestioned bravery, and the nobleness of his nature. He lived two or three days after reaching camp, but in extreme bodily agony; he was buried by the officers of the army at Fort Winchester, with the honors of war.

Previous to his death he related the particulars of this fatal enterprise to his friend Oliver, declaring to him that he prized his honor more than life; and having now vindicated his reputation from the imputation cast upon it, he died satisfied. In the course of this interview, and while writhing with pain, he was observed to smile; upon being questioned as to the cause, he replied, that when he recalled to his mind the manner in which Captain Johnny took off the scalp of Winnemac, while at the same time dexterously watching the movements of the enemy, he could not refrain from laughing—an incident in savage life which shows the “ruling passion strong in death.” It would, perhaps, be difficult, in the history of savage warfare, to point out an enterprise, the execution of which reflects higher credit upon the address and daring conduct of its authors than this does upon Logan and his two companions. Indeed, a spirit even less indomitable, a sense of honor less acute, and a patriotic devotion to a good cause less active, than were manifested by this gallant chieftain of the woods, might, under other circumstances, have well conferred immortality upon his name.

Col. John Johnston, in speaking of Logan, in a communication to us, says:

Logan's Children.—Logan left a dying request to myself that his two sons should be sent to Kentucky, and there educated and brought up under the care of Major Hardin.

As soon as peace and tranquillity were restored among the Indians, I made application to the chiefs to fulfil the wish of their dead friend to deliver up the boys, that I might have them conveyed to Frankford, the residence of Major Hardin. The chiefs were embarrassed, and manifested an unwillingness to comply, and in this they were warmly supported by the mother of the children. On no account would they consent to send them so far away as Kentucky, but agreed that I should take and have them schooled at Piqua; it being the best I could do, in compliance with the dying words of Logan, they were brought in. I had them put to school, and boarded in a religious, respectable family. The mother of the boys, who was a bad woman, thwarted all my plans for their improvement, frequently taking them off for weeks, giving them bad advice, and even, on one or two occasions, brought whiskey to the school-house and made them drunk. In this way she continued to annoy me, and finally took them altogether to raise with herself among the Shawanese, at Wapaghkonetta. I made several other attempts, during my connection with the Indians, to educate and train up to civilized life many of their youth, without any encouraging results—all of them proved failures. The children of Logan, with their mother, emigrated to the West twenty years ago, and have there become some of the wildest of their race.

Logan county continued to be a favorite place of residence with the Indians for years after the destruction of these towns. Major Galloway, who was here about the year 1800, gives the following, from memory, respecting the localities and names of their towns at that time. Zane's town, now Zanesfield, was a Wyandot village; Wapatomica, three miles below, on Mad river, was then deserted; McKee's town, on McKee's creek, about four miles south of Bellefontaine, so named from the infamous McKee, and was at that time a trading station; Read's town, in the vicinity of Bellefontaine, which then had a few cabins; Lewis' town, on the Great Miami, and Solomon's town, at which then lived the Wyandot chief, *Tarhe*, “The Crane.” From an old settler we learn, also, that on the site of Bellefontaine was Blue Jacket's town, and three miles north the town of Buckongehelas. Blue Jacket, or *Weyapiersensaw*, and Buckongehelas, were noted chiefs, and were at the treaty of Greenville; the first was a Shawnee and the last a Delaware. At Wayne's victory Blue Jacket had the chief control, and, in opposition to Little Turtle, advocated giving the whites battle with so much force as to overpower the better counsels of the other.

By the treaty of September 29, 1817, at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, the Senecas and Shawnees had a reservation around Lewistown, in this county; by a treaty, ratified April 6, 1832, the Indians vacated their lands and removed to the Far West. On this last occasion James B. Gardiner was Commissioner, John McElvain, Agent, and David Robb, Sub-Agent.

The village of Lewistown derived its name from Captain John Lewis, a noted Shawnee chief. When the county was first settled, there was living with him, to do his drudgery, an aged white woman named Polly Keyser. She was taken prisoner in early life, near Lexington, Ky., and adopted by the Indians. She had an Indian husband and two half-breed daughters. There were several other whites living in the county who had been adopted by the Indians. We give be-



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BELLEFONTAINE.



J. J. Millikin, Photo., Bellefontaine, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BELLEFONTAINE.

low sketches of two of them : the first is from N. Z. McCulloch, Esq., a grandson of Isaac Zane—the last from Colonel John Johnston.

ISAAC ZANE was born about the year 1753, on the south branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, and at the age of about 9 years was taken prisoner by the Wyandots, and carried to Detroit. He remained with his captors until the age of manhood, when, like most prisoners taken in youth, he refused to return to his home and friends. He married a Wyandot woman from Canada, of half French blood, and took no part in the war of the revolution. After the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, he bought a tract of 1,800 acres, on the site of Zanesfield, where he lived until his death in 1816.

JAMES MCPHERSON, or *Squa-la-ka-ke*, "the red-faced man," was a native of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa. He was taken prisoner by the Indians on the Ohio, at or near the mouth of the Big Miami, in Loughry's defeat; was for many years engaged in the British Indian Department, under Elliott and McKee, married a fellow-prisoner, came into our service after Wayne's treaty of 1795, and continued in charge of the Shawanese and Senecas of Lewistown until his removal from office, in 1830, since which he has died.

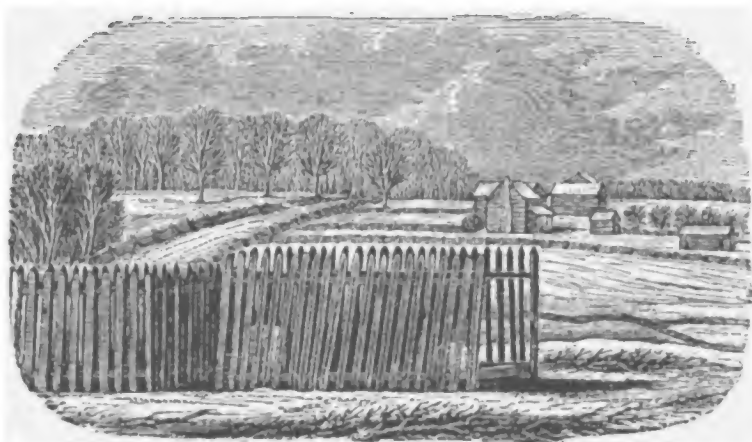
Logan county was first settled about the year 1806. The names of the early settlers recollected are Robert and William Moore, Benjamin and John Schuyler, Philip and Andrew Mathews, John Makinson, John and Levi Garwood, Abisha Warner, Joshua Sharp and brother, Samuel, David and Robert Marmon; Samuel and Thomas Newell, and Benjamin J. Cox. In the late war the settlements in this county were on the verge of civilization, and the troops destined for the Northwest passed through here. There were several block-house stations in the county, namely: Manary's, McPherson's, Vance's and Zane's. Manary's, built by Capt. James Manary, of Ross county, was three miles north of Bellefontaine, on the farm of John Laney; McPherson's stood three-fourths of a mile northwest, and was built by Captain Maltby, of Green county; Vance's, built by ex-Governor Vance, then captain of a rifle company, stood on a high bluff on the margin of a prairie, about a mile east of Logansville; Zane's block-house was at Zanesfield. At the breaking out of the war many hundreds of friendly Indians were collected and stationed at Zane's and McPherson's block-houses, under the protection of the government, who for a short time kept a guard of soldiers over them. It was at first feared that they would take up arms against the Americans, but subsequent events dissipating these apprehensions, they were allowed to disperse.

Bellefontaine in 1846.—Bellefontaine, the county-seat, is on the line of the Cincinnati & Sandusky City Railroad, fifty miles northwest of Columbus. It was laid out March 18, 1820, on the land of John Tulles and William Powell, and named from the fine springs abounding in the vicinity. The first of the above lived at the time in a cabin on the town plot, yet standing in the south part of Bellefontaine. After the town was laid out Joseph Gordon built a cabin, now standing, on the corner opposite Slicer's Hotel. Anthony Ballard erected the first frame dwelling; William Scott kept the first tavern, where J. C. Scarff's drug-store now is. Slicer's tavern was built for a temporary court-house. Joseph Gordon, Nathaniel Dodge, Anthony Ballard, William Gutridge, Thomas Haynes and John Rhodes were among the first settlers of the town, the last of whom was the first merchant. The Methodists built the first church, a brick structure, destroyed by fire, which stood on the site of their present church. Bellefontaine contains two Presbyterian, one Episcopal Methodist, and one Lutheran church; one newspaper printing office, eleven dry-goods stores, and had, in October, 1846, 610 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

About five miles northeast of Bellefontaine, on the head waters of Mad river, is the grave of General Simon Kenton. He resided for the last few years of his life in the small log-house shown on the right of the engraving, where he breathed his last. He was buried on a small grassy knoll, beside the grave of a Mr. Solomon Praetor, shown on the left. Around his grave is a rude and now dilapidated picketing, and over it a small slab bearing the following inscription:

In Memory
of
GENERAL SIMON KENTON,
Who was born April 3, 1755, in Culpepper county,
Va., and died April 29, 1836, aged 81 years and
26 days. His fellow-citizens of the West will
long remember him as the skillful pioneer of
early times, the brave soldier and the honest man.

The above is from the old edition. The remains of General Kenton, many years after my visit, were removed to Oakdale Cemetery, Urbana, where now stands an elegant monument, erected at the expense of the State. For full par-



GRAVE OF SIMON KENTON—Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

ticulars, with a sketch of Kenton, see Vol. I., page 377, *etc.* For the particulars of my making the above sketch, now forty-four years gone, and our first entrance into Bellefontaine, and its appearance then, see page 236.

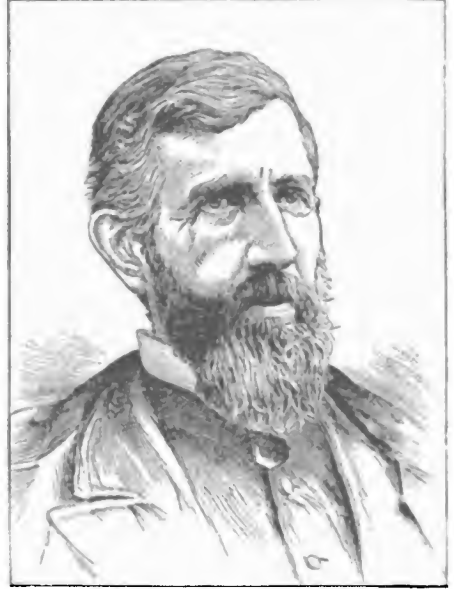
BELLEFONTAINE, county-seat of Logan, seventy-seven miles northwest of Columbus, 112 miles north of Cincinnati, at the crossing of the C. C. C. & I. and I. B. & W. Railroads, is situated in a fine agricultural district, the principal products being live-stock, wool and grain. Bellefontaine is near Hogue's Hill, the highest known point in the State; the elevation is 1,540 feet above tide-water. County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Christie Williams; Clerk, Sol. A. McCulloch; Commissioners, James M. Putnam, Edward Higgins, Alonzo C. McClure; Coroner, John Q. A. Bennett; Infirmary Directors, Joseph M. Porter, Layman Dow, Abiel Horn; Probate Judge, Thomas Miltenberger; Prosecuting Attorney, Walter S. Plum; Recorder, Benjamin Underwood; Sheriff, Wallner W. Roach; Surveyor, James C. Wonders; Treasurer, John D. Inskeep. City Officers, 1888: J. A. Odor, Mayor; R. B. Johnson, Clerk; W. W. Roach, Marshal; J. M. Nelson, Treasurer; J. D. McLaughlin, Solicitor; Joseph Stover, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Republican*, Republican, J. Q. A. Campbell, editor and publisher; *Examiner*, Democratic, E. O. Hubbard, editor and publisher; *Logan County Index*, Republican, Roebuck & Brand, editors and publishers. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one African Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Reformed Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Colored Baptist, one Presbyterian, one United Presbyterian, one Reformed Presbyterian, one Christian, one Lutheran. Banks: Bellefontaine National, William Lawrence, president, James Leister, cashier; People's National, Abner Riddle, president, Robert Lamb, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Miller Carriage Co.; Mack, Dickinson & Co., chair stock, etc., 64 hands; Chichester & Haviland, chairs, 37; Bellefontaine Carriage Body Co., carriage bodies, etc., 25; A. J. Miller & Co., carriage woodwork, 12; Colton Bros., flour, etc., 16; Miller & Kiplinger, carriages, etc.; Williamson & Lesourd, doors, sash, etc.; Miller Carriage Co., carriage bodies, 33; David C. Green, lumber.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 3,998. School census, 1888, 1,127; Henry Whitworth, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$178,200. Value of annual product, \$723,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 4,238.

The town owns its own water- and gas-works, has about six miles of Berea flagging sidewalks, and its streets are nicely graded and shaded. The bar is one of the strongest in the State, embracing Judges Lawrence, West, Price and Gen. Kennedy.



GEN. ROBERT P. KENNEDY.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. WEST,
The Blind Man Eloquent.

Bellefontaine has supplied three Lieutenant-Governors for Ohio.

1st. BENJAMIN STANTON, born of Quaker parentage on Short creek, Belmont county, Ohio, March 4, 1809. Was bred a tailor, which appears to have been a favorite trade for young Friends, probably from its humanitarian aspects—"clothing the naked." Studied law and was admitted to the bar at Steubenville in 1833; came to Bellefontaine in 1834; then was successively prosecuting attorney, State Senator, member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1851; served several terms as member of Congress and in 1861 was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, and on the same ticket with Governor David Tod; in 1866 removed to West Virginia, practised law there and died a few years since.

2d. ROBERT P. KENNEDY was born in Bellefontaine, January 23, 1840. Entered the Union army in 1861, came out Brevet Brig.-General in 1865; studied and practised the law; was Collector of Internal Revenue 1878 to 1883; elected to the 50th Congress, re-elected to the 51st Congress; was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with J. B.

Foraker in 1885 and resigned in 1887. In the stormy session of 1886, as President of the Senate, his rulings in regard to the seating of the Hamilton county Democratic Senators, their election being contested, gave him prominence.

3d. WM. VANCE MARQUIS was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1889, on the ticket with Mr. Jas. E. Campbell. He is of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestry; was born in Mt. Vernon in 1828; came here when a boy of five years; was bred to merchandising, his present vocation.

A house is pointed out in Bellefontaine where was born, November 21, 1850, CHARLES JULIUS CHAMBERS, author and journalist, now managing editor of the *N. Y. Herald*.

Logan county is rich to excess in names of men known to the nation as possessed of rare intellect, wide attainments and great force of character. High on this list stands unquestioned that of WILLIAM H. WEST. He comes from a class once known to our country that is now extinct. We refer to the hard-handed, knotty-headed sons of small farmers, who from early boyhood worked in the summer

for a schooling in the winter, and then taught school half the year to sustain themselves while securing a profession. This class has a brilliant constellation in history to carry its glory into after generations. We have only to mention the names of Clay, Webster, Corwin, Lincoln, Benton, Ewing and a host of others to make good our assertion, and to this roll of honor we add the name of William H. West.

William was born at Millsborough, Washington county, Pa. His father removed to Knox county, Ohio, in 1830. He graduated at Jefferson College, Penn., in 1846, dividing the honors with Gen. A. B. Sharpe. He taught school in Kentucky until 1848, when he accepted a tutorship of Jefferson College, and a year later was chosen adjunct professor at Hampden-Sidney College, Va. In 1850 he entered as student the law office of Judge William Lawrence, Bellefontaine, Ohio, with whom he formed a partnership on his admission to the bar. He was recognized from the start as an able attorney, and so worked his way to the head of his profession.

There were two qualities that rendered Judge West eminent. One of these was his capacity to assimilate the law he studied to his remarkable intellectual qualities, and the other a strange facility and felicity of utterance. When to these we add a delicate organization, that seemed to vibrate to the touch of passion, we have the powerful advocate who in court convinced the judge and won jury, and was so great before a crowd that he won a national reputation under the name of "the Blind Man Eloquent." Small wonder that Judge West has been the marvel of the legal fraternity at the West. He has a wide reputation as authority on civil and corporate law, equalled by few and surpassed by none. While on the Supreme Bench of Ohio, he was so unfortunate as to lose his sight—but with it came no loss of power. His well-trained mind and powerful memory enabled him to dispense with his eyes, and it has been for years one of the most interesting spectacles to the bar to hear Judge West conduct a case in court. Without assistance from any one, he handles facts and law with the greatest accuracy and power. There is no pause, not the slightest hesitation, as he calls up and unravels facts and quotes the law applicable to their case.

Judge West entered politics at an early day, and soon assumed a leadership that was his by force of intellect and character. He made one of the few prominent men who formed the Republican party. It was in 1854 that he joined in an appeal to all parties after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that brought out a convention at Columbus, Ohio, when West was one of the most prominent speakers, and Joseph R. Swan was nominated as a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and through the aid of another newly formed political organization called the "Know Nothing" was elected by a majority of more than 75,000.

In 1857 and in 1861 Judge West was a

member of the State Legislature, serving in the House, and in 1863 he was returned to the Senate. Afterward his party in the Logan Congressional district sent him as their delegate to the Chicago Convention, when he took part in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. In 1865 and 1867 he was chosen Attorney-General of Ohio, and in 1869 tendered the position of Consul to Rio Janeiro, but declined. In 1871 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and was making his mark as an able jurist, when his failing sight forced him to resign.

The marked event of his political life occurred in 1877, when he was nominated by his party, in State convention assembled, its candidate for Governor. The great railroad strikes, that arrested the wheels of nearly all the locomotives of 150,000 miles of operating railroads, was on hand, and the newly named candidate for Governor had to meet the issue involved in the strife. It was one Judge West had studied and mastered. He knew what Capital and Labor meant, and he felt keenly all that it signified. He saw then what has developed since, that it was fated to be the great issue of civilization, and had to be faced and solved before the wheels of progress could continue to revolve. To the amazement and horror of his political associates, in his first utterance after nomination, he took the side of toil against the corporations. Of course he was defeated. He lost the proud privilege of appointing notaries public and pardoning criminals, but he carried back to private life the honor that comes of a courageous defence of principle.

Judge West twice married, is the father of an interesting family, and for the sake of his two sons, who inherit much of the father's ability, he continues, at Bellefontaine, the practice of his profession, although in feeble health. There, loved by his friends and family and universally respected and admired, "the blind man eloquent" passes to his honored age.

EDWARD HENRY KNIGHT was born in London, England, June 1, 1824, and died in Bellefontaine, January 22, 1883, where he had had legal residence the last twenty-five years of his life, although absent a large part of the time in Washington, Paris, and England. He was educated in England, where he learned the art of steel-engraving and took a course in surgery. In 1846 settled in Cincinnati as a patent attorney.

In 1864 he was employed in the Patent Office at Washington, where he originated the present system of classification. In 1873 he issued his most important work, the "American Mechanical Dictionary." He was a member of the International Juries at the World's Fairs in Philadelphia, in 1876, and Paris, in 1878; was U. S. Commissioner at the latter, receiving the appointment of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor from the French government, in recognition of his services. He was a member of many scientific societies, both American and European. In 1876 he received the degree of LL. D. from Iowa Wesleyan University.

He compiled what is known as Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song;" was the

author of a number of valuable scientific and other works, and one of the most useful men in research and literature that America has produced.

His knowledge of books, men and things is said to have been marvellous. After death his brain was found to weigh sixty-four ounces, being the heaviest on record, excepting that of Cuvier. The average weight of the brain of Europeans is $49\frac{1}{2}$ ounces (av.) Among the large brains on record are those of Agassiz, 53.4; Lord Campbell, 53.5; Daniel Webster, 53.5; Abercrombie, 63; Knight, 64; Cuvier, 64.5.

JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, in 1819; graduated at Franklin College, Ohio, in 1838; was educated for the law; from 1856-1861 was Judge of Common Pleas; Colonel of the 84th Ohio in the war; served in Congress, 1865, to December, 1871; from 1880 to 1885 was 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, and the only one whose decisions were regularly published. He has published quite a number of law books: one, "The Law of Religious Societies and Church Corporations."

While acting as judge his circuit included Marion county. The author of the County History thus writes of him: "He was always pleasant and affable. At the opening of a court in May, 1861, when the people were excited about the war, he ordered the sheriff to raise the national flag over the cupola of the Court-house in Marion, which order the sheriff refused to obey. The latter was, therefore, brought into court and fined, for contempt. He then hoisted the flag according to the original order. In 1862 the Judge went to the front with a regiment, of which he was Colonel. While in the service his salary as Judge continued, which he drew and distributed to the school districts throughout his circuit, for the benefit of the families of the soldiers."

The author speaks of the Judge as though he had passed away, but he remains very much of a live gentleman. When we last saw him, in June, 1889, he seemed the embodiment of manly vigor and cheerfulness, full in figure, full-chested, remarkably neat in apparel, and wearing a button-hole bouquet on the lapel of his coat—in all respects, morally and physically, a fragrant presence; and what we believe has helped to make him such has been his life-practice of the principle illustrated in the name he gave to a daughter—*Mary Temperance Lawrence*.

His law arguments would make several volumes. An able writer, familiar with these and referring to a voluminous opinion he gave as to property rights growing out of the schism in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, in 1889, said:

"Judge Lawrence is one of the most eminent of living American lawyers. His opinion must be regarded as entirely impartial, and it is maintained with marked ability and forcible argument from beginning to end.

"Judge Lawrence's reports and speeches while in the Ohio Legislature and in Congress would make volumes, many of them on Constitutional Law and on all the great questions in Congress during the period of twelve years following the rebellion. His report in Congress, February, 1869, on the New York election frauds, led to important legislation there and in Congress to preserve the purity of elections. He first urged in Congress the law establishing the 'Department of Justice,' and is author of most of its provisions converting the 'office' of Attorney-General into a 'Department.' He is the author of the law giving to each soldier as a homestead 160 acres of the 'alternate reserved sections' in the railroad land grants, under which so many homes have been secured to these deserving citizens.

"He was the first in Congress to urge, in



JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

the interest of securing the public lands to actual settlers, that Indian treaty sales of these lands should be prohibited, as they were by act of March 3, 1871; thus breaking up one of the most gigantic agencies for squandering the public lands and creating monopolies. On the 7th of July, 1876, he carried through the House a bill, called the 'Lawrence Bill,' requiring the Pacific railroad companies to indemnify the government against liability and loss on account of the government loan of credit to the companies, as estimated, of \$150,000,000. The railroad companies resisted this, employing Hon. Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, and Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, of New York, and others, whose elaborate arguments before the Judiciary Committee were met by a voluminous report and speech by Judge Lawrence, answering every opposing argument."—*Biog. Cyc. Ohio*.



COL. JACOB PIATT,
of the American Revolution.



JUDGE BENJ. M. PIATT,
Pioneer of Logan, at 80 Years.

THE PIATTS OF LOGAN.

[Originally published in the *Urbana Daily Citizen*.]

The PIATT FAMILY is of French origin and Huguenot blood. Of course two centuries of births on this continent and a liberal admixture of Dutch and Irish blood have modified the original conditions that forced the French Puritans from their homes to a life in the wilderness. It is a fact, however, that where any trace of the Huguenot is found, it is marked by the old quality that turned a class into a race of strong, solid, persistent men. In the persecutions that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the family fled from the Province of Dauphine to Holland, where JOHN PIATT married a Van Vliet, and from thence John and his wife emigrated to Cuba, and from there to New York, finding a home at last in New Jersey.

From this ancestry came COL. JACOB PIATT, grandfather of A. Sanders and Donn Piatt. He was born May 17, 1747. When the war of the Revolution came on he was elected captain of a military company, composed of ninety young farmers. Not long afterwards he was commissioned captain in the regular service, and from that on served through the entire war, taking part in all the great battles, and was promoted to the rank of colonel to serve on the staff of General Washington. He was wont to tell how, at the battle of Brandywine, his command was on the extreme left as it lay entrenched on the banks of the Brandywine creek.

Before the battle, as they stood in line, looking at the English, Washington rode down, and stopping near Captain Jacob Piatt, observed: "Do you see those gentlemen over there?" pointing at the red coats. "We do," was answered. He then continued, "If they come nearer give them a knock and send them back again. This will be a glorious day for America." At the battle of Monmouth, Major Piatt was under Lee, who had been ordered to advance, while Washington brought the reserve. History tells us that Lee disobeyed orders and was in full retreat when Washington met him. The meeting

happened in the presence of Major Piatt, who, seated on a pile of rails, was binding up a wound in his leg. The two generals swore at each other in the most furious manner. The old Calvinistic Huguenot approved of his general's profanity on the ground that it was deserved.

COLONEL JACOB PIATT was in the first expedition against Quebec, and in the important battles of Germantown, Brandywine, Short Hills, and Monmouth. At the last mentioned engagement he was wounded, as we have said, and, although seriously, clung to the service, never even for a day off duty. He enjoyed the confidence of his great commander. After the war he married and settled on the Ohio, in Boone county, Kentucky. He was an extremely austere man, as pious as he was patriotic, giving all of his pension to the support of a clergyman of his own faith. He lies buried on the farm, under a quaint old tombstone, that had engraved upon it the simple yet poetic inscription:

JACOB PIATT.

Born May 17, 1747; died August 14, 1834.

A Soldier of the Revolution

and

A Soldier of the Cross.

BENJAMIN M. PIATT, eldest son of Colonel Jacob Piatt, and long and lovingly known to the people of Logan county, was born in New Jersey, December 26, 1779; died at Mac-o-chee, April 28, 1863.

Judge Benjamin M. Piatt is well remembered by his surviving friends and neighbors of Logan county, as a man of marked attributes and of reticent but amiable temperament. Something of a student he possessed a thoughtful turn of mind that made him more of a philosopher than a man of active life. He had his share of adventure, however, as he began his business career boating produce from Kentucky to New Orleans before the day of steam-boating, when the flat boat and broad horn were floated down in continuous peril from floods and foes, to be broken up and sold at New Orleans, when these primitive merchants returned on horseback with their compensation in gold about their persons. In that unsettled condition of a sparsely settled country, one carried his coin and life in perpetual danger. Many were the adventures of the two brothers, Benjamin M. and John H. Piatt, that chilled the blood of listeners in after life. At the earnest solicitation of his wife, Benjamin M. Piatt abandoned this hazardous but lucrative life of river merchant, and, studying law, was admitted to the bar. Not long after he was appointed district attorney for the southern district of Illinois. This was an arduous position and as it required his continuous presence in that State he decided to move his family also. He selected as a residence Kaskaskia, a settlement on the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Kaskaskia river.

While practising his profession at Kaskaskia an event occurred strikingly illustrative of his character. He was defending a man charged with manslaughter in the court at Kaskaskia, when his client in an unguarded moment seized the sheriff's rifle and fled. The sheriff made an appeal for a posse. Mr. Piatt, indignant at his client, said he would bring the man back if authorized by the court. This being given he hurried home, procured his rifle and horse, and went in pursuit. He overtook the criminal at the Mississippi river. The man had secured a boat and was some distance from shore. Mr. Piatt dismounted and ordered the fugitive back. He was only jeered at. Mr. Piatt brought his rifle to bear at the instant the fugitive did his. But it was well known throughout the country that Benjamin M. Piatt was a most remarkable shot with the rifle, as he continued, until his failing sight robbed him in his old age of this accomplishment. The desperado knew this and looking along the deadly level of his lawyer's rifle dropped his own and returned to shore.

At this moment the sheriff arrived and the lawyer delivered his prisoner to the officer. To disarm and fasten the late fugitive to a horse was the work of a few moments. The man's legs were tied under the horse's belly, his arms strapped to his sides and his hands left enough at liberty to handle the reins. He was ordered to ride forward and sheriff and lawyer followed. They had scarcely got under way when the sheriff motioned his companion to ride more slowly. When far enough back not to be overheard the sheriff said in a low tone:

"Now, Benny, let's fix him for slow travelling. I'll take aim at his right leg and you at his left, and when I count three we'll fire a couple of bullets through his trotters." "You cowardly brute," cried Mr. Piatt, his eyes blazing fire, "do you think I would consent to mutilate a helpless man?" "I won't be answerable for his return then." "Nobody asks you. I was authorized to arrest him. You get away from here. I will do it my own way." The indignant sheriff did ride away, and Mr. Piatt calling to the prisoner to halt, rode up and cutting his bonds said: "Now we'll ride into town like gentlemen," and they did.

The life in Kaskaskia was one of trial and hardship. Mr. and Mrs. Piatt found themselves among strangers, who spoke a different language, poor and struggling for the necessities of life. There was little to encourage Mr. Piatt in the practice of his profession, yet he would willingly have persevered, had not his family been subjected to such great privations. His wife's devotion and untiring exertions overtaxed her strength, and she lost an infant, soon after his birth. Following immediately upon this Mr. Piatt was stricken with a serious illness brought on by exposure in the performance of his duties. There was also a constant dread of earthquakes, several convulsions having occurred. The proximity of the Indians was also a source of great uneasiness to Mrs. Piatt.

After the war of 1812 the encroachments of the Indians became more alarming, and Mr. Piatt determined to return to Cincinnati. At Cincinnati he formed a partnership with the celebrated Nicholas Longworth, and between the practice of law and judicious investments in real estate he accumulated quite a fortune for that day. In course of time he was appointed to fill a vacancy on the common pleas bench. After, in 1816, he was elected a member of the State legislature, and as the records show, was the first to introduce a bill establishing the common school system. He proposed, however, that the State should meet half the cost of a pupil's schooling, and this should not go beyond reading, writing and arithmetic. The motion made subsequently to give every child a collegiate course he considered not only impossible but likely to break down the system. "You make a system," he said, "where one boy gets a full meal and fifty boys go hungry."

In the prime of life and amid a most prosperous business career, Judge Piatt bought his farm of seventeen hundred acres, and building a double log-cabin for himself and family, devoted the rest of his life to agricultural pursuits, made pleasant by books and studies for which he had a mind and temperament to enjoy.

There is a singular strain of contradiction in the Piatt blood. Their ancestors left France because they would not be Catholics, and yet, "left to" themselves, have nearly all returned to the Catholic faith. While Colonel Jacob Piatt of the revolution and his son Benjamin M. were extreme Federalists, believing in Hamilton and a strong central government, their children to-day are ultra Democrats.

When the late civil war broke upon us Judge Piatt was aroused to great indignation at what he called the infamous crime of the Southern leaders, and engaged actively in sustaining the government. He not only gave freely from his means to organize volunteers but sent his sons and grandsons to the field. When in the midst of the war he was stricken down with a grave sickness,

and the suggestion made that his children be sent for, he said : " No, they cannot prolong my life, but they can and are serving their country ; let them alone."

And so the grand old patriot passed to his final rest, when the war whose drum-beats his very heart echoed in its last throbs was drawing to a triumphant end. " I do thank God," he said, " that my dying eyes will not close on a dissevered Union. So long as I have children to remember me, let them remember this, my last will and testament to them."

Benjamin M. Piatt's quiet, philosophical life was in striking contrast to that of his younger brother, John H., and recalls the lines of the German poet as translated by Longfellow :

"The one on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm."



GEN. A. SANDERS PIATT.

GENERAL A. SANDERS PIATT's stately home stands sentinel where the Mac-o-chee meets the Mad river valley, and the noisy little stream glides like an eel, through the narrow opening of the wooded hills. General Piatt was a born soldier—tall, erect and well proportioned, and with great force of character. His career in the army was brief but brilliant. He was among the first to volunteer in response to President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men, and he left the field only after being disabled by an attack of typhoid fever, from which he has never entirely recovered. For a brief mention of his services we quote from "Ohio in the War ;" and can but add that in his patriotic effort to raise a brigade at his own expense, he brought on financial embarrassments from which he yet suffers, so that both in body and fortune he carries scars that are decorations to one who is without fear and without reproach. Whitelaw Reid says :

" He solicited and received authority from Mr. Lincoln to enlist a brigade for the war. Relying upon his own means he selected a camp, and organized the first Zouave regiment (so called, though for no reason save that they wore a fancy red-legged uniform which they were soon forced to discard) in Ohio.

" He subsisted his regiment for one month and six days, and was then commissioned as colonel and ordered to Camp Dennison. The regiment was designated the 34th. He continued recruiting, with permission from the State authorities, and a second regiment was subsequently organized and designated the 54th. This second regiment was being rapidly filled up when Colonel Piatt was ordered to report with the 34th to General Rosecrans, then commanding in West Virginia.

" On his way to join Rosecrans he met an organized band of rebels in a strongly fortified position near Chapmansville, West Virginia.

" After making a reconnaissance he attacked and drove the enemy in utter rout from his position, and wounded and captured the commander of the force, Colonel J. W. Davis.

" Colonel Piatt next attacked and defeated a rebel force at Hurricane, which was co-operating with General Floyd, then at Cotton Hill."

In March, 1862, he was obliged to return to Ohio on account of a serious attack of typhoid fever. Before his recovery he was commissioned brigadier-general.

In July he was assigned from General Sigel's command to a brigade in General McClellan's army, and a month later took a very gallant part in the battle of Manassas Junction. Reid says :

" Here he halted his brigade while the one in front marched on toward Washington. General Piatt remarked to General Sturgis that he had gone far enough in that direction in search of General Porter, and that with his permission he would march to the battle-field. He then ordered his men into the road, and guided by the sound of artillery he arrived at the battle-ground of Bull Run at 2 o'clock P. M. The brigade went into action on the left, and acquitted itself with great courage. General Pope, in his official report, complimented General Piatt very highly for ' the soldierly feeling which prompted him, after being misled and with the bad example of the other brigade before his eyes, to push forward with such zeal and alacrity to the field of battle.'

" In the battle of Fredericksburg General Piatt occupied the right, and had the satisfaction of being assured by his superior officer that his brigade performed well the duty assigned to it."

Since his return from the army General Piatt has lived the retired life of a farmer, enlivened by books and literary pursuits. He is a clever wielder of the pen, and not only an essayist but a poet. His contributions to the magazines, notably the *North American Review*, mark him as a clear thinker, of a vigorous, incisive style. He has taken part in politics always as a Democrat when not a Greenbacker ; as of the last he was once nominated by that party as their candidate for Governor, and would have received a heavy vote but for the fact that the two candidates in the field at the time, being Hon. Chas. Foster and Hon. Thomas Ewing, were something of Greenbackers themselves.

General Piatt has the temperament and

all the qualities that go to make a successful leader of men. In illustration of this we have an event told by a correspondent of the *New York World*.

It was after the gathering upon the fields of Chickamauga of Union and Confederate officers to designate the lines of battle and prepare the ground for a great National Park. General Piatt made one of the number on a belated train of the Queen and Crescent when a frightful collision occurred. The correspondent says:

"We were thrown out of our seats by the concussion that had a deafening crash and then a no less deafening escape of steam. Although much shaken up the passengers were unhurt, and we hastily tumbled out. The scene that met our eyes was terrible. The two huge locomotives were jammed into each other, a great mass of wrenched and broken iron. The freight train loaded with ties was scattered in piles each side of the track. The baggage car was telescoped in the postal car, and the two made a stack of broken boards and timber piled on each other. As we swarmed about the ruins I saw the tall, soldierly form of General Sanders Piatt climbing upon the wreck. He suddenly began gesticulating, but what he said we could not hear. Suddenly the escaping steam ceased, and then the startling

cry came to us from General Piatt: 'There are live men under this wreck; come on!' Sure enough, we could hear the feeble moans of one and the agonizing screams of another.

"It was singular to see how one man could take control in the emergency as General Piatt. He not only worked himself, but directed the others, officers of the railroad, veterans of the army and passengers. It was not only a heroic effort of a strong man, but an intelligent one. I noticed two men armed with axes cutting at a part of the under car that remained intact. General Piatt saw them. 'For God's sake don't do that,' he cried, 'you will bring down tons on us.' In an hour, that seemed five to us, the hurt men were got at. It was pitiful to see their mangled forms lifted tenderly out by the laborers, then as black as negroes from the soot that had settled on everything. The gallant old veteran who directed the work was so exhausted when the work was done that we had to carry him back to the passenger car that yet remained upon the track. General Piatt had won his laurels on hard-fought battles of the war, but no brighter crown could beawarded him than his labors on this occasion."

A. Sanders Piatt was born in Cincinnati, May 2, 1821. But for a brief period of his life in Boone county, Ky., he has been a resident of Logan, where he yet will have, we trust, many years of happy life.



SARAH M. B. PIATT.



JOHN J. PIATT.

JOHN JAMES AND SARAH M. B. PIATT.—It is difficult to think of these two poets separate and apart from each other. Yet while both are poets and possess a like delicacy of touch and deftness of expression, they are really wide apart in their several spheres of thought and feeling. John James is of the sunny woods and fields made dear and familiar by sweet human gossip. With a verse all his own he tells of the "Pioneer Chimney" with a touching pathos that comes of clear knowledge of the inner thoughts, feelings and motives of humble, honest life. The love of home, the loftier love of country called patriotism, are his, while the wife is the poet of motherhood.

Her power is circled by the home made merry by the musical laugh of children, and so quaint in their infant imaginings and odd fancies that are full of infant wisdom and delicate humor. Then again the mother intervenes, and there is a page one reads through tears. Her power is only second to that of Mrs. Browning; if, indeed, in her peculiar walk, she is not the better of the two.

John J. Piatt, now fifty years of age, began his literary life with Wm. D. Howells, the two when quite young publishing a volume of verse. They have drifted apart, though remaining warm friends, and each in his way winning the laurel crown of fame if not of fortune.

Nearly all the literary people of the United States petitioned President Arthur to give John James a consulate. The prayer was granted, and since then, as United States consul at Cork, he has resided with his beautiful family at a picturesque old home covered with ivy near Queenstown. John is a Republican, as his poetry proves, and when President Cleveland was inaugurated there was a fearful rush made for this post at Cork. The President sent for John's record at the State Department together with the recommendations that gave Mr. Piatt the position. "Why," said the President, "we don't want a poet consul anywhere." "No," responded Secretary Bayard, "we do not, but we do want an honest, capable man, and if you will look at Mr. Piatt's record, you will find that he is all that. Then, again, here are Joseph McDonald, John G. Carlisle, Frank Hurd, Dan Voorhees and fifty more Democrats asking his promotion. I think at least we had better let him remain." And remain he did and does. We give as a specimen a poem of John J. Piatt's:

THE BRONZE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

(April, 1861.)

Uplifted when the April sun was down,
Gold-lighted by the tremulous, fluttering beam,
Touching his glimmering steed with spurs in gleam,
The great Virginia Colonel into town
Rode, with the scabbard emptied on his thigh,
The Leader's hat upon his head, and lo!
The old still manhood on his face aglow,
And the old generalship quick in his eye!
"O father!" said I, speaking in my heart,
"Though but thy bronzed form is ours alone,
And marble lips here in thy chosen place,
Rides not thy spirit in to keep thine own,
Or weeps thy land, an orphan in the mart?"
. . . The twilight dying lit the deathless face.

SARAH M. B. PIATT, whose delicately beautiful head we reproduce, was Miss Sarah M. Bryant, of Kentucky. She contributed poetry to the *Louisville Journal*, when the witty Prentice was editor, and John James assistant editor. Both were struck by the girl's originality and beauty of expression. The admiration so won on the younger journalist that he made a pilgrimage to the interior of Kentucky to see the gifted one. Admiration melted into love, and won the inspired maiden. We give as a specimen, taken at random, one of Mrs. Piatt's poems:

"WHEN SAW WE THEE?"

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.

Then shall He answer how He lifted up,
In the cathedral there, at Lille, to me
The same still mouth that drank the Passion-cup,
And how I turned away and did not see.

How—Oh, that boy's deep eyes and withered arm!—

In a mad Paris street, one glittering night,
Three times drawn backward by his beauty's charm,
I gave him—not a farthing for the sight.

How in that shadowy temple at Cologne,
Through all the mighty music, I did wring
The agony of his last mortal moan
From that blind soul I gave not anything.

And how at Bruges, at a beggar's breast,
There by the windmill where the leaves whirled

so,—
I saw Him nursing, passed Him with the rest,
Followed by His starved mother's stare of woe.

But, my Lord Christ, Thou knowest I had not much,

And had to keep that which I had for grace
To look, forsooth, where some dead painter's touch

Had left Thy thorn-wound or Thy mother's face.

Therefore, O my Lord Christ, I pray of Thee,
That of Thy great compassion Thou wilt save,
Laid up from moth and rust, somewhere, for me,
High in the heavens—the coins I never gave.

Col. DONN PIATT was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 29, 1819. He was educated partly in Urbana and at the Athenæum (now St. Xavier College, Cincinnati), but left that school before completing his course. He studied law under his father, and was, for a time, a pupil of Tom Corwin. In 1851 he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton county. He was made Secretary of the Legation at Paris, under Hon. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, during Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations. When the minister died in October, 1859, Colonel Piatt served as *charge d'affaires* for nearly a year.

On his return home he engaged actively in the presidential canvass, in behalf of Abraham Lincoln. In company with General Robert C. Schenck he stumped Southern Illinois, and his services were publicly acknowledged by the President-elect.

During the civil war he served on the staff of General Robert C. Schenck, who was in command of the Middle Department, with headquarters at Baltimore. While General Schenck was temporarily absent from his post, and Colonel Piatt, as chief of staff, in command, he issued an order, contrary to the policy of the administration at that time, to General William G. Birney, who was then in Maryland, to recruit a brigade of negro soldiers—to enlist none but slaves.

The effect of this order was to at once emancipate every slave in Maryland, and it was thought to greatly embarrass Mr. Lincoln and the cabinet. Colonel Piatt had taken the step against General Schenck's wishes, at the advice of Henry Winter Davis, Judge Bond and other distinguished Union men from Maryland; and against the wishes of Reverdy Johnson, Montgomery Blair and other earnest Union men and slaveholders. He was summoned to Washington and threatened by Mr. Lincoln, in a stormy interview, with shameful dismissal from the army. This he was spared by the intercession of



COLONEL DONN PIATT.



LOUISE KIRBY PIATT.

Secretary Stanton, and permitted to retain his rank in the army, though, on account of this rash act, he was always thereafter denied further promotion. But it was a consolation for him to know that his one act had made Maryland a free State. Word went out and spread like wild-fire that "Mr. Linkum was a callin' on de slaves to fight fo' fredum," and the shoe-handle was dropped, never again to be taken up by unrequited toil. The poor creatures poured into Baltimore with their families, on foot, on horseback, in old wagons, and even on sleds stolen from their masters. The late masters became clamorous for compensation, and Mr. Lincoln ordered a commission to assess damages. Secretary Stanton put in a proviso that those cases only should be considered wherein the claimant could take the iron-clad oath of allegiance. So, of course, no slaves were paid for.

Having been sent to observe the situation at Winchester, Va., previous to Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, Colonel Piatt, on his own motion, ordered General Robert H. Milroy to evacuate that indefensible town and fall back on Harper's Ferry. The order was countermanded by General Halleck. Three days afterwards, Milroy, surrounded by the Confederate advance, was forced to cut his way out, with a loss of 2,000 prisoners. Had Colonel Piatt's order been carried out, the command would have been saved, and two regiments of brave men (who under Schenck and Milroy were the only force that ever whipped Stonewall Jackson) not needlessly sacrificed. He was Judge-Advocate of the commission which investigated the charges against General Buell, and favored his acquittal.

After the war he became the Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, distinguishing himself as a writer of great brilliancy.

Col. Piatt subsequently founded and edited the *Washington Capital* for two years, mak-

ing it so odious to government officials that at their instance during the presidential controversy of 1876 he was indicted—but, as he naively says, "though trying very hard, never got into jail." On the contrary he sold the *Capital* at a very handsome figure and returned to the peace and quiet of Mac-o-chee, where he has since been engaged in literary work and farming. "In all his writings he is apt to take a peculiar and generally unpopular view of his subject," says an eminent critic, and the observation is just.

His entertaining volume, "Memories of the Men who Saved the Union," whom he designates as Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, Seward and General George H. Thomas, is sharply critical, and severe on General Grant. But its strong passages and just appreciation of the great deeds of the other great men atone for this fault. Its sale has been large and is steadily increasing. The *Westminster Review* describes it as "The record of great geniuses, told by a genius."

Col. Piatt has published a delightful little book of love stories, true to life and of pathetic interest, mostly war incidents, called "The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah and Other Tales." In 1888 he edited *Belford's Magazine* as a free trade journal, and made the tariff issue strangely interesting and picturesque. He contributes regularly to the leading English reviews, and is at present engaged with General Charles M. Cist, of Cincinnati, in preparing a life of General George H. Thomas.

In 1865 he was elected as a Republican as Representative from Logan county to the Ohio Legislature. "I made a fight for negro suffrage," says he, "and won, by a decreased majority. Then, after spending a couple of winters at Columbus, I quit, by unanimous consent." He had opposed local legislation, taken an active part in pushing the negro-suffrage amendment through, and was accused of doing more legislating for

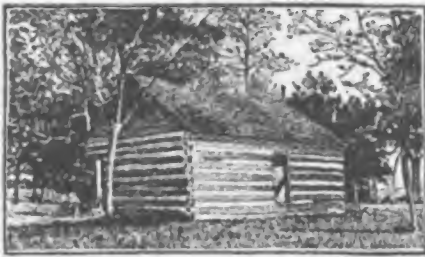
Cincinnati, his old home, than all the Hamilton county delegation together. His ability as a speaker and usefulness in the committee-room were widely recognized and praised.



(Frank Henry Howe, Photo., 1890.)

MAC-O-CHEE, COL. PIATT'S RESIDENCE.

Who can describe the beauty and charm of Mac-o-chee Valley? As seen from his great stone mansion it presents one of the fairest prospects that ever delighted the vision of man. There is no description truer than Tom Corwin's: "A man can better live and die here than in any place I have ever seen." Above is an excellent picture of the ivy-crowned west and south fronts, and entrance into one of the best libraries in Ohio. The beautiful residence harmonizes with the grand scenery about it—like the castles along the historic Rhine, one of which it closely resembles and is modelled after.



(Frank Henry Howe, Photo., 1890.)

THE OLD CHURCH.

Near the old mill on the direct road from Col. Piatt's to Urbana is the family burying-ground, just back of the old log Catholic church, which is now almost destroyed. Here the Piatts for four generations have worshipped and near by many are buried.

In the hillside just below the old church Col. Piatt has had erected a substantial stone vault. It is the tomb of the wife of his early manhood, a gifted and charming lady.



(Frank Henry Howe, Photo., 1890.)

THE TOMB.

A more appropriate epitaph, or one so touching, could hardly be written than that chiselled in marble on the reverse side of the medallion, shown in the picture. It was written by Col. Piatt and reads as follows:

To thy dear memory, darling, and my own,
I build in grief this monumental stone;
All that it tells of life in death is thine,
All that it tells of death in life is mine;
For that which made thy pure spirit blest,
In anguish deep has brought my soul unrest.
You dying, live to find a life divine,
I living, die till death shall make me thine.

MRS. LOUISE KIRBY PIATT, wife of Col. Donn Piatt, was born in Cincinnati, November 25, 1826; died at Mac-o-chee, Ohio, October 2, 1864. She was the daughter of Timothy Kirby, a prominent and wealthy banker, and agent of the United States Bank in Cincinnati, closed by President Jackson, and a devoted Whig in days when partisan bitterness ran at fever height; but Col. Piatt was an equally zealous young Democrat, and, for this reason, principally, Mr. Kirby strongly opposed his daughter's marriage to him. The circumstances of his courtship and marriage by Col. Piatt were, indeed, highly romantic. The license was quietly procured from his relative, Mr. Jacob W. Piatt, then clerk of Hamilton county, and the marriage ceremony as quietly performed at the Catholic Cathedral by Rev. Fr. Edward Purcell, since Archbishop. Immediately after, the newly made bride left in her mother's carriage for her home, and the husband boarded the train for Mac-o-chee.

Six weeks after the marriage was discovered, and Mr. Kirby, a man of firm purpose, in his wrath, as he had threatened, turned the young people out to care for themselves. It was years before he softened and forgave them. The reconciliation came none too soon. The life of poverty and privation that followed the marriage proved too much for the sensitive, delicate organization of the daughter, who, when she did return to the shelter of her father's house, returned to die.

Her brief life was beautiful in the charm of sense and sensibility, that were ever a part

of, and about her, like a rose-tinted atmosphere, heavy with the perfume of flowers. She was not only a brilliant conversationalist, but a fascinating one as well, for she won the sympathy, as well as admiration, of her listeners. There was in her manner a strange mixture of shyness with a frank way that was very winning. A fine linguist she lived in the English classics with a love that made her akin to their genius. Her contributions to literature were not great, but enough to prove the excellence she might have achieved had life been spared. She had to perfection a rare quality in woman, and that was a keen sense of humor. When not encroached upon it was exceedingly delicate and quaint.

Soon after her marriage her husband was appointed as Secretary of Legation at Paris, and she accompanied him abroad, and in his promotion to *charge d'affaires* attracted much attention at the court of Louis Napoleon under the second Empire, where she soon became a favorite with the Empress Eugenie. During her residence in Paris her contributions to the *Ladies' Home Journal* were greatly admired and widely read, and these were, in 1856, published under the title of "Belle Smith Abroad." They comprise one of the most interesting volumes of foreign travel of that period. Her descriptive powers were excellent, and through all she

has written runs a vein of happy wit and merriment highly enjoyable to this day.

The brief story of her life is told in a monument that adorns one of the sweetest scenes at Mac-o-chee. On one side can be read :

To the memory of one
Whose voice has charmed
And presence graced
These solitudes.

On the reverse are engraved :

LOUISE KIRBY PIATT.

She rested on life's dizzy verge
So like a being of a better world,
Men wondered not, when, as an evening cloud
That grows more lovely as it steals near night,
Her gentle spirit drifted down
The dread abyss of death.

On the reverse side of the shaft of the monument, on which is a well-executed medallion of her fair face, is also the touching epitaph written by her husband and printed on the preceding page.

We conclude here with the poem so widely popular—a tribute from him to her while giving the sunshine of her living presence to warm his heart and gladden his home :

"THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN."

I heard the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn ;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.
I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,
And pause to pluck a flower, or hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide-beloved, and I a youth unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave with all her heart to me.

So like a startled fawn, before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered as, in awkward speech, I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain that lulls a dim-lit dream ;
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the rippling stream ;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south wind sigh—
More sweet than these and all besides was th' loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had in life,
To mould its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men commissioned from above ;
My angel walked with me on earth and gave to me her love.

Ah ! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my ears are dimmed with tears ;
I think upon the loving faith of all these by-gone years ;
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.

THE LEWISTOWN RESERVOIR for supplying the Miami canal is in the north-western part of the county; its area is 7,200 acres, or nearly 12 square miles; extreme length 5 miles and width 4 miles.

WEST LIBERTY is 8 miles south of Bellefontaine, on the I. B. & W. R. R., and upon Mad River, one of the best mill streams in Ohio, the valley of which is here two or three miles wide, and of unsurpassed fertility and great beauty. The Mac-o-chee here joins it. Newspaper: *Banner*, Republican; Don C. Bailey, editor and publisher. Churches: Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian, Lutheran. Bank: West Liberty Banking Co., W. Z. Nickerson & Co.; W. Z. Nickerson, cashier. Population, 1880, 715. School census, 1888, 367.

WEST MANSFIELD is 12 miles northeast of Bellefontaine. Population, 1880, 333. School census, 1888, 160.

BELLE CENTRE is 12 miles north of Bellefontaine, on the I. B. & W. R. R. It has 4 churches, viz.: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 Reformed Presbyterian. Newspapers: *News-Gazette*, also *Bulletin*. Bank: Belle Centre, J. H. Clark, president; Wm. Ramsey, cashier. Population, 1880, 434. School census, 1888, 298.

ZANESFIELD is 5 miles east of Bellefontaine. Population in 1880, 307. School census 1888, 128.

HUNTSVILLE is 6 miles north of Bellefontaine, on the I. B. & W. R. R. It has 3 churches. Population, 1880, 429. School census, 1888, 216.

DE GRAFF is 9 miles southwest of Bellefontaine, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper: *Buckeye*, Independent, D. S. Spellman, editor. Bank: Citizens', Loufbourrow & Williams; I. S. Williams, cashier. Population, 1880, 965. School census, 1888, 330.

QUINCY is 12 miles southwest of Bellefontaine, on the Great Miami river and the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Population, 1880, 442. School census, 1888, 127.

RUSHSYLVANIA is 9 miles northeast of Bellefontaine, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper: *Times*, Independent; Henry M. Daniels, editor and publisher. Bank: Citizens', W. McAdams, president; O. R. Pegg, cashier. Population, 1880, 445. School census, 1888, 184.

WEST MIDDLEBURG is 10 miles southeast of Bellefontaine. Population, 1880, 272.

LORAIN.

LORAIN COUNTY was formed December 26, 1822, from Huron, Cuyahoga and Medina. The surface is level, and the soil fertile and generally clayey. Parallel with the lake shore are three sand ridges, which vary from 40 to 150 rods in width; they are respectively about 3, 7 and 9 miles from the lake, and are fertile. Area about 500 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 110,032; in pasture, 106,403; woodland, 37,191; lying waste, 2,817; produced in wheat, 324,480 bushels; rye, 1,346; buckwheat, 104; oats, 763,875; barley, 6,405; corn, 423,270; broom-corn, 500 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 47,843 tons; clover hay, 2,434; flax, 34,100 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 115,446 bushels; butter, 843,460 lbs.; cheese, 3,233,589 (the greatest in the State); sorghum, 1,433 gallons; maple sugar, 54,786 lbs.; honey, 5,020 lbs.; eggs, 422,855 dozen; grapes, 1,259,200 lbs.; wine, 334 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,009 bushels; apples, 72,312; peaches, 14,308; pears, 833; wool, 121,809 lbs.; milch cows owned, 15,171, next to Ashtabula county, largest in the State. School census, 1888, 11,418; teachers, 345. Miles of railroad track, 179.

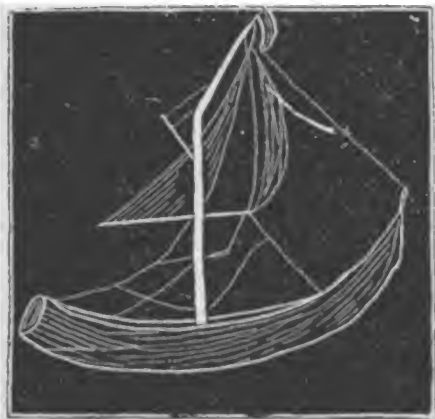
TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Amherst,	1,186	3,259	Huntington,	743	767
Avon,	1,211	2,067	La Grange,	991	1,429
Black River,	668	1,937	Penfield,	405	735
Brighton,	999	517	Pittsfield,	704	976
Brownhelm,	934	1,497	Ridgeville,	818	1,660
Camden,	504	968	Rochester,	487	733
Carlisle,	1,094	1,329	Russia,	1,302	4,376
Columbia,	876	906	Sheffield,	521	1,046
Eaton,	764	1,161	Sullivan,	782	
Elyria,	1,636	5,648	Troy,	289	
Grafton,	713	1,237	Wellington,	781	2,384
Henrietta,	743	894			

Population of Lorain in 1830, 5,696; 1840, 18,451; 1860, 29,744; 1880, 35,526, of whom 22,448 were born in Ohio; 2,717 New York; 668 Pennsylvania; 225 Virginia; 115 Indiana; 99 Kentucky; 2,819 German Empire; 1,759 England and Wales; 767 Ireland; 458 British America; 172 Scotland; 76 France, and 33 Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 40,295.

There was found in this county, a few years since, a curious ancient relic, which is thus described in the *Lorain Republican*, of June 7, 1843:

"In connection with our friend, Mr. L. M. Parsons, we have procured two views or sketches of the engravings upon a stone column or idol, found upon the farm of Mr. Alfred Lamb, in Brighton, in this county, in 1838. The following is a side view of the pillar or column.

"It was found about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Lamb's house, covered with a thick coat of moss. Upon three different places are engraved the figures 1533. The horns represented are now broken off, but their place is easily defined. A flat stone, eight inches in diameter and one and a half inches thick, was found beneath this column, on removing it from its erect position, upon which the figures 1533 were discovered also engraved. Another stone was found about ten feet distant, of like quality. It was about six inches long and three in diameter (six sided), supported by three pillars about three inches long, of pyramidal form. No marks of tools were upon it. Upon the top part of the first mentioned pillars,



above shown, was an engraving of a vessel under full sail, in form, as near as now can be ascertained, as herein. The engraving was most unfortunately nearly obliterated by the boys cracking hickory-nuts upon it. These are about all the facts connected with these curious relics which have come to our knowledge."

EARLY HISTORY.

Moravian Mission.—The first actual settlement in Lorain county was made by the Moravian missionaries who came from Detroit in 1786, with the design of going to their old home on the Tuscarawas, the scene of the massacre of 1782. They had reached a point on the Cuyahoga, as far as Independence township, known as "Pilgrim's Rest," when they received such information that they were fearful of proceeding farther inland. After remaining about a year, they journeyed westward until they arrived at the mouth of Black river, where they designed to make a permanent settlement. A few days only elapsed, when a chief of the Delawares sent them a message warning them to depart. They then settled on the Huron river, two miles north of Milan, remained five or six years, were persecuted and driven away, and found a permanent asylum on the river Thames, in Canada.

A trading-post was established in 1807 by Nathan Perry at the mouth of Black river. Actual clearers of the woods, said to have been from Vermont, planted themselves at that point in 1810. In 1808 Columbia received her first settlers; Ridgeville, Amherst and Eaton in 1810, all mostly from Waterbury, Conn. Very few settlers came into the county until the close of the war of 1812. The first settlement made in Elyria was in 1816, and by a Mr. Beach, with his family, who settled in the western part near the site of the present Haags Mill.

Col. James Smith, who was taken prisoner by the Indians in 1755 in Pennsylvania, in the narrative of his captivity, gives some of his experiences in this county which are quite interesting. He speaks of the Canesadooharie, the Indian name for Black river, which a party he was with struck near its source, and finally

followed south until they came near the East Falls, now within the corporate limits of Elyria, where they buried their canoe and erected a winter cabin, which is supposed to have been located on Evergreen Point. The narrative then says:

"Indian Hunting.—'It was some time,' writes Smith, 'in December when we finished our winter cabin; but then another difficulty arose—we had nothing to eat. While the hunters were all out exerting their utmost ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was) were scattered in the bottom, hunting red haws and hickory-nuts. We did not succeed in getting many haws, but had tolerable success in scratching up hickory-nuts from under a light snow. The hunters returned with only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys and children. But they were divided equally. The next day the hunters turned out again, and succeeded in killing one deer and three bears. One of the bears was remarkably large and fat. All hands turned out the next morning to bring in the meat.

"During the winter a party of four went out to the borders of Pennsylvania to procure horses and scalps, leaving the same number in camp to provide meat for the women and children. They returned towards spring with two scalps and four horses. After the departure of the warriors we had hard times, and though not out of provisions, we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had fair success, and brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from the winter cabin. We steered south up the creek ten or twelve miles and went into camp.'

Elyria Founded.—In the spring of 1817

Heman Ely, of West Springfield, Mass., becoming the possessor of 12,500 acres of land lying around the falls of Black river, originally the property of the Connecticut Land Company, came out to make preparations for settlement. He had built a dam and erected a grist and saw-mill on the east branch, near the foot of the present Broad street, Elyria. He also had built a log-house where were boarded the men engaged in the construction of the mills.

Returning home, he sent, about the 1st of January, from Massachusetts, three men with axes in their hands, to commence clearing land. They made the entire distance, 600 miles, on foot, and before Mr. Ely arrived in March, they made quite a hole in the woods.

The township of Elyria was organized in 1819, and included the present township of Carlisle, and named by adding to Mr. Ely's name the syllable "ria," suggested by the Greek name Illyria. It was wrongly stated

in our first edition that this termination was from that of the name of his first wife, Maria, an error both in application and in fact, as her name was *Celia*. In the winter of 1821-2 Mr. Ely visited Columbus to secure an act for the organization of the county. He became lost in the woods the first day from home; he finally made his way out, returned home, and on another day made a successful effort. The county took its name from Lorraine, in France, in which province Mr. Ely spent some time while in Europe. The village of Elyria was incorporated in 1833. The township was slow in settling. Mr. Ely was eminently just as a landed proprietor; he usually sold his land on four years' time. He was a thorough business man; was for a while member of the State Board of Equalization, and also Associate Judge of the county.

Early in life he was a shipping merchant in New York, during which period it was he was in France.

Elyria in 1846.—Elyria, the county-seat, is seven miles from Lake Erie, twenty-four west of Cleveland, and 130 northeast of Columbus. The first settler in the town and township was Mr. Heman Ely, from West Springfield, Mass., who came out here in March, 1817, and built a cabin about twelve rods southeast of his present residence. He brought with him some hired men, to make improvements on his land, a large tract of which he had purchased at this place and vicinity. The village was soon laid out, and some time in the succeeding year Mr. Ely moved into his present residence, the first frame house erected in the township. Upon the organization of the county, the old court-house was built, which was used as a church by the Presbyterians, until they built a house of worship, the first erected in the village. Elyria is a beautiful and thriving village; in its centre is a handsome public square, shown in the engraving; the large building in front is the court-house; beyond, on the right, is the public square, on which are seen, facing "Beebe's block," the "Mansion House" and the "brick block." The Gothic structure on the left is the Presbyterian church, designed by R. A. Sheldon, of New York, and erected in 1846-7 by H. J. & S. C. Brooks, of Elyria; it is one of the most elegant churches in Ohio, built of sandstone, and finished throughout in a tasteful and substantial manner, at an expense of about \$8,000.

The village stands on a peninsula, formed by the forks of Black river, on which, near the town, are two beautiful falls, of forty feet perpendicular descent, highly valuable for manufacturing purposes. At the falls on the west fork the scenery is wild and picturesque; the rocks are lofty and overhang the valley for, perhaps, some thirty feet. At that point is a large cavern, of a semi-circular form, about seventy-five feet deep, 100 broad at the entrance, with a level floor, and wall from five to nine feet high, forming a cool and romantic retreat from the heats of summer. The sandstone bounding the valley is of an excellent quality, and is much used for building purposes. Elyria contains one Episcopal, one Methodist, one Baptist, one Disciples, and one or two Congregational churches; one classical academy, six dry-goods, three grocery and three drug-stores; one newspaper printing-office, one woollen, one axe, and sash and blind factory; one furnace, one machine-shop, three flouring-mills and 1,500 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

ELYRIA, county-seat of Lorain; twenty-six miles southwest of Cleveland, 110 miles northeast of Columbus, on the C. L. & W. and L. S. & M. S. Railroads, is the centre of an agricultural district, dairying being the special feature. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Oscar Herrick; Clerk, Henry J. Lewis; Commissioners, Alfred Fauver, David Wallace, Tasso D. Phelon; Coroner, Ranson E. Braman;

Infirmiry Directors, Albert Foster, Isaac S. Straw, Daniel M. Hall ; Probate Judge, Edgar H. Hinman ; Prosecuting Attorney, Amos R. Webber ; Recorder, William E. Cahoon ; Sheriff, Melville A. Pounds ; Surveyor, Clemon H. Snow ; Treasurers, Everett E. Williams, Judson E. Williard. City officers, 1888 : N. B. Gates, Mayor ; L. C. Kelsey, Clerk ; T. M. Brush, Treasurer ; C. H. Snow, Civil Engineer ; N. A. Redmond, Marshal ; Daniel Eason, Street Commissioner. Newspapers : *Democrat*, Democratic, F. S. Reefy, editor and publisher ; *Republican*, Republican, George Washburn, editor and publisher. Churches : one Episcopalian, one German Reformed, one German Lutheran, one Catholic, one Baptist, one Congregational and one Methodist. Banks : National of Elyria, Heman Ely, president, John W. Hulbert, cashier ; Savings Deposit, T. L. Nelson, president, J. C. Hill, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Ohio Co-operative Shear Co., shears, 60 hands ; Henry Copas, road machines, etc., 4 ; C. W. Plotcher Bottling Co., bottling works, 6 ; Thomas Armstrong, general machinery, 3 ; the Topliff & Ely Co., carriage hardware, etc., 44 ; C. Parseh, planing-mill, 18 ; J. W. Hart, planing-mill, 17 ; Elyria Canning Co., canned goods, 147 ; Western Automatic Machine Screw Co., machine screws, 78 ; G. Reublin, flour and feed, 3 ; Ross & Ingersoll, general machinery, 8.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 4,777. School census, 1888, 1,621 ; School Superintendent, H. M. Parker. Census, 1890, 5,611.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Elyria, in a certain sense, may be regarded as a sort of suburb of Cleveland, it being a ride by cars of only about forty minutes between the two places, and the communication frequent. Hence, many doing business in that city have their homes in Elyria. The situation, on a plain in and around the forks of Black river, is very pleasant. As the depot is but two minutes' walk from the public square, no time is lost by excess of pedestrianism at either end, as the cars at the Cleveland end also stop near its business centre, at the Superior-street station.

The public square at Elyria is an oblong of about four acres. Around or near it are the principal churches, the hotels and business blocks. Upon it is an elegant court-house, the floors of which are laid with the noted Zanesville encaustic tile, equal to the English tile. It cost about \$175,000, but this does not fully give an idea of its real value, as its material is a home production, the beautiful sandstone on which the town rests. It is this possession that has enabled Elyria to lay down many miles of sandstone pavement with slabs of the full width of the sidewalk—in this respect having a valued distinction above most towns of Ohio.

The public square has upon it a soldiers' monument ; a fine grove of maples is ornamented with a pretty fountain, flower-beds, rustic seats and board placards. "Keep off the grass." A library of 10,000 volumes, open to the public, is close by, founded by the late Charles Arthur Ely, who lived to do good to mankind ; and for a term of years, up to the war period, Elyria had a flourishing Natural History Society ; under its auspices free lectures were weekly given by various gentlemen, residents of Elyria, and their educating influence was very great upon the citizens.

At Elyria are located the works of the Western Automatic Screw Company, employing about 125 hands. It makes screws of various sizes ; some—watch-screws—so small that 200 can be put into a lady's thimble. The machine is more than human in its work, as the screws are simply perfect.

Mussey's Quarry.—The northern part of

Lorain and the western part of Cuyahoga counties are underlaid with sandstone. Mr. Eugene K. Mussey took me to see the grindstone quarries of H. E. Mussey & Co., on the west fork of Black river, about a mile west of the town. As we neared the place, he told me that a stranger pedestrian, on his way thither, said he discovered he was close by, "for," said he, "I took out my knife, and was enabled to sharpen it on a fence-board, and so found it was *grit*." On our way thither we passed along the margin of the river. In places it was shallow, and in others there was no water ; but everywhere, instead of earth, its bed was a sandstone floor. The quarries produce some building-stone, but are almost exclusively used in the manufacture of grindstones, varying from twelve pounds to 700 pounds in weight, which are shipped to all parts of this country and Canada.

The sandstone deposit in this vicinity is very deep, being now worked to a depth of



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, ELYRIA.



C. F. Lee, Photo., Elyria, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, ELYRIA.

about seventy-five feet, while drilling shows the deposit to be one hundred and seventy-two feet deep.

The largest quarry was, perhaps, one hundred feet square, a huge box-like hole, and seventy-five feet deep. Standing on the margin and looking down the workmen seemed dwindled in size. Huge blocks were being cut to be hoisted out by derricks and deposited in rail cars, to be taken to the buildings to be modelled by machinery into the requisite form. It was pleasant to look upon the smooth sides and floors of the quarries. The work could not have looked smoother if the material had been cheese instead of rock.

Falls and Caves of Black River.—The forks of the Black river, which unite at Elyria, just north of the centre, have each a perpendicular fall of forty feet. Below the falls the river gorge is seventy or eighty feet deep, with a very wild picturesque scenery, in places dense woods with aged hemlocks springing up, their roots finding nurture through the fissures in the rocks. Mr. Geo. E. Washburn took me down into the gorge at the foot of the falls on the west branch, to show me a noted cave. It is formed by a shelving rock. It is in the form of a semi-circle, with a chord of about one hundred and twenty feet: in front, about fourteen feet high, and then the wall, which is massive and arched, gradually sinks until at a distance of about ninety feet it terminates, the rear wall being only three or four feet high. The floor was rocky, cleared of incumbrances and the place would hold a multitude. It was evidently much visited. Public meetings could be held there, but no speaking had, owing to the roar of the cataract, close upon which it intrudes.

Upon the wall above the cave numerous names have been painted, which to inscribe must have required ladders. There, about twenty feet high, is painted as below :

Q. A. GILMORE, 1844.

This is the mark of General Gilmore, the distinguished engineer officer, who at that date was a pupil of the high school in Elyria. His name, as well as others, were in black paint; and it stood from the surface in bas-relief. The oil in the paint had preserved the stone from the influence of water, sun and air upon the general surface of the rock, which where exposed had worn away.

There was a time when the forks had united to the north of their present junction, which is now a few hundred yards to the east of the west falls.

The Black River Basin.—The ancient place of union of the forks was at a locality called the "Basin," a wide expansion of the river into which the East fork poured directly by its cataract, and the West fork after having reached the level of the basin by its then cataract a short distance only above. This basin covers about an acre or two. Below it is an island covered with majestic woods, provided with rustic seats. Pic-nic parties assemble

here and enjoy the wild and beautiful scenery of the basin, which is indescribably grand; rocks are piled on rocks in endless confusion.

Black River writes its history like Niagara as it works its way into the interior. As we returned to the town my companion pointed to me a huge rock in the bottom of the gorge, just below the east falls. This had been a shelving rock until a few years ago. A fissure had been discovered at its rear. It gradually widened, and as a precaution a path in front which led to a mill was fenced, as it seemed but a work of time when it would fall.

A Rock Fall.—About six o'clock, Tuesday morning, July 23, 1872, the whole town was aroused by a deep dull sound, followed by the rattling of windows and causing many to rush from their houses as though it had been an earthquake. It was the fall of this rock I saw, which fell about forty feet. Its dimensions taken at the time were as follows: length, 90 feet; breadth, 25 feet; height, 30 feet; estimated weight, 4,500 tons; and with the detached portions about 6,500 tons.

The freezing of water in rock fissures in time will split the strongest stone. Mr. Washburn, after pointing out this rock, said: "My father, a New Hampshire farmer, split granite rocks in his mica quarry by drilling deep holes, then filling them with water, which upon freezing split the largest rocks asunder. The more modern rocks were frequently split by drilling channels and driving in pine wedges, which being expanded by either frost or water would separate the rock."

A Secluded Retreat.—I know of no town anywhere that has such a secluded retreat within two minutes' walk of its very centre as has Elyria in Washington avenue. It lies north of the town in a loop of the East fork, on a spot which only a few years ago was an ancient and magnificent forest of pine, oak, ash and maple. The avenue was laid out one hundred feet broad, on ground level as a floor. It is entered by an iron bridge one hundred and eighty-five feet long across the stream, just above the falls, and not over six hundred feet in a direct line from the public square.

The residences there are fine home lots, large, without fences and every place backs upon the stream, while around are the grand old woods. Mr. David C. Baldwin is especially favored in his home, as he can look down from the forest retreat, which he has provided with rustic seats, upon the falls of Black river and listen to their unceasing roar. They call the spot the "Nixen-Wald," the water-spirits' wood. Nothing can be more wild than the gorge at that spot, with its falling waters, overhanging cliffs, dark solemn woods, where hemlocks spring from out of the crevices of the everlasting rocks and cast their sombre shades. As I left there in the gathering shadows of a summer evening, a bird sent forth from his seclusion one solitary, delicious note. "What is that?" I inquired.

"That," replied Mrs. B., "is the wood-robin, Audubon's favorite bird." I thought, as she told me, to us men it enhances the pleasure of hearing a pleasant thing when it comes from the lips of a woman.

Old Men's Croquet Club.—Near the brink of the East Falls, at this spot, the old gentlemen of Elyria have put up a building devoted to the game of croquet. They oft go early in the day and play and talk into the night. It is in charge of a janitor, and in winter is heated and lighted. Here gather men from

sixty to eighty years of age, who have mostly finished the active business of life, and engage in the game with the zeal and hilarity of so many boys. It is not probable there is another just such a club anywhere; but its influence upon the health, spirits and social welfare make it an excellent example for those "in the sere and yellow leaf" everywhere, for it fortifies the limbs against rheumatic twinges and takes the mind from graveyard contemplations.

In his "Antiquity of Man" the late Col. Charles Whittlesey published an account of what he calls the "ELYRIA SHELTER CAVE," and therein states that it was "on the west bank of Black river, a short distance *below* the forks at Elyria, in a romantic gorge through which the river flows." It was examined by him in April, 1851, in company with Prof. E. W. Hubbard and Prof. J. Brainerd. This shelter rock is still there, and also another on the same side of the river, but higher up above the junction on the west fork, where many Indian relics have been found. We did not visit either of them. Below is Mr. Whittlesey's description:

This is one of numerous instances where the "grindstone grit" of Northern Ohio, resting upon soft shale, presents a projecting ledge, forming a grotto capable of sheltering a large number of persons, being about fifty feet in length by fifteen feet broad. This and others in the vicinity which have not been explored correspond to the European "shelter cavern" where human remains are always found. These retreats constituted the domicils of our race while in their rudest condition. We dug to the depth of *four feet* on the floor of this cave, composed of charcoal, ashes and bones of the wolf, bear, deer, rabbit, squirrel, fishes, snakes and birds, all of which existed in this region when it became known to the whites.

The place was thoroughly protected against rains. At the bottom, lying extended upon clean yellow sand, their heads to the rear and feet outwards, were parts of *three* human skeletons; two of them nearly entire. Two

of them were preserved by Professor Brainerd. They were decided to belong to the North American race of red men by those who had an opportunity to examine them.

These skulls were exhibited at the Cincinnati meeting of the American Association, in 1851, but were afterwards destroyed by a mob, together with the entire museum of the Homœopathic College at Cleveland. The position of the skeletons indicated that they were crushed by a large slab of the overhanging sandstone falling upon the party while they were asleep at the back part of the grotto. One of the skulls was that of an old woman, the other of a young man. Flint arrowheads, such as the Indians once used, were scattered throughout this mass of animal remains. Judging from the appearance of the bones, and the depth of the accumulations over them, two thousand years may have elapsed since the human skeletons were laid on the floor of this cave.

The most noteworthy event, perhaps, in the history of education in Ohio was the establishing of OBERLIN. In its early days it was regarded by many well-meaning people as a sort of monstrosity, but time has demonstrated the strength of its foundation ideas, and to-day it is a highly prospering institution with an imperishable history. In 1883 was held its semi-centennial anniversary, since which five new college buildings have been added, built of the beautiful brown sandstone quarried in the neighborhood. What it was on the issue of our first edition is here told.

Oberlin in 1846.—Eight miles southwest of Elyria is the village of Oberlin, so named from Rev. John Frederic Oberlin, pastor of Waldbach, Switzerland, who was remarkable for his great benevolence of character. He was born in Strasbourg, in 1740, and died at Waldbach, in 1826. The town is situated on a beautiful and level plan, girted around by the original forest in its primitive majesty. The dwellings at Oberlin are usually two stories in height, built of wood, and painted white, after the manner of the villages of New England, to which this has a striking resemblance. Oberlin contains 3 dry-goods and 1 book store, a Presbyterian church, the collegiate buildings, and about 150 dwellings.

The *Oberlin Evangelist*, which has a circulation of 5,000, and the *Oberlin Quarterly Review* are published here. The engraving shows, on the right, the Presbyterian church, a substantial brick building, neatly finished externally and internally, and capable of holding a congregation of 3,000 persons; beyond it, on a green of about 12 acres, stands Tappan Hall; and facing the green, commencing on the left, are seen Oberlin Hall, Ladies' Hall and Colonial Hall, all of which buildings belong to the Institute. By the annual catalogue of 1846-7 there were at Oberlin 492 pupils, viz.: in the theological department, 25; college, 106; teachers' department, 16; shorter course, 4; male preparatory, 174; young ladies' course, 140; and ladies' preparatory, 28. Of these there were males, 314; and females, 178.

The annexed sketch of Oberlin was written by J. A. Harris, editor of the *Cleveland Herald*, and published in that print in 1845:

The Oberlin Collegiate Institute is emphatically the people's college, and although some of its leading characteristics are peculiar to the institution, and are at variance with the general public opinion and prejudices, the college exerts a wide and healthy influence. It places a useful and thoroughly practical education within the reach of indigent and industrious young men and women, as well as those in affluent circumstances; and many in all ranks of life avail themselves of the rare advantages enjoyed at Oberlin. The average number of students the last five years is five hundred and twenty-eight, and this, too, be it remembered, in an institution that has sprung up in what was a dense wilderness but a dozen years ago. To remove all incredulity, we will give a concise history of its origin and progress.

The Rev. John J. Shipherd was a prominent founder of Oberlin. His enterprising spirit led in the devising and incipient steps. Without any fund in the start, in August, 1832, he rode over the ground for inspection, where the village of Oberlin now stands. It was then a dense, heavy, unbroken forest, the land level and wet, almost inaccessible by roads, and the prospects for a settlement forbidding in the extreme. In November, 1832, Mr. Shipherd, in company with a few others, selected the site. Five hundred acres of land were conditionally pledged by Messrs. Street & Hughes, of New Haven, Conn., on which the college buildings now stand. A voluntary board of trustees held their first meeting in the winter of 1832, in a small Indian opening on the site. The Legislature of 1833-4 granted a charter with university privileges. Improvements were commenced, a log-house or two were erected, people began to locate in the colony, and in 1834 the board of trustees resolved to open the school for the reception of colored persons of both sexes, to be regarded as on an equality with others. In January, 1835, Messrs. Mahan, Finney and Morgan were appointed as teachers, and in May of that year Mr. Mahan commenced housekeeping in a small log-dwelling. Such was the beginning—and the present result is a striking exemplification of what obstacles can be overcome and what good can be accomplished

under our free institutions by the indomitable energy, earnest zeal, and unfaltering perseverance of a few men, when they engage heart and soul in a great philanthropic enterprise.

Oberlin is now a pleasant, thriving village of about two thousand souls, with necessary stores and mechanics' shops, the largest church in the State, and a good temperance hotel. It is a community of teetotallers, from the highest to the lowest, the sale of ardent spirits never having been permitted within its borders. The college buildings number seven commodious edifices. Rev. A. Mahan is president of the College Institute, assisted by fifteen able professors and teachers. Endowments—eight professorships are supported in part by pledges; 500 acres of land at Oberlin, and 10,000 acres in Western Virginia.

OBJECTS OF THE INSTITUTION.

1. To educate youths of both sexes, so as to secure the development of a strong mind in a sound body, connected with a permanent, vigorous, progressive piety—all to be aided by a judicious system of manual labor.
2. To beget and to confirm in the process of education the habit of self-denial, patient endurance, a chastened moral courage, and a devout consecration of the whole being to God, in seeking the best good of man.
3. To establish universal liberty by the abolition of every form of sin.
4. To avoid the debasing association of the heathen classics, and make the Bible a textbook in all the departments of education.
5. To raise up a church and ministers who shall be known and read of all men in deep sympathy with Christ, in holy living, and in efficient action against all which God forbids.
6. To furnish a seminary, affording thorough instruction in all the branches of an education for both sexes, and in which colored persons, of both sexes, shall be freely admitted, and on the terms of equality and brotherhood.

We confess that much of our prejudice against the Oberlin College has been removed by a visit to the institution. The course of training and studies pursued there appear admirably calculated to rear up a class of healthy,

useful, self-educated and self-relying men and women—a class which the poor man's son and daughter may enter on equal terms with others, with an opportunity to outstrip in the race, as they often do. It is the only college in the United States where females enjoy the privileges of males in acquiring an education, and where degrees are conferred on ladies; and this peculiar feature of the instruction has proved highly useful. By combining manual labor with study, the physical system keeps pace with the mind in strength and development, and the result in most cases is "sound minds in healthy bodies." Labor and attention to household duties are made familiar and honorable, and pleased as we were to note the intelligent and healthful countenances of the young ladies seated at

the boarding-house dinner table, the gratification was heightened shortly after by observing the same graceful forms clad in tidy, long aprons, and busily engaged in putting the dining-hall in order. And the literary exercises of the same ladies proved that the labor of the hands in the institution had been no hindrance in the acquisition of knowledge.

Young in years as is Oberlin, the institution has sent abroad many well-qualified and diligent laborers in the great moral field of the world. Her graduates may be found in nearly every missionary clime, and her scholars are active co-workers in many of the philanthropic movements that distinguish the age. It is the people's college, and long may it prove an increasing blessing to the people.—*Old Edition.*

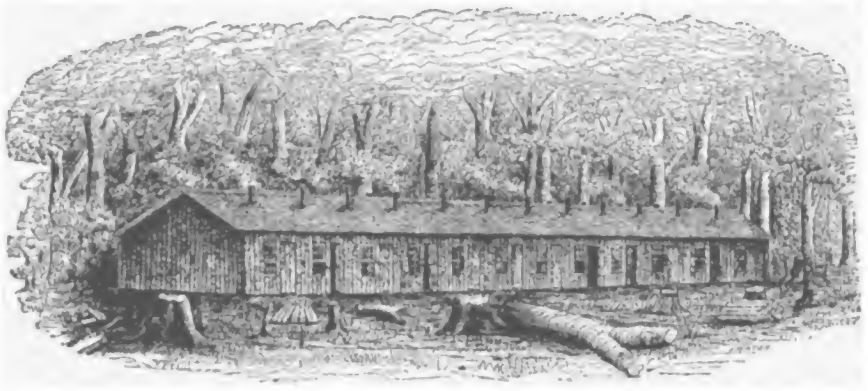
OBERLIN is nine miles southwest of Elyria, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. It is the seat of Oberlin College and Oberlin Conservatory of Music. City officers, 1888: C. A. Metcalf, Mayor; W. P. M. Gilbert, Clerk; H. H. Barnum, Treasurer; I. L. Newton, Marshal; D. G. Probert, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Lorain County Exponent*, Prohibitionist, L. Webster, editor; *News*, Republican, William H. Pearce, editor and publisher; *Review*, Colored, Union Library Association, editors and publishers; *Faith Missionary*, Evangelist, O. M. Brown, editor and publisher; *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Congregationalist, G. Frederick Wright, W. G. Ballantine and Frank H. Foster, editors. Churches: two Congregationalist, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Episcopal. Bank: Citizens' National, Montraville Stone, president; Charles H. Randall, cashier. Population, 1880, 3,242. School census, 1888, 1,260; George W. Waite, school superintendent.

The founders of Oberlin were not originally abolitionists, but rather favored the colonization scheme. They were Whigs in politics. About the year 1835 it received a great impulse from accessions from Lane Seminary, which institution was for the time broken up because the students there had been forbidden by the trustees to discuss the subject of slavery. Four-fifths of the Lane students in consequence left, and most of them, with Professor Morgan and Rev. Asa Mahan, also Rev. Mr. Finney, of New York city, came to Oberlin. Here was then established for their wants a theological department, and, by their suggestion, a rule adopted that all persons irrespective of color should be admitted into the seminary. This, with large donations from Arthur Tappan, of New York, and other abolitionists, enabled them to put up the necessary buildings, and placed the institution on a lasting foundation. At Oberlin the subject of immediate abolition was then freely discussed, with the result of converting the Oberlin people to the views of the seceders of Lane, so that Oberlin soon became a hive from which swarmed forth lecturers under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Through the influence largely of Oberlin, Northern Ohio became strongly leavened with anti-slavery sentiment, finding devoted friends, bitter enemies and encountering ferocious mobs.

Oberlin was not designed as an institution for blacks. But its founders, taking the teachings of Christ as their guide, could not find any reason for their exclusion, and so they were admitted. Of the 20,000 different pupils from the beginning, 19,000 have been white. Of both sexes only sixty colored persons, thirty-two males and twenty-eight females, have completed a course.

Oberlin has always been a temperance community. Tobacco is prohibited. If used by

a student, he is required to resign. No monitorial system is adopted; no grading of scholarship and no distribution of honors. For the first twenty-five years a majority of the graduates supported themselves by school-teaching and manual labor, and many now do the same. At the beginning seventy-five cents a week was paid for board in the hall, if the students dispensed with meat; twenty-five cents was added for meat twice a day. Then the entire expense of living, aside from clothing,



SLAB HALL. OBERLIN.

The beginnings of a College in the woods.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS, OBERLIN.

The building with a tower on the right was the only one standing in 1886.

ranged from fifty-eight to eighty-nine dollars during the forty weeks of term time. Now board can be had for three dollars per week. The average annual expense of a student, outside of clothing, etc., is about two hundred and fifty dollars.

The teaching of music, more especially sacred music, is now a prominent feature here. The number of teachers Oberlin has sent forth, as well as missionaries to foreign lands, is extraordinary, probably unequalled anywhere.

The central idea of Oberlin was as a missionary centre. In this idea not education,

but religion. Christianity, as comprehensive, active, aggressive and progressive, is supreme. The Oberlin philosophy as defined by Mr. Finney was that "the foundation of moral obligation is the good of being, and that true virtue or righteousness consists in willing this good of being, including one's own, so that the whole life will be devoted to its promotion. This is the love enjoined in the Scriptures, the fulfilling of the law." In other words, the true end of life is found in doing good, and that was the principle on which Oberlin was founded. The education of youth had that as its sole aim.

Oberlin was an important station on the underground railroad, and of the multitudes of fugitives who came, not one was ever finally taken back to bondage. Every device was resorted to for their concealment and safe embarkation to Canada. Says President Fairchild in his work, "Oberlin, the Colony and the College:"

"Not to deliver to his master the servant that had escaped from his master, seemed to the people of Oberlin a solemn and pressing duty. This attitude exposed the college and the community to much reproach, and sometimes apparently to serious danger. Threats came from abroad that the college buildings should be burned. A Democratic Legislature at different times agitated the question of repealing the college charter. The fourth and last attempt was made in 1843, when the bill for repeal was indefinitely postponed in the House by a vote of thirty-six to twenty-nine.

"The people in the neighboring towns were, at the outset, not in sympathy with Oberlin in its anti-slavery position. They agreed with the rest of the world in regarding it as unmitigated fanaticism. The feeling was often bitter and intense, and an Oberlin man going out from home in any direction was liable to be assailed with bitter words; and if he ventured to lecture upon the unpopular theme, he was fortunate if he encountered words only. Of course the self-respectful part of the community would take no part in such abuse, but fellows of the baser sort felt themselves sustained by the common feeling. On the Mid-

dle Ridge road, six miles north of Oberlin, a guide-board put by the authorities stood for years, pointing the way to Oberlin, not by the ordinary index finger, but by the full-length figure of a fugitive running with all his might to reach the place. The tavern sign, four miles east, was ornamented on its Oberlin face with the representation of a fugitive slave pursued by a tiger. Where the general feeling yielded such result, not much could be expected in the way of sympathy for fugitives. But even among these people the slave-catcher had little favor. They would thwart his pursuit in every way, and shelter the fugitive if they could. Only the meanest and most mercenary could be hired to betray the victim. Now and then an official felt called upon to extend aid and comfort to the slave-hunter who claimed his service, but he could expect no toleration from his neighbors in such a course. A whole neighborhood would suddenly find themselves abolitionists upon the appearance of a slave-hunter among them, and by repeated occurrences of this kind, as much as by any other means, Lorain county and all of Northern Ohio became, at length, intensely anti-slavery in feeling and action."

It was on a Saturday afternoon in July that I approached Oberlin in the cars; the tall spires loomed up on a perfectly level country half a mile from the depot. On alighting I was accosted by an old lady, perhaps sixty years old, with a basket of fresh newspapers which she was selling. She had a refined face, and the incongruity of her vocation, with her evident cultivation, was striking as she presented a countenance aglow with its best selling-smile. I was told she had a green-house near by and cultivated flowers, and this was a diversion.

Eccentricities are to be expected in such a place as Oberlin, with its extraordinary history, which began fifty years ago, outraging popular ideas of that day on the questions of the equal claims of all men, irrespective of race, and the co-education of the sexes; and with the result of winning a topmost position in the regards of the regardful. I believe Oberlin has sent forth more female teachers to our own country, and more missionaries to foreign lands, than any other spot anywhere.

Oberlin is well spread out for the uses of its peculiar population, whose business is the capture of knowledge, and not for learning's sake, but for its use in the amelioration of human woe. The walk to the centre was through a fine avenue of homes, homes largely without fences, open to view; some with luxuriant arbor vitæ hedges. Their odor was fragrant, and grateful was the sight of plump-bodied robins hopping on the lawns.

Arrived at the centre I found a surprising

change. The newness, the crudity of the old time had vanished; but one of the buildings shown in the view of 1846 is standing. The square is an open space of some twelve acres, the college buildings mainly detached, and in scattered spots around it. These are noble structures of Amherst and LaGrange sandstone; no material can be more elegant or more substantial; the old signs of a poor and struggling institution had vanished.

A handsome soldiers' monument is there to attest the heroism of the sons of Oberlin. The foundation idea of Oberlin had con-

quered. Through agony, through blood, the great question, "Am I not a man, and a brother?" had been answered in the affirmative.

As I left this unique place to resume my seat in the cars, I passed a young woman of regular features, refined and thoughtful expression, although of full black complexion. She was one of the transformations of Oberlin. Its founders had got the best they could find from a very old book and applied it direct in the line of humanity, and lo!—songs of gladness for the clank of chains.

NORTH AMHERST is six miles northwest from Elyria, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. Newspaper: *Reporter*, Independent, H. K. Clock, editor and publisher. Churches: one Baptist, one Catholic, one Congregational, one Evangelical, one Evangelical Reformed, one Lutheran. Population in 1880, 1,542.

One of the most important quarry districts in the United States mainly lies in the counties of Lorain, Cuyahoga and Erie. The sandstone goes under the general name of Berea grit. These quarries are now mainly under the control of the Cleveland Stone Company. (See pages 525-6.) North Amherst has grown almost entirely from the development of its stone industry. "The whole northern and western part of the township, and extending in Brownhelm, may be said to fairly bristle with heavy, iron-rigged derricks, which, worked by powerful engines, swing ponderous blocks of stone from the deep, rugged-walled caverns, to the ground above, and deposit them upon railroad cars or swing them to the saw-mill and turning-lathe. Hundreds of men, assisted by the giant slave—steam—are toiling in the ledges and pits, taking out the rough stone to be modelled into shapes of grace, beauty and strength, to lend majesty to the buildings in the great marts of the world."

Vast amounts of stone have been taken out of these quarries at Amherst, Brownhelm and vicinity. The material obtained goes under the general name of the Amherst building stone, and is regarded as the best building stone upon the earth. The supply is practically inexhaustible. Estimating the thickness of the stone at an average of fifty feet—and good authorities say it must be nearer 100—the number of cubic feet in an acre would be over 2,000,000, which to quarry out would take 100 men ten years. The stone lies almost entirely above the ground, and above the drainage level, and the huge blocks sent to all parts of the United States and Canada, and even South America, are quarried without any of the obstructions found in other parts of the country. The close proximity of the great railroads gives another great advantage for transportation.

The texture of the stone is fine and homogeneous, usually without iron and with very few flaws or breaks. Its strength is equal to 10,000 pounds to the square inch, four times that of the best brick, and much stronger than the best marble or granite, and, as was illustrated in the great Chicago fire, it will resist the action of fire where limestone, marble and granite are entirely destroyed. Its durability is greater than any other sedimentary rock; being nearly pure siliceous it resists the erosive action of the atmosphere to a wonderful degree, equalling the very best Scotch granite.

The foregoing facts are from Jay Terrell's articles in Williams' "County History." Orton's "Geological Report" supplies the remainder.

The Amherst quarries, in Lorain county, are located in a series of ledges, which were once the shore cliffs of Lake Erie. The elevated position of these is a very great advantage, since the light and uniform color is due to the fact that this elevation produces a free drainage, and the stones have been traversed by atmospheric waters to such a degree that all processes of oxidation which are possible have been nearly completed.

An idea of the arrangement of the strata in quarries can be obtained from the following section, which is exhibited in the Holderman quarry at Amherst:

Drift material	1 to 3 feet.
Worthless shell-rock	6 " 10 "
Soft rock, for grindstones only	12 "
Building stone	3 "
Bridge stone	2 "
Grindstone	2 "
Building stone or grindstone	10 "
Building stone	4 " 7 "
Building stone or grindstone	12 "

The floor of the quarry, moreover, consists of good stone, which has been drilled for twelve feet, indicating a still greater thickness of stone which could be extracted.

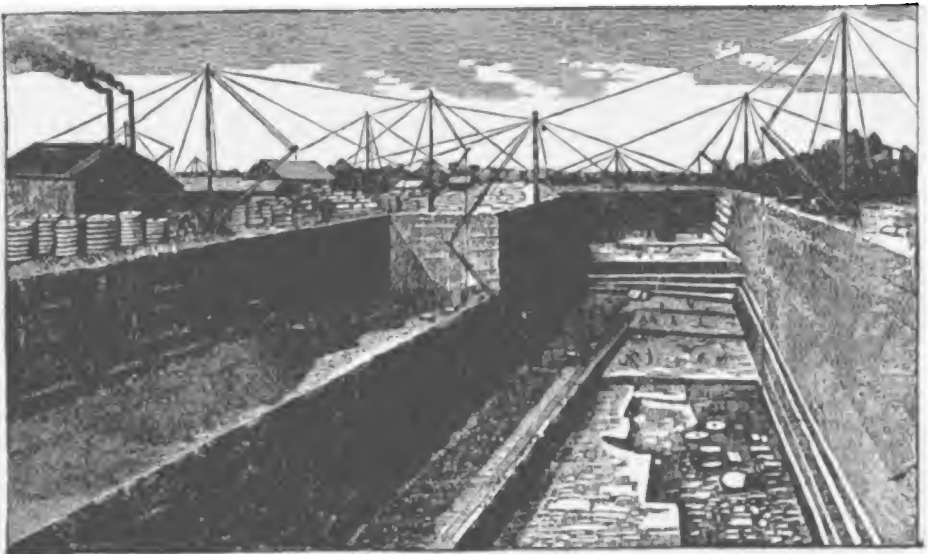
The other quarries of the region exhibit a



J. N. Bradford, del., Ohio State University.

CENTRAL VIEW IN WELLINGTON.

From a picture in possession of Col. Frank C. Loveland, U. S. Pension Agent, New York.



SCENE IN THE AMHERST QUARRIES.

similar diversity of material, although the arrangement is not often the same. As regards color, the stones may be divided into two classes, called buff and blue. The buff stone is above the line of perfect drainage, and in the section above given, this extends as far down as the two feet of bridge stone, forming a total depth of twenty-three to twenty-seven feet. In most of the Amherst quarries the relative amount of buff stone is greater.

As will be noted from this section, the different strata are not applicable alike to the same purposes, and the uses for which the different grades of material can be employed depend principally upon the texture and the hardness of the stone. The softest and most uniform in texture is especially applicable for certain kinds of grinding, and is used for grindstones only, and the production of these forms an important part of the quarry industry.

The stone which is especially applicable for purposes of construction is also variable; that which is of medium hardness and of uniform texture is used for building purposes or for grindstones; some is too hard or not sufficiently uniform in texture for grindstones, and is used for building purposes only; and the material, sometimes found, which is difficult to quarry and to dress, is used for bridge-building purposes only.

As regards appearances, there is much diversity in the material produced in this region.

There are differences due to the diversity of textures, of colors, and of methods of stratification; yet these are seldom recognized by the casual observer. Differences in color give rise to the terms "blue" and "buff," previously referred to, and differences in methods of stratification give rise to the terms "split-rock," "spider-web," and "liver-rock." The regularly and evenly stratified stone is classified as split-rock; that in which the stratification is irregular and marked by fine, transverse and wavy lines is classified as spider-web; the homogeneous stone, which exhibits little or no stratification; is classified as liver-rock.

When first taken from the quarry it contains several per cent. of water, and as long as this is retained the stones cut easily; upon its loss they harden. The stone is extracted during only eight months of the year, since it is injured by being quarried in the winter and subjected to hard freezing while containing this quarry water. The winter months are, therefore, occupied in stripping and channelling.

Many very fine buildings, both in the United States and Canada, have been built of the so-called Amherst stone, among which may be mentioned the Canadian Parliament buildings, and most of the public buildings in Toronto; and there is no city in the Union in which stone is extensively used where examples cannot be found in which this stone is used for trimmings and ornamental work.

WELLINGTON is thirty-six miles southwest from Cleveland, fifteen miles southwest of Elyria, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. & L. E. & W. R. R. City officers, 1888: W. R. Wean, Mayor; R. N. Goodwin, Clerk; Wm. Cushing, Jr., Treasurer; Edw. Hackett, Marshal. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Republican, J. B. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Congregational. Bank: First National, S. S. Warner, president; R. A. Horr, cashier. Population, 1880, 1811. School census, 1888, 592; R. W. Kinnison, school superintendent.

This county is the greatest cheese-producing county in Ohio. Its annual production about enough for a pound to every man, woman and child in the State, while Wellington bears with Little Falls, New York, the reputation of being one of the two greatest cheese-producing places in the Union.

The greatest event in the history of Wellington is that widely known as

THE OBERLIN-WELLINGTON RESCUE CASE.

About the last attempt to recover a fugitive in Northern Ohio, under the fugitive slave law of 1850, occurred September 13, 1858. John Price, a fugitive slave from Kentucky, had been some time in Oberlin, when by a ruse he was seized by United States Marshal Lowe and his deputy, Samuel Davis, of Columbus, accompanied by two Kentuckians, Messrs. Mitchell and Jennings, and driven over to Wellington, eight miles, to Wadsworth's Hotel, with the design of taking him south by the first train.

There was a large crowd in Wellington, drawn by the occurrence of a fire, and soon word was received of the fact, and being joined by a large body from Oberlin, they surrounded the hotel and rescued the fugitive.

The Grand Jury of the United States District Court found bills of indictment against

thirteen persons in Wellington and twenty-four in Oberlin, leading citizens, for aiding

in the rescue, and arrested them. On April 5 their cases were called at Cleveland before the United States Court, when the Wellington defendants, with a single exception (Matthew Gillet), entered a plea of *nolle contendere*, were fined each twenty dollars and costs and sent to jail for twenty-four hours.

They were, Matthew Gillet, Matthew De Wolf, Loring Wadsworth, Eli Boise, John Mandeville, Henry Niles, Walter Soules, Lewis Hines, William Siples and Abner Loveland: a son of the latter is Col. Frank C. Loveland, successor of Gen. Sigel in the highly responsible position of United States Pension Agent in New York.

Two of the Oberlin men, Simeon Bushnell and Charles H. Langston, were convicted and sentenced: Bushnell to sixty days imprisonment and a fine of six hundred dollars; Langston, a colored man, who made a strong speech for his course, was fined one hundred dollars and sentenced for twenty days. Twelve of the Oberlin men remained in the jail in Cleveland.

The prisoners on the whole had a rather enjoyable time. On the 24th of May an immense mass meeting was held at Cleveland, attended by people from all parts of Northern Ohio, to express their intense hatred of the fugitive slave law. There was great enthusiasm; an immense procession with banners marched through the streets and gathered in front of the jail. They were addressed by Joshua R. Giddings, Gov. Chase and others. The first was bold and defiant, Mr. Chase wary and circumspect; but the resolutions were decided and radical, savoring strongly of "State rights." Visitors came in throngs to see the prisoners, and letters of sympathy and funds to meet expenses poured in upon them.

Mr. Fitch, of Oberlin, one of the prisoners, had been superintendent of the Sabbath-school there for sixteen years. The children, numbering four hundred, came over in a body to visit him by invitation, and as guests of the Sabbath-school children of Plymouth Church, Cleveland. Then they filed into the jail, filling all its corridors and open spaces, when brief addresses, interspersed with music, were given.

When the prisoners were released, after an imprisonment of months, it was a day of jubilee. They were escorted from the prison to the train by several hundred citizens, headed by Hecker's band playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the firing of a hundred guns on the public square.

On their arrival at Oberlin they were escorted to the great church where, until midnight, the pent-up feeling of the people found expression in song and prayer and familiar talk over the experiences of the preceding weeks. A Cleveland administration paper that evening said: "So the government, at last, has been beaten, with law, justice and facts all on its side, and Oberlin with its rebellious higher law creed triumphant."

President James H. Fairchild, of Oberlin,

describes an attempt to obtain relief during this imprisonment, by an appeal to the State Courts. Its possible consequences are of great historic interest:

"A writ of habeas corpus was granted by one of the judges of the Supreme Court, commanding the sheriff to bring Bushnell and Langston before that court, that the reason of their imprisonment might be considered. The case was ably argued before the full bench, at Columbus, for a week; but the court, three to two, declined to grant a release. This was a severe blow to the men in jail. They had counted with much confidence upon relief from that quarter. It is idle to speculate upon the possible results if a single judge had held a different opinion. Salmon P. Chase was governor at that time, and it was well understood that he would sustain a decision releasing the prisoners by all the power at his command; and the United States government was as fully committed to the execution of the fugitive-slave law. This would have placed Ohio in conflict with the general government in defence of State rights, and if the party of freedom throughout the North had rallied, as seemed probable, the war might have come in 1859, instead of 1861, with a secession of the Northern instead of the Southern States. A single vote apparently turned the scale, and after a little delay the party of freedom took possession of the government, and the party of slavery became the seceders."

There was no sufficient proof of title to John as his slave, in the claimant who issued the power of attorney, and on the 6th of July the prisoners were all released. The four men who had seized him had been indicted on the charge of kidnapping in Lorain county, became alarmed, and so, by mutual consent, all further proceedings on both sides were stopped.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

The county history gives several instances of persons being lost in the woods at an early day. One, the case of Mrs. Terrell Tillotson, who came in 1810 with her husband and three children from Waterbury, Conn. Mr. Tillotson put up the first cabin in Ridgeville. One morning Mrs. Tillotson went to a spring some thirty rods from her cabin to get a pail of water, and then concluded to go a little farther to see how her husband was progressing with a new cabin he was building. She started, as she supposed, in the right direction, but soon became bewildered and lost in the dense woods, and could find neither husband nor home where she had left little children. After wandering about in the woods nearly all day through brush and over logs, she came by chance upon the Indian trail which led to the mouth of Black river. This she took and finally arrived at home in a wretched and terribly worn condition.

Mr. David Beebe, a neighbor of Mrs. Tillotson, was lost in the fall of 1811, and passed four days and three nights in the woods.

Early in the morning he went in search of his horses, and the day being cloudy he became lost and wandered about all day without the least idea of where he was or the direction he was going. Night overtaking, he crept into a hollow tree, and there passed a sleepless night. The next day he moved about unceasingly to discover some object he knew, but in vain, when to his great amazement in looking for a lodging place he discovered the same hollow tree in which he had passed the preceding night.

Convinced by this that he had been traveling in a circle, he adopted the plan the following day of selecting three or more trees in a range, and in this way was enabled to travel in a direct course. Another night was spent in the woods, making his bed under one of the trees selected in line. On the forenoon of the fourth day he reached the lake shore in Avon, and, making his way westward, reached the cabin of John S. Reid at the mouth of Black river. While in the woods he had subsisted on a few hickory-nuts he had carried in his pockets; but he was in a weak and almost famished condition. Every possible effort had been made to find the unfortunate man, men from adjoining towns assisting neighbors in the search. It was common then when parties gathered to search for the lost to go with horns to blow and give notice to the bewildered one. To illustrate the often lonely condition of the first settlers, when the Beebe family emigrated to Ohio Mrs. Beebe was the first white woman that Mrs. Terrell had seen in three months. They had been neighbors in Connecticut, and were so overcome at meeting that neither could for some time speak a word.

The sensation on being lost in the woods is most graphically described by Col. Charles Whittlesey in his essay, "Two Months in the Copper Region," in 1845. He had himself twice experienced it. He says it is a species of delirium. It oppresses and injures every faculty like any other intense and overwhelming emotion. Even the most experienced woodsmen, Indians and Indian guides, frequently become subjected to it, become bewildered, miscalculate their position, make false reckoning of distances, lose courage and abandon themselves to despair and to tears. He thus details the sensation:

"With the mind in a state of perplexity, the fatigue of travelling is greater than usual, and excessive fatigue in time weakens not only the power of exertion but of resolution also. The wanderer is finally overtaken with an indescribable sensation—one that must be experienced to be understood—that of LOST-NESS.

"At a moment when all his faculties, instincts and perceptions are in full demand, he finds them all confused, irregular and weak. When every physical power is required to carry him forward, his limbs seem to be yielding to the disorders of his mind. He is filled with an oppressive sense of his inefficiency, with an indefinite idea of alarm, apprehension and dismay. He reasons, but trusts to no

conclusions. He decides upon the preponderance of reason and fact, and is sure to decide wrong.

"If he stumble into a trail he has passed before, even within a few hours, he does not recognize it, or if he should at last, and conclude to follow it, a fatal *lunacy* impels him to take the wrong end. His own tracks are the prints or the feet of some other man, and if the sun should at last penetrate the fogs and clouds that envelop his path, the world for a time seems to be turned end for end. The sun is out of place: perhaps to his addled brain far in the north coursing around to the south, or in the west moving towards the east. At length, like a dream, the delusion wears away, objects put on their natural dress, the sun takes up its usual track, streams run towards their mouths, the compass points to the northward; dejection and weakness give place to confidence and elasticity of mind."

SAND RIDGES.

A very interesting feature of the lake counties are the beautiful sand ridges which run through this country nearly parallel with the lake east and west. Upon these ridges the pioneer built his first cabin; upon them ran the first roads, and these were the first places cultivated, because of their light sandy soil and easy cultivation. There are three continuous sand ridges running through the county beside several local ones, and the belief is by some geologists that they are old beach lines left by the receding waters in their successive stages of rest. They vary from forty to one hundred and fifty rods in width, and are respectively three, seven and nine miles from the lake, the highest—Butternut ridge—the one farther inland, being the first formed. It has an altitude of two hundred and four feet above the lake, while North ridge, the one nearest to it and parallel, has an altitude of only from ninety to one hundred feet. Centre ridge, which formed a continuous ridge nearly if not the entire length of the lake, has an altitude of one hundred and sixty-two feet. This ridge was used as the first wagon road in the county, and was the old stage road between Buffalo and Detroit. Jay Terrell says: "The ridges were formed from the sand that was worn from the rocks by the action of water; hence these ridges are only found within the limits of the horizon of sand rock exposure. . . . The main ridges all run parallel with the lake, and hence presented a natural barrier to the drainage of the land. The water coming down from the higher lands south settled in behind these ridges, forming ponds or small lakes which, as vegetation slowly accumulated, finally became swamps. Hence are found swamps on the north side of all the ridges."

In the July number of *Silliman's Journal*, 1850, Col. Whittlesey says: "My opinion has been for a number of years that the *ridges* are not 'ancient beaches' of the lake, although some of the terraces may be. It is indispensable to a beach that its foot or water line should

be perfectly horizontal. The lake ridges are not so; and this fact, taken in connection with the external form which they assume, clearly gives them the character of *sub-marine* deposits."

There are points on this coast where there are four ridges rising in succession from the lake, as in the town of Ridgeville, Lorain county. In other places there are *three*, as from Geneva to Ashtabula; from Euclid through Painesville to Geneva, two; and from Cleveland to Euclid, one. There are places where it is difficult to trace any; and

in others, as in the city of Cleveland, where there are two branches or divisions of one ridge for short distances, all about the same level and liable to terminate suddenly. The ridges are sometimes on the crest of a terrace, and sometimes lie like a highway of water-washed sand, on the gently inclined surface of a plain that descends towards the lake. From a regular and beautiful elevated roadway the ridge occasionally breaks into sand-knolls, as at Avon Centre, Lorain county; at Ohio City, near Cleveland, and at Painesville, Lake county.

BIOGRAPHY.

QUINCY ADAMS GILLMORE was born in Black River (now Lorain), Lorain county, O., February 25, 1825, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1888. His early life was passed on a farm. In 1849 he graduated at West Point at the head of his class.

His first great distinction was achieved in the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, February 19 to April 11, 1862. As commander of the forces engaged in this siege, he boldly discarded the traditions of attack upon fortified places, and planting his breaching batteries at distances never thought of before, succeeded in less than two days' bombardment in rendering untenable a work which the most eminent engineers had, in view of its peculiar situation, pronounced impregnable.

In fact, General Gillmore's cannonade and capture of Fort Pulaski revolutionized the naval gunnery of the world, and extended his fame throughout Europe as well as America.

For this service he received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and was made brigadier-general of volunteers, April 28, 1862.



GENERAL Q. A. GILLMORE.

His next notable success was with the noted "Swamp Angel," a gun used in the siege of

Charleston. The gun was apparently planted in the edge of the sea, but really in the shallow marsh between Morris and James islands. There a firm foundation was laid, a low breast-work put up in a circle around the gun, and one-hundred-pound shells were "dropped" into Charleston. But it was only fired thirty-six times, exploding at the last discharge. Other guns soon after did as effective work, but the "Swamp Angel" is remembered because it first proved the practicability of the method.

Later, with his (Tenth) corps, he took part in the final operations of the army on the James river. He received brevets of brigadier-general and major-general for services before Charleston, resigning his volunteer commission as major-general in December, 1865.

After the war he was engaged upon important engineering works, and his name is most intimately associated with the improvement of the harbors at Charleston and Savannah, with other like works along the Atlantic coast, and as president of the Mississippi River Commission with the great works which have been projected for the rectification of that important water-way. Outside of his military record, General Gillmore gained a high reputation by his published studies in cements and mortars, concretes and building stone, and road-making and paving, and his treatises on these subjects are regarded as of the highest authority.

ASA MAHAN was born in Vernon, N. Y., November 9, 1800. Graduated at Hamilton

College in 1824, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1827. In 1831 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Cincinnati, and four years later accepted the presidency of Oberlin College, which he held for fifteen years. After leaving Oberlin he was president of Cleveland University, and later, Adrian College, Michigan. He received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D., and after 1871 resided in England. He is the author of a number of theological works.

CHARLES GRANDISON FINNEY was born in Warren, Conn., August 29, 1792, and died at Oberlin, Ohio, August 16, 1875. As a young man he began the study of law, but having been converted in 1821, was licensed to preach in the Presbyterian church. He was a very successful evangelist. In 1835 he accepted the professorship of theology at Oberlin. From 1851 to 1866 he was president of Oberlin, during which period he spent three years as a revivalist in England, and gained a very great reputation for eloquence. His "Lectures on Revivals" was translated into several foreign languages.

JOHN MERCER LANGSTON was born in Louisa county, Va., December 14, 1829. At the age of six he was emancipated from slavery. Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" says of him: "He was graduated at Oberlin in 1849, and at the theological department in 1853. After studying law he was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1854, and practised his profession there until 1869, during which time he was clerk of several townships in Ohio, being the first colored man elected to an office of any sort by popular vote. He was also a member of the Board of Education of Oberlin. In 1869 he was called to a professorship of law in Howard University, Washington, D. C., and became dean of the faculty of the law department, and active in its organization,

remaining there seven years. He was appointed by President Grant a member of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia, and was elected its secretary in 1875. In 1877-85 he was United States Minister and Consul-General in Hayti. On his return to this country he was appointed president of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute in Petersburg, which office he now (1887) holds. In addition to various addresses and papers on political, biographical, literary and scientific subjects, Mr. Langston is the author of a volume of select addresses entitled 'Freedom and Citizenship,' Washington, 1883."

CHAS. CARROLL PARSONS was born in Elyria in 1838; graduated at West Point in 1861. In the war he took command of a battery, "Parsons' battery," which was famous in both Union and Confederate armies, and many stories are told of his courage and daring. In one instance he remained with his guns until dragged from them by the order of Gen. McCook.

After the war he was chief of artillery in Gen. Hancock's Indian expedition. Later he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal church. He died September 7, 1878, at Memphis, during the yellow-fever epidemic, from overwork in his heroic ministrations as nurse and clergyman.

STEVENSON BURKE, so eminent as a lawyer, jurist, president of many railways and other corporations, passed his early youth and manhood in this county, where he was admitted to the bar in 1848, and is now residing in Cleveland. From penury he fought his way to such success that few great cases have been tried in Northern Ohio within the last twenty-five years in which he has not been engaged. He possesses untiring powers of application, executive capacity, with genial, winning ways.

Lorain is on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Black river, on the N. Y. C. & St. L. and C. L. & W. Railroads. It is eight miles from Elyria, thirty miles from Sandusky, and twenty-eight from Cleveland. City officers: Mayor, Otto Braun; Clerk, John Stack; Treasurer, T. F. Daniels; Marshal, H. Osgood; Street Commissioner, James White. Newspaper: *Lorain Times*, Independent, Thomas G. Chapman, editor. Churches: one Methodist, one Congregational, one Disciples, one German Evangelical, one German Lutheran, one Catholic, and one Baptist. Bank: First National, David Wallace, president, T. F. Daniels, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The United Brass Co., brass goods, 310 hands; Lorain Iron Foundry, castings, 6; C. L. & W. R. R. Shops, railroad cars, 36; C. L. & W. R. R. Repair Shop, railroad repairs, 90; Lorain Lumber and Manufacturing Co., planing mill, 5; Williams, Barrows & Co., flour, etc., 6.—*State Reports, 1887.* Population, 1880, 1,595. School census, 1888, 1,059. Capital invested in manufactures, \$105,000. Value of annual product, \$130,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Lorain, as a village, is comparatively new; but, being at the mouth of Black river, the point has long been an important one. The harbor here is one of the best on the lake. For over three miles the stream exceeds a width of 200 feet, with an average depth of about fifteen feet, sufficient for the largest craft on the lake. It has long been an important point for shipbuilding. In 1836 was formed here an association called the "Black River Steamboat Association." Up

to 1876 the number of steamboats, brigs, schooners, barks and sloops built here had aggregated 125, besides many scows—beginning with the “General Huntington,” built in 1819. The place was first called Black River. In 1836 the village was incorporated as Charleston, and was growing into importance as a shipping point for grain, when the Cleveland & Toledo and other railroads diverted its trade, and the place fell into ruin. In 1874 it was reincorporated under its present name, having obtained railroad connections and giving evidence of a returning life.

GRAFTON is about eight miles southeast of Elyria, on the C. C. C. & I. and C. L. & W. Railroads. It has churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist, and one Catholic, and about 700 population.

LA GRANGE is on the C. C. C. & I. Railroad, seven miles easterly from Wellington, and has about 500 inhabitants. School census, 1888, 156.

LUCAS.

LUCAS COUNTY, named from the Hon. Robert Lucas, Governor of Ohio from 1832 to 1836, was formed in June, 1835. The surface is level, a portion of it covered by the black swamp, and the northern part a sandy soil.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 67,552; in pasture, 8,659; woodland, 22,789; lying waste, 2,662; produced in wheat, 223,061 bushels; rye, 35,900; buckwheat, 3,834; oats, 338,045; barley, 14,034; corn, 582,549; broom-corn, 600 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 13,622 tons; clover hay, 5,779; flaxseed, 1,604 bushels; potatoes, 156,618 bushels; butter, 412,986 lbs.; sorghum, 766 gallons; maple sugar, 75 lbs.; honey, 4,835 lbs.; eggs, 298,618 dozen; grapes, 640,289 lbs.; wine, 25,126 gallons; apples, 90,136 bushels; peaches, 3,036; pears, 2,913; wool, 26,837 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,968. School census, 1888, 30,401; teachers, 372. Miles of railroad track, 256.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,		1,511	Spencer,		686
Amboy,	452		Springfield,	443	705
Chesterfield,	301		Swan Creek,	494	
Clinton,	353		Swanton,		658
German,	452		Sylvania,	426	1,421
Gorham,	352		Toledo (City),		50,137
Monclova,		1,031	Washington,		2,712
Oregon,	264	2,321	Waterville,	755	1,925
Port Lawrence,	2,335		Waynesfield,	1,290	2,036
Providence,	160	1,164	Wing,	145	
Richfield,	204	1,070	York,	435	
Royalton,	401				

Population of Lucas in 1840, 9,392; 1860, 25,831; 1880, 67,377, of whom 37,283 were born in Ohio; 4,263 in New York; 1,599, Pennsylvania; 762, Indiana; 237, Virginia; 225, Kentucky; 8,267, German Empire; 3,284, Ireland; 1,688, British America; 1,338, England and Wales; 419, France; 213, Scotland, and 73, Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 102,296.

BATTLE OF THE FALLEN TIMBERS.

This region of country—the Maumee valley—has been the theatre of important historical incidents. The greatest event, Wayne's victory, or "the battle of Fallen Timbers," was fought August 20, 1794, within the limits of this county.

On the 28th of July, Wayne having been joined by General Scott, with 1,600 mounted Kentuckians, moved forward to the Maumee. By the 8th of August the army had arrived near the junction of the Auglaize with that stream, and commenced the erection of Fort Defiance, at that point. The Indians, having learned from a deserter of the approach of Wayne's army, hastily abandoned their headquarters at Auglaize, and thus defeated the plan of Wayne to surprise them, for which object he had cut two roads, intending to march by either. At Fort Defiance, Wayne received full information of the Indians, and the assistance they were to derive from the volunteers at Detroit and vicinity. On the 13th of August, true to the spirit of peace advised by Washington, he sent Christian Miller, who had been naturalized among the Shawanese, as a special messenger to offer terms of friendship. Impatient of delay, he moved forward, and on the 16th met Miller on his return with the message, that if the Americans would wait ten days at Grand Glaize (Fort Defiance) they—the Indians—would decide for peace or war. On the 18th the army arrived at *Roche de Bœuf*, just south of the site of Waterville, where they erected some light works as a place of deposit for their heavy baggage, which was named Fort Deposit. During the 19th the army labored at their works, and about eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th moved forward to attack the Indians, who were encamped on the bank of the Maumee, at and around a hill called "Presque Isle," about two miles south of the site of Maumee City, and four south of the British Fort Miami. From Wayne's report of the battle we make the following extract :

The legion was on the right, its flank covered by the Maumee: one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Brig.-Gen. Todd, and the other in the rear, under Brig.-Gen. Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced so as to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the wood and high grass, as to compel them to retreat. The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front; the ground being covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered, from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to

advance and support the first; and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages with the whole force of the mounted volunteers by a circuitous route; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again.

I also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were drove from all their coverts in so short a time that, although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being drove, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their numbers. From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were

short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison. . . .

The bravery and conduct of every officer belonging to the army, from the generals down to the ensigns, merit my highest approbation. There were, however, some whose rank and situation placed their conduct in a very conspicuous point of view, and which I observed with pleasure, and the most lively gratitude; among whom I must beg leave to mention Brigadier-General Wilkinson and Colonel Hamtramck, the commandants of the right and left wings of the legion, whose brave example inspired the troops. To those I must add the names of my faithful and gallant aides-de-camp, Captains De Butt and T. Lewis, and Lieutenant Harrison, who, with the Adjutant-General, Major Mills, rendered

the most essential service by communicating my orders in every direction, and by their conduct and bravery exciting the troops to press for victory.

The loss of the enemy was more than that of the federal army. The woods were strewn for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets.

We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Maumee, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and corn-fields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance, both above and below Fort Miami, as well as within pistol-shot of the garrison, who were compelled to remain tacit spectators to this general devastation and conflagration, among which were the houses, stores and property of Colonel McKee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

The loss of the Americans in this battle was 33 killed and 100 wounded, including 5 officers among the killed, and 19 wounded.

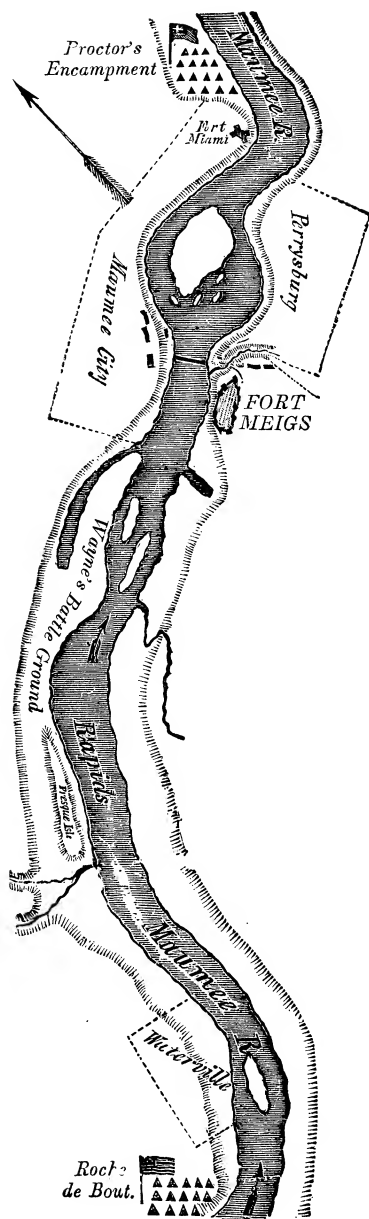
One of the Canadians taken in the action estimated the force of the Indians at about 1,400. He also stated that about seventy Canadians were with them, and that Col. McKee, Capt. Elliott and Simon Girty were in the field, but at a respectful distance, and near the river. When the broken remains of the Indian army were pursued under the British fort, the soldiers could scarcely be restrained from storming it. This, independent of its results in bringing on a war with Great Britain, would have been a desperate measure, as the fort mounted ten pieces of artillery, and was garrisoned by four hundred and fifty men, while Wayne had no armament proper to attack such a strongly fortified place. While the troops remained in the vicinity, there did not appear to be any communication between the garrison and the savages.

The gates were shut against them, and their rout and slaughter witnessed with apparent unconcern by the British. That the Indians were astonished at the lukewarmness of their real allies, and regarded the fort, in case of defeat, as a place of refuge, is evident from various circumstances, not the least of which was the well-known reproach of Tecumseh, in his celebrated speech to Proctor, after Perry's victory. The near approach of the troops brought forth a letter of remonstrance from Major Campbell, the British commandant, to General Wayne. A sharp correspondence ensued, but without any especial results. The morning before the army left, General Wayne, after arranging his force in such a manner as to show they were all on the alert, advanced with his numerous staff and a small body of cavalry to the glacis of the British fort, reconnoitring it with great deliberation, while the garrison were seen with lighted matches, prepared for any emergency. It is said that Wayne's party overheard one of the British subordinate officers appeal to Major Campbell for permission to fire upon the cavalcade, and avenge such an insulting parade under his majesty's guns; but that officer chided him with the abrupt exclamation, "*Be a gentleman! be a gentleman!*" On the 27th Wayne's army returned to Fort Defiance, by easy marches, laying waste the villages and corn-fields of the Indians, for about fifty miles on each side of the Maumee: this was done with the hope that the fear of famine would prove a powerful auxiliary in producing peace.

Jonathan Alder, who was at this time living with the Indians, has given in his MS. autobiography the Indian account of the battle of Fallen Timbers. He says, after describing the attack on Fort Recovery and the retreat to Defiance:

We remained here (Defiance) about two weeks, until we heard of the approach of Wayne, when we packed up our goods and started for the old English fort at the Maumee rapids. Here we prepared ourselves for battle, and sent the women and children down about three miles below the fort; and as I did not wish to fight, they sent me to Sandusky, to inform some Wyandots there of the great battle that was about to take place. I remained at Sandusky until the battle was over. The Indians did not wait more than three or four days, before Wayne made his appearance at the head of a long prairie on the river, where he halted, and waited for an opportunity to suit himself. Now the Indians are very curious about fighting; for when they know they are going into a battle they will not eat anything just previous. They say that if a man is shot in the body when he is entirely empty, there is not half as much danger of the ball passing through the bowels as when they are full. So they started the first morning without eating anything, and moving up to the end of the prairie, ranged themselves in order of battle at the edge of the timber. There they waited all day without any food, and at night returned and partook of their suppers. The second morning they again placed themselves in the same position, and again returned at night and supped. By this time they had begun to get weak from eating only once a day, and concluded they would eat breakfast before they again started. So the next morning they began to cook and eat. Some were eating, and others, who had finished, had moved forward to their stations, when Wayne's army was seen approaching. Soon as they were within gunshot, the Indians began firing upon them; but Wayne, making no halt, rushed on upon them. Only a small part of the Indians being on the ground they were obliged to give back, and finding Wayne too strong for them, attempted to retreat. Those who were on the way heard the noise and sprang to their assistance. So some were running from and others to the battle, which created great confusion. In the meantime the light horse had gone entirely around, and came in upon their rear, blowing their horns and closing in upon them. The Indians now found that they were completely surrounded, and all that could made their escape, and the *balance* were all killed, which was no small number. Among these last, with one or two exceptions, were all the Wyandots that lived at Sandusky at the time I went to inform them of the expected battle. The main body of the Indians were back nearly two miles from the battle-ground, and Wayne had taken them by surprise, and made such a slaughter among them that they were entirely discouraged, and made the best of their way to their respective homes.

Explanations.—The map shows about 8 miles of the country along each side of the Maumee, including the towns of Perrysburgh, Maumee City and Waterville.



PLAN ILLUSTRATING THE BATTLES OF THE MAUMEE.

Just previous to the battle of the Fallen Timbers, in August, 1794, Wayne's army was encamped at a locality called *Roche de Bœuf*, a short distance above the site of Waterville. The battle commenced at the *Presque Isle Hill*. The routed Indians were pursued to even under the guns of the British *Fort Miami*.

Fort Meigs, memorable for having sustained two sieges in the year 1813, is shown on the east side of the Maumee, with the *British batteries* on both sides of the river, and above the British fort, the position of *Proctor's encampment*. For a more full delineation of this last, see Wood County.

We insert below some anecdotes of the battle, the first three of which are derived from a published source, and the last second-hand from Gen. Harrison.

At the time Capt. Campbell was endeavoring to turn the left flank of the enemy three Indians, being hemmed in by the cavalry and infantry, plunged into the river and endeavored to swim to the opposite side. Two negroes of the army, on the opposite bank, concealed themselves behind a log to intercept them. When within shooting distance, one of them shot the foremost through the head. The other two took hold of him to drag him to shore, when the second negro fired and killed another. The remaining Indian being now in shoal water, endeavored to tow the dead bodies to the bank. In the meantime the first negro had reloaded, and, firing upon the survivor, mortally wounded him. On approaching them, the negroes judged from their striking resemblance and devotion that they were brothers. After scalping them they let their bodies float down the stream.

Another circumstance goes to show with what obstinacy the conflict was maintained by individuals in both armies. A soldier who had got detached a short distance from the army met a single Indian in the woods, when they attacked each other—the soldier with his bayonet, the Indian with his tomahawk. Two days after, they were found dead; the

soldier with his bayonet in the body of the Indian—the Indian with his tomahawk in the head of the soldier.

Several months after the battle of Fallen Timbers a number of Potawatamie Indians arrived at Fort Wayne, where they expressed a desire to see "*The Wind*," as they called Gen. Wayne. On being asked for an explanation of the name, they replied, that at the battle of the 20th of August he was exactly like a hurricane, which drives and tears everything before it.

General Wayne was a man of most ardent impulses, and in the heat of action apt to forget that he was the general—not the soldier. When the attack on the Indians, who were concealed behind the fallen timbers, was commenced by ordering the regulars up, the late General Harrison, then aide to Wayne, being lieutenant with the title of major, addressed his superior—"General Wayne, I'm afraid you'll get into the fight yourself, and forget to give me the necessary field orders." "Perhaps I may," replied Wayne, "and if I do, recollect the standing order for the day is, charge the d—d rascals with the bayonets!"

That this Indian war was in a great measure sustained by British influence admits of ample proof. That they lent their aid in this campaign and battle is fully confirmed in the extract given from a letter from General Harrison to Hon. Thomas Chilton, dated North Bend, February 17, 1834:

That the Northwestern and Indian war was a continuation of the Revolutionary contest is susceptible of proof. The Indians in that quarter had been engaged in the first seven years of the war as the allies of Great Britain, and they had no inclination to continue it after the peace of 1783. It is to British influence that their subsequent hostilities are to be attributed. The agents of that government never ceased to stimulate their enmity against the government of the United States, and to represent the peace which had been made as a temporary truce, at the expiration of which "their great fathers would unite with them in the war, and drive the *long knives* from the lands which they had so unjustly usurped from his red children." This was the cause of the detention of the posts of Detroit, Mackinaw and Niagara so long after the treaty of 1783. The reasons assigned for so doing deceived nobody after the failure of the negotiation attempted by General Lincoln, Governor Randolph and Colonel Pickering, under British mediation voluntarily tendered.

The bare suggestion of a wish by the British authorities would have been sufficient to induce the Indians to accept the terms proposed by the American Commissioners. But at any rate the withholding the supplies with which the Indians had been previously

furnished would have left no other alternative but to make peace. From that period, however, the war was no longer carried on "in disguise." Acts of open hostility were committed. In June, 1794, the Indians assembled at the Miami of the Lake, and were completely equipped out of the King's store, from the fort (a large and regularly fortified work) which had been built there in the preceding spring, for the purpose of supporting the operations of the Indians against the army of General Wayne. Nor was the assistance limited to the supply of provisions and munitions of war. On the advance of the Indians they were attended by a captain of the British army, a sergeant, and six *matrosses*, provided with fixed ammunition, suited to the calibre of two field-pieces which had been taken from General St. Clair and deposited in a creek near the scene of his defeat in 1791. Thus attended, they appeared before Fort Recovery (the advanced post of our army), on the 4th of July, 1794, and having defeated a large detachment of our troops, encamped under its walls, and would probably have succeeded in taking the fort if the guns which they expected to find had not been previously discovered and removed. In this action Captain Hartshorn, of the First Sub-legion, was wounded by the Indians, and afterwards killed in a struggle

with Captain McKee, of the British army. [It is proper to state that Captain McKee asserted that he interfered to save Hartshorn, but that he refused quarter and attempted to kill him (McKee), and would have succeeded if he had not been anticipated by his (McKee's) servant.]

Upon the advance of the American army in the following month, the British fort at the Rapids was again a point of rendezvous for the Indians. There the deficiencies in arms, ammunition and equipments were again supplied; and there they were fed with regular rations from the king's stores, consisting of flour and Irish beef, until the arrival of General Wayne with his army on the 20th of August. In the general action of that day there were two militia companies from Amherstburg and Detroit. The captain of the cutter (who was also the clerk of the court at that place) was found among the killed, and one of his privates taken prisoner. These unequivocal acts of hostility on the part of Great Britain did not pass unnoticed by our government, and although anxious to avoid a general war, the President determined that the aggression on our territory by the erection of a fortress so far within our acknowledged limits required some decisive measure.

Authority was therefore given to General

There were some individuals on both sides who took an active part, either in the battle or its connecting events, who demand more than a passing notice. Among these were the faithful spies of Wayne, whose exploits McDonald in his sketches thus describes:

General Wayne, having a bold, vigilant and dexterous enemy to contend with, found it indispensably necessary to use the utmost caution in his movements to guard against surprise. To secure his army against the possibility of being ambuscaded, he employed a number of the best woodsmen the frontier afforded to act as spies. Captain Ephraim Kibby, one of the first settlers at Columbia, who had distinguished himself as a bold and intrepid soldier, commanded the principal part of this corps.

A very effective division of the spies was commanded by Captain William Wells. Attached to Wells' command were the following men: Robert McClellan, one of the most active men on foot that ever lived. Next to him was Henry Miller, who deserves here a passing notice. He and a younger brother, named Christopher, had been made captives by the Indians while quite young, and adopted into an Indian family. He lived with them until about 24 years of age, when, although he had adopted all their customs, he began to think of returning to his relatives among the whites. His resolution continually gaining strength by reflection, he determined to make the attempt, and endeavored to induce his brother to accompany him in his flight, but to no purpose. Christopher was young when captured; he was now a good hunter,

Wayne to dispossess the intruders, if, in his opinion, it was necessary to the success of his operations against the Indians.

Although the qualification of this order, in its literal sense, might be opposed to its execution after the entire defeat of the Indians—the daring violation of neutrality which was professed, by the supply of food, arms and ammunition to the enemy on the very morning of the action, afforded, in the opinion of General Wayne, a sufficient justification for its being carried into effect. An accurate examination, however, of the defences of the fort, made by the general at great personal hazard, showed but too clearly that our small howitzers, which had been transported on the backs of horses, our only artillery, could make no impression upon its massive earthen parapet, while the deep fosse and frasing by which it was surrounded afforded no prospect of the success of an escalade, but at an expense of valuable lives, which the occasion did not seem to call for.

From my situation as aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief I mention these things from personal knowledge. If, then, the relation I have given is correct, *it must be admitted that the war of the Revolution continued in the western country until the peace of Greenville in 1795.*

an expert woodsman and a free and independent Indian. Henry Miller, however, escaped through the woods, and arrived safe among his friends in Kentucky. Captain Wells was familiar with Miller during his captivity, and knew that he possessed that firm intrepidity which would render him a valuable companion in time of need. To these were added Hickman, May and Thorp, all men of tried worth in Indian warfare.

Captain Wells and his four companions were confidential and privileged gentlemen in camp, who were only called upon to do duty upon very particular and interesting occasions. They were permitted a *carte blanche* among the horses of the dragoons, and when on duty always went well mounted; while the spies, commanded by Captain Kibby, went on foot and were kept constantly on the alert scouring the country in every direction.

In June, 1794, while the headquarters of the army was at Greenville, Wayne dispatched Wells with his corps, with orders to bring an Indian into the camp as prisoner. Accordingly, he proceeded cautiously with his party through the Indian country. They crossed the St. Mary's, and thence to the Auglaize, without meeting with any straggling parties of Indians. In passing up the latter they discovered a smoke, dismounted, tied up their horses and cautiously reconnoitred.

They found three Indians encamped on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brush or any undergrowth, rendering it difficult to approach them without being discovered. While reconnoitring they saw not very distant from the camp a fallen tree. They returned and went round, so as to get it between them and the Indians. The tree top being full of leaves would serve to screen them from observation. They crept forward on their hands and knees with the caution of the cat, until they reached it, when they were within seventy or eighty yards of the camp. The Indians were sitting or standing about the fire, roasting their venison, laughing and making merry antics, little dreaming that death was about stealing a march upon them. Arrived at the fallen tree, their plans were settled. McClellan, who was almost as swift of foot as a deer, was to catch the centre Indian, while Wells and Miller were to kill the other two, one shooting to the right and the other to the left. Resting the muzzles of their rifles on a log of the fallen tree, they aimed for the Indians' hearts. Whiz went the balls, and both Indians fell. Before the smoke had risen two feet, McClellan was running with uplifted tomahawk for the remaining Indian, who bounded down the river, but finding himself likely to be headed if he continued in that direction, he turned and made for the river, which at that place had a bluff bank about twenty feet high. On reaching it he sprang off into the stream and sunk to his middle in the soft mud at its bottom. McClellan came after and instantly sprang upon him, as he was wallowing and endeavoring to extricate himself from the mire. The Indian drew his knife, the other raised his tomahawk and bade him throw down his knife or he would kill him instantly. He did so, and surrendered without further opposition.

By this time Wells and his companion came to the bank, and discovered the two quietly sticking in the mud. Their prisoner being secure, they selected a place where the bank was less precipitous, went down, dragged the captive out and tied him. He was sulky and refused to speak either Indian or English. Some of the party went back for their horses, while the others washed the mud and paint from the prisoner. When cleaned he turned out to be a white man, but still refused to speak, or give any account of himself. The party scalped the two Indians whom they had shot, and then set off for headquarters. Henry Miller having some suspicions that their prisoner might possibly be his brother Christopher, whom he had left with the Indians years previous, rode up along side of him, and called him by his Indian name. At the sound he started, stared around, and eagerly inquired how he came to know his name. The mystery was soon explained. Their prisoner was indeed Christopher Miller! A mysterious providence appeared to have placed him in a situation in the camp by which his life was preserved. Had he been standing either to the right or to the left, he would inevitably have been killed, and an

even chance, too, if not by his own brother. But that fate which appears to have doomed the Indian race to extinction permitted the white man to live.

When they arrived at Greenville their prisoner was placed in the guard-house. Wayne often interrogated him as to what he knew of the future intentions of the Indians. Captain Wells and his brother Henry were almost constantly with him, urging him to abandon the idea of ever again joining the Indians, and to unite with the whites. For some time he was reserved and sulky, but at length became more cheerful, and agreed that if they would release him from his confinement he would remain among them. Captain Wells and Henry Miller urged Wayne to release him, who did so, with the observation that should he deceive them and return to the enemy they would be one the stronger. He appeared pleased with his change of situation, and was mounted on a fine horse, and otherwise equipped for war. He joined the company of Wells, and continued through the war a brave and intrepid soldier.

As soon as Wells and his company had rested themselves, they were anxious for another *bout* with the red men. Time without action was irksome to such stirring spirits. Accordingly, in July they left Greenville, their number strengthened by the addition of Christopher Miller, with orders to bring in prisoners. When on these excursions they were always mounted on elegant horses, and dressed and painted in Indian style. They arrived in the country near the Auglaize, when they met a single Indian, and called upon him to surrender. Notwithstanding there were six against him, he refused, levelled his rifle, and as they approached him on horseback, fired, missed his mark and then ran. The thick underbrush enabling him to gain upon them, Christopher Miller and McClellan dismounted and pursued, and the latter soon overtook him. Upon this he turned and made a blow at McClellan with his rifle, which was parried. As it was McClellan's intention not to kill, he kept him at bay until Christopher came up, when they closed in and made him prisoner without receiving injury. They then turned about and arrived with him at Greenville. He was reported to be a Pottawatamie chief of scarcely equalled courage and prowess. As Christopher Miller had performed his part on this occasion to the entire satisfaction of the brave spirits with whom he acted, he had, as he merited, their entire confidence.

On one of Captain Wells' peregrinations through the Indian country, as he came to the bank of the St. Mary's, he discovered a family of Indians coming up the river in a canoe. He dismounted from his horse and concealed his men, while he went to the bank of the river in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed in Indian costume and spoke in that language, they crossed to him unsuspecting of danger. The moment the canoe struck the shore Wells heard the nicking of the cocks of his

comrades' rifles as they prepared to shoot the Indians; but who should be in the canoe but his Indian father and mother with their children! The others were now coming forward with their rifles cocked and ready to pour in a deadly fire upon this family. Wells shouted to them to desist, informing them who the Indians were, solemnly declaring that the first man who attempted to injure one of them should receive a ball in his head. "That family," said he to his men, "had fed him when hungry, clothed him when naked, and nursed him when sick, and had treated him as affectionately as their own children." This short speech moved the sympathetic hearts of his leather-hunting-shirt comrades, who entered at once into his feelings and approved of his lenity. Dropping their tomahawks and rifles, they went to the canoe and shook hands with the trembling Indians in the most friendly manner. Wells assured them they had nothing to fear; and after talking with them for some time, to dispel their anxiety he told them "that General Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing the Indians could do was to make peace, and that the whites did not wish to continue the war. He urged his Indian father to keep for the future out of danger;" he then bade them farewell. They appeared grateful for his clemency, pushed off their canoe, and paddled with their utmost rapidity down stream. Captain Wells and his comrades, though perfect desperadoes in fight, upon this occasion proved that they largely possessed that gratitude and benevolence which does honor to human kind.

While Wayne's army lay at the Indian village at the confluence of the Auglaize and Maumee, building Fort Defiance, the general wishing to be informed of the intentions of the enemy, dispatched Captain Wells' party to bring in another prisoner. They consisted of Wells, McClellan, the Millers, May and Mahaffy. They proceeded cautiously down the Maumee until opposite the site of Fort Meigs, where was an Indian village. This was on the 11th of August, nine days before the battle. Wells and his party boldly rode into this town as if they had come from the British fort, and occasionally stopped and talked with the Indians in their language. The savages believed them to be Indians from a distance, who had come to take part in the expected battle. After passing through the village they met some distance from it an Indian man and woman on horseback, who were returning to town from hunting. They made them captives without resistance, and set off for Defiance.

A little after dark they came near a large encampment of Indians, merrily amusing themselves around their camp fires. Ordering their prisoners to be silent under pain of instant death, they went around the camp until they got about half a mile above it. They then held a consultation, tied and gagged their prisoners, and rode into the Indian camp with their rifles lying across the pummels of their saddles. They inquired

when they had heard last of General Wayne and the movements of his army, and how soon and where the expected battle would be fought. The Indians standing about Wells and his party were very communicative, and answered the questions without any suspicions of deceit in their visitors. At length an Indian who was sitting at some distance said in an undertone in another tongue to some who were near him that he suspected these strangers had some mischief in their heads. Wells overheard it, gave the preconcerted signal, and each fired his rifle into the body of an Indian at not more than six feet distance. The moment the Indian had made the remark, he and his companions rose up with their rifles in hand, but not before each of the others had shot their man. The moment after Wells and party had fired they put spurs to their horses, lying with their breasts on the animals' necks, so as to lessen the mark to fire at, and before they had got out of the light of the camp fires the Indians had fired upon them. As McClellan lay in this position, a ball entered beneath his shoulder-blade and came out at the top of his shoulder; Wells' arm was broken by a ball, and his rifle dropped to the ground; May was chased to the smooth rock in the Maumee, where, his horse falling, he was taken prisoner.

The rest of the party escaped without injury, and rode full speed to where their prisoners were confined, and mounting them upon horses, continued their route. Wells and McClellan being severely wounded, and their march slow and painful to Defiance, a distance of about thirty miles, ere they could receive surgical aid, a messenger was dispatched to hasten to the post for a surgeon and a guard. As soon as he arrived with the tidings of the wounds and perilous situation of these heroic and faithful spies, very great sympathy was manifested. Wayne's feeling for the suffering soldier was at all times quick and sensitive. We can, then, imagine the intensity of his solicitude when informed of the sufferings and perils of his confidential and chosen band. He instantly dispatched a surgeon and a company of the swiftest dragoons to meet, assist and guard these brave fellows to headquarters, where they arrived safe, and the wounded in due time recovered.

May, who was taken prisoner, having formerly lived and ran away from the Indians, was recognized. They told him the second day before the battle: "We know you; you speak Indian language; you not content to live with us; to-morrow we take you to that tree"—pointing to a very large burr oak at the edge of the clearing near the British fort—"we will tie you up and make a mark on your breast, and we will try what Indian can shoot nearest it." Accordingly, the next day he was tied to that tree, a mark made on his breast, and his body riddled with at least fifty bullets. Thus ended poor May!

This little band of spies, during the campaign, performed more real service than any other corps of equal number belonging to the

army. They brought in at different times not less than twenty prisoners, and killed more than an equal number. As they had no rivals in the army, they aimed in each excursion to outdo their former exploits. What confidence, what self-possession was displayed by these men in their terrific encounters! To ride boldly into the enemy's camp, in full view of

their blazing camp-fires, and enter into conversation with them without betraying the least appearance of trepidation and confusion, and openly commence the work of death, prove how well their souls were steeled against fear. They had come off unscathed in so many desperate conflicts that they became callous to danger.

WM. WELLS was such an extraordinary man as to deserve a fuller notice. When a child he was captured by the Indians, and became the adopted son of LITTLE TURTLE, the most eminent forest warrior and statesman of his time.

In the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair he took a distinguished part, commanding in the latter action three hundred young Indian warriors, who were posted immediately in front of the artillery, and caused such carnage among those who served it. He arranged his party behind logs and trees, immediately under the knoll on which the guns were, and thence, almost uninjured, picked off the artillerists, until, it is said, their bodies were heaped up almost to the height of their pieces. After this sanguinary affair, his forecast enabled him to anticipate the final ascendancy of the whites, who would be aroused by their reverses to such exertions as must be successful with their preponderance of power, and he resolved to abandon the savages. His mode of announcing this determination was in accordance with the simple and sententious habits of a forest life. He was traversing the woods in the morning, with his adopted father, the Little Turtle, when, pointing to the heavens, he said, "When the sun reaches the meridian I leave you for the whites; and whenever you meet me in battle, you must kill me as I shall endeavor to do by you." The bonds of affection and respect which had bound these two singular and highly-gifted men together were not severed or weakened by this abrupt dereliction. Capt. Wells soon after joined Wayne's army, and by his intimacy with the wilderness, and his perfect knowledge of the Indian haunts, habits and modes of Indian warfare, became an invaluable auxiliary to the Americans. He served faithfully and fought bravely through the campaign, and at the close, when peace had restored amity between the Indians and the whites, rejoined his foster-father, the Little Turtle; and their friendship and connection was broken only by the death of the latter. When his body was found among the slain at Chicago, in August, 1812, the Indians are said to have drunk his blood, from a superstitious belief that they should thus imbibe his warlike endowments, which had been considered by them as pre-eminent.

The above paragraph respecting Wells is copied from the discourse of Henry Whiting, Esq., before the Historical Society of Michigan; that below, relating to his death, is from the MSS. of Col. John Johnston.

William Wells, interpreter for the Miamies,

and whose wife was of that nation, himself uncle to Mrs. Heald, the lady of the commandant at Fort Dearborn, Chicago, went from Fort Wayne with a party of twelve or fifteen Miamies to that place, with a view of favoring the escape of the garrison to Fort Wayne. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this, for Wells was peculiarly obnoxious to the Putawatimies, and especially to the chief, "the Black Bird," who was the leading warrior on the occasion. The Putawatimies were alone in arms against us at the time, in that part of the country. The presence of Wells was fatal to the safety of the troops; the chief Blackbird had often spoken to myself in very bitter terms against him. On the 14th of August, 1812, a council was held between the officers and the chiefs, at which it was agreed that the whole garrison with their arms, ammunition sufficient for the journey and clothing should retire unmolested to Fort Wayne, and that the garrison, with all that it contained, should be delivered up to the Indians. In the night preceding the evacuation all the powder and whiskey in the fort were thrown into a canal, communicating from the garrison to the Chicago river. The powder floated out and discovered the deception to the Indians; this greatly exasperated them and, no doubt, brought matters to a crisis. On the morning of the 15th of August the troops marched out to commence their journey, and had proceeded but a short distance when they were attacked by the Indians. Wells seeing that all was lost, and not wishing to fall into their hands, as he well knew that in that case a cruel and lingering death awaited him, wetted powder and blacked his face, as a token of defiance, mounted his horse and commenced addressing the Indians with all the opprobrious and insulting language he could think of. His purpose evidently was to induce them to dispatch him forthwith. His object was accomplished. They became so enraged at last with his taunts and jeers, that one of them shot him off his horse, and immediately pouncing upon him, cut his body open, took out his heart and eat it. The troops were massacred, the commanding officer and wife were saved. . . . Chicago means in Putawatimie, "the place of *the polecat*."

In the battle of the Fallen Timbers Wayne's army took a white man prisoner, by the name of Lasselle. Col. John Johnston says respecting him :

ANTOINE LASSELLE I well knew: this man, a Canadian, was taken prisoner at Wayne's battle, painted, dressed and disguised as an Indian. He was tried by court-martial at Roche de Bœuf, and sentenced to be hung. A gallows was erected and the execution ordered, when Col. John F. Hamtranck—a native of Canada, who joined the American standard under Montgomery, in the Revolutionary war, and was, in 1794, colonel of the

1st regiment of infantry, under Wayne—interposed and begged the life of the prisoner. Gen. Wayne afterwards granted to Lasselle license to trade at Fort Wayne, and he was there as such many years during my agency at the post. He was a man of wit and drollery, and would often clasp his neck with both hands, to show how near he had been to hanging by order of mad Anthony.

Col. Johnston also says, respecting Col. McKee and Capt. Elliott, who were both alleged to have been in the action, and were notorious enemies of the Americans in the wars in the Northwest:

McKEE and ELLIOTT were Pennsylvanians, and the latter, I think, of Irish birth. They resided, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, at Path Valley, Pa. A brother and a brother-in-law of mine lived in the same neighborhood; I therefore have undoubted authority for the facts. A number of Tories resided in the township, McKee and Elliott being leaders. A large proportion of the inhabitants being Whigs, the place became too warm to hold them. They fled to the enemy, and leagued with the Shawanese Indians in committing depredations on the frontier settlers. Both of these incendiaries had Indian wives and children, and finally

their influence became so great among the savages that they were appointed agents for Indian affairs by the British government, and continued as such until their death. Matthew Elliott was an uncle, by his father's side, to the late Commodore Elliott, and had a son killed in the late war, by the Indians under Logan. [See p. 353.] On the death of McKee, his son, a half-breed, was a deputy agent in Upper Canada. He was a splendid-looking man, and married an accomplished white lady. He had too much of the Indian nature, and the marriage turned out somewhat unhappily.

In August, 1814, several letters were published in the *National Intelligencer*, from Col. McKee to Col. England, the British commandant at Detroit during the campaign of Wayne, the originals of which, the editor stated, were then in his possession. McKee was at this time superintendent of the Indians under his majesty. Some brief extracts below pile up the evidence already adduced of his hostility, and that of the English, to the Americans:

Rapids, July 5, 1794. SIR:—I send this by a party of Saginas, who returned yesterday from Fort Recovery, where the whole body of the Indians, except the Delawares, who had gone another route, *imprudently* attacked the fort on Monday, the 30th of last month. . . . Everything had been settled prior to their leaving the Fallen Timber, and it had been agreed upon to confine themselves to taking convoys and attacking at a distance from the forts, if they should have the address to entice the *enemy* out. . .

Rapids, Aug. 13, 1794. SIR:—I was honored last night with your letter of the 11th, and am *extremely glad to find you making such exertions to supply the Indians with provisions.* . . . Scouts are sent up to view the situation of the army [Wayne's,] and WE now muster 1,000 Indians. All the Lake Indians, from Sagina downwards, should not *lose one moment in joining their brethren, as every accession of strength is an addition to their spirits.*

Maumee City in 1846.—Maumee City, the county-seat, is one hundred and twenty-four miles northwest of Columbus, and eight miles south of Toledo. It was laid out under the name of *Maumee* in 1817, by Maj. Wm. Oliver and others, within what had been the reservation of twelve miles square, at the foot of the rapids of the Maumee, granted to the Indians at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. The town is situated at the head of navigation on the Maumee, and on the Wabash and Erie canal, opposite Perrysburg and Fort Meigs.

The river banks upon which Maumee City and its neighbor, Perrysburg, stand, are elevated near one hundred feet above the water level. Both banks, at this point, curve gracefully inward, while the river above and below is somewhat contracted, thus forming a vast amphitheatre of about two miles in length and nearly one in breadth, while a beautiful cultivated island of two hundred acres, and

several small islets embosomed in its centre, enhance a scene rich in picturesque effect.

From a very early day this was a favorite point with the Indians. As early as 1680 the French had a trading station just below the town, where, later in the spring of 1794, was built the British fort Miami, the ruins of which are still conspicuous. Part of Wayne's battle was within the limits of the town; the action commenced two or three miles south. At that point, by the road-side, is a noted rock of several tons weight, near the foot of Presque Isle Hill, where it is said an Indian chief, named Turkey Foot, rallied a few of his men and stood upon it fighting until his strength becoming exhausted from loss of blood, he fell and breathed his last. Upon it have been carved by the Indians representations of turkeys' feet, now plainly to be seen, and it is said "the early settlers of and travellers through the Maumee valley usually found small pieces of tobacco deposited on this rock, which had been placed there by the Indians as devotional acts by way of sacrifice, to appease the indignant spirit of the departed hero." During the siege of Fort Meigs, in the late war, the British encamped below the town, and erected several batteries within it, which played upon the American fort. These having been stormed and taken by Col. Dudley, on the 5th of May, 1813, that officer pushed his victory too far, and was, in turn, attacked by the enemy, who had been reinforced from below, and defeated with great slaughter on the site of the town. (See Wood County.)

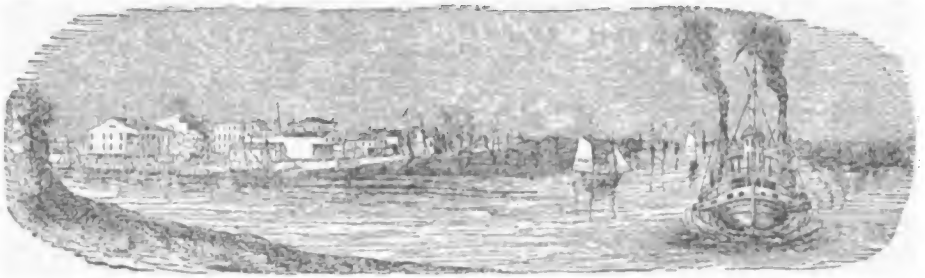
The view of Maumee City, taken from the site of Fort Meigs, shows in front Maumee river and the bridge; beyond, on the left, the canal; and on the summit of the hill a small portion of the town, which is much scattered. On the right is seen the Presbyterian church, on the left the Methodist, and between, the Catholic; the Episcopal church does not appear in this view. Maumee City is a thriving town, and has an extensive water-power, which, if fully improved, would be sufficient for 250 runs of stone. It now contains sixteen dry-goods, eight grocery and three drug-stores; one or two newspaper printing-offices; four flouring, one oil and two saw-mills; one pail factory, one tannery, a wool-carding and cloth-dressing establishment, and had, in 1840, 840 inhabitants, since which it has much increased. A number of vessels, steamboats, propellers and canal boats, have been built here. A spirit of rivalry exists between the towns at the foot of the rapids, Maumee City and Perrysburg, with Toledo. While the latter has outstripped them in prosperity, there is, perhaps, but little question that if the navigation of the river was improved, Maumee City and Perrysburg would draw to themselves a vast accession of business, and be important points for the shipment and transshipment of freight. The Maumee is navigable, in its present condition, for steamboats and schooners drawing seven feet of water; but since the construction of boats of a heavier draught, it is necessary that an improvement, by excavating the channel along what is called "*the rock bar*," should be made. This bar, which is of blue limestone, commences about a mile and a half below Perrysburg. At a common stage the water upon it is about six and a half feet deep. To open a clear and unobstructed channel upon it for the largest lake boats, it has been estimated, would cost about \$30,000. Government has frequently but ineffectually been petitioned to make this improvement.—*Old Edition.*

MAUMEE (formerly South Toledo) is nine miles southwest of Toledo, on the Maumee river, Miami & Erie Canal and W. St. L. & P. and T. St. L. & K. C. Railroads. City officers, 1888: James M. Wolcott, Mayor; Frank D. Crain, Clerk; John A. Mollenkopf, Treasurer; Philip Hartman, Marshal. Newspaper: *New Era*, Frank D. Crain, editor and publisher. Churches: one Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Catholic. Bank: Union Deposit, R. B. Mitchell, president, J. Henry Wyman, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,780. School census, 1888, 592. United States census, 1890, 1,645.



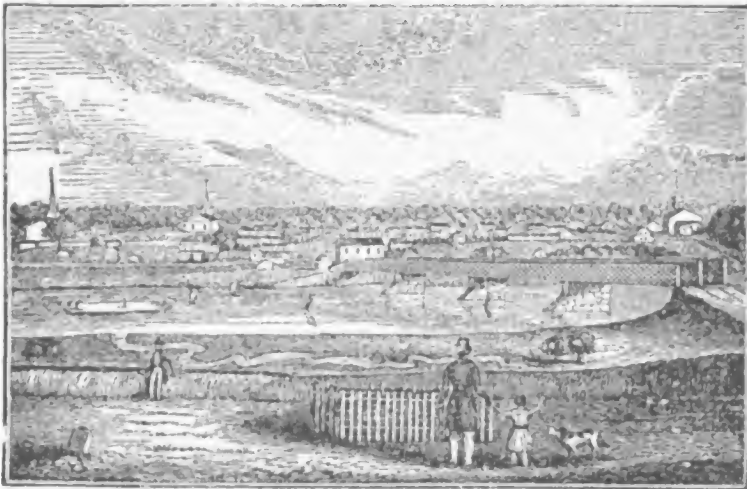
WAYNE'S BATTLE-GROUND.

The view shows on the left Maumee River; in front Presque Isle Hill; on the right by the roadside where the figures are standing is the noted Turkey Foot Rock.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

HARBOR OF TOLEDO.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MAUMEE CITY FROM FORT MEIGS.

TOLEDO IN 1846 AND HISTORY TO THAT DATE.

TOLEDO is on the left bank of the Maumee river, and on the Wabash & Erie Canal, 134 miles northwest of Columbus, 246 by canal north of Cincinnati, about fifty south of Detroit, about 100 west of Cleveland, and thirty-three miles from Adrian, Michigan, where a railroad from Toledo intersects with the Southern Michigan Railroad. Toledo stretches along the river bank for more than a mile, and has two points at which business concentrates, called respectively the upper and the lower landing. It was originally two distinct settlements—the upper, Port Lawrence, the lower, Vistula. Between these two points Toledo is thinly settled; but at them, and particularly at the upper, the stores, warehouses and dwellings are densely packed together. The view of the harbor from the upper landing is very fine—the eye takes in a distance of several miles of the river, bounded by well-defined projecting headlands, and often showing a large number of sails, presenting not only a scene of beauty, but evidence of the extensive commerce of which this place is the centre.

Toledo covers the site of a stockade fort, called Fort Industry, erected about the year 1800, near what is now Summit street. A treaty was held in this fort with the Indians, July 4, 1805, by which the Indian title to the “fire-lands” was extinguished. Charles Jouet was United States Commissioner, and the Ottawa, Chippewa, Pottawatomie, Wyandot, Shawanee, Munsee and Delaware tribes represented by their respective chiefs. The insignificant settlements of Port Lawrence and Vistula were later formed, and have now lost their identity in Toledo, the history, present condition and prospects of which we annex, in a communication from a gentleman of the place.

In the summer of 1832, under the impetus given it by Captain Samuel Allen, from Lockport, N. Y., and Maj. Stickney, Vistula made quite a noise as a promising place for a town. People from various quarters were met by the writer in June of that year at the residence of Major Stickney. All seemed sanguine of a sudden and large growth for the new town, and many made purchases in and about it. At the same time arrangements were being made by Major Oliver and Micajah T. Williams, of Cincinnati, with Daniel O. Comstock and Stephen B. Comstock, brothers, from Lockport, for the resuscitation of Port Lawrence, at the mouth of Swan creek. The Comstocks took an interest, and became the agents for the Port Lawrence property, now known as Upper Toledo. No sales of any importance were made before 1833. In Vistula the first store was started by Mr. E. Briggs; W. J. Daniels, now a leading man, was his clerk. Soon after Flag & Bissell opened a more extensive store of goods—probably the first good assortment for the use of white people. In 1833 not much progress was made toward building a town in Vistula or Port Lawrence. In the latter the first Toledo steamer was built, and called the “Detroit.” She was of 120 tons, and commanded by Captain Baldwin, son of a sea captain of that name, who was one of the earliest settlers of Port Lawrence. The best lots in Port Lawrence, sixty feet front by 120 deep, were offered by Stephen B. Comstock for \$50, coupled with a condition to make some little improvements. Four of these lots, if they were now not built upon, would sell for \$5,000 each. Three of them

are nearly covered by three-story brick buildings, and form the centre of business of Toledo. They are corners on Monroe and Summit streets.

In 1834 speculation in lots began, and with slight intermission continued until the spring of 1837. Mr. Edward Bissell, from Lockport, a man of enterprise and activity, became a part owner, and gave a great impetus to the growth of Vistula. Through him and the Port Lawrence owners many men of influence became interested in the new towns. Among these Judge Mason, from Livingston county, N. Y., deserves mention, as he became agent of Bissell and the chief owners, and made Vistula his residence.

In 1836 the Wabash & Erie Canal was located, having three terminations—one at Maumee, one at Toledo and one at Manhattan. Great exertions were made to induce the Commissioners to terminate it at the foot of the Rapids; and also to have it continued below, on the high bank. All the points were accommodated, and the State has had a heavy bill to foot as the consequence. In 1837 the canal was let and the contractors entered vigorously on its construction. The Commissioners held out the opinion that it would be completed in two years. Under the expectation of its early completion many of the inhabitants of Toledo, who had been brought there by the speculations of 1835 and 1836, and the business it gave, held on in order to participate in the business it was expected to furnish. The seasons of 1838 and 1839 were uncommonly sickly, not only at Toledo, but along the entire line of the canal. This kept back the work on the canal,

and it was not completed, so as to make its business sensibly felt, before the season of 1845. The Miami & Erie Canal was opened through, from river to lake, the same season, and for a time had a great rush of business through it. But it was so imperfect that great prejudice was excited against it as a channel of commerce. During the season of 1846 it was kept in good order, and recovered a portion of its lost popularity.

The productions of the south and southwest that reached Toledo by these two canals during the season of 1846 exceeded \$3,000,000 in value, and more than doubled the receipts of the preceding year. The value sent up from Toledo can scarcely have been less than \$5,000,000. The aggregate of breadstuffs exported exceeded 3,000,000 bushels, being greater than that of any other port around the lakes, except Cleveland, that shipped by lake. It is expected that the business of these canals this year will very nearly double that of the season of 1846. The Wabash & Erie Canal will then be extended forty-nine miles farther down the Wabash; and the country on the lines of both canals being new, is being opened to cultivation, and having the roads that bring trade to the canals every year extended farther from their borders, and made better. By position and the aid of these canals, Toledo is evidently destined to be one of the greatest of the gathering points of agricultural productions in the country. Its situation is equally favorable for the distribution over the lakes of Southern productions—sugar, tobacco, etc. The Miami & Erie Canal is the best channel for the goods destined from the

Eastern cities to the great river valley below Cincinnati.

The Wabash & Erie canal, when completed to Evansville, on the Ohio, will be four hundred and sixty miles in length, and control most of the external trade of Indiana and Eastern Illinois. The Miami & Erie canal, connecting Toledo and Cincinnati, is two hundred and forty-seven miles long. This, it is believed, will one day become one of the most important canals in the world.

Within the last two years Toledo has expended near one hundred thousand dollars in grading and other permanent improvements that tend to give facility to commercial operations. Like all other towns on Lake Erie, it has suffered, during the early years of its life, from sickness; and, perhaps, it has suffered still more in its growth and prospects, from the exaggerations which public rumor has spread over the country, respecting its insalubrity. And yet it would be difficult to find a healthier-looking or a more vigorous set of men than are the first settlers of Toledo and other places on the harbor. Toledo has had sickness, but not more than Cleveland or Sandusky and Monroe, at the same period of their growth. The excavations for the canal and the grades have undoubtedly contributed to the prevalence of intermittents, which is the chief cause for complaint. Every year will witness an improvement in this respect, until, like Cleveland, it will be forgotten as a place especially fruitful of malaria, and be spoken of chiefly for the activity and the extent of its commerce, and the rapidity of its progress towards the high destiny which reflecting men have long anticipated for it.

Toledo was incorporated as a city in 1836, and has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Methodist, 1 Episcopal and 1 Lutheran church, 37 mercantile establishments—including 3 drug and 2 book stores—9 forwarding and commission houses, 2 banks, and its population is estimated at 2,400; in 1840 it had 1,322 inhabitants. A daily steamboat line connects Toledo with Buffalo, and another with Detroit. A railroad has been chartered and surveyed between Toledo and the west line of Indiana, in the direction of the Falls of Illinois, or towards Chicago.

Toledo was the centre of the military operations in the "OHIO AND MICHIGAN WAR," so called, which at the time threatened serious results, but was accompanied with so much of the ludicrous as to be usually adverted to with emotions of merriment. In the language of "an actor in the scene which he depicts" the narrative below is given:

The dispute of Ohio and Michigan, about the line of division between them, originated in this wise. The ordinance of 1787 provided for the division of the Northwestern Territory into not less than three nor more than five States; and, if into five, then the three southern were to be divided from the two northern, by a line drawn east and west through the southern point of Lake Michigan, extending eastward to the territorial line in Lake Erie. The constitution of Ohio contained a provision, that if the said line should not go so far north as the north cape of the Maumee bay, then the northern boundary of

Ohio should be a line drawn from the southerly part of Lake Michigan to the north cape of the Maumee bay. With this constitution, Ohio was admitted into the Union. The line of the ordinance was an impossible line, inasmuch as it would never touch the territorial line by extending it eastward, but would, on the contrary, leave north of it a considerable portion of that part of Ohio known as the Western Reserve.

When Michigan became a Territory, the people living between the two lines—that claimed by Michigan, known as the *Fulton* line, and that claimed by Ohio, as the *Harris*

line—found it more convenient to be attached to Michigan, and agreeably to their wish, the territorial laws were extended over the disputed territory. In 1833 it appeared important that the boundary should be settled, and at the suggestion of J. W. Scott, Esq., of Toledo, Senator Tilden, of Norwalk, Ohio, brought the matter before the Legislature, which passed a resolution asking Congress to act upon the subject, for the purpose of quieting the claim of Ohio.

In 1835 the matter came before Congress, and J. Q. Adams made an elaborate report against the claim of Ohio. Through the exertions of A. Palmer, S. B. Comstock, W. P. Daniels and others, the former was immediately dispatched to Columbus, with a petition from most of the inhabitants, to the Legislature of Ohio, then in session, asking the extension of the laws of Ohio over the disputed territory. An act was soon after passed for that purpose, and the disputed territory was attached to the counties of Wood, Henry and Williams. This occasioned a counteraction on the part of Michigan. A double set of officers were created at the spring election, and war became inevitable. The inhabitants were mostly for the Ohio claim, but enough sided with Michigan to fill all the offices. These soon needed the aid of their neighbors of Monroe county, who were organized, and made some inroads under the sheriff's posse, and carried off to Monroe some of the would-be citizens of Ohio.

Thereupon, Ohio levied troops, and Governor Lucas came on at their head, early in the spring of 1835. In the meantime Governor Mason mustered troops from Michigan; and while Governor Lucas was encamped at old Fort Miami, eight miles above Toledo and four miles above the disputed territory, Mason marched into Toledo, overrun all the water-melon patches, made fowls very scarce, and demolished utterly the ice-house of Major Stickney, burst in the front door of his residence, and triumphantly carried him off a prisoner of war to Monroe.

Many amusing incidents are related of the actors in this war. Dr. Russ, of New York,

was with the forces of Mason on their march from Monroe to Toledo, and gave to the writer a vivid description of the mixture of frolic and fear among the new soldiers. Reports were constantly being circulated of the great number of sharp-shooting Buckeyes who were ready, with poised rifles, to greet their arrival at Toledo, and so terror-stricken were the warriors by these stories of the wags, that nearly half of those who marched boldly from Monroe availed themselves of the bushes by the road-side to withdraw from the dangerous enterprise.

About this time appeared from the court of Washington two ambassadors, with full powers to negotiate with the belligerents, for an amicable settlement of difficulties. These were Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, and Colonel Howard, of Maryland. They were successful in their mission, chiefly because Michigan was satisfied with the laurels won, and Ohio was willing to stand on her dignity—eight miles from the ground in dispute. At the court next holden in Wood county the prosecuting attorney presented bills of indictment against Governor Mason and divers others, in like manner offending; but the bills were thrown out by the grand jury. Thus was Ohio defeated in her resort to law, as she had before been in her passage at arms. At the next session of Congress the matter was taken up, and able arguments in favor of Ohio were made in the House by Samuel F. Vinton, and in the Senate by Thomas Ewing. Here Ohio carried the day. Michigan, instead of the narrow strip, averaging about eight miles wide on her southern border, received as an equivalent the large peninsula between Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, now so well known for its rich deposit of copper and other minerals. The chief value to Ohio, of the territory in dispute, was the harbor at Toledo, formed by the mouth of the Maumee, essential, as her public men believed, to enable her to reap the benefit of the commerce made by her canals to Cincinnati and Indiana. The result has shown that they judged correctly. Toledo has proved to be the true point for the meeting of lake and canal commerce.—*Old Edition.*

TOLEDO, county-seat of Lucas, is a port of entry on the Maumee river, five miles from its mouth in Maumee bay, eight miles from the western extremity of Lake Erie, ninety-two miles west of Cleveland, fifty-three southwest of Detroit, Mich., and 120 miles northwest of Columbus. It has the finest harbor on the lakes, with nineteen miles of completed docks; is in the natural gas and oil regions; has large manufacturing and railroad interests; is a great market for lime, plaster and cement; and a shipping point for large quantities of provisions, live-stock, wheat, whiskey, iron, hides, tobacco, wool, lumber and coal. Its railroads are the C. H. & D.; C. J. & M.; C. H. V. & T.; F. & P. M.; L. S. & M. S.; M. C.; N. W. O.; T. A. A. & N. M.; T. C. & S.; W. St. L. & P.; W. & L. E.; T. S. & M., and T. & O. C. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Charles A. Vordtriede; Clerk, John P. Bronson; Commissioners, John Ryan, Warren W. Cooke, Jacob Engelhardt; Coroner, Charles F. Roulet; Infirmary Directors, George W. Reynolds, George Mack, William W. Coder; Probate Judge, Joseph W. Cummings; Prosecuting Attorney, James H. Southard; Recorder, William

V. McMaken ; Sheriff, John S. Harbeck, Jr. ; Surveyor, Henry W. Wilhelm ; Treasurer, Horace J. Potter. City officers, 1888 : J. K. Hamilton, Mayor ; W. T. Walker, Auditor ; George H. Cole, Clerk ; Guy W. Kinney, Solicitor ; Thos. R. Wickenden, Civil Engineer ; William Kirby, Superintendent Infirmary ; John Bayer, Street Commissioner ; James McNeely, Harbor Master. Newspapers : *Bee*, Democratic, Elmer White, editor ; *Blade*, Republican, Robinson Locke, editor ; *Commercial*, Republican, Toledo Commercial Co., editors and publishers ; *Evening News*, Independent, News Publishing Co., editors and proprietors ; *Express*, German, Independent Republican, Julius Vordtriede, editor ; *Freie Presse*, German, Toledo Freie Press Co., editors and publishers ; *American*, Democratic, American Printing and Publishing Co., editors and publishers ; *Sunday Herald and Times*, Democratic, R. Sellner & Co., editors and publishers ; *Sunday Journal*, Independent, C. C. Packard, editor ; *Volksfreund*, German, Democratic, E. V. E. Rausch, editor and publisher. Besides these there are about twenty other journals devoted to medicine, agriculture, railway service, fraternities, etc. Churches : in 1886 these numbered 55 and 11 missions ; in many of them services were in German. Baptist, 5 ; Congregational, 4 ; Lutheran, 9 ; Methodist Episcopal, 13 ; Presbyterian, 4 ; Protestant Episcopal, 3 ; Roman Catholic, 10 ; United Brethren, 1 ; German Evangelical Reformed, 1 ; Christian, 1 ; Jewish, 1. The city has a manual training school, the "Toledo University of Arts and Trades," and a public library of 24,000 volumes. Banks : First National, V. H. Ketcham, president, S. D. Carr, cashier ; Merchants' National, Reed V. Boice, president, C. C. Doolittle, cashier ; Merchants' and Clerks' Savings Institution, John A. Moore, president, O. S. Bond, treasurer ; Northern National, W. Cummings, president, W. A. Eggleston, cashier ; Second National, George W. Davis, president, Charles F. Adams, cashier ; Toledo National, Samuel L. Young, president, E. H. Van Hoesen, cashier ; Toledo Savings Bank and Trust Co., Richard Mott, president, John J. Barker, cashier ; Keeler, Holcomb & Co. ; J. B. Ketcham, F. S. Terry, cashier ; Spitzer & Co.

Manufactures and Employees (where numbering 40 hands and over).—The Conant Bros., furniture, 72 ; Witker Manufacturing Co., sash, doors and blinds, 87 ; W. H. H. Smith & Co., saw and lath mill, 57 ; Toledo Foundry and Machine Co., engines, excavators, etc., 70 ; Western Manufacturing Co., sash, doors and blinds, 70 ; The Schauss Manufacturing Co., furniture, 52 ; Vulcan Foundry and Machine Co., general machine work, 64 ; Toledo Carriage Woodwork Co., 60 ; Roth & Freedman, hosiery and mittens, 197 ; Leland, Smith & Co., 38 ; The B. F. Wade Co., printing and binding, 49 ; E. C. Shaw & Co., clothing, 53 ; Blade Printing and Paper Co., printing, etc., 99 ; The Goulet Manufacturing Co., sash, doors, etc., 45 ; Shaw, Kendall & Co., general machinery, etc., 156 ; J. L. Criswell, galvanized iron cornice, 66 ; The Toledo Bolt and Nut Co., bolts and nuts, 152 ; Diamond Planing Mill Co., sash, doors, etc., 59 ; William Peter, sash, doors, etc., 250 ; Grasser & Brand Brewing Co., lager beer, 40 ; H. B. Milmine & Co., foundry work, 105 ; George W. Thomas & Co., wheelbarrows, 37 ; Herbert Baker, foundry work, etc., 68 ; The C. H. Schroeder Co., sash, doors, etc., 82 ; N. Houghton Foundry and Machine Co., 33 ; Toledo Brewing and Malting Co., lager beer, 60 ; Union Manufacturing Co., sewing machines, etc., 186 ; B. A. Stevens, refrigerators, etc., 79 ; John S. Eck & Co., sash, doors, etc., 42 ; E. P. Breckenridge, tin packages, 110 ; Toledo Knitting Co., knit goods, 96 ; Toledo Tinware Co., tinware, 35 ; Buckeye Brewing Co., lager beer, 54 ; A. Black & Co., cloaks, 160 ; Toledo Moulding Co., picture frames, etc., 220 ; Glendon Iron Wheel Co., children's carriages, 213 ; C. Z. Kroh & Co., carriages, etc., 42 ; Toledo Cot and Wringer Manufacturing Co., cots, wringers, etc., 66 ; Smith Bridge Co., 90 ; Consolidated Rolling Stock Co., railroad cars, 71 ; Great Western Pin Co., pins, 41 ; LaDue & Moorman, oars, sculls, etc., 72 ; Chase, Isherwood & Co., tobacco, 50 ; Amos Bonner Co., brushes, 95 ; Toledo Bending Co., carriage woodwork, 75 ; Northwestern Elevator and Mill Co., flour, etc., 54 ; Finlay

Brewing Co., lager beer, 85; Milburn Wagon Co., carriages, etc., 632; Toledo Overall Co., pants and overalls, 72; Mitchell & Rowland Lumber Co., planing mill, 365; Wabash Railroad Shops, railroad repairs, 300; Jewel Manufacturing Co., sewing machines, etc., 93; Toledo Window Glass Co., window glass, 81; W. L. Libbey & Son Co., glassware, 165; Maumee Rolling Mill Co., rolling mill, 260.

Population in 1880, 50,137. School census, 1888, 24,413; H. W. Compton, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$15,517,600. Value of annual product, \$23,018,800.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887*. Census of 1890, 81,434.

Toledo has 134 daily passenger trains; yearly receipts of grain, 45,000,000 bushels; ditto, of lumber and staves, 459,000,000 feet; ditto, of coal, 2,500,000 tons; ditto, of iron ore, 250,000 tons, and the city has 750 manufacturing establishments.

MISCELLANIES (*Historical, Biographical, etc.*).



PETER NAVARRE.

in this region about 8,000 Ottawas, living chiefly by fishing and hunting. Of these, the remnant, made up largely of vagabonds, were removed to the West in 1837.

No name is more prominent among the early settlers of the Maumee valley than is that of PETER NAVARRE. He was said to be a grandson of a French army officer, who visited this section in 1745. Peter was born at Detroit in 1785, where his father before him was born. In 1807, with his brother Robert, he erected a cabin near the mouth of the Maumee (east side), which continued to be his residence while he lived. Besides

The first known white settlers of the Maumee valley were Gabriel Godfrey and John Baptiste Beaugrand, who established a trading post at the foot of the Maumee Rapids about 1790. Other French settlers came, including La Point, Momenee and Peltier. James Carlin, a blacksmith, and his son, Squire Carlin (now of Hancock county), came from Monroe about 1807. At that time six American families were there. David Hull, a nephew of a scout of General Harrison, General Isaac Hull, resided at Maumee. Near the mouth of the Maumee river, and opposite Manhattan, a small French settlement was established about 1807. It was near to a village of Ottawa Indians, which is said to have existed from the time of the Pontiac conspiracy (1763), and the widow of Pontiac, with her son (Kan-tuck-ee-gun), and his son (Otussa), were yet there. Mesh-keema, a cousin of Otussa, was a chief of the west side of the river, where he was prominent as an orator. A-bee-wa, a young chief, was poisoned, and died while young. At this time there were

Canadian French he could speak the Pottawatomie Indian dialect, and partially those of other tribes. In woodcraft and Indian methods he was very skilful, while his bearing was ever that of a "born gentleman." For several years he was employed by a Detroit house in buying furs of the Miamis near Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he made the acquaintance and friendship of chief Little Turtle. The war of 1812-15 closed the fur

trade, when Peter and his three brothers—Robert, Alexis and Jaquot (James)—tendered their services to General Hull. He also besought General Hull to accept the services of the Miamis, which were declined, and they afterwards took part with the British. Before seeing active service, the Navarres were included in the surrender of General Hull, and paroled, although they denied the right to treat him as a prisoner of war, and at once took an active part for the United States; whereupon General Proctor, the British commander, offered a reward of \$1,000 for Peter's head or scalp.

Until the close of the war he acted as scout for General Harrison. He used to say that the worst night he ever spent was as bearer of a despatch from General Harrison, then at

Fort Meigs, to Fort Stephenson (now Fremont). Amid a thunderstorm of great fury and fall of water, he made the trip of over thirty miles through the unbroken wilderness, and the morning following delivered to General Harrison a reply. Because his name was not on an enlistment roll, the law provided no pension for his great service, but by special act of Congress his last days were made more comfortable by pecuniary relief. At the close of the war he returned to his home, near the mouth of the Maumee river, where he spent the balance of his life, dying in East Toledo, March 20, 1874, in his eighth-ninth year. For several years previous to his death he served as President of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association.

The foregoing sketch of Peter Navarre is from Clark Waggoner's History of Toledo and Lucas County. Col. D. W. Howard (see vol. 1, page 662) has given us the following sketch of another interesting character in the person of Uncle Pete Manor.

UNCLE PETE MANOR was one of the last representatives of his class, the French trader, now only found in the northern and northwestern wilds of Upper Canada. When quite a young man he entered the employ of the Northwestern Fur Company, then carrying on the fur trade with the Indian tribes of the Northwest. This trade was a very laborious and to some extent a dangerous one, and none were employed but the most robust and intelligent of their class. Goods were transported by bark canoes and on the backs of men for hundreds of miles, and in the winter season on snow-shoes, over fields of ice and snow, to the far regions of the Lake of the Woods and Hudson's bay.

Mr. Manor served several years in this lucrative trade, but left it about the breaking out of the war of 1812, came to the Maumee, opened a trading-house and commenced the fur trade with the tribes in this region, consisting of Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Shawnees, Delawares and Miamies.

I simply desire to give in this sketch the character of this good and brave man—for he was both good and brave. His trading-house was located under the hill on the Maumee just east of the Claffin Paper Mill in Maumee City, and immediately on the trail travelled by the Indians when passing up and down the river.

During the early days of the war of 1812 Uncle Peter proved his bravery and his kindness to his fellow-men. There were a number of white families settled on the south side of the river, near Fort Meigs, the Spaffords, Capt. Pratt and his family, Wilkinson and some others, who had not heeded the warning of Uncle Peter to take their families to a place of safety, for the Indians were many of them friendly to the British, and it was only a question of time when they would strike the white settlers. Finally, one evening, just at dark, an Indian scout, a friend

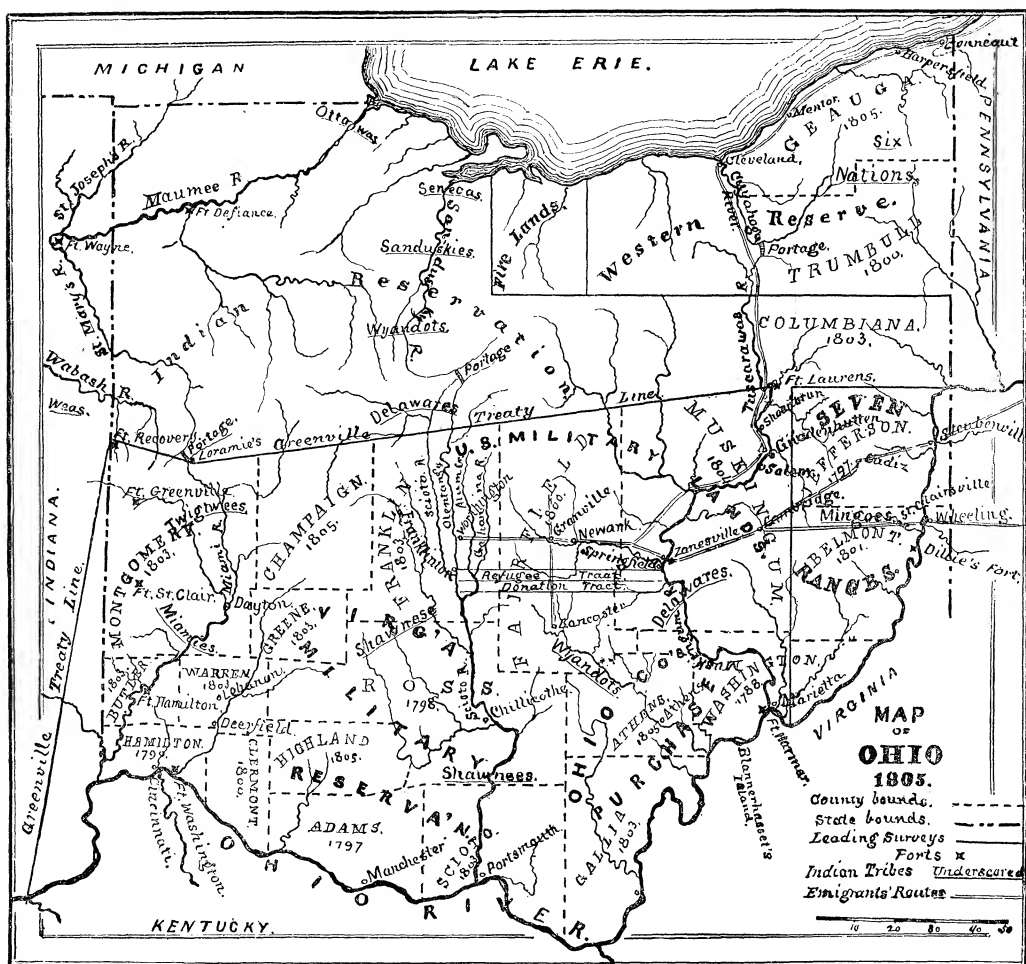
of Manor, made his appearance at the cabin of Uncle Peter, and after feasting on Uncle Peter's venison and hominy, and smoking his tobacco, told him in an Indian's quiet way, that in four days 1,000 Pottawattamies would be there to scalp the pale-faces, and would come to see him, but, as he was the Indian's friend and had been made a chief and adopted into the tribe, that he and his family would be safe.

Uncle Peter had been looking for this news for some time, and as soon as the Indian scout had rolled himself in his blanket and gone to sleep, he crossed the river in the dark, and notified the white settlers to leave that night, for the Indians would surely come.

But after all he could urge of the necessity of leaving at once they did not go. On the morning of the fourth day, at daylight, the friendly scout made his reappearance at the cabin of Manor, and told him that the Indians would be there at ten o'clock, pointing to the place where the sun would be at that hour. Manor was anxious, knowing that all would be massacred that could be found when the Indians should arrive. He urged his wife to feed the scout bountifully, while he made an excuse to the Indian and hurriedly crossed the river, arousing his still sleeping neighbors, many of whom were women and children, who joined Manor in entreaties to fly at once.

They succeeded in getting started a little after sunrise, their route running through the Black Swamp in the direction of Fort Findlay and passing through a small prairie, where Manor and others had been cutting hay.

The chiefs at once demanded to know where the white men were, and were told that they had been gone several days. A chief drew his tomahawk and demanded of Manor to tell the truth or he should die. Manor knew the Indian well and knew that



Constructed by Rev. Henry Bushnell, A. M., for his *History of Granville*.

he did not jest, and if they found out that the whites had just gone he would not be spared. His situation was critical in the extreme, for the Indian scouts just come in from the south side of the river had seen the fresh tracks of the cattle and wagons of the flying refugees. As quick as thought Manor pointed to the fresh-mown hay in his stack, and said that the tracks they saw were those of his men drawing hay, and after consulting with the scouts this explanation seemed to satisfy the chiefs, who did not follow the helpless families, but contented themselves with feasting on beef and green corn. They killed the cattle and destroyed the crops of Manor, as well as those of the other settlers, and burned most of the houses, plundered his store and took his ponies; in fact, plundered and destroyed everything within reach, but did not molest Manor or his family.

After the war closed a petition was signed by all who had lost property by this raid, and the Government paid them for their losses. Strange as it may seem, after risking his life and the loss of all his property to save them, Mr. Manor was not requested to sign the petition for redress, and, in fact, knew nothing of it until long after (as I have heard him relate the circumstances many times), and he never received one cent for all his risk and loss.

The Indians, more generous than the whites, gave Uncle Peter a section and a half (nine hundred and sixty acres) of land for his many kindnesses to them. This grant was located at the head of the Rapids, most of which was very fine land; it also covered a splendid and valuable water-power, which is now well improved.

Mr. Manor laid out the village of Providence, and it was at one time, during the flourishing days of the canal, a lively business place, but the decline of the canal destroyed its business. Fire and the cholera of 1850-52 destroyed the town and its inhabitants, and to-day there is but one house, the old brick residence of Uncle Peter, standing to mark the spot of this once flourishing village.

Uncle Peter lies buried on the farm, taking

his last long sleep in the bosom of this historic soil. I shall ever remember the kind-hearted Frenchman for his universal deeds of kindness to our family and the settlers in the dark days of the early pioneers. His wife was equally noble and generous with himself, and was a great help to the women of the pioneers. She, too, has been dead many years.

Uncle Peter and his good wife left quite a large family, the eldest, Frank Manor, now living on the old grant at the Rapids; John J. Manor, in the city of Toledo; the daughter in Defiance; one son, Joseph, a farmer in Indiana, near Fort Wayne; and two sons in California, Alexander and Louis, Alexander being a large wheat farmer of that State.

LEGEND OF ROCHE DE BŒUF.

The following legend of the Roche de Bœuf, was told by Peter Manor, the celebrated Indian scout and guide. Evidences of its truth are found in the many relics and skeletons found in this vicinity:

"At the time when the plum, thorn-apple and wild grape were the only products, and long prior to the advent of the pale-faces, the Ottawas were camped here, engaged in their games and pastimes, as was usual when not clad in war-paint and on the lookout for an enemy. One of the young tribe, engaged in playing on Roche de Bœuf (Rock in the River), fell over the precipice and was instantly killed. The dusky husband, on his return from the council fires, on being informed of the fate of his prospective successor, at once sent the mother in search of her papoose, by pushing her over the rocky sides into the shallow waters of the Maumee. Her next-of-kin, according to Indian law, executed the murdering husband, and was in turn executed in the same manner, until the frantic passions were checked by the arrival of the principal chiefs of the tribe. This sudden outburst cost the tribe nearly two-thirds of its members, whose bodies were taken from the river and buried with full Indian honors the next day."

THE GREAT DROUTH OF 1838.

One of the greatest drouths in the history of the State was that which occurred in the summer of 1838, in that area south of the lake bounded by the rivers Raisin and Huron. No rain fell from May until the middle of October; disease was never so prevalent as during that year and the mortality was very great. Some peculiar natural phenomena occurred which have been recorded by Dr. Daniel Drake.

"All the smaller streams throughout the whole region were exhausted and their beds became dusty. Wild animals of every kind found in that region collected on the banks of the larger rivers, and even approached the towns. Deer and raccoons were numerous between Toledo and Maumee City; quails passed over the town plat; and frogs of the shallow and sedgy waters of the old bed of Swan creek, now dried up, migrated in countless numbers through the streets of Toledo to the Maumee river. The wet prairies of the interior were dried, and the grass of the dried ones withered; the marshes and pools of the post-tertiary

uplands, even those of the Black Swamp, from the Maumee to the Sandusky river, were evaporated, their bottoms cracked open from the shrinking, the leaves of many of the trees growing in them perished, and, in some instances, the trees themselves were killed."

PIONEER RAILROAD OF THE WEST.

In the winter of 1832-33 Dr. Samuel O. Comstock projected the "Pioneer Railroad of the West," viz.: the Erie & Kalamazoo. The charter was granted by the State of Michigan "on the ground that it was a mere fanciful object, out of which could come no harm, and it would greatly please the Comstocks of Toledo." The company was organized in 1835, and the next year the road was built to Adrian, Edw. Bissell, of Toledo, and George Crane, of Adrian, being the most active agents in locating and constructing the road. The original plan was to use oak rails four inches square and draw the cars by horses, but before the road was completed it was decided to lay "strap-rail" and use steam-power. The "strap-rails" were iron five-eighths of an inch thick and two-and-a-half inches wide, fastened to the wooden rail with spikes.

The road opened for business in the Fall of 1836 with horse-power. The passenger rate from Toledo to Adrian (thirty-three miles) was \$1.50, with fifty pounds of baggage allowed. Freight charges were fifty cents per hundred and a trip and a half was made every twenty-four hours. In June, 1837, the first locomotive was put on the route, and the following October a contract was made with the United States Government for carrying the mails. The rate of speed at this time was less than ten miles per hour, but it was confidently stated that a speed of twenty miles per hour could be attained. This same year "the accommodations of the road were increased by the arrival of a new passenger car of pretty, though singular and fanciful model." It was called the "Pleasure Car."

The "Pleasure Car" shown in the picture was about the size of a street railway car of the present day. When full it held twenty-four passengers, eight in each compartment. The lower middle door opened from a place for stowing baggage.

The original projectors of the road had an experience not unknown at the present day, for, after fighting great obstacles and placing the road in good running condition, they were levied upon by the sheriff in June, 1842, and the road subsequently became a part of the Michigan Southern system.

VALUE OF OHIO RAILROADS.

The history of transportation in Ohio is marked by three eras: the first, that of the stage-coach and freight-wagon; the second, the canal; the third, the railroad. The opening of the canals at once brought a wonderful improvement in the material progress of the State. The introduction of railroads was more gradual, but vastly more important in its effects.

The first railroad chartered and constructed in the State of Ohio was the Mad River & Lake Erie (Sandusky to Dayton). Its charter was granted in 1832, and the road opened to Bellevue (16 miles) in 1839; and through to Dayton in 1844.

The first road constructed in Ohio was the Erie and Kalamazoo, under a charter from the State of Michigan, and opened from Toledo to Adrian, Mich., in 1836.

Since then the railroad system of Ohio has developed until, in 1889, there is within the State a total of 10,144 miles of track, valued at \$101,273,801.

As an illustration of the far-reaching beneficial results accruing from railroads, we quote from an excellent address on the "History of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway," which was delivered in 1887 before the Civil Engineers' Club of Cleveland.

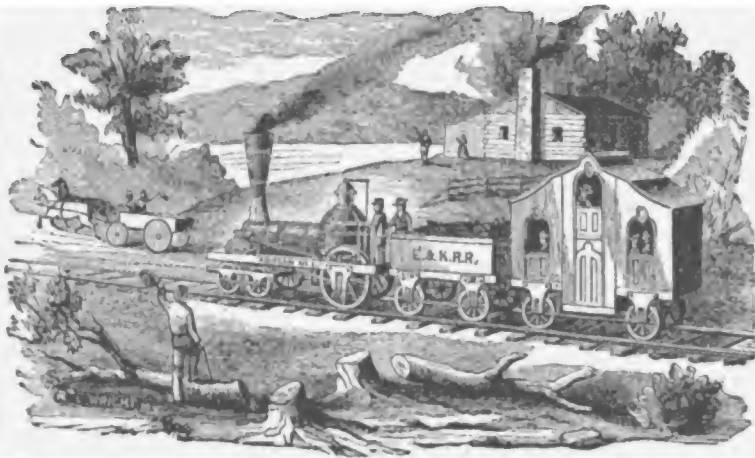
Mr. C. P. Leland, the author of the address, is the Auditor of the L. S. & M. S. R. R., and during the thirty years he has been connected with this road has given much study and research to the history of the development of railroads in this country. He says:

"When next you hire an express-wagon to haul a load of stuff a mile, paying therefor a dollar, which is cheap enough, just remember this fact, that the average pay received by this road in 1886 for transporting one hundred tons one mile (about six large car-loads) was sixty-four cents. Small as this was, it was nine cents more than the average of 1885.

"What was the result of this slight improvement which hurt nobody? It was the signal of the dawn of better times, after the long night of depression, and, instantly, fires were started in idle rolling mills, locomotive and car works, and every industry in this great land, even gas and oil and real estate booms, felt the improvement in the trade barometer. This little improvement gave the long-suffering four thousand stockholders of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. a little dividend of two per cent., or a million dollars, to be poured into the arteries of trade.

"As this road operates only a little more than one per cent. of the railroad mileage of the United States, I leave it to your imagination to estimate the aggregate benefit of a little more pay for this mighty torrent of freight. . . .

"There are on the pay-rolls of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. the names of 10,400



THE PIONEER RAILROAD OF THE WEST

men, among whom were distributed \$510,000 in March. Then there is another large army of men working for the company indirectly—making steel rails, building locomotives and cars, mining the 1,250 tons of coal consumed every day, and manufacturing the many supplies used. It is safe to say that one-tenth of the large population of the United States gain a livelihood by working for railroads, either directly or indirectly.

"The introduction of the Bessemer steel rails brought about a great reduction in the rates for freight; the rate for 1887 being but thirty per cent. of the rate for 1886, and every dollar of this benefit has been enjoyed by the consumer and not by the railroads.

"The L. S. & M. S. R. R. earned in 1886 \$15,859,455, and it has averaged for seventeen years \$16,006,161 per annum. Now, it is my opinion, after considerable thought and research, that the aggregate earnings of all the craft trading upon this great chain of lakes, from the St. Lawrence to the heads of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, never in the most prosperous year enjoyed earned ten million dollars, which is considerably less than this road earned from freight alone in 1866, even at the low rates I have given."

MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The Soldiers' Memorial Association was organized in 1879, for the purpose of securing the erection of some suitable memorial to the memory of the soldiers who lost their lives in the Civil War.

It was resolved to erect a building, the first of its kind in the country, to be



TOLEDO SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL BUILDING.

not only a beautiful memorial to the honored dead, but of material benefit to the city.

The corner-stone of the building was laid with Masonic ceremonies on July 4, 1883. The means necessary for the construction of the building were largely voluntary contributions from the citizens of Toledo, but there not being a sufficient amount raised to properly complete the work, it was turned over to the city in June, 1884, and city bonds issued to the sum of \$30,000 to provide for its completion.

The building was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies on Washinton's Birthday (February 22), 1886. At the close of the ceremonies it was dedicated by Mayor Forbes, in the following words: "On behalf of the citizens of Toledo, I hereby dedicate this building to the honor of the soldiers and sailors of Lucas county in the late war, and in memory of those who gave up their lives in the maintenance of our country, and to be the home of the military of our city forever. And may the God of battles smile auspiciously upon this memento of patriotism and loyalty."

Memorial Hall is situated on the corner of Adams and Ontario streets, in the heart of the city. It is constructed of brick with Berea stone trimmings. Internally the building is arranged to meet the requirements of a Memorial Hall and military establishment. The basement is set apart for artillery and infantry companies. On the upper floors are the headquarters of the Memorial Association, the Library, Memorial and Memorial Annex Halls; also, on the third story, a large Military Hall, 64 by 103 feet, with reception-rooms and side-rooms for companies. This room is the largest and finest assembly and drill hall in the State.

The cost of the building complete, exclusive of site, was \$65,000.

MORRISON REMICK WAITE was born in Lyme, Conn., November 29, 1816, and died in Washington, D. C., March 23, 1888. He was descended from a long line of eminent jurists; his Pilgrim ancestor was a son of one of the judges who condemned King Charles I. His father was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Morrison R. gradu-

ated at Yale in 1837, a classmate of William M. Evarts and Samuel J. Tilden. He first studied law in his father's office, but emigrated to Maumee City, Ohio, in 1839; was admitted to the bar and formed a partnership with Samuel M. Young. In 1849-50 he was a member of the Legislature. In 1850 he removed to Toledo, and three years later the

firm of Young & Waite was dissolved, and Mr. Waite formed a partnership with his younger brother Richard.

His studious habits, sincere love for his profession, legal acumen, upright character and quiet, unostentatious manner, won for him a leading position at the Ohio bar. His assertions on questions of law were said to be indisputable. Before the days of the Republican party he was a Whig, but on the organization of the former he became a staunch Republican and remained one through life. After his defeat in 1862 as Representative for Congress, he would not accept candidacy for office, although repeatedly offered State and Federal positions.

The first position in which his abilities attracted the attention of the whole country, was that of counsel for the United States in the tribunal of arbitration which met at Geneva in 1871-72. He was associated in the matter with Caleb Cushing and William M. Evarts, and their skill terminated the difficulty arising out of the civil war between the United States and the United Kingdom.

In 1874, while presiding over the Ohio Constitutional Convention, he was nominated to the high office of Chief Justice of the United States. A telegram was brought to Rufus King, a member of the convention, who arose and read the announcement of Mr. Waite's appointment, whereupon the convention burst into vociferous applause. The nomination was unanimously confirmed, and on March 4, 1874, Justice Waite took the oath of office and at once entered upon its duties.

This nomination was brought about on the occasion of President Grant's visit to Toledo, when Mr. Waite made the address of welcome to Grant. This address was so full of good sense, and so free from adulation, that Grant was delighted with it. He had been pleased with Waite's action at Geneva, and he knew Waite to be a man of the utmost probity and no political aspirations. He extended his inquiries, and concluded that he was the man to be appointed Chief Justice of the United States, and sent in his name to the Senate. Waite accepted it, and the country gained by his act.

The most important of Justice Waite's decisions were in the civil rights cases, 1878; polygamy cases, 1879; the constitutional amendments, 1880, and three decisions in 1881. These were—one regarding the power of removal by the President, one on polygamy cases, and one on the Virginia bond case. In 1883 two important decisions were given, covering the civil rights act. In 1884 came the decision in the Alabama claims, the legal tender act, and the Virginia claim cases. The decision in the noted Chicago anarchist case attracted considerable attention from the interest attaching to their execution. The last of Justice Waite's most important decisions was in the Bell telephone case.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Yale and by Kenyon in 1874, and by Ohio University in 1879. "Appleton's Cy-

clopædia of American Biography" describes his person as follows: "Chief Justice Waite was of medium height, broad-shouldered, compactly built and erect. His step was light and firm, and all his movements were quick and decisive. His well-poised, classically shaped head was massive and thickly covered with handsome grayish hair. His manners were graceful and winning, but unassuming. He was one of the most genial of men, and his whole bearing commanded instant respect. His private character was singularly pure and noble. Judge Waite was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church and a regular attendant on its services."

JAMES BARRETT STEEDMAN was born of Scotch descent in Northumberland county, Pa., July 29, 1817, and died at Toledo, Ohio, October 18, 1883. At the age of fifteen he entered the printing office of the *Lewisburg Democrat*. A few years later he came West and acquired control of the *Northwestern Democrat*, at Napoleon, Ohio. He also engaged in contract work, and gave proofs of great executive ability in the construction, in connection with General Gibson, of the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad. In 1847-48 he was a member of the Ohio Legislature. In 1849 he was one of the "argonauts of '49" going to California, but returned to Ohio shortly after.

In 1857 he was Public Printer under Buchanan's administration, and in 1860 was a delegate to the Charleston National Democratic Convention.

At the outbreak of the war he became colonel of the Fourth Ohio Regiment. He was promoted brigadier-general, July 17, 1862, for valuable services at Perryville. In July, 1863, he was given command of the First Division of the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland. For his services at the battle of Chickamauga he was promoted major-general, July 24, 1864. The following account of these services is quoted from the *Toledo Blade*:

"But it was at the battle of Chickamauga that General Steedman's true character as a general and a commander shines out. His division was posted at 'Red House bridge,' over the Chickamauga river, and he was ordered to 'hold it at all hazards.' The battle commenced; he knew there was no enemy in front; he also knew that Thomas was hard pressed. Longstreet's corps, from Richmond, had reinforced Bragg's army, and early on that Sunday morning in September the battle was renewed with fierce and relentless ardor. The right and left of the Union forces were both broken and flying from the field. Rosecrans had given up all hope of reorganizing the disordered forces. Gen. Thomas and his brave Fourteenth corps, though driven from the position they occupied early in the morning, had rallied and stood like a wall of fire repelling assault after assault of the whole rebel line. But they were worn by the force of superior numbers and their ammunition was almost exhausted. To this field

Steedman marched his men by the sound of cannon and no other guide. He came just in time to turn a defeat into a glorious victory. The news that Steedman had come to the rescue inspired the worn-out, half-dispirited veterans with fresh ardor and courage.

"It was at a critical moment in this engagement that Steedman ordered his men to advance in the teeth of a tempest of bullets. His men hesitated. Up he rode to the color-sergeant and, grasping the flag, shouted, 'Go back if you like, boys, but the colors can't go back with you.' Onward he spurred his horse into the thickest of the fight. The column at once closed up, grew firm, and the soldiers charged with a hearty cheer, sweeping everything before them.

"Then and there the soldier boys gave him the title of 'Old Chickamauga.' His conduct called forth the warmest admiration and eulogy, and led to his promotion to the rank of major-general.

"General Steedman took active and prominent part in the campaign of Atlanta, and when Sherman started out on the 'march to the sea,' Steedman was left in command of the 'district of Etowah.' At the battle of Nashville General Steedman displayed his usual dash and vigor. On the next day he aided General Woods in storming Overton Hill."

He resigned from the army July 19, 1866, after serving as provisional governor of Georgia, and was appointed collector of internal revenue at New Orleans. Later he returned to Ohio and was elected to the State Senate in 1879. He was elected chief of police in Toledo in May, 1883; was editor and owner of the Toledo *Democrat*.

A fine monument to his memory was unveiled in Toledo May 26, 1887—a gift to the city from his life-long friend, Colonel William J. Finlay.

The credit for ordering General Steedman's movement at Chickamauga is sometimes given to General Gordon Granger; but undoubted testimony proves that to General Steedman, and to him alone, does this honor belong.

General H. V. Boynton, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, written at the time of the unveiling of the Steedman monument, said:

"Every soldier who knew General Steedman, whether present or absent, will unite with those at Toledo who are to do suitable honor to his memory. No better soldier went into the field. No city in the land has more reason to be proud of the valorous deeds which any one of their citizens performed under the flag. Others rose to higher rank, and, in the ordinary sense, achieved greater renown; but within the limits which were given him to serve, none was more active, none more alert, none more daring, none more successful, none more worthy of remembrance for soldierly bearing and for soldierly deeds, than he.

"It was worth a lifetime of the ordinary

emotions of these quiet days to see him at the head of his troops in action. No one ever saw him elsewhere when they were engaged. In energetic action and reckless daring he was the John Logan of the Ohio troops."

A few years after the close of the war General DePeyster asked General Thomas, "Who was the best division commander you had under you, most trustworthy, most efficient?" Thomas answered, "Steedman."

Besides General Steedman, Toledo furnished a number of most efficient officers for the Union cause. Prominent among these are General JOHN W. FULLER, who was born in England, came to this country when five years of age, and during the war gave such valuable service that at its close he had attained the rank of brevet major-general, well earned by very gallant service. From 1874 to 1878 he served as Collector of Customs at Toledo. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD enlisted as a private the day after President Lincoln's call for volunteers. His faithful service brought repeated promotion, until, at the close of the war, he was mustered out with rank of brigadier-general. A notice of his talented wife, Kate B. Sherwood, will be found in the chapter of the county of her birth, Mahoning. CHARLES W. HILL rendered valuable service early in the war in West Virginia, and, as adjutant-general under Governor Tod, most efficiently organized Ohio's volunteer forces. Through injustice on the part of General McClellan he did not receive, until 1865, his well-deserved promotion of major-general. CHARLES L. YOUNG was said to have been the youngest man in the Union army in command of a regiment. He was a very gallant officer. At Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, in response to a call for volunteers, these three only answered, viz., General J. H. Hobart Ward, Assistant Inspector-General Young, and Assistant Adjutant-General Ayres (of General Mott's staff), and galloped upon the breastworks at the "bloody angle." Generals Ward and Young returned; Ayres fell, riddled with bullets. His wife, Mrs. Young, has been actively engaged in various benevolent and charitable works.

JESSE WAKEMAN SCOTT was born in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1789, and died at Toledo in 1874. He was the earliest journalist of this region. In 1833, while engaged in the practice of the law, he started the pioneer paper of the Maumee valley—the *Miami of the Lake*, that then being the appellation of the Maumee river. In 1844 he first made Toledo his residence, and for years edited the *Toledo Blade*. As early as 1828, while living in the South, he formed his views upon the ultimate results of population and trade in respect to interior cities, and especially his belief that the future great city of the world would be found, not on the seaboard, but in the interior. This belief led him to emigrate, and finally to settle in Toledo, which he felt was to be the Great City of the Future. And this conviction he promulgated through life, thereby attracting wide-spread notice from



JAS. B. STEEDMAN,
General U. S. V.



MORRISON R. WAITE,
Chief Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

the boldness of his statement and the ability with which he presented facts in its support. In his day, Mr. Scott was a great power in all



J. W. SCOTT.

matters appertaining to the public welfare. He supplied some original material for the first edition of this work. His son, Frank J. Scott, is a literary gentleman, a resident of Toledo. He is the author of an elegantly illustrated work, published by the Appletons, on the art of beautifying suburban homes.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE was born in Vestal, N. Y., September 20, 1833, and died in Toledo, February 15, 1888. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the Cortland *Democrat*. As a travelling journeyman printer he drifted from point to point. From 1852 to 1860, he was connected, either as reporter, editor or publisher, with the Plymouth *Advertiser*, Bucyrus *Journal*, Mansfield *Herald*, Bellefontaine *Republican* and Findlay *Jeffersonian*. It was while editor of the latter that he commenced the development of the character of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby," a whiskey-drinking, illiterate Kentucky politician who wanted to be postmaster, and desired the perpetuation of slavery. The first letter appeared in the *Jeffersonian*,

April 21, 1861; later they were continued in the *Toledo Blade*, of which Mr. Locke became proprietor and editor.

These political satires sprang at once into tremendous popularity. They were copied into newspapers everywhere, quoted in speeches, read around camp-fires of Union armies and exercised an enormous influence in holding public opinion in the north in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Secretary Boutwell declared in a speech at Cooper Union, New York, at the close of the war, that the success of the Union arms was due to three causes—"the army, the navy and the Nasby letters."

Among other publications of Mr. Locke are "Ekkoes from Kentucky," "About Ben Adhem," "Struggles of P. V. Nasby," "Swingin' Round the Circle," "A Paper City," and "Nasby in Exile," the latter written during an extended trip in Europe.

JAMES MONROE ASHLEY was born in Pennsylvania, November 14, 1824; entered the drug business in Toledo in 1851, but was burned out in 1857, without insurance. He had studied law and been admitted to the bar, and in 1856 was a delegate to the National Republican Convention which nominated Fremont. Turning his attention to politics, he was for five successive terms elected to Congress, serving from 1859 to 1869. He was an active supporter of Lincoln's administration, strongly opposed to slavery and early in proposing reconstruction measures.

In 1869 he was appointed by President Grant Governor of Montana Territory. Later, he returned to Toledo, where he practised law. He achieved a reputation as a fine public speaker and politician.

CLARK WAGGONER, journalist and historian, was born in Milan in 1820; was educated at what Dr. Franklin termed the "Poor Boy's College," the printing-office, and as a trophy of his life-work shows fifty bound volumes of newspapers of which he was publisher and editor. They cover an aggregate of thirty-five years, and include twelve years of weekly and twenty-three years of daily journals: among them are the *Blade* and the *Commercial*. In the administration of Mr. Hayes he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for this district. Through his efforts largely, and against strong opposition, the public schools of Toledo were opened to colored children. Mr. Waggoner's last achievement is a history of Toledo and Lucas county, a work of immense labor, wherein is embraced much valuable historic material that otherwise would have been lost.

SYLVANIA is ten miles northwest of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Population, 1880, 523. School census, 1888, 138.

WHITEHOUSE is seventeen miles southwest of Toledo, on the W., St. L. & P. R. R. Population, 1880, 554. School census, 1888, 158.

RICHARD MOTT was born of Quaker parentage at Mamaroneck, N. Y., in July, 1804, and died in Toledo, O., January 22, 1888.

At sixteen he began school teaching to put himself through college, but failed in this, and in 1824 accepted a clerkship in the Bank

of New York. In 1836 he removed to Toledo, where he engaged in the commission and grain business until 1860. He built the first grain warehouse in Toledo. He had charge of the large landed interests of Gov. Washington Hunt and the Hicks family; was president from March, 1838, to April, 1839, of the pioneer railroad of the West (Eric and Kalamazoo). In 1844 he was elected Mayor of Toledo and re-elected in 1846; was a member of Congress for two terms, from 1854 to 1858, when he declined a renomination and retired from active participation in politics.

His inclinations were for literary pursuits. He was a man of high intellectual attainments and averse to active participation in political and official life. Until 1848 he was in sympathy with the principles of the Democratic party, but his strong Anti-Slavery sentiments carried him into the Free-Soil party, in which he became an active worker.

His pronounced views and unwavering allegiance to the Anti-Slavery cause led to his being classed by Southern slave-holders with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greeley and other Abolitionists by placing a price on his life.

In early life he began to take an interest in the Woman's Rights reform movement, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the illustrious wife of his elder brother, found in him a hopeful and encouraging coadjutor. In 1869, on the formation in Toledo of an association for the political enfranchisement of women, Mr. Mott tendered the association a permanent home in his Fort Industry Block.

Mr. Mott had been so largely identified with the social, moral, educational and humanitarian interests of Toledo that his name and labors have been important factors in almost every enterprise that in a long term of years have inured to the welfare and progress of his fellow-citizens. At the time of his decease he was probably the most venerated character of the Maumee valley.

JOHN S. KOUNTZ was born in Richfield Centre, Lucas county, O., March 25, 1846. At fifteen and a half years of age he enlisted as a drummer-boy in the 37th O. V. I. In the army he showed great courage; in one instance, at the imminent risk of his own life, he rescued from drowning a soldier who had broken through the ice of the Kanawha river. He took part in a number of battles. In the charge at Mission Ridge he was hit in the thigh by an English explosive ball, rendering necessary amputation of the limb.

When at Mission Ridge the order came to charge the enemy's works the boy, Kountz, threw away his drum, and seizing a musket from one of the slain, charged with the men and fell under the enemy's works. This incident furnished the subject of a descriptive poem from Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, entitled "The Drummer-boy of Mission Ridge," of which we annex two verses:

He pressed to the front our lad so leal and
the works were almost won;

A moment more, and our flags had swung
o'er muzzle of murderous gun;
But a raking fire had swept the van, and he
fell 'mid the wounded and the slain,
With his wee wan face turned up to Him
who feeleth His children's pain.

O glory of Mission Ridge! stream on like
the roseate light of morn,
On the sons that now are living, on the sons
that are yet unborn!
And cheers for our comrades living, and
tears as they pass away,—
And three times three for the Drummer-boy,
who fought at the front that day!

At the age of twenty-five he was elected county treasurer, and later recorder. Retiring from political life in 1877, he entered the fire insurance and real estate business.

He has ardently devoted himself to the interests of the Grand Army of the Republic,



JOHN S. KOUNTZ,
The Drummer-Boy of Mission Ridge.

occupying various positions with such marked efficiency that in July, 1884, he was chosen its Commander-in-Chief, being the *only private soldier* who has been called to that eminent position.

He was one of the originators of the Soldiers' Memorial Building in Toledo, and has occupied many positions of trust.

Of Gen. Kountz it has been justly said: "He is a man of fine natural abilities, energetic and industrious, and most faithful in the discharge of any duty assigned to him. In his Grand Army work he has few equals and no superiors. It was his work as Commander of the Department of Ohio that gave the organization its great impetus in this State, and started it on its upward march to become the banner department of the order. As Commander-in-Chief his work was equally as great."

MADISON.

MADISON COUNTY was organized in March, 1810, and named from James Madison, the fourth President of the United States. The soil is clayey, and the surface level. Almost one-third of the surface is prairie land. It is largely a stock-raising county.

Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 106,169; in pasture, 97,489; woodland, 19,118; produced in wheat, 429,299 bushels; rye, 2,763; buckwheat, 755; oats, 103,205; barley, 720; corn, 2,288,745; broom corn, 34,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 20,910 tons; clover hay, 3,083; potatoes, 19,544 bushels; butter, 377,235 lbs.; cheese, 600; sorghum, 474 gallons; maple sugar, 300 lbs.; honey, 3,752 lbs.; eggs, 460,915 dozen; grapes, 18,100 lbs.; wine, 50 gallons; apples, 3,565 bushels; peaches, 334; pears, 383; wool, 362,386 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,540; stallions, 108. School census, 1888, 6,046; teachers, 169. Miles of railroad track, 53.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Canaan,	607	896	Paint,		1,429
Darby,	466	1,126	Pike,	529	548
Deer Creek,	345	910	Pleasant,	936	1,433
Fairfield,	505	1,653	Range,	820	1,884
Jefferson,		2,301	Somerford,	761	958
Monroe,	385	650	Stokes,	770	1,285
Oak Run,		613	Union,	1,350	4,443

Population of Madison in 1820 was 4,799; 1830, 6,191; 1840, 9,025; 1860, 13,015; 1880, 20,129, of whom 16,398 were born in Ohio; 754, Virginia; 397, Pennsylvania; 273, Kentucky; 196, New York; 90, Indiana; 917, Ireland; 195, German Empire; 103, England and Wales; 37, British America; 11, Scotland; 7, France. Census of 1890, 20,057.

This county is a high table land between the Miami and Scioto rivers. The railroad surveys show London to be 389 feet higher than Columbus. Early in the century about half the surface was covered with water. Ponds were numerous, the resort of cranes, ducks and other water-fowl. The land was then considered worthless; by cleaning and draining it has become highly valuable.

About half the county is clay soil. Sheep, swine and bulls are largely raised. Formerly the farms were very large, going sometimes into thousands of acres. By deaths and the subsequent divisions of estates they are rapidly diminishing. The larger farms are generally sub-let to tenants, largely Irish, who are generally thrifty.

Deer Creek, in this county, was so called by the Indians, because of the many deer that used to frequent it to eat the moss that grew plentifully upon its banks. It was considered by the Indians the best hunting-ground for deer in this whole region of country.

The first court in this county was held in a cabin, Judge Thompson, of Chillicothe, presiding. The grand jury retired to deliberate to an oak and hazel thicket that stood near. The principal business, for the first year or two, was to try men for fighting.

London in 1846.—London, the county-seat, is twenty-five miles westerly from Columbus. It was laid off in 1810 or '11, as seat of justice, by Patrick McLene, by order of the commissioners; and by the autumn of 1812 had six or eight

families. The view shows on the left the court house, and in the distance the academy. London contains 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church, a classical academy, 1 newspaper printing office, 8 stores, and by the census of 1840 its population was 297.—*Old Edition.*

LONDON, county-seat of Madison, twenty-five miles west of Columbus, and ninety-five miles northeast of Cincinnati, is on the P. C. & St. L. and I. B. & W. Railroads. The county is a rich agricultural district, and London is a wheat-shipping centre and famous for its cattle sales.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William C. Ward; Clerk, M. Francler Dunn; Commissioners, William E. Beals, Alfred C. Willett, John P. Bowers; Coroner, Daniel T. Fox; Infirmary Directors, Patrick McGuire, James C. Peck, Valentine Wilson, Jr.; Probate Judge, Oliver P. Crabb; Prosecuting Attorney, Corwin Locke; Recorder, Samuel Trumper; Sheriff, John T. Vent; Surveyor, William Reeder; Treasurer, William M. Jones. *City Officers*, 1888: Geo. H. Hamilton, Mayor; W. M. Ferguson, Clerk; Charles Maguire, Marshal; John E. Lotspiech, Chief Fire Department. *Newspapers*: *Enterprise*, Republican, John Wallace, editor; *Madison County Democrat*, Democratic, M. L. Bryan, editor and publisher; *Times*, Republican, Carson & Gunsaulus, editors and publishers; *Vigilant*, Prohibitionist, F. A. Taylor, editor. *Churches*: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Episcopal and 1 Lutheran. *Banks*: Central, Thos. J. Stutson, president, William Farrar, cashier; London Exchange, Robert Boyd, president, A. C. Watson, cashier; Madison National, Stephen Watson, president, B. F. Clark, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—G. W. Shank, handles, 32 hands; J. B. Vanwagner, grain elevator, 3; F. Placier, flour and feed, 5; Wm. M. Jones & Sons, carriages and buggies, 12; William Holland, carriages and buggies, 17; E. R. Florence, washing machines, etc., 7; E. J. Gould, doors, sash, etc., 6.—*State Report*, 1888. Population in 1880, 3,067. School census, 1888, 1,048; school superintendent, J. W. MacKinnon. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$49,000. Census, 1890, 3,292.

THE LONDON LIVE-STOCK SALES.

BY HON. JOHN R. LOCKE.

The live-stock sales at London, Madison county, Ohio, have justly obtained a wide distinction throughout the Central and Western States among cattle and horse-dealers. For many years prior to 1856 Madison county had been especially a grazing country, where large herds of cattle were raised and shipped to the Eastern markets. There were many large farms, and all their owners were engaged, more or less, in raising, buying and selling cattle. Early in the year 1856 a few of the leading cattle-dealers met in London for the purpose of arranging for monthly sales to occur in London, where buyers and sellers could more conveniently be brought together, and purchases and sales be more easily effected. It was agreed to hold the first sale on the first Tuesday in March, 1856, and thereafter on the first Tuesday of each and every month.

The first sale was accordingly held on the first Tuesday of March, 1856, and they have continued as regularly as the first Tuesday of the month came, from that day until the present, a period of over thirty years. But four sales have been missed—the July sale, 1863, when the “fall of Vicksburg” was celebrated; the October sale, 1863, being election day, and a very exciting one, being in the celebrated Vallandigham campaign; the July sale, 1865, being the Fourth of July, in celebration of the “downfall of the rebellion,” and the September sale, 1868, on account of the “cattle plague.” The sales were begun without organization, and have continued to run without organization or officers ever since. They have been controlled by no ring, and in no interests but the interests of buyers and purchasers alike.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN LONDON.

The Court-House is shown on the left, and the Academy on the right in the distance.



O. C. Hale, Photo., London, 1887.

VIEW IN LONDON.

The Court-House is on the left, on the site of that above.

The method of their operations is simple. On the day before the sale, and often on the day of the sale, various droves of cattle may be seen coming on the several roads to London. Those brought the day before are kept in lots and fed over night, ready for the sale the next day. About 10 o'clock of the day of sale from two to three thousand people have assembled on the streets to witness the sales, see each other and transact business, and do trading which has been put off until "Salesday." This crowd is unusually orderly, and is about the same every salesday, regardless of the weather or other events. The public square near the Court-house is the market place. A drove of cattle is driven into the square, and the auctioneer announces the number, age and weight of the cattle, and bidding begins and continues until they are sold to the highest bidder at so much per head.

The cattle are then driven out, delivered to the buyer by the seller, and another drove is sold in the same way. Often three or four droves are being sold at the same time, and the hue and cry of the noisy auctioneers is strange and amusing to one unfamiliar with it.

The chief auctioneer is John C. Bridgman, a man with a strong frame, loud voice, a good judge of cattle and a keen trader, and who, because of his especial qualifications and large experience, is without doubt the best auctioneer of live-stock in the whole country. He has been constantly at the business for over a quarter of a century, and has sold under the hammer at public auction more cattle than any other man living or dead.

These sales have been remarkably successful, and have become an established and permanent institution peculiar to Madison county. Attempts have been made to imitate them in various parts of the State and the West, but without success, except in Paris, Ky., where there exists its only rival. The chief causes of their success are not attributable to any particular efforts of men, or a set of men, but to the fortunate situation and favorable conditions of Madison county for the establishment and growth of this institution, so especially its own. Madison county lies in the centre of the great blue-grass region of Ohio. This favorite and celebrated territory includes about half of the counties adjoining, and on the dividing ridge between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers.

Its soil is particularly well adapted for the production of the rich and nutritious blue-grass so necessary in producing the very best quality of live-stock of all kinds. Its farms are mostly unusually large, affording an extensive range for herds of cattle. Most of our farmers keep a few cattle, and many of them keep very large herds. There are over two hundred farms in the county containing from four hundred to four thousand acres. There are two or three sections or neighborhoods in the county containing from twenty to thirty thousand acres in one body owned by ten or twelve men.

Cattle brought to this market can always find a buyer who is prepared to buy a herd and turn them at once to graze upon his pastures. In counties where the farms are small the farmer is not prepared to accommodate but a few cattle. This is one reason of success here. Cattle are regularly brought here from all parts of the State, and frequently from Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and other States. They find ready purchasers at the highest market price. The cattle consist mostly of one, two and three-year-old steers, sometimes a few heifers, but never any fat or shipping cattle. These stock cattle are purchased by the large grazers, turned upon their pastures, fattened and shipped to New York, Boston and Liverpool. The cattle sold at these sales by no means represent the amount or number of cattle sold in the county. The fat cattle sold and shipped from here annually equal, if not exceed in value, those sold at the monthly sales.

The number of cattle sales and the amount of the annual sales have been gradually on the increase, until within the last few years, when the cattle trade has been dull throughout the country.

The following table shows the number of cattle sold each year, and the amount

of sales each year, for the last thirty years, ending March, 1886. There are only nine sales in 1856 and six in 1886 reported and included in this table :

Year.	No. of stock sold.	Amount of sales.	Year.	No. of stock sold.	Amount of sales.
1856.....	993	\$ 31,762.50	1873.....	5,886	\$292,640.22
1857.....	4,704	105,753.68	1874.....	5,016	215,895.54
1858.....	3,109	61,335.44	1875.....	5,997	266,482.52
1859.....	3,684	94,648.96	1876.....	3,121	128,861.22
1860.....	3,644	92,549.54	1877.....	6,350	279,690.13
1861.....	2,591	47,292.81	1878.....	6,282	239,664.33
1862.....	3,429	58,886.57	1879.....	7,344	243,563.56
1863.....	2,943	51,013.51	1880.....	6,391	247,657.37
1864.....	1,720	53,146.77	1881.....	6,812	315,707.26
1865.....	2,052	81,446.41	1882.....	7,259	341,582.96
1866.....	2,793	147,439.48	1883.....	5,354	279,123.99
1867.....	3,586	175,080.34	1884.....	4,299	208,010.77
1868.....	5,514	229,467.00	1885.....	3,644	178,094.14
1869.....	5,930	328,994.15	1886.....	2,400	111,374.54
1870.....	5,480	300,962.94			
1871.....	5,734	189,255.60			
1872.....	11,145	425,506.90	30 years.....	145,416	\$5,813,902.25

The following table shows the number of different kinds of stock sold during the thirty years, and the average price per head :

Number.	Kind of stock.	Average price per head.
240.....	Four-year-olds.....	\$ 64.53
29,460.....	Three-year-olds.....	49.04
57,441.....	Two-year-olds.....	39.20
32,414.....	One-year-olds.....	25.33
1,428.....	Two-year heifers.....	27.38
1,893.....	One-year heifers.....	21.12
2,404.....	Calves.....	14.92
1,734.....	Dry and fat cows.....	32.93
1,087.....	Milch cows.....	36.69
103.....	Bulls.....	47.21
1,248.....	Yokes of oxen.....	134.54
130,452.....	Total cattle.....	
7,717.....	Sheep.....	3.12
417.....	Mules.....	87.51
6,830.....	Horses.....	118.73
145,416		

During the early years of sales almost all kinds of live-stock were sold, but now there are chiefly only cattle and horses. Mules were sold at almost every sale until after the war, since which but few are ever offered in the market. Sheep were also sold until 1868, since which time none have been offered.

During the first ten years of the sales but few horses are reported as sold, but since the war the sale of horses has been largely on the increase, and prices are better. This is undoubtedly owing to the fact that a demand for larger draft horses for use in the East has made their production more general. Several car-loads of horses are sold and shipped from here each sale-day.

John M. Roberts has reported these sales for the *Democrat* for many years, and it is from his reports that the report herein given is compiled. In years to come these reports will be valuable in enabling a correct history of this institution to be written.

There is no indication that the sales will cease, nor is there any good reason why they should. They have accomplished well the purpose intended, and have reflected great credit upon Madison county, and all feel a just pride in them.

On my original tour there was then living on the Big Darby, in Canaan township, JONATHAN ALDER, who, when a boy in the Revolutionary war, was taken captive by the Indians and lived with them many years. He had dictated to his son Henry the history of his captivity. It comprised about one hundred MSS. pages, and I copied from it all that was of value.

Jonathan Alder died three years later. He looked like an Indian, and though

not rich he lived in comfort and was much respected. His name appears among the first juries of Madison county, and his neighbors said he was a very kindly man, "honest as the sun."

We are indebted to Dr. J. N. Beach, of West Jefferson, who saw him when he was a child of five years, for the following facts, after which comes our original account :

Jonathan Alder is buried at Foster Chapel cemetery, Jefferson township, Madison county, four miles north of the village of West Jefferson. His grave is marked by a plain slab, four and a half by two feet in size, on which is the inscription as given below.

His cabin stands one mile north of the cemetery, opposite the residence of his grandson, Seth Alder, in the southwest angle formed by the crossing of the east pike by the Lucas pike. An addition, larger than the original cabin, has been built on the east side. This cabin was first built about two hundred yards east of its present location, or a little east of the present family residence. It was removed to its present location by a son of Mr. Alder and the addition made for residence purposes. I think there is no doubt but that the west half of the present structure located in the angle of the roads is the original Alder cabin, and presents much the same appearance as when it stood farther east when first built.

During his residence with the Indians, he spent one winter in a cabin on the east bank of Darby creek, just opposite where he is buried, on the farm now owned by Knowlton Bailey. While here he became disabled in some way in one of his feet, entirely incapacitating him from hunting, the only means he had for subsistence, and in consequence was reduced to almost a starving condition. Fortunately, however, two Indian boys happened to stumble upon his camp just at a time when the question of food was becoming a serious one, and more fortunately the cry of a deer being torn by the wolves was just then heard. The boys sprang out to take a hand in the struggle, but Mr. Alder said, "Boys, wait until the deer quits crying and then we will be sure of some venison." The deer became quiet, when the boys went out and, driving off the wolves, soon returned with the carcass.

JONATHAN ALDER.	
BORN	
Sept. 17, 1773,	
Taken by the INDIANS, 1781 ;	
Returned to his Mother in 1805.	
DIED	
Jan. 30, 1849,	
AGED	
About 76 years.	

INSCRIPTION ON THE GRAVE OF JONATHAN
ALDER.

CAPTIVITY AND LIFE OF JONATHAN ALDER AMONG THE INDIANS.

Jonathan Alder was born in New Jersey, about eight miles from Philadelphia, September 17, 1773. When at about the age of seven years his parents removed to Wythe county, Va., and his father soon after died.

In the succeeding March (1782), while out with his brother David, hunting for a mare and her colt, he was taken prisoner by a small party of Indians. His brother, on the first alarm, ran, and was pursued by some of the party. "At length," says Alder, "I saw them returning, leading my brother, while one was holding the handle of a spear, that he had thrown at him and run into his body. As they approached, one of them stepped up and grasped him around the body, while another pulled out the spear. I observed some flesh on the end of it, which looked white, which I supposed came from his entrails. I moved to him and inquired if he was hurt, and he replied that he was. These were the last words that passed between us. At that moment he turned pale and began to sink, and I was hurried on, and shortly after saw one of the barbarous wretches coming up with the scalp of my brother in his hand, shaking off the blood."

The Indians also having taken a prisoner, a Mrs. Martin, a neighbor to the Alders, with her young child, aged about four or five years, retreated towards their towns. Their route lay through the woods to the Big Sandy, down that stream to the Ohio, which they crossed, and from thence went overland to the Scioto, near Chillicothe, and so on to a Mingo village on Mad river.

Finding the child of Mrs. Martin burdensome, they soon killed and scalped it. The last member of her family was now destroyed, and she screamed in agony of grief. Upon this one of the Indians caught her by her hair, and drawing the edge of his knife across her forehead, cried, "sculp! sculp!" with the hope of stilling her cries. But, indifferent to life, she continued her screams, when they procured some switches and whipped her until she was silent. The next day, young Alder having not risen, through fatigue, from eating, at the moment the word was given, saw, as his face was to the north, the shadow of a man's arm with an uplifted tomahawk. He turned, and there stood an Indian, ready for the fatal blow. Upon this, he let down his arm and commenced feeling of his head. He afterwards told Alder it had been his intention to have killed him; but, as he turned he looked so smiling and pleasant that he could not strike, and on feeling of his head and noticing that his hair was very black, the thought struck him, that if he could only get him to his tribe he would make a good Indian; but that all that saved his life was the color of his hair.

After they crossed the Ohio they killed a bear, and remained four days to dry the meat for packing, and to fry out the oil, which last they put in the intestines, having first turned and cleaned them.

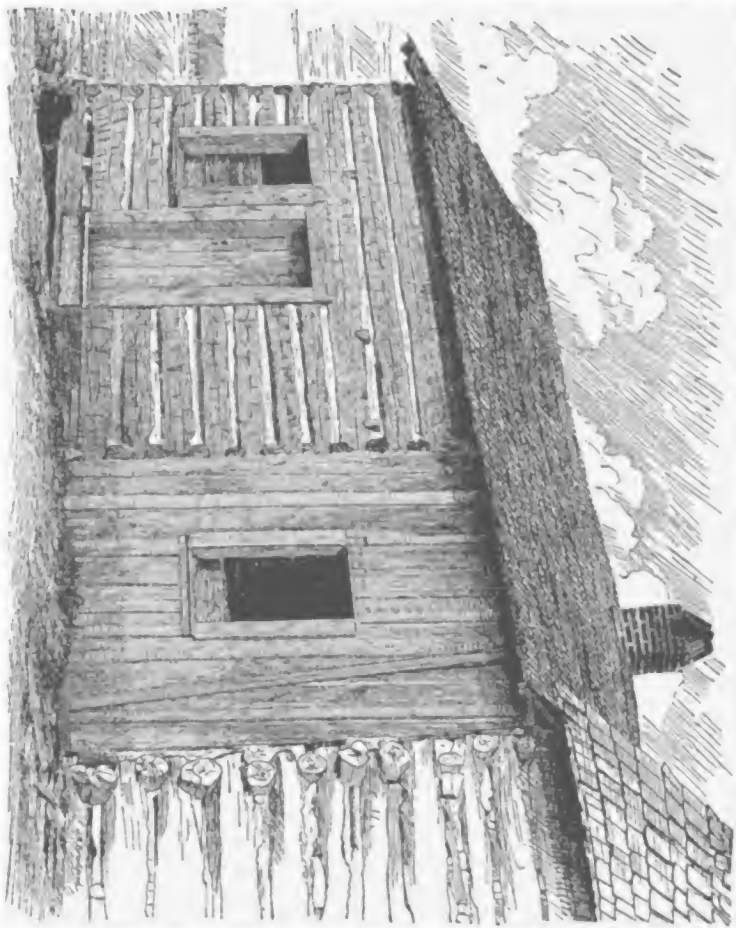
The village to which Alder was taken belonged to the Mingo tribe, and was on the north side of Mad river, which we should judge was somewhere within or near the limits of what is now Logan county. As he entered he was obliged to run the gauntlet, formed by young children armed with switches. He passed through this ordeal with little or no injury, and was adopted into an Indian family. His Indian mother thoroughly washed him with soap and warm water with herbs in it, previous to dressing him in the Indian costume, consisting of a calico shirt, breech-clout, leggings and moccasins. The family having thus converted him into an Indian, were much pleased with their new member. But Jonathan was at first very homesick, thinking of his mother and brothers. Everything was strange about him; he was unable to speak a word of their language; their food disagreed with him; and, childlike, he used to go out daily for more than a month, and sit under a large walnut tree near the village, and cry for hours at a time over his deplorable situation. His Indian father was a chief of the Mingo tribe, named Succohanos; his Indian mother was named Whinecheoh, and their daughters respectively answered to the good old Eng-

lish names of Mary, Hannah and Sally. Succohanos and Whinecheo were old people, and had lost a son, in whose place they had adopted Jonathan. They took pity on the little fellow, and did their best to comfort him, telling him that he would one day be restored to his mother and brothers. He says of them, "They could not have used their own son better, for which they shall always be held in most grateful remembrance by me." His Indian sister, Sally, however, treated him "like a slave," and when out of humor, applied to him, in the Indian tongue, the unladylike epithet of "onorary [mean], lousy prisoner!" Jonathan for a time lived with Mary, who had become the wife of the chief, Col. Lewis (see Logan County). "In the fall of the year," says he, "the Indians would generally collect at our camp, evenings, to talk over their hunting expeditions. I would sit up to listen to their stories, and frequently fell asleep just where I was sitting. After they left, Mary would fix my bed, and, with Col. Lewis, would carefully take me up and carry me to it. On these occasions they would often say—supposing me to be asleep—'Poor fellow! we have sat up too long for him, and he has fallen asleep on the cold ground;' and then how softly would they lay me down and cover me up! Oh! never have I, nor can I, express the affection I had for these two persons."

Jonathan, with other boys, went into Mad river to bathe, and on one occasion came near drowning. He was taken out senseless, and some time elapsed ere he recovered. He says, "I remember, after I got over my strangle, I became very sleepy, and I thought I could draw my breath as well as ever. Being overcome with drowsiness, I laid down to sleep, which was the last I remember. The act of drowning is nothing, but the coming to life is distressing. The boys, after they had brought me to, gave me a silver buckle as an inducement not to tell the old folks of the occurrence, for fear they would not let me come with them again; and so the affair was kept secret."

When Alder had learned to speak the Indian language he became more contented. He says: "I would have lived very happy, if I could have had health; but for three or four years I was subject to very severe attacks of fever and ague. Their diet went very hard with me for a long time. Their chief living was meat and hominy; but we rarely had bread, and very little salt, which was extremely scarce and dear, as well as milk and butter. Honey and sugar were plentiful, and used a great deal in their cooking, as well as on their food."

When he was old enough he was given an old English musket, and told that he must go out and learn to hunt. So he used to follow along the water-courses, where mud turtles were plenty, and commenced his first essay upon them. He generally aimed under them, as they lay basking on the rocks; and when he struck the stones, they flew sometimes several feet in the air, which afforded



O. C. Hall, Photo., London, 1887.

CABIN OF JONATHAN ALDER.

Alder was taken captive in youth by the Indians and lived with them many years.

great sport for the youthful marksman. Occasionally he killed a wild turkey, or a raccoon; and when he returned to the village

with his game generally received high praise for his skill—the Indians telling him he would make “a great hunter one of these days.”

We cannot, within our assigned limits, give all of the incidents and anecdotes related by Alder, or anything like a connected history of his life among the Indians. In the June after he was taken occurred Crawford's defeat. He describes the anxiety of the squaws while the men were gone to the battle, and their joy on their returning with scalps and other trophies of the victory. He defends Simon Girty from the charge of being the instigator of the burning of Crawford, and states that he could not have saved his life because he had no influence in the Delaware tribe, whose prisoner Crawford was. Alder was dwelling at the Mackachack towns (see Logan County) when they were destroyed by Logan in 1786; was in the attack on Fort Recovery in 1794 (see Mercer County), and went on an expedition into “Kaintucky to steal horses” from the settlers.

Alder remained with the Indians until after Wayne's treaty, in 1795. He was urged by them to be present on the occasion, to obtain a reservation of land, which was to be given to each of the prisoners; but, ignorant of its importance, he neglected going, and lost the land. Peace having been restored, Alder says, “I could now lie down without fear, and rise up and shake hands with both the Indian and the white man.”

The summer after the treaty, while living on Big Darby, Lucas Sullivant (see p. 610) made his appearance in that region, surveying land, and soon became on terms of intimacy with Alder, who related to him a history of his life, and generously gave him the piece of land on which he dwelt; but there being some little difficulty about the title, Alder did not contest, and so lost it.

When the settlers first made their appearance on the Darby, Alder could scarcely speak a word of English. He was then about 24 years of age, fifteen of which he had passed with the Indians. Two of the settlers kindly taught him to converse in English. He had taken up with a squaw for a wife some time previous, and now began to farm like the whites. He kept hogs, cows and horses; sold milk and butter to the Indians, horses and pork to the whites, and accumulated property. He soon was able to hire white laborers, and being dissatisfied with his squaw—a cross, peevish woman—wished to put her aside, get a wife from among the settlers, and live like them. Thoughts, too, of his mother and brothers, began to obtrude, and the more he reflected, his desire strengthened to know if they were living, and to see them once more. He made inquiries for them, but was at a loss to know how to begin, being ignorant of the name of even the State in which they were. When talking one day with John Moore, a companion of his, the latter questioned him where he was from. Alder replied that he was taken prisoner somewhere near a place called Greenbriar, and that his people lived by a lead mine, to which he frequently used to go to see the hands dig ore. Moore then asked him if he could recollect the names of any of his neigh-

bors. After a little reflection he replied, “Yes! a family of Gulions that lived close by us.” Upon this, Moore dropped his head, as if lost in thought, and muttered to himself, “Gulion! Gulion!” and then raising up, replied, “My father and myself were out in that country, and we stopped at their house over one night, and if your people are living I can find them.”

Mr. Moore after this went to Wythe county and inquired for the family of Alder; but without success, as they had removed from their former residence. He put up advertisements in various places, stating the facts, and where Alder was to be found, and then returned. Alder now abandoned all hopes of finding his family, supposing them to be dead. Some time after he and Moore were at Franklinton, where he was informed that there was a letter for him in the postoffice. It was from his brother Paul, stating that one of the advertisements was put up within six miles of him, and that he got it the next day. It contained the joyful news that his mother and brothers were alive.

Alder, in making preparations to start for Virginia, agreed to separate from his Indian wife, divide the property equally, and take and leave her with her own people at Sandusky. But some difficulty occurred in satisfying her. He gave her all the cows, fourteen in number, worth \$20 each, seven horses and much other property, reserving to himself only two horses and the swine. Besides these was a small box, about six inches long, four inches wide and four deep, filled with silver, amounting probably to about \$200, which he intended to take, to make an equal division. But to this she objected, saying the box was hers before marriage, and she would not only have it, but all it contained. Alder says, “I saw I could not get it without making a fuss, and probably having a fight, and told her that if she would promise never to trouble nor come back to me, she might have it; to which she agreed.”

Moore accompanied him to his brother's house, as he was unaccustomed to travel among the whites. They arrived there on horseback at noon, the Sunday after New

Year's. They walked up to the house and requested to have their horses fed, and pretending they were entire strangers, inquired who lived there. "I had concluded," said Alder, "not to make myself known for some time, and eyed my brother very close, but did not recollect his features. I had always thought I should have recognized my mother by a mole on her face. In the corner sat an old lady who I supposed was her, although I could not tell, for when I was taken by the Indians her head was as black as a crow, and now it was almost perfectly white. Two young women were present, who eyed me very close, and I heard one of them whisper to the other, 'He looks very much like Mark' (my brother). I saw they were about to discover me, and accordingly turned my chair around to my brother, and said, 'You say your name is Alder?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'my name is Paul Alder.' 'Well,' I rejoined, 'my name is Alder too.' Now it is hardly necessary to describe our feelings at that time; but they were very different from those I had when I was taken prisoner, and saw the Indian coming with my brother's scalp in his hand, shaking off the blood.

"When I told my brother that my name was Alder, he rose to shake hands with me, so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter a word, and my old mother ran, threw her arms

around me, while tears rolled down her cheeks. The first words she spoke, after she grasped me in her arms, were, 'How you have grown!' and then she told me of a dream she had. Says she, 'I dreamed that you had come to see me, and that you was a little *onorary* [mean] looking fellow, and I would not own you for my son; but now I find I was mistaken, that it is entirely the reverse, and I am proud to own you for my son.' I told her I could remind her of a few circumstances that she would recollect, that took place before I was made captive. I then related various things, among which was that the negroes, on passing our house on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday with their wives, would beg pumpkins of her, and get her to roast them for them against their return on Monday morning. She recollected these circumstances, and said she had now no doubt of my being her son. We passed the balance of the day in agreeable conversation, and I related to them the history of my captivity, my fears and doubts, of my grief and misery the first year after I was taken. My brothers at this time were all married, and Mark and John had moved from there. They were sent for and came to see me; but my half-brother John had moved so far that I never got to see him at all."

This county was first settled by the whites in 1796. In the fall of 1795 Benjamin Springer came from Kentucky, selected some land about a mile north of Amity, on the west bank of Big Darby, which stream was named by the Indians from a Wyandot chief named Darby, who for a long time resided upon it, near the line of this and Union counties. Springer having made a clearing and built a cabin, moved his family to the place in the spring of 1796. The next year William Lapin, Joshua and James Ewing, settled in the same neighborhood. The last-named is now living.

Springer settled near Alder, and taught him the English language, which much endeared the latter to him. He reciprocated this benefit, by not only supplying him with meat, but others of the early settlers, who, had it not been for him, would have been in danger of starvation. He also, on different occasions, saved some of the settlers from being killed by the Indians.

In 1800 Mr. Joshua Ewing brought four sheep to his place, which were strange animals to the Indians. One day an Indian was passing by, when the dog of the latter caught one of the sheep, and Ewing shot him. The Indian would have shot Ewing in retaliation, had not Alder, who was present, with much difficulty prevailed upon him to refrain.

On the outbreak of hostilities in 1812 the Indian chiefs held a council and sent a deputation to Alder, to learn which side to espouse, saying that the British wished them to go and fight for them, holding out the promise that in such case they would support their families. He advised them to remain at first neutral, and told them they need not be afraid of the Americans harming their women and children. They followed Alder's advice, for a while remained neutral, and eventually became warm friends of the Americans.

PLAIN CITY is eighteen miles northeast of London, at the Union county line, and on the C. St. L. & P. R. R. It is the main business point for the rich farms on Darby plains. Newspaper: *Dealer*, Independent, J. H. Zimmerman, editor, C. W. Horn, proprietor. Churches: one Methodist, one Presbyterian, and one

Universalist. Banks: Farmers', Z. T. Lewis, president, C. F. Morgan, cashier; Plain City, Alvah Smith, president, C. B. Smith, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—W. I. Ballinger & Sons, flour, etc., 5 hands; Andrew & Koehler, grain elevator, 4; E. H. Dry, carriages and buggies, 6; Barlow, Kent & Co., furniture, 32; McCune & Beard, lumber, etc., 7; Beach & Dominy, flooring, siding, etc., 4; K. L. Wood, wrapping paper, 23.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 665. School census, 1888, 294. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$68,000. Value of annual product, \$137,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

WEST JEFFERSON is ten miles northeast of London, and fourteen miles west of Columbus, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Bank: Commercial, Gregg & Collier, J. B. Hill, cashier. Population, 1880, 720. School census 1888, 253. At an early day a block-house was built on the east bank of the Little Darby, about twenty rods south of where the national road crosses the creek, near the village.

MOUNT STERLING is fifteen miles southeast of London, on the C. & C. M. R. R. Newspaper: *Tribune*, Independent, J. W. Hanawalt, editor and publisher. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist, and one Christian. Bank: Farmers', William McCafferty, president, J. G. Loufbourrow, cashier. Population, 1880, 482. School census, 1888, 244; L. W. Sheppard, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$80,300. Value of annual product, \$150,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

MIDWAY is eleven miles south of London. Postoffice is Sedalia. Population, 1880, 284. School census, 1888, 128.

SOMERFORD is five miles northeast of London. Population, 1880, 323.

SOUTH SOLON is eighteen miles southwest of London, on the O. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Standard*, Independent, J. C. Morrow, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 262.

MAHONING.

MAHONING COUNTY was formed from Trumbull and Columbia, March 1, 1846. It derived its name from Mahoning river. The name Mahoning is, according to Heckwelder, derived from either the Indian word *Mahoni*, signifying "a lick," or *Mahonink*, "at the lick." The surface is rolling and the soil finely adapted to wheat and corn. Large quantities of the finer qualities of wool are raised. The valley of the Mahoning abounds in excellent bituminous coal, which is well adapted to the smelting of iron ore. There are fifteen townships in the county; the five southernmost, viz., Smith, Goshen, Green, Beaver and Springfield, originally formed part of Columbiana, and the others the southern part of Trumbull, the last of which are within the Western Reserve. Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 105,207; in pasture, 70,454; woodland, 33,881; lying waste, 2,076; produced in wheat, 181,007 bushels; rye, 3,359; buckwheat, 995; oats, 501,949; barley, 1,489; corn, 469,737; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 36,623 tons; clover hay, 9,610; flax, 51,600 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 95,773 bushels; tobacco, 100 lbs.; butter, 695,277; cheese, 79,450; sorghum, 637 gallons; maple syrup, 33,942; honey, 19,649 lbs.; eggs, 371,039 dozen; grapes, 20,265 lbs.; wine, 267 gallons; apples, 188,271 bushels; peaches, 16,413; pears, 3,335; wool, 251,921 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,521.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.*

Coal mined in this county, 231,035 tons, employing 496 miners and 71 outside employees; iron ore, 13,779; fire clay, 400 tons; limestone, 53,627 tons burned for fluxing, 14,000 cubic feet of dimension stone.—*Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.*

School census, 1888, 16,908; teachers, 336; miles of railroad track, 168.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Austintown,	1,245	2,502	Green,	3,212	1,794
Beaver,	1,973	2,150	Jackson,	1,124	948
Berlin,	1,284	862	Milton,	1,277	688
Boardman,	933	906	Poland,	1,561	2,512
Canfield,	1,280	1,528	Smith,	2,029	1,941
Coitsville,	1,016	1,231	Springfield,	1,994	2,474
Ellsworth,	988	715	Youngstown,	999	15,435
Goshen,	1,397	1,445			

Population of Mahoning in 1840, 21,712; 1860, 25,894; 1880, 42,871; of whom 26,672 were born in Ohio; 5,418, Pennsylvania; 593, New York; 311, Virginia; 93, Indiana; 56, Kentucky; 3,280, England and Wales; 2,494, Ireland; 1,471, German Empire; 705, Scotland; 280, British America; 65, France, and 90 in Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 55,979.

In our original edition we said, "The following sketch from a resident of the county not only describes interesting incidents in the life of one of the first settlers on the Reserve, but gives facts of importance connected with the history of this region."

Col. JAMES HILLMAN, of Youngstown, was one of the pioneers of the West, and rendered essential service to the early settlers of the Western Reserve. He is still living, and at the age of eighty-four enjoys good health and spirits, and walks with as much elasticity of step as most men thirty years younger. He was born in Northampton,

Pa., and in 1784 was a soldier under General Harmar, and was discharged at Fort McIntosh, at Beaver town, on the Ohio in August, 1785, after the treaty with the Indians.

His acquaintance with the country now known as the Western Reserve commenced in the spring of 1786, at which time he entered into the service of Duncan & Wilson,

of Pittsburg. They were engaged in forwarding goods and provisions upon pack-horses across the country to the mouth of the Cuyahoga (now Cleveland), thence to be shipped on the schooner Mackinaw to Detroit. During the summer of 1786 he made six trips—the caravan consisting of ten men and ninety horses. They usually crossed the Big Beaver, four miles below the mouth of the Shenango, thence up the left bank of the Mahoning, crossing it about three miles above the village of Youngstown, thence by way of the Salt Springs, in the township of Weathersfield, through Milton and Ravenna, crossing the Cuyahoga at the mouth of Break-neck, and again at the mouth of Tinker's creek, in Bedford, and thence down the river to its mouth, where they erected a log hut for the safe-keeping of their goods, which was the first house built in Cleveland.

At the mouth of Tinker's creek were a few houses built by the Moravian missionaries. They were then vacant, the Indians having occupied them one year only, previous to their removal to the Tuscarawas river. These and three or four cabins at the Salt Springs were the only buildings erected by the whites between the Ohio river and Lake Erie. Those at the Salt Springs were erected for the accommodation of persons sent there to make salt, and the tenants were dispossessed during the summer of 1785, by order of General Harmar. During this year, 1786, Kribs, who was left in one of the cabins to take care of goods belonging to Duncan & Wilson, was murdered by the Indians, and his body was found by Hillman's party, shockingly mangled by the wolves. During the same season James Morrow and Sam Simerson, returning from Sandusky, were killed by the Indians at Eagle creek, west of Cleveland. Mr. Hillman was married in 1786, and in 1788 settled at Beaver town, where Duncan & Wilson had a store for the purpose of trading with the Indians.

From 1788 to 1796 Mr. Hillman resided in Pittsburg, and traded with the Indians in Ohio, principally on the Reserve, bringing his goods in canoes up the Mahoning. His intercourse with the Indians during these eight years, and before, afforded him the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of their language and gaining their confidence, both of which he obtained, and by means of which he was enabled afterwards to be of great service to the early settlers of the Reserve.

In 1796, when returning from one of his trading expeditions alone in his canoe, down the Mahoning river, he discovered a smoke on the bank near the present site of the village of Youngstown, and on proceeding to the spot he found Mr. Young (the proprietor of the township), who, with Mr. Wolcott, had just arrived to make a survey of his lands. The cargo of Mr. Hillman was not entirely disposed of, there remaining among other things some whisky, the price of which was to the Indians one dollar a quart in the currency of the country—a deerskin being a legal tender for one dollar and a doeskin half

a dollar. Mr. Young proposed purchasing a quart, and having a frolic on its contents during the evening, and insisted upon paying Hillman his customary price for it. Hillman urged that inasmuch as they were strangers in the country, and just arrived upon his territory, civility required him to furnish the means of the entertainment. He, however, yielded to Mr. Young, who immediately took the deerskin he had spread for his bed (the only one he had), and paid for his quart of whisky. His descendants in the State of New York, in relating the hardships of their ancestors, have not forgotten that Judge Young exchanged his *bed* for a quart of whisky.

Mr. Hillman remained with them a few days, when they accompanied him to Beaver town, to celebrate the Fourth of July, and Mr. H. was induced to return and commence the settlement of the town by building a house. This was about the first settlement made on the Western Reserve. In the fall of 1797 Mr. Brown and another person came on. It was during this season that Uriah Holmes of Litchfield county, Conn., and Titus Hayes arrived in Youngstown the same day, both having started from Connecticut on the same day, the one taking the route through the State of New York, via Buffalo, and the other through Pennsylvania.

The settlement of the country proceeded prosperously until the murder of the two Indians, Captain George and Spotted John, at the Salt Springs, by McMahon and Story. This affair had nearly proved fatal to the settlements, and probably would but for the efforts of Mr. Hillman. The next day after the murder, for such it undoubtedly was, Colonel Hillman, with Mr. Young and the late Judge Pease, of Warren, who had just arrived, went to the Salt Springs with a view of pacifying the Indians; but they had gone, not however without having buried the bodies of their murdered companions. Colonel Hillman and others expected trouble, and in order to show the Indians that the whites did not sanction the act, judged it advisable to take McMahon and Story prisoners; which they accordingly did the same day at Warren. Colonel H. had McMahon in custody, but Story, who was guarded by John Lane, escaped during the night. On the next day McMahon was brought to Youngstown, the settlers resolving to send him to Pittsburg, to be kept in confinement until he could be tried.

The affairs of the settlement were at that time in a critical and alarming state, so much so that all of the inhabitants, both of Youngstown and Warren, packed up their goods and were upon the point of removing from the country, as they had every reason to apprehend that the Indians would take speedy vengeance. It was at this juncture that the firmness and good sense of Colonel Hillman was the means of saving the infant settlement from destruction. He advised sending a deputation to the Indians then encamped on the Mahoning, near where Judge Price's

mills now stand, and endeavor to avert the threatened danger. It was an undertaking imminently hazardous. Few men would have dared to go, and it is quite certain no other man in the settlement would have had any chance of success. He was acquainted with their language, and knew their principal men, and was aware that in his trading intercourse with them he had acquired their confidence, and therefore felt no fear. Although urged to do so, he would not take any weapon of defence, but, accompanied by one Randall, started very early the next morning on his hazardous enterprise, and came in sight of the Indians before sunrise. The Indians, seventeen in number, were asleep, each with his gun and powder-horn resting upon a forked stick at his head. Being in advance of Randall he came within three rods of them before he was discovered. A squaw was the only one awake. She immediately gave the alarm, which started every warrior to his feet with gun in hand. But seeing Colonel H. and his companion riding into their encampment without arms, and unsuspecting of treachery or harm, they dropped their guns and immediately gathered around their visitors.

Onondauga George, the principal man or chief, knew Hillman, and the late murder became the subject of a very earnest conversation; the chief exhibiting much feeling while talking about it. Hillman told him frankly the object of his visit, and talked freely of the affair, condemning McMahon and assuring him that McMahon was then on his way to Pittsburg, and should stand a trial for the murder he had committed. Nothing could be done, however, until Capt. Peters should arrive with his braves. They were then encamped farther up the river, near the present site of Deerfield, and were expected to arrive that day, a message having been sent for that purpose.

In the course of the day they came. The countenance of Capt. Peters, as soon as he saw a white man present, scowled with hatred, revenge and defiance. Hillman endeavored to pacify him, but with little effect. During the interview, a conversation was had between Captains George and Peters in the Seneca language, in which Capt. Peters endeavored to persuade the other that they ought to kill Hillman and Randall, and before the whites could unite in defence dispatch them in detail. But Capt. George would not agree to it, unwilling that Hillman, to whom he had conceived a liking, should be killed. It was not known to either that Hillman was acquainted with the Seneca language, in which this conversation was held; he was, however, and it may be conceived with what interest he listened to it. Hillman succeeded after several attempts in drawing Capt. Peters aside, and offered him a considerable sum, if he would go to Cuyahoga on some business for the whites. This *bribe*, it seems, had its desired effect. The Indians retired a short distance and held a consultation, during which Randall became so much alarmed that he

proposed that each should take his horse and endeavor to make his escape. Hillman would not go, but observing that the Indians had left their guns leaning upon two trees near by told Randall to station himself, and if, on their return, one of their number should be painted black (which Hillman knew was their custom when one was to be killed) then each should seize upon the guns and sell his life as dearly as possible.

After a long time, however, they returned; Capt. Peters holding up a wampum belt with three strings, and saying that they had agreed to hold a council with the whites, on condition that *three* things should be done, as their wampum indicated. 1st, that George Foulk should act as interpreter; 2d, that the council should be held within six days; and, 3d, that McMahon should be kept until the council. These things being agreed to, Hillman and Randall returned the same day to Youngstown, where they found all the inhabitants assembled, waiting in anxious suspense to learn the result of the expedition, and every preparation made for a sudden flight, in case it should have proved unsuccessful. Great was their joy on seeing Hillman and his companion arrive in safety, and telling what had been done.

The inhabitants immediately set themselves about making the necessary preparations for the council. On the day appointed, two Indians made their appearance, and were conducted by Mr. Hillman to the place prepared to hold their council. After the ceremony of smoking, commenced the speeches, and it was generally conceded that Capt. Peters had the best of the argument, and throughout the whole of the consultation showed a decided superiority over the whites opposed to him, in adroitness and force of argument, although our people had appointed three of their best men for that purpose (the late Judge Pease, of Warren, and Gov. Huntington being of the number), all of whom had prepared themselves for this encounter with Indian shrewdness. The result of the council was satisfactory to both parties; that McMahon should be tried by a jury of his own color, according to the laws of his own country. There were about three hundred people present at the council, among whom was Mr. Hudson, of Portage county, and Mr. Ely, of Deerfield. Thus was tranquillity restored, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Hillman, a service which was so highly appreciated by Ephraim Root, the agent of the Connecticut Land Company, that he agreed on the part of the company that he would give him one hundred acres of land; the promise, however, was never redeemed.

Soon after, McMahon was sent by order of Gov. St. Clair, under a strong guard, to abide his trial at a special court ordered for that purpose, to be held in Youngstown by the Judges, Return J. Meigs and Benjamin Ives. Gilman, Backus & Tod were attorneys for the people; and Mr. Simple, John S. Edwards and Benjamin Tappan for the pris-

oner. The court was attended by persons from a great distance, and it was generally believed that many had come with a determination to rescue McMahon, in case he should be found guilty. He was, however, acquitted, principally upon the testimony of one Knox, who swore that McMahon *retreated* a step or two before he fired, which probably was not true, and was not believed by those who had visited the spot on the day after the affair. Capt. Peters was upon the bench during the whole trial, and was satisfied that he had received a fair trial, and should, according to the laws of the whites,

have been acquitted. As soon as Knox swore that McMahon *retreated* before he fired, Capt. Peters gave a characteristic "ugh," and whispered to Judge Meigs that the jury would acquit the prisoner.

Thus terminated this critical affair, after which the settlement increased with great rapidity, and Col. Hillman from that time has enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, twice expressed in electing him sheriff, under the territorial government, and in various other ways, and still lives respected and beloved by all.

Youngstown in 1846.—Youngstown is the largest and most flourishing town in Mahoning county, beautifully situated on the north bank of the Mahoning river, sixty-five miles from Pittsburg, Penn., nine miles from Canfield, the seat of justice for the county of Mahoning, fourteen from Warren, the county-seat of Trumbull county, thirty from Ravenna, Portage county, and twenty-seven from New Lisbon, Columbiana county. It contains about 1,200 inhabitants, has 12 mercantile stores, 3 warehouses for receiving and forwarding goods and produce on the canal; 4 churches—1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Protestant Methodist and 1 Disciples. The Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal passes through the village, and the products of the surrounding country are sent here for shipment. Few places in Ohio are more beautifully situated; few have greater facilities for manufacturing, or bid fairer to become places of wealth and importance.

Bituminous coal and iron ore abound in the immediate vicinity of the village and along the line of the canal, adequate, it is believed, to the wants of a large manufacturing place. Several of the coal banks are already opened and successfully and profitably worked. The mines of the Hon. David Tod furnish about one hundred tons of coal per day, and those of Crawford, Camp & Co. about sixty, all of which have hitherto found a ready market at Cleveland for steamboat fuel. It has recently been ascertained that the coal in the valley of the Mahoning is well adapted in its raw state to the smelting of iron ore, and three furnaces similar to the English and Scotch furnaces, each capable of producing from sixty to one hundred tons of pig-metal per week, have been erected in the township, and near to the village. A large rolling-mill has been erected in the village, at which is made the various sizes of bar, rod and hoop iron; also sheet iron, nails and spikes. The "Youngstown Iron Company" and the "Eagle Iron and Steel Company" contemplate the erection of machinery for the purpose of making the T and H rails; and it is more than probable that the various railroads now projected in Ohio and the adjoining States will be supplied with rails from this point. In addition to the above, there is quite a number of small manufacturing establishments for making tin-ware, cloth, axes, wagons, buggies, etc., etc. The amount of capital invested in the manufacturing of iron is probably \$200,000.

The view given was taken from the southeast, a few hundred yards to the left of the road leading to Pittsburg, and near the residence of Mr. Homer Hine, shown on the right. In front appears the canal and Mahoning river: on the left the rolling-mill of the Youngstown Iron Company. In the distance a part of the town is shown; the spires seen are respectively, commencing on the right, those of the Presbyterian, Disciples and Episcopal Methodist churches; near, on the left of the last named, appears the Protestant Methodist church.—*Old Edition.*

YOUNGSTOWN, county-seat of Mahoning, is on the Mahoning river, midway between Pittsburg and Cleveland, sixty-eight miles from each and about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Columbus. It is located in a rich coal and iron region, is a manufacturing and railroad centre, being the first point

west of New York city where the three great Western trunk lines meet, viz. : L. S. & M. S., N. Y. P. & O., and P. Ft. W. & C.; besides these there are the P. P. & F. and P. & L. E.

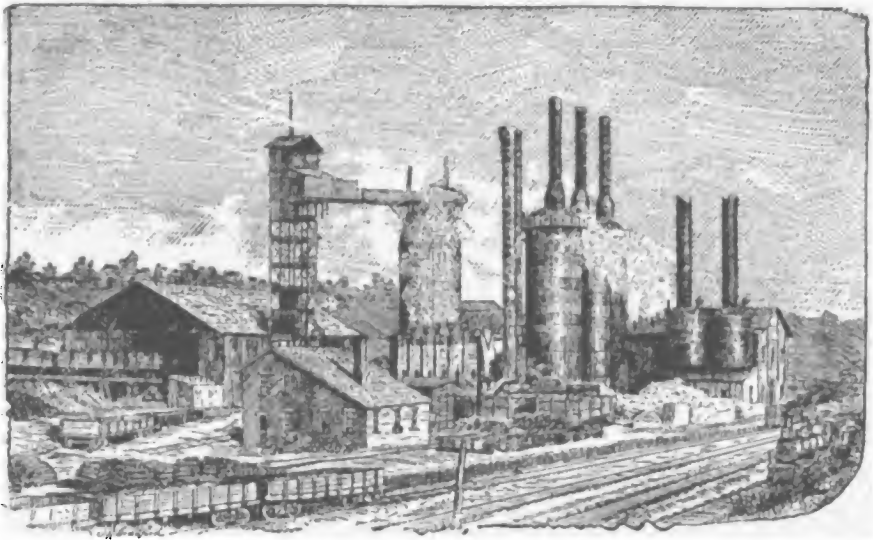
County Officers in 1888: Auditor, Thomas E. Davey; Clerk, Zebulon P. Curry; Commissioners, Frank White, Louis Gluck, David T. Moore; Coroner, C. Carlos Booth; Infirmary Directors, Nelson K. Gunder, Cyrus Rhodes, Obadiah Peters; Probate Judge, Elliott M. Wilson; Prosecuting Attorney, Disney Rogers; Recorder, Abram S. McCurley; Sheriff, Samuel O. Ewing; Surveyor, Edwin D. Haseltine; Treasurers, George W. Caufield, John W. Smith. City Officers in 1888: Sam'l A. Steele, Mayor; Jno. M. Webb, Clerk; Wm. A. McLaine, Solicitor; Wm. A. Williams, Marshal; Jas. M. Reno, Civil Engineer; John Gibson, Street Commissioner; Geo. W. Caufield, Treasurer; Wm. H. Moore, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Telegram*, Republican, Youngstown Printing Co., editors and publishers; *Rundschau*, German Independent, Wm. F. Magg, editor and publisher; *Vindicator*, Democratic, Webb & Magg, editors and publishers; *Mining World*, Mining, Mining World Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 3 Episcopal, 1 German Evangelical, 1 Congregational, 2 Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 2 Jewish, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Reformed, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 2 Lutheran, 2 Catholic, 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Disciples and 3 Baptist. Banks: Commercial National, C. H. Andrews, president, Mason Evans, cashier; First National, Robt. McCurdy, president, Wm. H. Baldwin, cashier; Mahoning National, H. O. Bonnell, president, J. H. McEwen, cashier; Second National, Henry Tod, president, Henry M. Garlick, cashier; Wick Bros. & Co., Thos. H. Wilson, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Brown, Bonnell & Co., merchant iron, 1,870 hands; The Arms Bell Co., bolts and nuts, 182; Enterprise Boiler Works, steam boilers, etc., 26; William B. Pollock & Co., steam boilers, etc., 55; William Tod & Co., engines, etc., 92; The Youngstown Carriage Manufacturing Co., carriages, etc., 93; Heller Bros., doors, sash, etc., 16; The Lloyd-Booth Co., foundry and machine work, 41; Homer Baldwin, flour, etc., 10; George Turner, iron fencing, 3; Youngstown Stamping Co., tin-ware, 102; George Dingley, planing-mill, 32; Forsyth Scale Co., U. S. standard scales, 23; A. S. Williams, sash, doors, etc., 4; Hem Rod Furnace, pig-iron, 60; Youngstown Lumber Co., planing-mill, 13; Youngstown Stove Manufacturing Co., stoves, 30; Youngstown Rolling Mill Co., merchant iron, 425; Cartwright, McCurdy & Co., merchant iron, 635; John Smith's Sons, ale, beer, etc., 20; Youngstown Steam Laundry, laundrying, 12; Brier Hill Iron and Coal Co., pig-iron, 175; Youngstown Steel Co., washed iron, 50; Homer Baldwin, flour, etc., 12; Mahoning Valley Iron Co., merchant iron, 1,255; American Tube and Iron Co., wrought iron pipes, etc., 421.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 15,435. School census, 1888, 8,084. F. Treudly, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$5,554,500. Value of annual product, \$8,968,760. Census, 1890, 33,220.

In the history of Mahoning county, Mr. David Loveland gives a sketch of the beginning of the manufacture of iron in the Mahoning valley, an industry which has created a city almost continuous for a score of miles along the stream.

It was commenced by two brothers, James and Daniel Heaton, men of enterprising and experimenting disposition. In 1805 or 1806 they erected a furnace on Yellow Creek, near Mahoning river, about five miles southeast of Youngstown, which soon went into active operation. Connected with and belonging to the furnace proper were about one hundred acres of well-timbered land which supplied the charcoal and much of the ore for the works. It was called the *Heaton* furnace. The "blast" was produced by an apparatus of peculiar construction and was similar in principle to that produced by the column of water of the early furnaces.

After this furnace had been in operation for some time, James Heaton transferred his interest to his brother Daniel, and built the second furnace in this valley



BRIER HILL FURNACE.



Meucham & Sabine, Photo., 1890.

YOUNGSTOWN, 1890.

at Niles. Daniel continued at the *old works*, and manufactured considerable iron, much of it consisting of stoves, large kettles, and other castings, the appearance of which would be rude for these times. About this time a third furnace was built on Yellow creek by Robert Montgomery, about half a mile below the old Heaton furnace. Both furnaces went to ruin after the year 1812.



YOUNGSTOWN. (Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.)

Youngstown is the name of both city and township. The name is from John Young. On April 9, 1800, the Connecticut Land Company sold the township to him. According to tradition he had located in the township about 1797.

He made a plot of the town that year. It was recorded August 19, 1802, with the date and name of "Youngstown, 1797." John Young was born at Peterboro, New Hampshire, March 8, 1755; was married to Mary Stone White, the daughter of Hugh White, the founder of Whitesboro, November 23, 1801.

Brier Hill, so long famed as the place of the Tod family, is two miles northwest of the centre of the city. In this summer (1890) the city limits were extended so as to include it. At Brier Hill are three blast-furnaces, which were erected by Gov. Tod, and are still owned and operated by his family. They have what is called a wash-metal plant where the pig-iron is resmelted, put through a process that relieves it almost entirely of the phosphorus, which is very injurious in making steel.

COAL-MINING IN MAHONING COUNTY.

The system of mining in Mahoning valley, owing to the conditions under which the coal was deposited, is peculiar and curious. The coal, which is the lower bed of the State series, is subject to sudden changes of level, and is found disposed in long, narrow and serpentine basins and troughs. The low ground in a coal bed is called a swamp by the miner, and, owing to the structure of the swamps found in these mines, peculiar mining skill is required to guide and direct the subterranean excavations.

The cost of opening and equipping a mine in this region often exceeds \$20,000, but the money usually is soon refunded. The mines have been more profitable than those of any other region in Ohio, owing partly to their proximity to Cleveland and Lake Erie, but largely to the superior quality of the coal. Some of the mines, however, are losing concerns, owing to a variety of causes, one of which is the too abundant flow of water. The mine of the Leadville Coal Company, situated three miles west of Youngstown, is an instance of this kind.

Difficulties of Shaft-Sinking.—The work of sinking this shaft was one of the most difficult and costly ever encountered in the United States, mainly by reason of the flow of water. The time occupied in sinking, including several long stoppages, was about two years and six months. The shaft was let by contract to three separate parties; to the first at \$20 per foot, the second at \$35, and the third at \$50 a foot, but each in turn threw up their contracts.

Messrs. Wicks & Wells (the owners) now concluded to sink the shaft by day-work, personally superintending the operations. Pumping machinery was introduced capable of discharging 3,000 gallons of water per minute, but at the depth of 110 feet a large crevice in the rock was struck, from which the water rushed with such force as to throw the drill high up in the shaft and all the pumps were overpowered. They were all withdrawn and the shaft filled with water.

Powerful Pumping.—After some weeks of stoppage all the pumps were again set to work, and the water pumped out down to the point where the pressure of the water and the power of the pumps were balanced. All the pumps were run to their fullest capacity for four weeks, discharging 3,000 gallons a minute, in the hope of emptying, or at least controlling, the feeders of water; but no impression was made. A very powerful pump, equal to the combined force of the six already in use, was procured. With this the water was mastered, but it became necessary to close up the crevice in the rock. This was done by filling with wooden blocks, well wedged in and caulked, and the water was finally shut off and controlled. The work of getting below the crevice was a labor of unparalleled difficulty and danger. The workmen, suspended in buckets, and having scarcely room to turn around among the multitude of pumps, labored heroically, though drenched with water, which shot in great streams across the shaft. During the whole undertaking not a single accident occurred. The closing up of the crevice reduced the flow of water to 500 gallons per minute, and no further difficulty was experienced until the coal was reached.

In sinking this shaft six thirty-foot boilers, with thirty-six inch head, were used. The cost of the work, including the necessary supplies for sinking, was \$71,837, and the whole depth of the shaft was but 187 feet.

Pumps again Overpowered.—As the vast volume of water encountered in sinking was dammed back over the heads of the miners, its liberation by a fall of the roof was only a question of time. Fifteen thousand square yards had not been excavated till the waters broke into the workings. All the miners escaped in safety, but the pumps were soon overpowered, and the shaft, with all its subterranean excavations, was again flooded. The mine remained idle for five years.

The Mine Changes Owners.—In the spring of 1880 the Leadville Coal Company was organized, which bought out Wicks & Wells, the owners and projectors of the enterprise.

New and more powerful pumping machinery was put in place, and the water was lowered to a depth of 136 feet, when the accidental dropping of a wedge into one of the pumps stopped operations, and the shaft again filled with water.

Narrow Escape.—In a few days the work of pumping was again resumed, and six weeks later the mine was pumped dry, and the miners, after an absence of five years, ventured down the shaft and commenced mining operations. The mine having but one opening, and the excavations that had been made requiring a second opening, as provided in the mining law of the State, an escape-shaft or travelling-way was sunk into the mine, for the egress of miners in case of accident to the hoisting-shaft. This travelling-way was completed only two days when the wooden structure covering and surrounding the hoisting-shaft caught fire from a spark from the smoke-stack, and was burned to the ground. The miners found safe egress through the second outlet or travelling-way; had there been but one opening, every soul under ground at the time of the fire would have speedily and inevitably perished.

Persistent Enterprise.—The fire, which occurred on the 21st of August, 1881, having destroyed all the buildings covering and surrounding the shaft, and disabled the hoisting and pumping machinery, all the subterranean excavations were again filled with water. The company at once commenced rebuilding the works and repairing the machinery, and on the 15th of October following the pumps were again started up, and a month later the mine was once more pumped dry. There is an excitement in mining unknown, perhaps, to any other industry; hence, all the misfortunes of this ill-fated mine have not in the least daunted the courage of the mine-owners, or alarmed the fearless spirit of the miners, and work was resumed with the same degree of cheerfulness as in the beginning of the enterprise. The foregoing account is abridged from Dr. Orton's "Geological Report of 1884."

DAVID TOD, the second of Ohio's War Governors, was born in Youngstown, February 21, 1805, and died there November 13, 1868. He was the son of Governor Tod, an eminent man who was born in Connecticut, graduated at Yale, and emigrated to the Northwest Territory in 1800. He was Secretary of the Territory under Governor St. Clair; was a State Senator after the organization of the State of Ohio. He served as Judge of the Supreme Court from 1806 to 1809, and occupied other important positions. He rendered gallant service in the war of 1812 at Fort Meigs, serving as a lieutenant-colonel.

David Tod was admitted to the bar in 1827. As a lawyer he was very successful, and commencing penniless, he soon accumulated a fortune by his talents and industry. He had a strong love of politics and was an able campaign speaker. In 1838 he was elected as a Democrat to the State Senate; in 1840 gained great reputation as an orator while

canvassing the State for Van Buren. In 1844 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor, being defeated by 1,000 votes; from 1847 to 1852 he was United States Minister to Brazil, under President Polk's administration; returning to the United States he rendered very effective service in the campaign resulting in the election of Presi-

dent Pierce; in 1860 he was a delegate to the Charleston Convention, was chosen vice-president of that body, and presided over it when the Southern wing of the party withdrew.

Whitelaw Reid says in "Ohio in the War:" "The executive and business talents of Mr. Tod were conspicuously evidenced as the President of the Cleveland & Mahoning Railroad, the construction of which he was one of the first to advocate, and with whose success he became identified. To Mr. Tod, more than any other man, belongs the honor of inaugurating the steps which led to the development of the vast coal mines of the Mahoning valley.

"Before and after the meeting of the Peace Congress at Washington in February, Mr. Tod warmly advocated the peace measures, and the exhausting of every honorable means, rather than that the South should inaugurate civil war. But from the moment the flag was shot down at Sumter he threw off all party trammels and was among the first public men in the State who took the stump advocating the vigorous prosecution of the war till every rebel was cut off or surrendered. From that moment, with voice and with material aid, he contributed his support to the national government. Beside subscribing immediately \$1,000 to the war fund of his township, he furnished Company B, Captain Hollingsworth, Nineteenth Regiment, Youngstown, their first uniforms."

In 1861 he was nominated for Governor of Ohio by the Republicans, and elected by a majority of 55,000.

His administration during the most trying years of the war was zealous, painstaking and efficient. His continued efforts for recruiting the army, his fatherly care and sympathy with Ohio soldiers in the field and their families at home; his vigorous measures to repel invasions of the State, are the distinguishing features of an able administration. "Ohio in the War" closes an account of it with the following words: "He made some mistakes of undue vigor, and some of his operations entailed expenses not wholly necessary. But he was zealous, industrious and specially watchful for the welfare of the troops, faithful in season and out of season. He was at the head of the State in the darkest hours through which she passed. He left her affairs in good order, her contributions to the nation fully made up, her duties to her soldier sons jealously watched, and her honor untarnished."

After the close of his term of service he retired to his farm known as "Brier Hill," near Youngstown, which formerly belonged to his father, and which he repurchased after he began to accumulate property, from those who had come into its possession. As a boy, David Tod was always ready for fun, and many amusing anecdotes are told of his pranks. We give the following from the "Pioneer History of Geauga County:" "On one winter day, when a deep cut had been shovelled through a snow-bank to give access

to the school-house. Tod led some of his schoolmates to fill the cut with wood, so that when the schoolmaster returned from dinner he was obliged to climb the pile to get to the school-house." On another occasion he played a decidedly practical joke on "Uncle John" Ford, the father of Governor Seabury Ford. John Ford was an eccentric genius of much sterling worth. "The spirit of humor overflowed with him, and when Brooks Bradley drove the cows up the lane at night, they would dash back past him, heads and tails high in air, and run clear to the woods. Brooks, as he chased back after the frightened cattle, did not see 'Uncle John's' old hat down in front of his bent form, shaking out from behind a stump in that lane." He played some trick on David Tod, afterwards Governor of Ohio. David sawed the top bar over which "Uncle John" leaned when he poured the swill to his pigs. "Dave" and his companions watched the next time "Uncle John" fed, and when well on the bar it broke, and he fell, with pail and contents, among the hogs. A suppressed laugh from an adjoining fence corner hinted to "Uncle John" how it happened; but he climbed from the mess and said nothing. He saw only one thing in Tod that he called "mean."

ELISHA WHITTLESEY was born in Washington, Conn., October 19, 1783, and died in Washington City, January 7, 1863. He was brought up on a farm, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1805. He removed to Canfield, O., in June, 1806. During the war of 1812 he rose to the rank of Brigade-Major and Inspector under Gen. Perkins, and was for a time aid and private secretary to Gen. Harrison. On one occasion he was sent with a despatch from Gen. Harrison on the Maumee to the Governor at Chillicothe, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, part of it through the Black Swamp and regions invested with hostile Indians; it was a perilous undertaking but he accomplished it faithfully.

In 1820-21 he was a member of the Ohio Legislature. He served in Congress continuously from 1823 to 1838, when he resigned. His scrupulous honesty is evidenced by the fact that during this service he would receive no pay when absent from his seat on private business.

He was one of the founders of the Whig party; was appointed by President Harrison in 1841 auditor of the post-office department, resigning in 1843. In 1849 was appointed by President Taylor first comptroller of the treasury, from which office he was removed by President Buchanan, but reappointed by President Lincoln in 1861 and held office until his death.

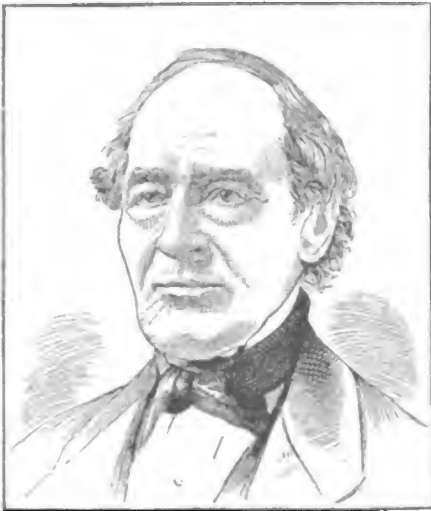
As comptroller he was painstaking, watchful and efficient; his whole time and study were directed to the public good. In 1847 he was appointed general agent of the Washington National Monument Association, resigning in 1849, but was shortly afterwards called upon to manage its affairs as president,

which he did until 1855, contributing greatly to the success of that enterprise. He was a staunch supporter of Christian doctrines and enterprises, and throughout all his life his conduct was governed by the highest principles. The distinguished Col. Chas. Whittlesey was his nephew, and it was his pride that he was his nephew, such was the exalted character of the uncle.

For many years he kept a diary of current events, a journal or autobiography, which ought to be compiled and given to the public.

JOHN M. EDWARDS was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1805. He was great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian, and son of Henry W. Edwards, a Governor of Connecticut and United States Senator. He was a graduate of Yale, practised law for a number of years in New Haven and made extensive visits through the South in the interest of the estate of his uncle, Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin.

Later, together with a number of young men from Connecticut, he visited the Connecticut Western Reserve in Ohio, in which his father, Governor Edwards, had considerable possessions through Pierpont Edwards, who was one of the original proprietors. Most of these young men remained in the Western Reserve and helped form that highly intellectual community of which Garfield, Giddings, Wade, Tod and Whittlesey were representatives. Mr. Edwards had many important positions and was connected with various newspaper enterprises during his life and was one of the founders of the first newspaper published in the Mahoning Valley. He wrote frequently for publication, principally on historical subjects. He was the leading spirit of the Mahoning Valley Historical Society and collected a large amount of valuable information concerning the early history of Ohio and its people. He was a deeply studious man and a learned and able lawyer. He died suddenly at his residence in Youngstown, December 8, 1886, aged 81 years.



FATHER.
JUDGE JAMES BROWNLEE.



DAUGHTER.
KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD, the poetess of patriotism, is the daughter of Judge James Brownlee, of Poland, where she was born. While yet in her "teens," in 1859, she was married with Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood and early became associated with him in journalistic work, writing items, reading proofs, and then sometimes

With dainty fingers deftly picked,
Their clean-cut faces ranged in telling lines,
The magic type that talks to all the world.

As a school-girl in Poland she had shown fine literary capacity, and if there is

anything that could have given added brightness and breadth to her intellect it was just this employment of journalistic work, coming, too, just at the opening of the stupendous events of the great civil war.

Her youthful husband enlisted and the old Covenanters' blood in her veins became heated by the spirit of intense patriotism, which soon found expression in patriotic verse, which has thrilled multitudes and started many a glistening tear.

Her soldier lyrics have been printed in different languages, found a prized place in varied volumes: one, solely her own, "Camp Fire and Memorial Poems." These have been recited on every platform in the Union where the veterans of 1861-65 have had a part, particularly "Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge," "Forever and Forever," "The Old Flag," etc.

"Forever and Forever" recalls with lifelike vividness the opening scenes of the war. It thus begins:

When men forsook their shops and homes, and stood with troubled faces,
From morn till night, from night till morn in dusky market spaces;
When women watched beside their babes in anguish half resisted
Until the husky message came, "*God keep you, I've enlisted!*"

When all day long the drums were rolled in hateful exultation,
And fife and bugle stung with pain the pulses of the Nation;
When woman's hand formed every star that flashed on field of glory,
When woman's tears were stitched along each stripe in jeweled story—

What said we then? "*Go forth, brave hearts! Go where the bullets rattle!
For us to plan, for us to pray, for you to toil and battle!
Ours to uphold, yours to defend, the compact none can sever,
And sacred be your name and fame forever and forever.*"

"The Old Flag" no true American can hear without a thrill. Its closing verse is especially fine, and in the coming higher and still higher glory of the nation, multitudes yet unborn in their love for it will regret that their fathers who fought were not with those who fought to save it. We give its closing verse:

O flag of our fathers! O flag of our sons! O flag of a world's desire!
Through the night and the light, through the fright and the fight, through the smoke and the
cloud and the fire,
There are arms to defend, there are hearts to befriend, there are souls to bear up from the
pall,
While thy cluster of stars broodeth over the wars that justice and mercy befall!
There are breasts that will clasp it, when tattered and torn, there are prayers to brood like
a dove,
There are fingers to fashion it fold unto fold, and hands that will wave it above,
While the *rub-a-dub, dub, dub, rub-a-dub, dub*, is beating the marches of Love!

Mrs. Sherwood has ennobled her life by constant active public duties in behalf of those who suffered from the war; as chairman National Pension and Relief Committee, Woman's Relief Corps (auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic); chairman Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home Committee Department of Ohio; editor woman's department *National Tribune*, Washington, etc. Perhaps her proudest moment was when she was invited by the ex-Confederate Committee to write that *poetical bond* of Union for North and South, to be read at the ceremony of the unveiling of the Albert Sydney Johnston equestrian statue in New Orleans. This event took place April 6, 1887, and her poem delighted alike the Blue and the Gray; and well it might, breathing, as it did, the spirit of unity and fraternity, as these two verses alone evince:

Now five and twenty years are gone, and lo! to-day they come
The Blue and Gray in proud array, with throbbing fife and drum;
But not as rivals, not as foes, as brothers reconciled
To twine love's fragrant roses where the thorns of hate grew wild.
* * * * *

O, veterans of the Blue and Gray who fought on Shiloh field,
 The purposes of God are true, his judgments stand revealed;
 The pangs of war have rent the veil and lo his high decree:
 One heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea!

The object of this monument was not as an insignia of regret that the cause was lost, but as a memorial of the splendid heroism of its soldiers: and all honor that sentiment. In the case of Albert Sidney Johnston, he, although born in the South, was the son of a Litchfield county, Conn., country physician, and his heart was not in the Lost Cause. He loved the Union, and witnessed "with unalloyed grief the culmination of the irresistible conflict." Could his spirit have been present, it would doubtless have responded, "Yes, 'The Union forever and forever; one heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea.'"

Among Mrs. Sherwood's varied poems is one historical, "The Pioneers of the Mahoning Valley," read at the meeting of the Pioneers at Youngstown, September 10, 1877. It begins at the beginning, when the "sturdy Yankee came," and marks the changes in the valley to our day and in thirty-three verses. Among them are these three, which certainly, to use an expression General Grant once used to compliment Grace Greenwood upon her "California Letters," as Grace herself told us, are "pretty reading:"

The axes ring, the clearings spread,
 The cornfields wimple in the sun,
 The cabin walls are overspread
 With trophies of the trap and gun.

And from the hearths of glowing logs
 The children's shouts begin to ring;
 Or in the lanes and through the fogs
 They carry water from the spring.

Stout rosy boys and girls are they
 Whose heads scarce touch the dripping boughs;
 Who learned their first philosophy
 While *driving home the lagging cows*.

After listening to her poem, and especially these closing verses, we do not doubt that the old folk from their hearts exclaimed, "Yea, verily, have we not a goodly heritage? and see, our cows have come home!"

O sweet Mahoning, like a queen
 Set crowned and dowered in the West,
 The wealth of kingdoms gleams between
 Thy jeweled brow and jeweled breast.

O valley where the panting forge
 Has stirred the bosom of the world,
 Till lo! on every hillside gorge
 The flags of labor are unfurled.

O valley rich in fertile plain,
 In mighty forest proud and tall,
 In waving fields of corn and grain,
 In ferny glen and waterfall!

O valley rich in sturdy toil,
 In all that makes a people great,
 We hail thee Queen of Buckeye soil,
 And fling our challenge to the State.

We hail thee queen whose beauty won
 Our fathers in their golden years;
 A shout for greater days begun,
 A sigh for sleeping pioneers.

Judge JAMES BROWNLEE, of Poland, was born February, 1801, at the family homestead of Torfoot, near Glasgow, Scotland, where for many generations had resided his ancestors, who on both sides distinguished themselves in the ranks of the White Flag of the Covenant. He inherited from them a vigorous constitution, a clear, strong, well-

balanced mind, a buoyant temperament, a kindly, affable manner, an inflexible will, strict integrity, and that rare appreciation of the humorous, with large hope, which ever blunts the stings of adversity. His physical endowments were equally commanding, with fine, clear-cut features, dark, expressive eye, so that when he appeared at Youngstown in

the fall of 1827, the young Scotchman met with a most cordial welcome from the pioneers of Mahoning.

Developing when at school into a youth of unusual ability, his father had designed him for a professional career; but that was not his choice. In 1830 his father and family followed him to America, when his father bought the beautiful tract of land at the junction of Yellow creek and Mahoning, building a handsome homestead thereon, where all the family resided until 1840, when Judge Brownlee was married to Miss Rebecca Mullin, of Bedford Springs, Pa. Shortly after his father died, and the judge built a new residence on the hilltop overlooking the river, where his three children were born, the first now Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

For his first thirty years in this country Judge Brownlee was engaged chiefly in the buying and selling of cattle, purchasing yearly thousands and thousands of cows and beeves for the great markets of the West and East. He was always active in politics, an enthusiastic and ardent Whig; but while acting with the Whigs, he astonished the Abolitionists by attending an indignation meeting held at Canfield against the passage of the fugitive slave law, when he drew up a reso-

lution so audacious that the others of the committee feared to adopt it, it seeming treasonable. He offered it personally, and it was carried in a whirl of enthusiasm. It was:

RESOLVED, *That come life, come death, come fine or imprisonment, we will neither aid nor abet the capture of a fugitive slave; but on the contrary will harbor and feed, clothe and assist, and give him a practical God-speed toward liberty.*

In the stirring times of the war he was so active in the forming of companies and recruiting without commission or remuneration, that Governor Tod sent him a "squirrel hunter's" discharge, as an appreciation of hearty services.

Judge Brownlee held many positions of public and private trust, among others that of Assessor of Internal Revenue at Youngstown. For years he held his life in jeopardy, having repeatedly heard the bullets whistling around his head when obliged to visit certain localities—still remembered for their opposition to the war and the operations of the revenue system. He died January 20, 1879. He was a staunch Presbyterian, and his friends were numbered among the rich and the poor, who found in him that faith and charity which make the whole world kin.

Canfield in 1846.—Canfield, the county-seat, is 166 miles northeast of Columbus and sixteen south of Warren. It is on the main stage road from Cleveland to Pittsburg, on a gentle elevation. It is a neat, pleasant village, embowered in trees and shrubbery, among which the Lombardy poplar stands conspicuous. It contained in 1846 three stores, a newspaper printing-office, one Presbyterian, one Episcopal, one Methodist, one Congregational, and one Lutheran church, and about 300 people. Since then the county buildings have been erected, and from being made the county-seat, it will probably, by the time this reaches the eye of the reader, have nearly doubled in population and business importance.—*Old Edition.*

Poland in 1846.—Poland is eight miles from Canfield, on Yellow creek, a branch of the Mahoning. It is one of the neatest villages in the State. The dwellings are usually painted white, and have an air of comfort. Considerable business centres here from the surrounding country, which is fertile. In the vicinity are coal and iron ore of an excellent quality. Limestone of a very superior kind abounds in the township; it is burned and largely exported for building purposes and manure. Poland contains five stores, one Presbyterian and one Methodist church, an academy, an iron-foundry, one grist, one saw, one oil and one clothing-mill, and about 100 dwellings.—*Old Edition.*

Snakes.—In a tamarack and cranberry swamp in this vicinity "are found large numbers of a small black or very dark brown rattlesnake, about twelve or fourteen inches in length, and of a proportionate thickness. They have usually three or four rattles. This species seem to be confined to the tamarack swamps, and are found nowhere else but in their vicinities, wandering in the summer months a short distance only from their borders. When lying basking in the sun, they resemble a short, broken, dirty stick or twig, being generally discolored with mud, over which they are frequently moving. Their bite is not very venomous, yet they are much dreaded by the neighboring people. Their habitations are retired and unfrequented, so that few persons are ever bitten. The Indian name for this snake is *Massasauga*."—*Old Edition.*

A Wedding Incident.—Poland township is the southeastern township of the Western Reserve, but not that of the county, the southernmost tier of townships having been taken from Columbiana county. Jonathan Fowler and family came into it May 20, 1799, and were its first white settlers. About the year 1800 occurred the first marriage, between John Blackburn and Nancy Bryan. There being no one legally authorized to marry them, Judge Kirtland agreed to assume the responsibility by using his Episcopal prayer-book. About seventy persons were present. A stool was placed in front of the judge, and upon it a white cover. On this the judge placed his book, when some one proposed that they take a drink all around before the

ceremony. To this all agreed, it seeming eminently the proper thing to do. How long a time this occupied is not stated, or how many drinks they took. But when the judge had taken his "one or more," as the case might have been, and was ready for tying the knot, lo! that Episcopal prayer-book had disappeared—could not be found. In this dilemma the judge said they must get along without it, and asked Nancy if she was willing to take John for a loving husband, and she said "yes;" and asked John if he was willing to take Nancy for a loving wife, and he said "yes;" and—that was about all there was of it. And thus ended what was probably the first wedding on the Western Reserve—with whisky or without whisky.

CANFIELD is twenty-two miles by rail, ten miles by road southwest of Youngstown; is on the N. Y. P. & O. Railroad (N. & N. L. Branch). It is the seat of the Northeastern Normal College. City officers, 1888: S. K. Crooks, Mayor; S. W. Brainard, Clerk; Hosea Hoover, Treasurer; C. W. Wehr, Street Commissioner; Eli Rhodes, Marshal. Newspaper: *Mahoning Dispatch*, Independent, Fowler & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: one Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Disciples, one German Lutheran and one Congregational. Bank: Van Hyning & Co., Hosea Hoover, president, G. W. Brainerd, cashier. Population, 1880, 650. School census, 1888, 196.

POLAND is six miles southeast of Youngstown, on the Beaver river. Bank: Farmers' Deposit and Saving, R. L. Walker, president, Clark Stough, cashier. Population in 1880, 452. School census, 1888, 206.

PETERSBURG is fifteen miles southeast of Youngstown. It has one newspaper, the *Petersburg Press*, E. E. Stone, editor. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Evangelical Lutheran, one Presbyterian. School census, 1888, 162.

LOWELLVILLE is eight miles southeast of Youngstown, on the Ohio Canal and A. & P., P. & W., and P. & L. E. Railroads. School census, 1888, 241.

WASHINGTONVILLE is sixteen miles southwest from Youngstown, part in Columbiana and part in Mahoning county. It is on the N. & N. L. Branch of the N. Y. P. & O. Railroad. School census, 1888, 122.

MARION.

MARION COUNTY was organized March 1, 1824, and named from General Francis Marion, of South Carolina, a partisan officer of the Revolution. The surface is level, except on the extreme east. The Sandusky plain, which is prairie land, covers that part of the county north of Marion and west of the Whetstone, and is well adapted to grazing: the remaining part, comprising about two-thirds of the surface, is best adapted to wheat. The soil is fertile. The principal farm-crops are corn, wheat and grass, a large proportion of the prairie land being appropriated to grazing: much live-stock and wool is produced in the county.

Area about 430 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 118,256; in pasture, 48,900; woodland, 29,570; lying waste, 913; produced in wheat, 367,801 bushels; rye, 1,188; buckwheat, 446; oats, 400,809; barley, 3,201; corn, 1,193,790; broom-corn, 200 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 18,492 tons; clover hay, 7,412; flaxseed, 1,788 bushels; potatoes, 42,267; tobacco, 104 lbs.; butter, 437,341; sorghum, 1,256 gallons; maple sugar, 3,647 lbs.; honey, 4,005; eggs, 679,743 dozen; grapes, 7,775 lbs.; wine, 179 gallons; sweet potatoes, 95 bushels; apples, 7,221; peaches, 355; pears, 619; wool, 323,938 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,066. School census, 1888, 7,299; teachers, 279. Miles of railroad track, 161.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Big Island,	554	1,226	Morven,	976	
Bowling Green,	324	1,219	Pleasant,	1,414	1,188
Canaan,	1,027		Prospect,		1,724
Claridon,	1,084	1,771	Richland,	1,138	1,210
Gilead,	1,150		Salt Rock,	607	551
Grand,	605	485	Scott,	854	553
Grand Prairie,	716	485	Tully,	870	878
Green Camp,	361	1,362	Waldo,		997
Marion,	1,638	5,151	Washington,	880	
Montgomery,	552	1,765			

Population of Marion in 1830, 6,558; 1840, 18,352; 1860, 15,490; 1880, 20,565, of whom 16,332 were born in Ohio; 1,057, Pennsylvania; 268, New York; 202, Virginia; 133, Indiana; 33, Kentucky; 1,017, German Empire; 450, Ireland; 193, England and Wales; 69, British America; 16, Scotland, and 16, France. Census, 1890, 24,727.

Soil, Surface, Climate and Wind.—This county is on the broad watershed between Lake Erie and the Ohio, about fifty miles south of the west end of the lake. It is watered by the Scioto and its affluents, and by affluents of the Little Sandusky and Tymochtee. It is mostly flat and has a black prairie soil, and its streams are but from four to six feet below the level of the land. Good gravel for road-making is found in the south part and potters' clay abounds. Good building stone is quarried. The winters seldom keep the ground frozen, and from November to April there is a continual strife for mastery between the cold zone of the north and the hot of the south. Its yearly average of thermometer is 50°1; 2° warmer than Cleveland and 2° to 5° colder than Cincinnati. The average depth of rain, including snow as melted, is forty inches; on the lake shore, thirty-three inches; Cincinnati, forty-six inches. From May to October the average temperature is delightful. Hail storms and hurricanes seldom occur. In June, 1835, a frost killed the wheat and the young leaves of the forests. In

1855 there was frost every month. In 1824 the famous tornado which arose near West Liberty, Logan county, destroyed a number of buildings in Bellefontaine, carrying bits of shingle and clothing into Big Island township, a distance of thirty miles; it there wrestled with the big forest, lost its breath and succumbed. Another tornado, the year after, began in Scott township and extended beyond New Haven, in Huron county, going northeast, making sad havoc. The cabin of one "old Jake Stateler" was in its track; he was alone, saw it coming, pulled up a puncheon from the floor and darted under. When he crawled out his cabin had vanished and a clearing made through the forest of a quarter of a mile wide. He was astonished, but being alone "there was no use of talking."

By the treaty concluded at the foot of the Maumee rapids, September 29, 1817, Lewis Cass and Duncan McArthur being commissioners on the part of the United States, there was granted to the Delaware Indians a reservation of three miles square, on or near the northern boundary of this county, and adjoining the Wyandot reservation of twelve miles square. This reservation was to be equally divided among the following persons: Captain Pipe, Zeshauau or James Armstrong, Mahautoo or John Armstrong, Sanoudoyeasquaw or Silas Armstrong, Teorow or Black Raccoon, Hawdorouwatistie or Billy Montour, Buck Wheat, William Dondee, Thomas Lyons, Johnny Cake, Captain Wolf, Isaac and John Hill, Tishatahoones or Widow Armstrong, Ayenucere, Hoomaurou or John Ming, and Youdorast. Some of these Indians had lived at Jeromeville, in Ashland and Greentown, in Richland county, which last village was burnt by the whites early in the late war. By the treaty concluded at Little Sandusky, August 3, 1829, John McElvain being United States commissioner, the Delawares ceded this reservation to the United States for \$3,000, and removed west of the Mississippi.—*Old Edition.*

Marion in 1846.—Marion, the county-seat, is forty-four miles north of Columbus. It was laid out in 1821 by Eber Baker and Alexander Holmes, who were proprietors of the soil. It is compactly built; the view, taken in front of the Marion hotel, shows one of the principal streets: the court-house appears on the left, the *Mirror* office on the right, and Berry's hill in the distance. General Harrison passed through this region in the late war, and encamped with his troops just south of the site of the village, on the edge of the prairie, at a place known as "Jacob's well." The town is improving steadily, and has some fine brick buildings: it contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 German church, an academy, 2 newspaper printing offices, 15 dry goods, 1 drug and 5 grocery stores, 1 saw, 1 fulling, oil and carding mill, and about 800 inhabitants; in 1840 it had a population of 570.—*Old Edition.*

MARION, county-seat of Marion, about forty miles north of Columbus, is the centre of a fine agricultural and grazing country. It is on the N. Y. P. & O., C. C. C. & I., C. H. V. & T. and C. & A. Railroads, and is noted for its extensive quarries and lime-kilns.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William L. Clark; Clerk, Harry R. Young; Commissioners, Isaac A. Merchant, William L. Raub, Phillip Loyer; Coroner, James A. McMurray; Infirmary Directors, Horace W. Riley, Zaccheus W. Hipsher, Jacob D. Lust; Probate Judge, John H. Criswell; Prosecuting Attorney, Daniel R. Crissinger; Recorder, Charles Harraman; Sheriff, Patrick Kelly; Surveyor, James W. Scott; Treasurer, George W. Cook. City officers, 1888: C. P. Galley, Mayor; A. L. Clark, Clerk; Chas. Meyers, Treasurer; W. E. Schofield, Solicitor; John Welsch, Street Commissioner; John Cunningham, Surveyor; Charles Bueneke, Marshal. Newspapers: *Star*, Independent, W. G. Harding, editor; *Independent*, Republican, George Crawford, editor; *Democratic Mirror*, Democratic, Ned Thatcher, editor. Churches: 2 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 3 Albright, 2 Lutheran, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 2 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 United Baptist, 1 German Reformed, and 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Fahey's, Timothy Fahey, president, A. C. Edmondson, cashier; Farmers', Robert Kerr,



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN MARION.



Wm. H. Moore, Photo., Marion, 1887.

VIEW IN MARION.

president, J. J. Hane, cashier ; Marion County, James S. Reed, president, R. H. Johnson, cashier ; Marion Deposit, T. P. Wallace, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—F. Dale, staves and headings, 13 hands ; Marion Malleable Iron Co., 50 ; Bryan & Prendergast, planing mill work, 20 ; B. J. Camp, turning and scroll sawing, 3 ; Reiber Flouring Mill Co., 3 ; Marion Steam Shovel Co., 80 ; Gregory & Sears, flour, meal and feed, 6 ; Huber Manufacturing Co., traction engines, etc., 179 ; Huber Manufacturing Co., boilers, 34 ; Marion Manufacturing Co., thrashers, hullers, etc., 41 ; Linsley & Lawrence, flooring, siding, etc., 6.—*State Reports, 1888.* Population in 1880, 3,899. School census, 1888, 1,655 ; A. G. Crouse, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$443,200. Value of annual product, \$854,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 8,327.

The most interesting object in Marion is the SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL, inasmuch as it is an ever-pleasing object-lesson to inculcate patriotism. It was dedicated August 22, 1888. It is all stone, marble, slate and iron—no wood except the doors. Twenty-eight hundred names of soldiers are inscribed on marble tablets within its enclosure, giving company, regiment, etc.

The War of 1812 led to a large knowledge of this county, several "war roads" passing directly through it to the seat of war. The most clearly defined was that up the Scioto, by a spot now in Pleasant township called "Rocky Point." This was a favorite camping-ground, possessing a fine spring of water around magnificent forests, filled with game. An encampment of troops under General Green at Rocky Point gave rise to the name "Green's Camp," now become Green Camp township ; while "Jacob's Well," on a hill near Marion, is a spot where General Harrison also paused. Up to 1812 but few attempts were made to invade the country still reserved to the Indians, except as the restless hunters and traders sought the fine game reserves of the plains for meat or peltries. The bee-hunters, a venturesome, vagabondish set, who preferred to "line" a "bee-tree" to any other pursuit, brought back rich treasures of sweets that the wild bees had stored in the woods along the borders of the plains, beyond the line of settlement. Their trail came in eastward from Knox, or up the valley of the Scioto from Delaware.

The first tract of land entered within the confines of Marion county, north of the treaty line, was by Mr. G. H. Griswold, of Worthington, a teamster for government, and it comprised the fractional section at Rocky Point. He was a man of sagacity, and he had become "captivated with the beauty of the valley and the second bottom lands. The river sweeping in comes through arches of overhanging maples ; the immense walnut, oak, and other hard woods that attained here their finest development ; the plentiful game supplies ; the springs and runs all seemed to make an ideal tract." South of the treaty lines, the first settlements were made between the years 1805 and 1814, in Waldo and Prospect townships, by the Brudiges, Drakes, Wyatts, Ephraim Markley, Evan Evans, etc. It is not known for certain who was the first settler in Marion. Eber Baker, who laid it out, came here in 1821. He influenced the commissioners to select it as the county-seat in 1822. There were rival claims, but when decided upon the few settlers here got up a great jollification, and having no artillery, bored holes in several oak trees, and putting in powder, shattered some of them to fragments. The first structure put up after this was a double log-cabin, built by

Mr. Baker, which, with additions, became the first tavern. In 1825 the place had three taverns, three stores, and seventeen families. The tavern rates were six and a quarter cents a lodging, twice that—or a "York shilling"—for a horse's feed, and thrice that for a meal. To movers, emigrants passing through for farther West, a large discount was made from these prices.

Old-Time Style of Doing Business.—How the business of the place was conducted before the era of railroads, Mr. J. S. Reed, in the "County History," thus states :

"The first stores opened in Marion were branches from other towns, unless the Holmes firm formed an exception. The village was laid out in 1822. In 1824, when the county was organized, there were three stores, three taverns, and several workshops and cabins. The stocks of goods were small and consisted of whisky, tobacco, powder and lead, cotton cloth and calico. These were the staples, and there was no money in the country. Every one wanted to buy, but no one had anything to pay with. Coon, mink and deerskins were legal tender, and great quantities of them were gathered in by traders. Credit was given freely to the people, and as a large part of them were transient and single, there were

many flittings, and loans were about equal to gains. Occasionally an exceptionally mean transaction was advertised, and the office of Judge Lynch was threatened in plain terms by the people, to deter a repetition of similar outrages.

"With slow growth the village made its way up to 1839. Goods were sold at enormous prices, and credits were the rule. But little money entered into trade. Very few made both ends meet; no one made anything beyond a living. As an illustration of the independence of the old *regime* merchants, we mention an instance that occurred on the lot now occupied by Moore's grocery, where Joel D. Butler kept a store. Butler came from Delaware and established a branch store for a firm in that place. Everything was kept neatly in place, and no crowd could induce him to wrinkle and tumble his goods. A lady came in one day and was a little hard to please, as ladies are, once in a while, now-a-days. After what would be called a brief showing by modern clerks, Butler left the lady, came round the counter, filled and lit his pipe, and sat down, saying, 'You don't want a d—d thing, and you had better clear out, the sooner the better.' With all his brusqueness the man managed to own his store, and the room next north, which he afterwards sold to J. S. Reed & Co., who occupied it for a long term of years. He did, however, fail, having adhered to old methods of business until he used himself up in the unequal contest. He took money of the farmers, paid them interest by the year, kept no regular account of his indebtedness, made no provision for payment, and by and by, when his creditors called for money, failed.

"About this time a Yankee merchant opened out, and cut down the old system, by selling for cash at small profits. The old

traders, who had taken up the business without training, were shocked. Every effort was made to drive off the Yankee, but in vain; he had come to stay. Gradually the business of the county changed into better shape. Farmers prospered, for they saved half their expense; merchants prospered, for they ceased to lose their profits in bad debts. In place of stocks of goods amounting to \$2,000 or \$3,000, stocks of \$20,000 or more began to be common.

"It was a great undertaking to get off the wheat taken in for goods during the winter, and to sell and reinvest in goods, and get them back into store again. There were so many changes in value, so many expenses and risks, that but few merchants succeeded. The statistics of Marion county mercantile business establish failure as the rule, and success as the exception.

"The long string of covered wagons, frequently fifty in one line, loaded with grain for the lakes, each with bed and lunch-box, which slowly and patiently toiled over the long distance, with its night encampment, its camp fires and pleasant group of story-tellers have disappeared, and are now known only by tradition. The old-fashioned store, with its scant stock of staples; its handy whisky-bottle and tin cup; its ample daybook and its ledger; its quaint salesman with few words and plain dress, and meagre pay; its fearful prices with Noah's ark fashions; all these have gone to the death to be seen no more! Young America with its 'make or bust'; its plate-glass windows; its expensive, fashionable goods; dandy-dressed clerks, diamonds and lavish salary, and the woman of the period, equal in fashionable extravagance; all these have come in, and the cost and expense of the modern machine would have shocked the old-timer and driven him to suicide."

A STAGE COACH JOURNEY ACROSS OHIO IN 1834.

About the year 1834 a deputation was sent by the Congregational Union of Great Britain on a visit to America. It consisted of Rev. Messrs. Read and Matthewson. Mr. Read published their experiences of travel under the title of "Visit to American Churches." He rode, without his companion, across the State from Sandusky, which he reached by boat from Buffalo, and passed through Marion on his way to Cincinnati. The observations of an intelligent gentleman and an accomplished descriptive writer at that early date render his narrative unusually instructive. As the county was then largely a wilderness and he passed through the grand solemn forests and by the cabins of the new-comers in the little clearings, his account makes a profound woodsy impression upon the reader:

In the middle of the day we reached Sandusky. It has not more than seven or eight hundred inhabitants; but it is, nevertheless, a city with its corporate rights and officers.

Sandusky Described.—It is truly a city in a forest; for the large stumps of the original pines are still standing in the main street, and over the spots that have been cleared for settlement, the new wood is springing up with amazing vigor, as if to defy the hand of man.

I went to the best inn in the town. It had been better had it been cleaner. It was, however, welcome to me, as a heavy thunder-storm was just beginning to put forth its tremendous power. I congratulated myself on my safety, but my confidence was quickly moderated, for the rain soon found its way within the house and came spattering down the walls of the room in strange style. By-the-bye, few things seem to be water-proof here.

A second time, my luggage soaked through. I had placed it *under* the upper deck of the vessel as a place of perfect security, but a searching rain came on in the night, the deck leaked and my portmanteau suffered. However, I had made up my mind in starting not to be disturbed by anything that might be injured, lost, or stolen on the way—a precaution that had certainly more wisdom in it than I was aware of—for without it I might have had a pretty good share of disturbance. Already, much was injured, and some was stolen; of the future I could not speak, but if things went on in the same promising manner I had the prospect of being returned to New York in a coatless, shirtless and very bootless condition.

There are two places of worship here: one for the Presbyterians and the other for the Episcopal Methodists. The first is without a minister, and neither of them in a very flourishing state: They stand on the green sward; they are about thirty feet square and for want of paint have a worn and dirty aspect. The good people here reverse the Dutch proverb: it is not "paint costs nothing," but "wood costs nothing," and they act accordingly. They will, however, improve with the town, and at present they offer accommodation enough for its wants, but half the adult population certainly go nowhere.

Rough People.—Indeed, the state of religious and moral feeling was evidently very low here; and I heard more swearing and saw more Sabbath-breaking than I had before witnessed. There were many *groceries*, as they call themselves here; *groggeries*, as their enemies call them; and they were all full. Manners, which are consequent on religion and morality, were proportionally affected. I felt that I was introduced to a new state of things which demanded my best attention.

Stage Coach Experience.—Having rested here over the Sabbath, I arranged to leave by coach early in the morning for Columbus. I rose, therefore, at two. Soon after I had risen the bar-agent came to say that the coach was ready and would start in ten minutes. As the rain had made the roads bad this was rather an ominous as well as untimely intimation, so I went down to take my place. I had no sooner begun to enter the coach than splash went my foot in mud and water. I exclaimed with surprise. "Soon be dry, sir," was the reply, while he withdrew the light, that I might not explore the cause of complaint. The fact was that the vehicle, like the hotel and the steamboat, was not water-tight, and the rain had found an entrance.

There was, indeed, in this coach, as in most others, a provision in the bottom—of holes—to let off both water and dirt; but here the dirt had become mud and thickened about the orifices so as to prevent escape. I found I was the only passenger; the morning was damp and chilly; the state of the coach added to the sensation, and I eagerly looked about for some means of protection. I drew up the wooden windows—out of five small

panes of glass in the sashes three were broken. I endeavored to secure the curtains; two of them had most of the ties broken and flapped in one's face. I could see nothing; everywhere I could feel the wind draw in upon me; and as for sounds, I had the call of the driver, the screeching of the wheels and the song of the bull-frog for my entertainment.

But the worst of my solitary situation was to come. All that had been intimated about bad roads now came upon me. They were not only bad, they were intolerable; they were rather like a stony ditch than a road. The horses on the first stages could only walk most of the way; we were frequently in up to the axle-tree, and I had no sooner recovered from a terrible plunge on one side than there came another in the opposite direction. I was literally thrown about like a ball. Let me dismiss the subject of bad roads for this journey by stating, in illustration, that with an empty coach and four horses, we were seven hours in going twenty-three miles; and that we were twenty-eight hours in getting to Columbus, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Yet this line of conveyance was advertised as a "splendid line, equal to any in the States."

Russell's Tavern.—At six o'clock we arrived at Russell's tavern, where we were to take breakfast. This is a nice inn; in good order, very clean, and the best provision. There was an abundant supply, but most of it was prepared with butter and the frying-pan; still there were good coffee and eggs, and delightful bread. Most of the family and the driver sat down at table, and the two daughters of our host waited on us. Mr. Russell, as is commonly the case in such districts, made the occupation of innkeeper subsidiary to that of farming. You commanded the whole of his farm from the door, and it was really a fine picture, the young crops blooming and promising in the midst of the desert.

Pious Family.—From the good manners of this family, and from the good husbandry and respectable carriage of the father, I hoped to find a regard for religion here. I turned to the rack of the bar and found there three books; they were, the *Gazetteer of Ohio*, *Popular Geography* and the *Bible*; they all denoted intelligence; the last was the most used.

The Grand Prairie.—Things now began to mend with me; daylight had come; the atmosphere was getting warm and bland. I had the benefit of a good breakfast; the road was in some measure improved; it was possible to look abroad and everything was inviting attention. We were now passing over what is called the Grand Prairie, and the prairies of this Western country are conspicuous among its phenomena. The first impression did not please me so much as I expected. It rather interests by its singularity than otherwise. If there be any other source of interest it may be found in its expansion over a wide region.

Land here is worth about two dollars and a

half per acre; and you may get a piece of five acres, cleared, and a good eight-railed fence round it for fifty dollars.

German Settlers.—Most of the recent settlers along this road seem to be Germans. We passed a little settlement of eight families who had arrived this season. The log-house is the only description of house in these new and scattered settlements. I passed one occupied by a doctor of medicine, and another tenanted by two bachelors, one of them being a judge.

Grandeur of the Forests.—The most interesting sight to me was the forest. It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see in it all the stages of growth, decay, dissolution and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel in it in *solitariness*, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end without finding any, before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity, and they mean that, as there are no works of art to produce this effect, there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I would depreciate what they mean to extol; but I hope you will sympathize with me when I say that I have met with nothing among the most venerable forms of art which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal.

The Clearances, too, which appeared in this ride, were on so small a scale as to strengthen this impression, and to convey a distinct impression of their own. On them the vast trees of the forest had been girdled, to prevent the foliage from appearing to overshadow the ground; and the land at their feet was grubbed up and sown with corn, which was expanding on the surface in all its luxuriance. The thin stems of Indian-corn were strangely contrasted with the huge trunks of the pine and oak, and the verdant surface below was as strangely opposed to the skeleton trees towering above, spreading out their leafless arms to the warm sun and the refreshing rains, and doing it in vain. Life and desolation were never brought closer together.

About noon we arrived at a little town and stopped at an inn, which was announced as

the dining-place. My very early breakfast, and my violent exercise, had not indisposed me for dinner. The dinner was a very poor affair. The chief dish was ham fried in butter—originally hard, and the harder for frying. I tried to get my teeth through it, and failed. There remained bread, cheese and cranberries; and of these I made my repast. While here, a German woman, one of the recent settlers, passed by on her way home. Her husband had taken the fever and died. She had come to buy a coffin for him, and other articles of domestic use at the same time. She was now walking home beside the man who bore the coffin; and with her other purchases under her arm. This was a sad specimen either of German phlegm or of the hardening effect of poverty.

Mormon Emigrants.—Here, also, was a set of Mormonites, passing through to the "Far West." They are among the most deluded fanatics. A gentleman inquired of one of them, why they left their own country? "Oh," he said, "there is ruin coming on it." "How do you know?" "It was revealed to me." "How was it revealed to you?" "I saw five letters in the sky." "Indeed! what were they?" "F-A-M-I-N," was the reply; a reply which created much ridicule and some profanity.

Passengers Aboard.—We now took in three persons who were going on to Marion. One was a colonel, though in mind, manners and appearance among the plainest of men; another was a lawyer and magistrate; the third was a considerable farmer.

All of them, by their station and avocation, ought to have been gentlemen; but if just terms are to be applied to them, they must be the opposite of this. To me they were always civil; but among themselves they were evidently accustomed to blasphemous and corrupt conversation. The colonel, who had admitted himself to be a Methodist, was the best, and sought to impose restraints on himself and companions; but he gained very little credit for them. I was grieved and disappointed; for I had met with nothing so bad. What I had witnessed at Sandusky was from a different and lower class of persons; but here were the first three men in respectable life with whom I had met in this State; and these put promiscuously before me—and all bad. It was necessary to guard against a hasty and prejudiced conclusion.

Marion.—On reaching Marion I was released from my unpleasant companions. I had to travel through most of the night; but no refreshment was provided. I joined in a meal that was nearly closed by another party, and prepared to go forward at the call of the driver. I soon found I was to be in different circumstances. We were nine persons and a child, within. Of course, after having been tossed about in an empty coach all day, like a boat on the ocean, I was not unwilling to have the prospect of sitting steadily in my corner; but when I got fairly pinned inside, knees and feet, the hard seat and the harder

ribs of the coach began to search out my bruises, and I was still a sufferer. However, there were now some qualifying considerations. The road was improving, and with it the scenery. I had come for fifty miles over a dead flat, with only one inclination, and that not greater than the pitch of Ludgate hill; the land was now finely undulated. My company, too, though there was something too much of it, was not objectionable; some of it was pleasing.

There were among them the lady of a judge and her daughter. The mother was affable and fond of conversation. She was glad we had such agreeable society in the stage, as "that did not always happen." She talked freely on many subjects, and sometimes as became a judge's lady of refinement and education; but she did it in broken grammar, and in happy ignorance that it was broken. As the night shut in, she, without the least embarrassment, struck up and sang off, very fairly, "Home, Sweet Home." This was all unasked, and before strangers; yet none were surprised but myself. I name this merely as a point of manners. The lady herself was unquestionably modest, intelligent, and, as I think, pious.

Delaware.—At nearly 1 o'clock we arrived at Delaware. Here I was promised a night's rest. You shall judge whether that promise was kept or broken. There was no refreshment of any kind prepared or offered; so we demanded our lights to retire. The judge's lady and daughter were shown into a closet, called a room. There was no fastening to the door, and she protested that she would not use it. I insisted that it was not proper treatment. All the amendment that could be gained was a proposition "to fetch a nail, and she could nail herself in, and be snug enough."

I was shown into a similar closet. There were no dressing accommodations. I required them, and was told that those things were *in common* below. I refused to use them; and at length, by showing a little firmness and a little kindness, obtained soap, bowl and towel. I dressed. By this time it was nearly 2 o'clock. I was to be called at half-past 2; and I threw myself on the bed to try to sleep with the soothing impression that I must awake in half an hour.

Worthington.—At half-past 2, I was summoned, and having put myself in readiness, and paid for a *night's lodging*, I was again on my way. The day broke on us pleasantly, and the country was very beautiful. We forded the Whetstone, a lively river, which ornamented the ride. We passed through Worthington, a smart town, prettily placed, and having a good college, and arrived at Columbus, the capital, at 9 o'clock.

Columbus has a good location in the heart of the State. It contains about 4,000 persons, and is in a very advancing condition. This indeed is true of all the settlements in this State, and you will hardly think it can be otherwise when I inform you that forty years ago there were only 500 persons in the

whole territory, and that now there are about a million.

The inn at which we stopped is the rendezvous of the stages. Among others there were two ready to start for Cincinnati. On seeking to engage my place the inquiry was, "Which will you go by, sir? the fast or slow line?" Weary as I was of the slow line, I exclaimed, "Oh, the fast line, certainly!" I quickly found myself enclosed in a good coach, carrying the mail, and only six persons inside. In this journey we had but three.

Rough Travelling.—In demanding to go by the fast line I was not aware of all the effects of my choice. It is certainly a delightful thing to move with some rapidity over a good road; but on a bad road, with stubborn springs, it is really terrible. For miles out of Columbus the road is shamefully bad; and as our horses were kept on a trot, however slow, I was not only tumbled and shaken as on the previous day, but so jarred and jolted as to threaten serious mischief. Instead, therefore, of finding a lounge, or sleep, as I had hoped, in this comfortable coach, I was obliged to be on the alert for every jerk. And after all I could do, my teeth were jarred, my hat was many times thrown from my head, and all my bruises bruised over again. It was really an amusement to see us laboring to keep our places.

Jefferson.—About noon we paused at the town called Jefferson. We were to wait half an hour; there would be no other chance of dinner; but there were no signs of dinner here. However, I had been on very short supplies for the last twenty-four hours, and considered it my duty to eat if I could. I applied to the good woman of the inn, and in a very short time she placed venison, fruit-tarts and tea before me; all very clean and the venison excellent. It was a refreshing repast, and the demand on my purse was only twenty-five cents.

"How long have you been here?" I said to my hostess, who stood by me fanning the dishes to keep off the flies. "Only came last fall, sir." "How old is this town?" "Twenty-three months, sir—then the first house was built."

There are now about 500 persons settled here, and there are three good hotels. There is something very striking in these rapid movements of life and civilization in the heart of the forest.

Noble Forests.—On leaving Jefferson we plunged again into the forest, and towards evening we got on the greensward or natural road. This was mostly good and uncut, and we bowled along in serpentine lines, so as to clear the stumps with much freedom. The scenery now, even for the forest, was becoming unusually grand. It repeatedly broke away from you, so as to accumulate the objects in the picture, and to furnish all the beauties of light, shade and perspective. The trees, too, were mostly oak, and of finest growth. Their noble stems ran up some hundred feet above you, and were beautifully

feathered with verdant foliage. There, they ran off in the distance, park-like, but grander far, in admirable grouping, forming avenues, galleries and recesses, redolent with solemn loveliness; and here, they stood before you like the thousand pillars of one vast imperishable temple for the worship of the Great Invisible. Well might our stout forefathers choose the primitive forests for their sanctuaries. All that art has done in our finest Gothic structures is but a poor, poor imitation!

Yellow Springs and Springfield.—I passed in this day's ride the Yellow Springs and Springfield. The former is a watering-place. There is a fine spring of chalybeate and an establishment capable of receiving from 150 to 200 visitors; it is resorted to for the purposes of health, hunting and fishing. Springfield is a flourishing town, built among the handsome hills that abound in this vicinity. It is one of the cleanest, brightest, and most inviting that I have seen. But all the habitations were as nothing compared with the forest. I had been travelling through it for two days and nights, and still it was the same. Now, you came to a woodsman's hut in the solitudes; now to a farm; and now to a village, by courtesy called a town or a city; but it was still the forest. You drove on for miles through it unbroken; then you came to a small clearance and a young settlement; and then again you plunged into the wide, everlasting forest to be with nature and with God. This night I had also to travel and, weary as I was, I was kept quite on the alert.

A Thunderstorm.—I had longed to witness a storm in the forest, and this was to happen earlier than my anticipations. The day had been hot, but fine; the night came on sultry, close and silent. The beautiful fire-flies appeared in abundance; summer lightning began to flash across the heavens. All this time clouds were moving from every part of the circumference to the centre of the sky. At length they formed a heavy, dense, black canopy over our heads, leaving the horizon clear and bright. The lightnings, which at first appeared to have no centre, had now consolidated their forces behind this immense cloud, and were playing round its whole circle with great magnificence and brilliancy; continually the prodigious cloud was getting larger and darker, and descending nearer to us, so as powerfully to awaken expectation. The splendid coruscations which played round its margin now ceased and all was still. In an instant the forked lightning broke from the very centre of the cloud; the thunder, deep and loud, shook the earth, and rolled and pealed through the heavens; the heavy rain dashed in unbroken channels to the ground, and the mighty winds burst forth in their fury and roared and groaned among the giant trees of the wood. There were we, in the deep forest and in the deep night and in the midst of a storm such as I had never witnessed. Oh, it was grand! God's own voice in God's own temple! Never did I see

so much of the poetic truth and beauty of that admirable ode, "The voice of the Lord," etc. It ceased as suddenly as it began. The winds which bore the cloud away left all behind calm; and the fire-fly, which had been eclipsed or affrighted, reappeared and sparkled over us in the profound darkness, and presently the stars of a higher sphere looked forth benignantly on the lower elements and all was peace.

Lebanon.—The early morning found me still travelling, and getting seriously unwell. I thought I must have remained at Lebanon, a town about twenty miles from Cincinnati, to sicken and suffer without a friend; and then all the loneliness of my situation came over me. The stage halted here an hour; this allowed me some time to recover, and I resolved, if it were possible, to go forward to what I might regard as a resting-place.

Happily, everything was now improving. The road was not unworthy of MacAdam, and we bowled over it at the rate of nine miles an hour. The country was covered with hills, finely wooded, and all about them were spread farms, in a handsome and thriving state of cultivation. Many ornamental cottages now appeared, and the whole suburbs put on a cheerful and beautiful aspect. At last we drove into the Western metropolis. I had travelled three days and three nights, and was so wearied, bruised and hurt that I could not, with comfort, sit, lie, or walk. The remainder of this day I spent in my chamber.

Cincinnati is really worthy to be styled a city, and it is a city "born in a day and in the wilderness." It has a population of 30,000 persons, and is not more than thirty-six years old. Its streets are composed of transverse lines; the straight lines are broken by the undulating surface of the ground; the surrounding hills stand up beautifully at the head of all the streets, and the Ohio runs off finely at its feet. There are several good streets; some enlivened by business, and others ornamented by comfortable dwellings and the spreading acacia, but there are no very striking objects.

Some of the churches are good, but not remarkable, except the old Presbyterian church in the main street, which is large and Dutch-built, with a brick face, with two brick towers projecting on it, which towers have turrets as heavy as themselves, and which turrets are chiefly remarkable for two dials which exactly agree. When I saw them they both wanted three minutes to six, and I doubt not if I could see them now they still want just three minutes to six. Besides this there is, as it is called, "Trollope's Folly," an erection in which that lady, thus complimented, exhausted her means and certainly did not show her taste.

I was struck by the number of barbers' shops and groceries, or grog-shops; it should seem that no man here shaves himself, and that temperance has not yet fulfilled its commission. I believe there are not less than two hundred grog-stores in Cincinnati.

CALEDONIA is nine miles northeast of Marion, on the C. C. C. & I. and N. Y. P. & O. Railroads. Newspaper : *Argus*, Independent, A. D. Fulton, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Universalist, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Presbyterian. Bank : Caledonia Deposit, William Rowse, president, C. H. Rowse, cashier. Population, 1880, 627. School census, 1888, 250.

LA RUE is fourteen miles west of Marion, on the Scioto river and C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspaper : *News*, Independent, S. C. Koons, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 614. School census, 1888, 242.

PROSPECT is ten miles south of Marion, on the C. H. V. & T. R. R. and Scioto river. Newspapers : *Advance*, Independent, Clowes & Pettit, editors and publishers ; *Monitor*, Independent, S. W. Van Winkle, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 German Reformed and 1 Lutheran. Banks : Citizens', F. C. Freeman, president, Joseph Cratty, cashier ; Prospect, B. K. Herbst, president, George W. Cook, cashier. Population, 1880, 600. School census, 1888, 262. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$10,000. Value of annual product, \$9,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

NEW BLOOMINGTON, in the western part of the county. Population, 1880, 271. School census, 1888, 150.

WALDO, seven miles southeast of Marion, on the west branch of the Olen-tangy river. Population, 1880, 248. School census, 1888, 51.

GREEN CAMP is six miles southwest of Marion, on the Scioto river and N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 312. School census, 1888, 117.

THREE LOCUSTS is a post-office and village at the junction of the C. C. C. & I., P. & O. and O. C. in the northeast part of the county. The village was platted in 1881. Mr. John M. Baker, who owned the first house built here, applied to the Department at Washington to have a post-office here and named "Baker." On their refusal to give this name, some of the citizens assembled under the friendly shade of a beautiful group of three locusts that were standing there, for it was a hot summer's day, and, while discussing the matter, one of them looking up was seized with an inspiring thought and said, "Why not call it 'Three Locusts?'" The suggestion was acted upon and Mr. Baker became the first post-master of the only Three Locusts on the globe.

Big Island township got its name from a big grove in the midst of prairie land.

MEDINA.

MEDINA COUNTY was formed February 18, 1812, "from that part of the Reserve west of the 11th range, south of the numbers 5, and east of the 20th range, and attached to Portage county until organized." It was organized in April, 1818. The county was settled principally from Connecticut, though within the last few years there has been a considerable accession of Germans. The surface is generally rolling, with much bottom land of easy tillage; the soil is principally clay and gravelly loam—the clayey portion scantily watered, the gravelly abundantly. The soil is better adapted to grass than grain.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were, 103,232; in pasture, 80,523; woodland, 34,475; lying waste, 427; produced in wheat, 391,559 bushels; rye, 641; buckwheat, 54; oats, 647,262; barley, 414; corn, 447,268; broom-corn, 3,240 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 26,527 tons; clover hay, 14,785; flax, 362,664 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 68,019 bushels; tobacco, 87,311 lbs.; butter, 847,995; cheese, 860,715; maple sugar, 92,162; honey, 17,140; eggs, 472,338 dozen; grapes, 5,200 pounds; wine, 5 gallons; sweet potatoes, 20 bushels; apples, 71,504; peaches, 4,807; pears, 1,160; wool, 241,748 pounds; milch cows owned, 8,826. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 198,452 tons; employing 370 miners and 43 outside employees. School census, 1888, 6,572; teachers, 273. Miles of railroad track, 48.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Brunswick,	1,110	943	Liverpool,	1,502	1,339
Chatham,	555	1,006	Medina,	1,435	1,849
Granger,	954	1,008	Montville,	915	1,304
Guilford,	1,402	1,872	Sharon,	1,314	1,195
Harrisville,	1,256	1,382	Spencer,	551	898
Hinckley,	1,287	962	Wadsworth,	1,481	2,837
Homer,	660	863	Westfield,	1,031	1,045
La Fayette,	938	1,105	York,	782	992
Litchfield,	787	853			

Population of Medina in 1820 was 3,090; 1830, 7,560; 1840, 18,360; 1860, 22,517; 1880, 21,543, of whom 15,111 were born in Ohio; 1,805, Pennsylvania; 1,379, New York; 68, Kentucky; 57, Virginia; 18, Indiana; 590, England and Wales; 587, German Empire; 144, British America; 125, Ireland; 66, Scotland; and 39, France. Census, 1890, 21,742.

The first regular settlement in the county was made at Harrisville, on the 14th of February, 1811, by Joseph Harris, Esq., who removed from Randolph, Portage county, with his family, consisting of his wife and one child. The nearest white people were at Wooster, seventeen miles distant.

The first trail made through the county north, toward the lake, was from Wooster, a short time after the declaration of war with Great Britain. The party consisted of George Poe (son of Adam, the Indian fighter), Joseph H. Larwill (a famous surveyor of Wayne county), and Roswell M. Mason. They carried their provision in packs, and laid out the first night on their blankets in the open air, on the south side of "the big swamp." It was amusing, as they lay, to listen to the howling of the wolves, and hear the raccoons catch frogs and devour them, making, in their mastication, a peculiar and inimitable noise, which sounded loud in the stillness of the night. In the course of the evening they heard bells of cattle north of them, and in the morning discovered the settlement of Mr. Harris. From thence they proceeded down to the falls of Black river, at what

is now Elyria, and at the mouth of the stream found a settler, named Read, whose habitation, excepting that of Mr. Harris, was the only one between there and Wooster.

In the June following Mr. Harris's arrival he was joined by Russell Burr and George Burr and family, direct from Litchfield, Conn. In the summer after, on the breaking out of the war, Messrs. Harris and Burr removed their families for a few months to Portage county, from fear of the Indians, and returned themselves in October to Harrisville. The following winter provision was carried from the Middlebury mills, by the residence of Judge Harris, to Fort Stephenson, his cabin being the last on the route. The season is adverted to by the old settlers as "the cold winter." Snow lay to the depth of eighteen inches, from the 1st of January to the 27th of February, during which the air was so cold that it did not diminish an inch in depth during the whole time.

An Indian trail from Sandusky to the Tuscarawas passed by the residence of Mr. Harris. It was a narrow, hard-trodden bridle-path. In the fall the Indians came upon it from the west to this region, remained through the winter to hunt and returned in the spring, their horses laden with furs, jerked venison and bear's oil, the last an extensive article of trade. The horses were loose and followed each other in single file. It was not uncommon to see a single hunter returning with as many as twenty horses laden with his winter's work and usually accompanied by his squaw and papooses, all mounted. The Indians often built their wigwams in this vicinity, near water, frequently a dozen within a few rods. They were usually made of split logs or poles covered with bark. Some of the chiefs had theirs made of flags, which they rolled up and carried with them. The Indians were generally very friendly with the settlers, and it was rare to find one deficient in mental acuteness.

In the fall of the same year that Mr. Harris settled at Harrisville, William Litey, a native of Ireland, with his family, settled in Bath township, on or near the border of Portage county. In the winter of 1815, after the close of the war, the settlements began to increase. Among the early settlers are recollected the names of Esquire Van Heinen, Zenas Hamilton, Rufus Ferris, James Moore, the Ingersolls, Jones, Sibleys, Friezes, Roots, Demings, Warner, Hoyt, Dean and Durham.

Medina in 1846.—Medina, the county-seat, is on the stage-road from Cleveland to Columbus, twenty-eight miles from the first and one hundred and seventeen from the latter. It was originally called Mecca—and is so marked on the early maps of Ohio—from the Arabian city famous as the birth-place of Mahomet. It was afterwards changed to its present name, being the seventh place on the globe of that name. The others are, *Medina*, a town of Arabia Deserta, celebrated as the burial-place of Mahomet; *Medina*, the capital of the kingdom of Woolly, West Africa; *Medina*, a town and fort on the island of Bahrein, near the Arabian shore of the Persian gulf; *Medina*, a town in Estremadura, Spain; *Medina*, Orleans county, N. Y., and *Medina*, Lenawee county, Michigan.

On the organization of the county in 1818, the first court was held in a barn, now standing half a mile north of the court-house. The village was laid out that year, and the next season a few settlers moved in. The township had been previously partially settled. In 1813 Zenas Hamilton moved into the central part with his family, from Danbury, Conn. His nearest neighbor was some eight or ten miles distant. Shortly after came the families of Rufus Ferris, Timothy Doane, Lathrop Seymour, James Moore, Isaac Barnes, Joseph Northrop, Friend Ives, Abijah Mann, James Palmer, William Painter, Frederick Appleton, etc., etc.

Rev. Roger Searle, an Episcopalian, was the first clergyman, and the first church was in the eastern part of the township where was then the most population. It was a log structure, erected in 1817. One morning all the materials

were standing, forming a part of the forest, and in the afternoon Rev. Mr. Searle preached a sermon in the finished church.*

From an early day religious worship in some form was held in the township on the Sabbath. The men brought their families to "meeting" in ox-teams, in which they generally had an axe and an auger to mend their carts in case of accidents, the roads being very bad. The first wedding was in March, 1818, at which the whole settlement were present. When the ceremony and rejoicings were over each man lighted his flambeau of hickory bark and made his way home through the forest. The early settlers got their meal ground at a log-mill at Middlebury; although but about twenty miles distant, the journey there and back occupied five days. They had only ox-teams, and the rough roads they cut through the woods, after being passed over a few times, became impassable from mud, compelling them to continually open new ones.

Owing to the want of a market the products of agriculture were very low. Thousands of bushels of wheat could at one time be bought for less than twenty-five cents per bushel, and cases occurred where ten bushels were offered for a single pound of tea, and refused. As an example: Mr. Joel Blakeslee, of Medina, about the year 1822, sowed fifty-five acres in wheat, which he could only sell by bartering with his neighbors. He fed out most of it in bundles to his cattle and swine. All that he managed to dispose of for cash was a small quantity sold to a traveller, at 12½ cents per bushel, as feed for his horse. Other products were in proportion. One man brought an ox-wagon filled with corn from Granger, eight miles distant, which he gladly exchanged for three yards of satinete for a pair of pantaloons. It was not until the opening of the Erie canal that the settlers had a market. From that time the course of prosperity has been onward. The early settlers, after wearing out their woollen pantaloons, were obliged to have them seated and kneed with buckskin, in which attire they attended church. It was almost impossible to raise wool, in consequence of the abundance of wolves, who destroyed the sheep.

The view given on the annexed page of the public square in Medina was taken from the steps of the new court-house; the old court-house and the Baptist church are seen on the right. The village contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Free Will Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Universalist church, 7 dry goods, 5 grocery, 1 book and 2 apothecary stores, 1 newspaper printing office, 1 woollen and 1 axe factory, 1 flouring mill, 1 furnace, and had, in 1840, 655 inhabitants, since which it has increased.—*Old Edition.*

MEDINA, county-seat of Medina, twenty-eight miles southwest of Cleveland, about one hundred miles northeast of Columbus, is the centre of a farming region, the principal products of which are grain, butter and cheese. It is on the C. L. & W. R. R.

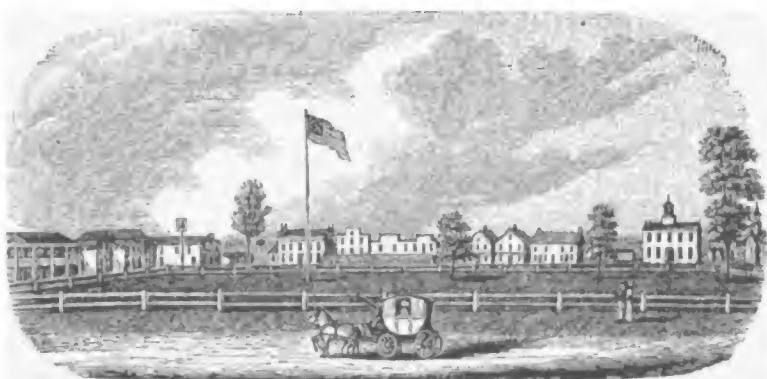
County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Alfred L. Corman; Clerk, Nicholas Van Epp; Commissioners, Richard Freeman, John Pearson, Noah N. Yoder; Coroner, Aaron Sanders; Infirmary Directors, William F. Nye, Henry Mills, Samuel B. Curtis; Probate Judge, John T. Graves; Prosecuting Attorney, Jesse W. Seymour; Recorder, Jacob Long; Sheriff, Norman P. Nichols; Surveyor, Amos D. Sheldon; Treasurer, Joseph Hebel. City officers, 1888: F. O. Phillips, Mayor; Hiram Goodwin, Clerk; Wm. F. Sipher, Treasurer; Frank Heath, Solicitor; John Esdate, Street Commissioner; S. Frazier, Marshal. Newspapers: *Medina County Gazette and News*, Republican, Green & Neil, editors and publishers; *Sentinel*, Democrat, M. L. Dorman, editor and publisher; *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, A. I. Root, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Episcopal,

* Father Finley, in his autobiography published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1853, states, "Mr. Howe, in his History of Ohio, says: 'The first sermon preached in Medina township was by an Episcopal clergyman,' but it was a fact that Mr. (John C.) Brooke had preached there the year before, and had a regular preaching place."



"How doth the busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

BEE-HIVE FACTORY, MEDINA.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MEDINA.



A. G. Erwin, Photo., Medina, 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MEDINA.

1 Methodist, 1 Disciples, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic. Bank : Phœnix National, J. H. Albro, president, R. M. McDowell, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—B. H. Brown & Co., planing mill, 14 hands ; A. B. Bishop, carriages and wagons, 6 ; George Weber & Co., stove hollow-ware, 25 ; A. I. Root, bee supplies, 96 ; Medina Carriage Co., carriages and wagons, 4 ; Hickox Brothers, planing mill, 3 ; O. C. Shepard, flour and feed, 3.—*State Report, 1888.* Population in 1880, 1,484. School census, 1888, 505 ; J. R. Kennan, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 2,073.

Medina has an extensive bee culture interest, combining the cultivation of bees with the manufacture of implements connected therewith. Its beginnings and growth are related in the catalogue of A. I. Root, whose immense establishment covers nearly three acres of land. The grounds are beautifully laid out with shrubbery and vines, and contain nearly one thousand hives of bees. Says Mr. Root :

In 1865 a swarm of bees chanced to pass overhead where I was working. A fellow-workman asked what I would give for them. I answered, "A dollar," little dreaming that he would succeed in getting them. To my astonishment, he returned with the swarm. With this as a nucleus of what is now a large business, I began the study of bees in earnest. In spite of the fact that some of my good friends assured me that "bees didn't pay any more," and in spite of the usual blunders of a beginner, my apiary began to increase, and my enthusiasm developed into the unmistakable "bee-fever." In 1867 from 20 stocks I took the first thousand pounds of honey ever taken with an extractor, and increased to 35. In 1869 I extracted 6,162

pounds of honey from 48 colonies, and sold the product at 25 cents per pound. As the hives then in use were ill adapted for the extractor, I saw no other way than to manufacture the implements I recommended.

The sale of supplies gradually developed into a very extensive business, until at the present time this establishment's capacity is about 1,000 hives per day, besides a large amount of other work. A newspaper is published devoted to bee culture interests, and the shipments during the busy season sometimes aggregate a car-load and a half by freight and a car-load of express matter per day. It is the largest establishment of the kind in the Union.

We are indebted to Captain Milton P. Peirce for several valuable articles upon early events in the history of this region which here follow. The first is upon the "GREAT HINCKLEY HUNT," which he originally published in the *American Field*, of Chicago, January 4, 1890. It is reproduced, together with the engraving, which, of itself, is an oddity, inasmuch as the artist represents the Western Reserve farmers going hunting in dressing gowns and with such countenances as one might have found among the bogs of the Emerald Isle, but then there is compensation in the natural aspect of the bears, wolves, panthers, turkeys, etc.

Probably the most successful well-managed hunt for wild game ever known in this country occurred December 24, 1818, in the county of Medina, Ohio. Several accounts of the matter were published many years ago, but quite imperfect, particularly in introductory matter.

The first settlement of the Western Reserve was made at Cleveland, and a large portion of the tract was sold by townships, each five miles square, to numerous wealthy residents of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Many of these parties gave their own names to townships owned by them. Judge Hinckley, of Northampton, Mass., owned three townships, one of which took his name. This is the northeast township of Medina county, and the centre of the township is about fifteen miles due south from the city of Cleveland. It was heavily timbered, and this forest was

full of game, embracing bears, deer, wolves, panthers, turkeys and a great variety of smaller game. It was settled mainly by Massachusetts and Connecticut people, mostly agriculturists. Comparatively few of these people had a penchant for hunting, but those who did were never excelled as hunters. They had the best of arms and knew how to use them.

The writer of this sketch was born in the Green Mountain range, in Western Massachusetts, and, being left an orphan at an early age, was brought by relatives to the Western Reserve while a small boy, over fifty years ago. Immense quantities of game were still left, but before I was large enough to manage a rifle the bears and wolves were gone. But I had an opportunity to shoot a few deer and many wild turkeys. I never lost an opportunity to spend an evening with

some of the old hunters, many of whom still lived in the region, and I never tired hearing them relate their hunting experiences. The more notable of these is as vividly impressed upon my memory as it was the next day after hearing it. I knew several of those who participated in the celebrated Hinckley hunt, and particularly one man who was one season a "month hand" upon our farm, and a thoroughly reliable man. This man was about twenty years of age at the time of the hunt and remembered the details vividly. In the different accounts of the hunt which I heard from the lips of the participators, as well as those which I have read, there has been but little variation, and that caused by the fact that at the commencement of the "drive" these men were on different lines, five miles apart, and the incidents naturally varied somewhat.

It is proper to state here that these New England settlers were thoroughly accustomed to raising sheep while in their native States, and they very naturally desired to engage in the industry at their new homes, but were seriously embarrassed by reason of the superabundance of wolves. Their pig-pens were also frequently raided by bears. I can myself remember when over one hundred sheep were killed by wolves in one night, upon a few farms in our immediate neighborhood, our own flock suffering. And I vividly remember that my thumbs and fingers subsequently suffered from "pulling the wool" from the same sheep. In the early days of sheep-raising upon the "Reserve," quite a number of hunts were organized, in which quite large tracts of forest were surrounded by the settlers and many bears, wolves and deer were killed. Quite a number of persons were also wounded by careless firing of guns, and one or more killed.

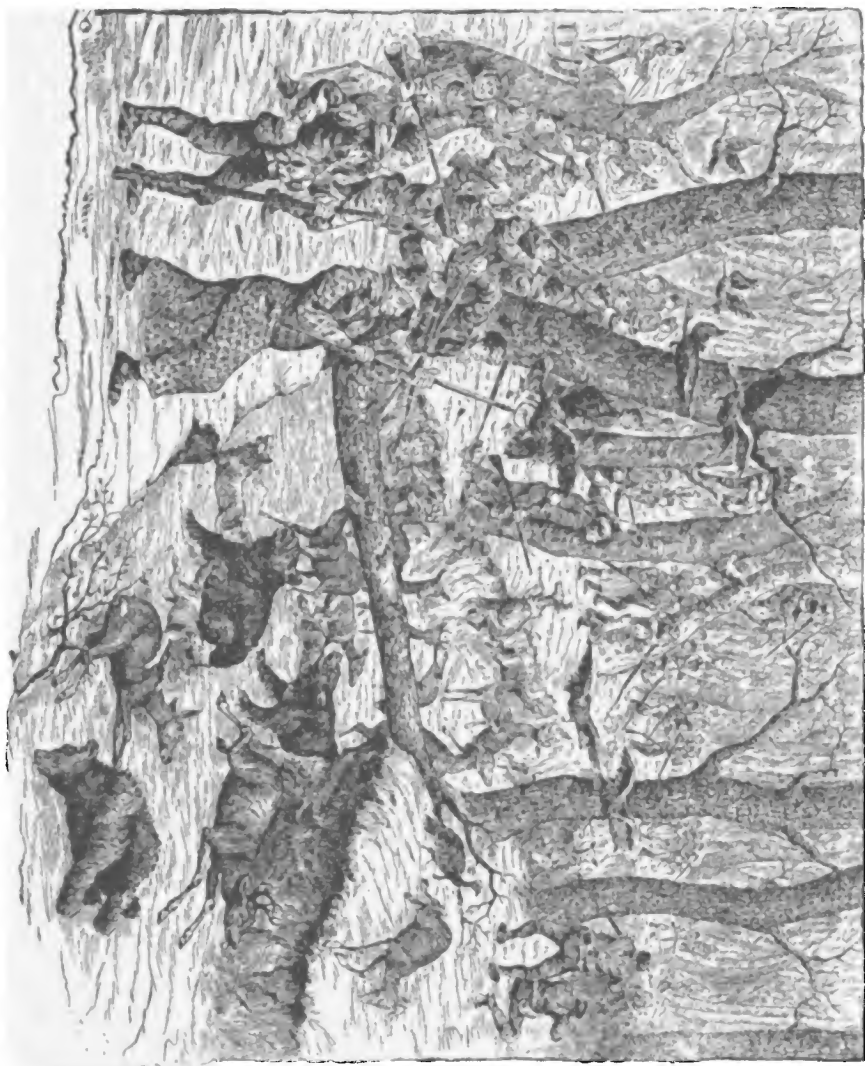
Judge Hinckley made no effort to dispose of the lands in the township bearing his name for some years, and each of the adjoining townships had, by 1818, gained a good many settlers who cleared numerous tracts of land. Hinckley was still an unbroken, virgin forest of the heaviest timber, and became a harbor for large game which devastated the surrounding settlements. It was not unusual for a settler to lose his entire little flock of sheep in a single night, even though penned within the shadow of his buildings. Finally, late in the fall of 1818, quite a number of meetings were held in the townships surrounding Hinckley, to make arrangements for a war of extermination upon the bears and wolves. Committees were appointed, and the various committees met for consultation, and made arrangements for a grand hunt which should embrace the entire township of Hinckley and forest lands adjacent thereto. Four captains were appointed, one of whom had supreme command of the entire battalion. Surveyors blazed a line of trees upon a circle half a mile around the centre of the township. The programme, which was advertised in various ways so that it was fully known for twenty miles in every direction around

Hinckley, was as follows: The drive was to take place on December 24. Able-bodied men and large boys joining in the hunt were to assemble as follows: Those from Cleveland, Newburg and Royalton and adjacent neighborhoods, on the north line of the township of Hinckley. Those from Brecksville, Richfield and adjacent neighborhoods, on the east line. Those from Bath, Granger and adjacent neighborhoods, on the south line. Those from Medina, Brunswick, Liverpool and adjacent neighborhoods, on the west line. All were instructed to be on the ground at sunrise.

As the last war with Great Britain had closed only three years before, there were plenty of officers who understood the handling of such bodies of men. Most families also had serviceable muskets, such as the laws of their respective States had required each able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to own. But still, there were not sufficient firearms to go round. Bayonets were mounted upon poles, butcher-knives and improvised lances were similarly mounted, and some carried axes, while many carried hatchets and butcher-knives in waist belts. It should be understood that the virgin forests of that region were of large timber, few with limbs nearer than thirty feet from the ground, and as there was but little underbrush in the forest, it was practicable to drive a team with sled, wherever there were no streams to interfere. Many of those from a distance came on sleds, and some reached the ground on the evening of December 23. Nearly six hundred men and large boys were on the lines at sunrise, eager for a start, for a few deer and turkeys had been killed before reaching the lines, and many had been driven in.

Soon after sunrise the commanding officer gave the words, "All ready!" The words were loudly repeated around the lines to the right, and came round to the starting point in just forty seconds, showing a good organization. Many of the boys and some of the men were provided with horns and conch-shells, and most of them with sonorous voices. The signal to start was by the horns, shouts, etc. The captains and their assistants along each line kept their lines properly spaced (like skirmishers) and each line made its share of noise. In a few moments deer began to show themselves along all the lines, but were quickly fired upon. Many escaped, but about one hundred had been killed before the half-mile limit had been reached; also, a few turkeys.

By previous arrangement, a general halt was made at the line of blazed trees, half a mile from the centre of the township. There was occasionally a large fallen tree, the top of which afforded hiding-places for the bears and deer. All such within the circle were subsequently found to be occupied by these animals, too much frightened to show fight. Quite a number of dogs had been led by boys and men who did not have firearms. Deer were to be seen running in every direction within the circle, and occasionally a bear or



THE GREAT HINCKLEY HUNT, DEC. 24, 1818.

wolf. The dogs, at a given signal, were released and soon created great commotion within the circle. The frightened deer made constant attempts to break through the cordon of men and boys, but most of them were shot upon nearing the circle. The officers constantly cautioned the men not to fire, except toward the centre. Finally, after the fire had slackened materially and upon a given signal, the most experienced hunters, previously selected, advanced toward the centre with orders to kill all the bears and wolves, if they could without endangering each other or those in the lines. They soon succeeded in killing most of those animals within the circle. Then, upon signal, the hunters climbed trees in order to make plunging shots and not endanger those in the circular line, who were ordered to advance upon the centre without firing, except after an animal had succeeded in passing through the line. A stream, now frozen over and with high banks, was soon reached by a portion of the line. An excellent hiding-place was afforded by this stream, and bears, wolves, deer and turkeys were found under the edge of its banks. As plunging shots could be safely fired here, a lively rattle of musketry took place, and most of the game there hidden was killed. The hunters in the central trees were now kept busy, and many with muskets and ammunition joined them as the line doubled and trebled in ranks by concentration. Finally, late in the afternoon the slaughter ceased, as the game was all killed. Most of the turkeys saved themselves by dint of their wings, but several were killed; one was killed by a farmer with a long-handled hay-fork, as it flew low over his head. Several deer were killed with bayonets, pikes, hay-forks, etc., while jumping over the heads of those forming the circle.

Orders were then given to each line to return and bring all the game into the centre. The boys and old men had kept the teams well up to the lines, and these were brought into requisition where necessary. The first work in order was the gathering and scalping of the wolves, for their scalps had a fixed cash value (a \$15 bounty, according to legend), and a trustworthy man was started with these (with horse and sled), to purchase sundry supplies. He returned before dark, and found over 400 men awaiting his coming. Over fifty of the men and most of the boys had returned home to do the chores. The game had all been collected at the centre and counted. A large bear had been dressed and prepared for a barbecue, and was being roasted when the man returned with the supplies. Said supplies were quickly set upon one head while the other head was as quickly knocked in with an ax. Tin cups were brought into requisition with surprising rapidity. Soon the fat was dripping copiously from the roasting bear, and one of the lively men, rendered extra frisky perhaps by the cheering nature of the supplies just partaken

of, cut off a large chunk of the fat and run a muck through the crowd, oiling scores of faces in a hasty attempt to oil hair and whiskers. Bears' oil was known to be specially beneficial for both hair and whiskers, and several others who had already tested its efficacy for a few minutes also sliced off lumps of the fat and showed a willingness to let all share in the benefits of the high-toned unguent. Within a very brief space of time every person in the crowd knew how it was himself, and every face glistened in the glare of the fires now blazing around the camp, for it had by this time become a full-fledged camp for the night. Those who came prepared to stay all night had ample supplies of cakes, bread, salt, etc., and, with an ample supply of bear and venison meat, enjoyed a rare game feast as well as a night of hilarity seldom experienced, even during the lifetime of the average frontiersman. All accounts agree that, among that entire party, not one became intoxicated, but the old survivors (and there are several still living) say it was because of the honest whiskey made in those days.

A beautiful Christmas morning dawned upon the jolly campers, who were soon visited by numerous parties from surrounding settlements, and some even from twenty or more miles away, who had come to see the game and to spend a jolly Christmas, make acquaintances among neighboring settlers, and have a rare time generally. And they scored a decided success.

A committee was appointed to make an equitable division of the game, which they did among the four parties forming the four lines that surrounded the township the previous morning. The few deer which were killed outside the township lines, while the parties were coming to their respective lines in the early morning, were not brought in, but were taken on the return home by those who killed them. An accurate enumeration of the game collected at the centre resulted as follows: seventeen wolves, twenty-one bears, 300 deer. The few turkeys killed were not taken into account, they being taken home by parties returning the first night. A few foxes and coons were killed, but were not taken into account. When a part of the line reached the frozen stream where the large accumulation of game was hiding, a load of buckshot fired from a musket at a glancing angle happened to be in range of a man at a considerable distance away, and he received a buckshot in the shoulder and another in the leg, both flesh wounds, painful but not dangerous. There was no other casualty whatever.

During the past fifty years the writer has read sufficient hunting literature to form several large volumes, and doubts whether there has ever been recorded so successful a hunt in America, or one so well planned and managed.

MODE OF CLEARING OFF THE VIRGIN FORESTS.

When the hardy sons of New England reached the Western Reserve they were confronted by dense forests of gigantic timber, of which the land had to be cleared before it could be cultivated. The first work after locating the farm was to clear away a few trees and build a cabin. Once established therein, the herculean task of clearing the forest commenced. Although inured to hard work, but few of these settlers had had much experience in clearing off virgin forests, and trees were cut one at a time, the brush and limbs piled into huge heaps, trunks cut into logging lengths, and the land thus cleared sown with grain. It sometimes took a single man from three to four weeks to chop down a single acre of hard-wooded forest.

Soon after the grain had been harvested and during a dry spell the brush and log heaps were fired. The brush heaps were soon consumed, but the log heaps required weeks of laborious attendance unless the weather remained dry. The logs required constant rolling together and re-piling, which was heavy and dirty work.

The second year some attempt was made to plow between the stumps and break off such roots as were sufficiently rotted. These were piled, and when dried were burned. The second crops were generally corn, with sufficient potatoes for family use.

After fifteen or twenty acres had been cleared as described, a different plan was generally adopted, namely, that of "slashing." This was a more rapid and cheaper plan, but required an expert to manage it successfully.

Slashing Described.—The slasher carefully studied his field of operations to ascertain which side the prevailing winds would strike with the greatest force. He then examined the trees, especially their tops, to learn whether they were bushy or not. Depending now upon his judgment as to the width of the strip which he can surely embrace in his "windrow," he commences on the leeward side of the tract, chopping the trees perhaps half, one-third, or one-fourth off at the stump, the amount of chip or "kerf" taken out depending upon the inclination of the tree. Continuing backward toward the windward side of the tract, he thus cuts notches of greater or less depth in all the trees over a tract of about thirty feet in width, deepening the notches as he approaches the windward side of the tract. These notches are cut so that in falling the trees will incline toward the middle of the strip.

If, upon finishing the notching of the entire strip, the wind is favorable, the last large tree selected for a "starter" is felled against its next neighbor in line, which in turn falls against its neighbor, and so on until a terrific crashing is inaugurated which commands the instant attention of every living thing in sight or hearing. The indescribable crashing may continue for some minutes, if the tract is a long one. The noise is appalling, and only equalled by that of a terrific cyclone sweeping through an immense forest. When all is still, a marvelous change has come over the scene. Where

a few minutes before stood a wide expanse of virgin forest, a mighty swath has been cut as though some giant reaper had been mowing the forest as a farmer does his grain. Rising several feet above the earth, there appears a prodigious abatis, which would arrest the onset of the mightiest army. In this manner the slashing progresses, strip by strip, until the entire tract lays in windrows. The brief time required to slash a given tract seems incredible to those who are not familiar with this branch of forest pioneer work. Two slashers, accustomed to working together, will fell more than double the area of forest that either one can alone. Good workmen will average about one acre per day, if the timber is heavy—and the heavier the better. Two workmen can in company slash twenty acres in nine days.

It was rarely that an expert slasher could be induced to undertake less than ten acres; certainly not without a materially increased price, because it would be impossible to slash five acres in half the time required to slash ten acres.

Slashings are usually allowed to lay two or three years, when, during a dry spell of weather and with a favorable wind, they are fired. If the tract is a large one, several men and boys commence firing simultaneously. After the fire has done its work, the remaining trunks of trees are cut into logging lengths. This is sometimes done with the axe, and sometimes they are "niggered" off.

Niggering consists in laying large poles or small logs crosswise on top of the large logs, and kindling a fire at the junction. Although the fire soon burns off the pole or upper log, it also eats rapidly into the under log. When the upper one is nearly off, it is slipped along a foot or more, and the process is repeated. By "sawing" the upper piece in the burned kerf of the lower one, the charred portions are rubbed off, and the fire takes hold with renewed activity, rapidly cutting off the lower log. One experienced man can attend to quite a large area, and nigger off faster than the best chopper could do the same work with an axe.

Logging-Bees.—After settlements were well established it was the custom to hold "logging-bees" in most neighborhoods. These were occasions for rare fun. A keg of whiskey was usually the leading factor in these "bees."

The women of the household prepared large baskets of fried cakes and old-time ginger-bread, such as none but Yankee women knew how to make. All the men, boys and ox-teams of the neighborhood were assembled in the logging-field, and divided into "teams." A logging-team consisted of a yoke of oxen, their driver, two "lever men," and two boys to handle the chain and assist with levers. A first-class logging-bee had two captains, who chose sides, the field was divided and a choice settled by flipping a penny. The captain winning the choice gave the word, and the work commenced in earnest. The captains selected the points for the log heaps, preferably where several logs could be piled without hauling. The teamster sought the nearest log, and as he turned his team to the proper end, one of the chain-boys carried the end of the chain to the end of the log, where the other boy seized it three or four feet from the end, and the two drew it under the log, which had already been raised sufficiently for the purpose by the two lever men. The chain was quickly "hitched," and the team as quickly started for the pile. The lever men had properly placed the "skids" before leaving the pile, and by the time the boys had the chain unfastened the lever men had the log rolling to its position on the pile. The large logs were systematically laid at the bottom, the captains keeping a sharp eye out for every possible advantage.

Jollities.—By the time the whiskey had passed around two or three times, the charcoal blacking began, especially upon the faces of all. Not a white spot was permitted to remain on man or boy. Even the white spots on the oxen were carefully blackened. It was a part of the program to test the capacity of each side for making a noise. All was bluster and commotion. Even the sluggish oxen entered into the spirit of the occasion and frequently snapped strong chains when their log chanced to strike a root or other obstruction. There were generally among the lever men a few of the strolling, rough element of frontiersmen, who scented every logging-bee in their region. They filled themselves with whiskey and sometimes a fight was the result, but on the Reserve there was generally a constable or justice, or both, present at the gatherings, and fighting was promptly suppressed. The "bee" usually wound up with such recreation as wrestling, jumping and rifle-shooting. The quantity of logs piled

at these bees would appear incredible to any one who had never witnessed the operations.

Potash establishments were generally located in most of the considerable settlements, and as soon as the log-heaps were burned, the ashes were gathered and leached and the lye boiled down to crude potash, thus creating a staple article of commerce.

Clearing off Stumps.—After all the fatiguing work heretofore described, the ground was not in proper condition for the plough. Stumps had to be cleared out and this took years. The smaller ones from time to time were pulled out and burned, but the large, deep-rooted ones were allowed to decay or burned during a dry spell and the roots ploughed out when sufficiently decayed. After the year 1900 but few persons will be left on the Reserve who can form an adequate conception of the years of toil required to clear the forests from that vast fertile area.

Some years elapsed before crops of grass could be secured. Little progress was made in "dairying," now such an important industry on the Western Reserve. The plan essentially as described by Mr. Pelton had to suffice for the pioneer stock. Mr. Pelton was one of the early settlers in Litchfield, Medina county, and once told me how he managed his cattle. He got a better start with cattle than most of the neighboring settlers, as he drove from the East several head of young cattle with two or three milch cows for immediate use. The first year they lived almost entirely in the woods, but such trees as bore tender shoots relished by the cattle were almost daily felled for them to feed upon. The straw from the first crop of grain was carefully stacked by the cabin and surrounded by an open fence which would permit the cattle to get their heads between the poles and barely reach the straw. A little brine was now sprinkled upon the straw and the cattle allowed to get a good taste of it. In the meantime fresh trees were felled at the edge of the clearing, and the dogs were let loose and the cattle driven to the newly felled trees. One by one they would steal back to the straw stack, to be again dogged back to their browse. The pole fence was from time to time moved closer to the stack to enable the cattle to *steal* the straw. These operations were repeated while the straw lasted, "and the cattle kept fat." With the possible exception of the last clause this was literally true.

GETTING MAILS AND SUPPLIES FOR THE PIONEERS.

One of the men who often related incidents of the Hinckley Hunt was quite fond of relating the experiences of the early settlers of that part of Medina county where he first settled. The settlement was about thirty miles from Cleveland, which was the nearest post-office, as well as the nearest point where supplies of any kind could be obtained. The men of the settlement took turns in going to Cleveland regularly each week for mails, medicines and such light supplies as were indispensable. An air-line route had been established by surveyors and trees well blazed marked the track.

The trips were made on foot. A large haversack was used for carrying the mail and supplies. This, with a rifle, comprised the outfit of the weekly messenger. Upon one occasion, when this informant took his turn, he had the then solitary Cleveland gunsmith change the old-fashioned percussion "pill" lock to the then new "cap" lock, as unscrupulous dealers were in the habit of mixing mustard or turnip-seed with the little percussion pills, which they so nearly resembled that it was impossible to detect the cheat. The result was that much game was lost and much vexation caused by mis-fires. Upon the trip in question, when the messenger was about half-way to Cleveland, he discovered that he was being gradually surrounded by a very large drove of wild hogs, immense numbers of which then roamed through the forests of that region.

Discovering a large fallen tree ahead which had turned up by the roots, he hastened to and climbed upon the same, perching upon the high roots some fifteen feet above the ground. He was not a moment too soon, for the hogs had closed around him and some of the old boars, with their tusks protruding

from their villanous jaws and the froth dripping from their mouths, attempted to climb up the roots upon which he was perched. He lost no time upon firing upon them whenever he could fire his rifle, which he had to snap eight or ten times for each discharge, because of the preponderance of seeds among his percussion pills.

However, he killed a dangerous boar at each discharge. As each one fell, with a slight squeal of distress, the others would go and smell the blood, actually placing their ugly snouts to the bullet-hole. They at once began to utter a peculiarly ominous grunt and one by one withdrew from the scene and the messenger hastened forward, reaching Cleveland at a late hour. Early next morning he had the lock of his rifle altered, provided himself with proper ammunition, and with his mail and other supplies (medicines, etc.), started on his return trip, hoping to have a little more experience with the wild hogs. He reached the scene of the previous day's episode and counted the result of the same, finding sixteen dead boars, but no live ones about, nor did he see any except a few at a distance.

THE GREAT COMPETING SLEIGH-RIDES OF THE WINTER OF 1855 AND 1856 OF SUMMIT, CUYAHOGA AND MEDINA COUNTIES.

The following completes the series of articles by Mr. Peirce, from details largely supplied by Hon. Thomas Palmer, of Lafayette, this county. The event at the time created interest, not only the leading newspapers in our country giving full accounts, but those of Europe. The London *Times*, among them, it is said, chronicled it as one of the novelties in the line of amusement the Western Yankees had originated.

During the winter of 1855 and 1856 there were about one hundred days of almost continuous sleighing throughout Northern Ohio. In February the people of Solon township, Cuyahoga county, organized a sleigh ride consisting of seven four-horse teams, and drove to Akron, Summit county. It seems that there had already been several smaller parties there from Medina and several other counties, and it was understood that the Solon party intended to eclipse any previous party, for among other decorations used by them was a small cotton flag (33 x 55 inches) painted with the regulation number of stars and stripes, and containing in addition a profile with thumb to the nose and fingers extended.

This was interpreted by the people of the townships through which the party passed as a banter and invitation to take the flag if they could muster a larger party; indeed, an Akron paper published an evidently authorized challenge to that effect. The people of the township of Twinsburg, through which the Solon party drove, concluded that they could easily capture the flag, and upon trial mustered fourteen four-horse teams and went to Solon. The flag was gracefully surrendered

to them and was carried to Twinsburg. The people of Royalton, Cuyahoga county, concluded that the flag must come back to their county. They rallied thirty-eight four-horse teams and appeared at Twinsburg, when the flag was duly surrendered to them. The matter now became a county affair; Cuyahoga, Summit and Medina entering into the competition.

The competing delegation met at Richfield, Summit county (which township adjoins both Cuyahoga and Medina counties), on the 14th day of March. Medina had 144 four-horse teams, Cuyahoga had 151, and Summit, 171; in all 466 four-horse teams and sleighs, each containing an average of fourteen persons, total, 6,524, and 1,864 horses. In addition to these there were a large number of single sleighs with their loads, which did not enter into the count. In each party were a number of brass bands, for in those days nearly every township in that part of the Reserve had a brass band. Of course, Summit captured the flag and took it to Akron. As the competition had been mostly between Cuyahoga and Summit counties, the Medina delegation upon their return trip decided that the correct thing would be to have the flag removed into Medina county, and four days later (March

18, 1856,) they appeared at Akron about noon with 182 four-horse teams, and one team of four mules.

They carried a great number of banners and devices, and were accompanied by numerous brass bands. They were received by the citizens of Akron with extravagant demonstrations, including the ringing of bells, firing of cannon and uproarious cheers. Word was passed back from the head of the line to the last load, which commenced cheering, and the cheers came swelling back up the line, and were taken up by the rapidly congregating citizens until the town was in one deafening

roar of human voices. The flag was presented to the delegation by President Peirce, of Hudson College, with appropriate remarks, which were responded to by Charles E. Bostwick, chief marshal of the delegation. Two songs, composed expressly for the occasion, were then sung, after which refreshments were served, and the delegation returned to Medina county with the flag, probably the largest and most joyous party of the kind ever assembled. No accident occurred, and, like the Hinckley Hunt, no one got drunk.

BIOGRAPHY.

BURKE AARON HINSDALE, educator, was born in Wadsworth, this county, March 31, 1837. He was a pupil of James A. Garfield, in Hiram College, and from 1870 to 1882 was its president, and then four years Superintendent of the Public Schools of Cleveland. He is the author of various books, religious, historical, educational, and edited the "Life and Works of James A. Garfield," of whom he was a strong personal friend and admirer.



RUSSELL A. ALGER—Soldier.



EDITH M. THOMAS—Poetess.

General RUSSELL A. ALGER, ex-Governor of Michigan and ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican party of Michigan's favorite candidate in 1888 for the Presidency, is a native of this county, and here he passed his early years. The family graveyard is at West Richfield, a short distance east of the Hinckley line in Summit county, where rest the remains of his parents and oldest sister. A beautiful monument stands there, erected to their memory by the illustrious son and brother.

WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL, journalist, at one period resided in Wadsworth, where, in 1851, his daughter Jessie was born. He was born in Lewistown, Pa., and in 1841, then 17 years old, came to Ohio and connected himself with the Cin-

cinnati *Gazette*, published *The Genius of the West* in 1854–1856, and was State Librarian in 1856–1862. In the beginning of the war he was appointed aid to Governor Dennison, with the rank of colonel. In 1865 he took charge of the *Ohio State Journal*, at Columbus. In 1866 he was appointed United States Minister to Ecuador, hoping that his declining health, brought on by exposure when on secret service in the war time, might be restored by the pure air of Quito; but he died the next year. He wrote much for magazines, published various books—the one, perhaps, of most lasting value, was “Poets and Poetry of the West,” Columbus, 1860. He was a man of cheerful temperament, companionable and loving.

EDITH M. THOMAS, poetess, was born in Chatham, August 12, 1854, daughter of a successful and talented teacher. She was educated at Geneva, Ohio, Normal Institute, where, until recently, many years of her life have been passed. Now New York city is her home. She has contributed largely to the “Century,” and other first-class magazines, and has published, in book form, “A New Year’s Masque and Other Poems” (Boston, 1855); “The Round Year” (1866), and “Lyrics and Sonnets” (1887). She is deemed by many of the Eastern critics as, in that higher class of poetry, the subjective, with few peers. Her poems touch the finer chords as from the song of a spirit unseen, and grow into fuller appreciation by familiarity. R. H. Stoddard calls her “an American Keats,” and as “possessing the greatest gift any poet can have—*quality*.” These specimens illustrate her power :

EXILES.

They both are exiles ; he who sailed
Great circles of the day and night,
Until the vapory bank unveiled
A land of palm-trees fair to sight.

He has no sight of Saxon face,
He hears a language harsh and strange ;
She has not left her native place,
Yet all has undergone a change.

They both are exiles ; she who still
Seems to herself to watch, ashore,
The wind, too fain, his canvas fill,
The sunset burning close before.

They both are exiles ; nor have they
The same stars shining in their skies ;
His nightfall is her dawn of day,
His day springs westward from her eyes.

Each says apart,—There is no land
So far, so vastly desolate,
But, had we sought it hand in hand,
We both had blessed the driving fate.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Time is no rushing torrent, dark and hoarse,
As thou hast heard from bards and sages old ;
Sit here with me (wouldst thou the truth behold)
And watch the current hour run out its course.

See how without uproar or sullen force
Glides the slim, shadowy rill of atom gold,
Which, when the last slow guileful grain is told,
Forever is returned unto its source !

This is Time’s stream, by whose repeated fall
Unnumbered fond ones, since the world was new,
Loitered as we, unwarned of doom the while ;
Wouldst think so slender stream could cover all ?
But as we speak, some eddy draws us too—
Meseems dim grow thine eyes and dim thy smile.

FRAILTY'S SHIELD.

Look what arms the fenceless wield,—
 Frailest things have frailty's shield !
 Cockle-boat outrides the gale
 That has shred the frigate's sail ;
 Curlew skims the breaker's crest ;
 Swings the oriole in its nest ;
 Flower a single summer bred
 Lightly lifts its jaunty head
 When is past the storm whose stroke
 Laid the pride of centuried oak ;
 Where with fire the soil was bathed
 The white trefoil springs unscathed.

Frailest things have frailty's shield :
 Here a fly in amber sealed ;
 There a bauble, tossed aside
 Under ancient lava-tide,
 Meets the musing delver's gaze.
 Time the king's memorial lays,
 Touching it with sportive staff,
 But spares Erotion's epitaph.

Frailest things have frailty's shield,
 Guarded by a charm concealed ;
 So the gaunt and ravening wild
 Softens towards the weaning child,
 And along the giddy steep
 Safe one glideth, blind with sleep.

Art thou mighty?—Challenged Fate
 Chooseth thee for wrestling mate !
 Art thou feeble?—Fate disarmed,
 Turning, leaveth thee unharmed.
 Thou that bendest shall not break ;
 Smiling in the tempest's wake,
 Thou shalt rise, and see around
 How the strong ones strew the ground ;
 Saving lightness thou didst wield,—
 Frailest things have frailty's shield !

WADSWORTH is eleven miles southeast of Medina, on the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. Newspapers : *Banner*, Independent, James E. Cory, editor and publisher ; *Enterprise*, Independent, John A. Clark, editor and publisher. Churches : one Methodist Episcopal, one Evangelical Lutheran, one Reformed, one Disciples, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Colored Baptist, one Church of God. Bank : Wadsworth, C. N. Lyman, president, J. K. Durling, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,219. School census, 1888, 698 ; Arthur Powell, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$29,700 ; value of annual product, \$31,000.—(*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*) The famous Garfield ejectors and injectors are made here. It is in a rich farming region, with abundance of coal on the east.

SEVILLE is ten miles south of Medina, on the C. L. & W. Railroad. Newspaper : *Times*, Independent, C. C. Day, editor and publisher. Bank : Exchange (Wideman, Shaw & Co.), F. P. Wideman, cashier. Population, 1880, 589. School census, 1888, 186.

LIVERPOOL is on the Rocky river, nine miles northwest of Medina. Population, 1880, 198.

LODI is eleven miles southwest of Medina, on the W. & L. E. Railroad. Newspaper : *Review*, Independent, H. E. Bassett, editor and publisher. Churches : one Methodist Episcopal and one Congregational. Bank : Exchange, John Taylor, president, A. B. Taylor, cashier. School census, 1888, 134.

CHIPPEWA LAKE is on the C. L. & W. Railroad, five miles southerly from Medina. There is a hamlet with an United Brethren church, express and telegraph office. The lake is nearly two miles long, half as broad, and in places sixty feet deep. The lake is a popular summer resort for fishing and boating. A small steamer plies on its waters. There are there a hotel and pleasure grounds, where campers stretch their tents.

MEIGS.

MEIGS COUNTY, named from Return J. Meigs, elected Governor of Ohio in 1810, was formed from Gallia and Athens, April 1, 1819, and the courts were directed "to be temporarily held at the meeting-house in Salisbury township." The surface is broken and hilly. In the west, a portion of the soil is a dark, sandy loam, but the general character of the soil is clayey.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 59,039; in pasture, 95,062; woodland, 44,112; lying waste, 2,825; produced in wheat, 165,436 bushels; rye, 1,298; buckwheat, 269; oats, 73,338; barley, 1,032; corn, 313,447; broom-corn, 2,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 15,986 tons; clover hay, 821; potatoes, 66,966 bushels; butter, 407,854 lbs.; cheese, 7,410; sorghum, 4,050 gallons; maple syrup, 740; honey, 6,377 lbs.; eggs, 365,060 dozen; grapes, 9,360 lbs.; wine, 90 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,384 bushels; apples, 31,659; peaches, 11,584; pears, 501; wool, 273,023 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,255. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 242,483 tons; employing 501 miners and 144 outside employees. School census, 1888, 10,157; teachers, 274. Miles of railroad track, 30.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bedford,	566	1,720	Orange,	836	922
Chester,	1,479	1,752	Rutland,	1,412	2,340
Columbia,	674	1,116	Salem,	940	1,668
Lebanon,	621	2,020	Salisbury,	1,507	10,992
Letart,	640	1,365	Scipio,	941	1,720
Olive,	746	2,244	Sutton,	1,099	4,466

Population of Meigs in 1820, 4,480; 1830, 6,159; 1840, 11,455; 1860, 26,534; 1880, 32,325, of whom 24,481 were born in Ohio; 1,554, Virginia; 1,101, Pennsylvania; 230, New York; 118, Kentucky; 88, Indiana; 1,148 German Empire; 780, England and Wales; 178, Ireland; 69, Scotland; 30, France; and 26, British America. Census, 1890, 29,813.

The mouth of the Shade river, which empties into the Ohio in the upper part of the county, is a gloomy, rocky place, formerly called the "Devil's Hole." The Indians, returning from their murderous incursions into Western Virginia, were accustomed to cross the Ohio at that point with their prisoners and plunder, and follow up the valley of Shade river on their way to their towns on the Scioto.

The first settlers of the county were principally of New England origin, and emigrated from Washington county, which lies above. From one of these, now (1846) residing in the county, we have received a communication illustrating pioneer life:

People who have spent their lives in an old settled country can form but a faint idea of the privations and hardships endured by the pioneers of our new, flourishing and prosperous State. When I look on Ohio as it is, and think what it was in 1802, when I first settled here, I am struck with astonishment and can hardly credit my own senses. When I emigrated I was a young man, without any property, trade or profession, entirely dependent on my industry for a living. I purchased sixty acres of new land on credit, two-and-a-half miles from any house or road, and built

a camp of poles seven by four feet, and five high, with three sides, and a fire in front. I furnished myself with a loaf of bread, a piece of pickled pork, some potatoes, borrowed a frying-pan and commenced house-keeping. I was not hindered from my work by company; for the first week I did not see a living soul, but, to make amends for the want of it, I had every night a most glorious concert of wolves and owls. I soon (like Adam) saw the necessity of a helpmate and persuaded a young woman to tie her destiny to mine. I built a log-house twenty feet

square—quite aristocratic in those days—and moved into it. I was fortunate enough to possess a jack-knife; with that I made a wooden knife and two wooden forks, which answered admirably for us to eat with. A bedstead was wanted; I took two round poles for the posts, inserted a pole in them for a side-rail, and two other poles were inserted for the end pieces, the ends of which were put in the logs of the house—some puncheons were then split and laid from the side-rail to the crevice between the logs of the house, which formed a substantial bed-cord, on which we laid our straw bed—the only bed we had—on which we slept as soundly and woke as happy as Albert and Victoria.

In process of time, a yard-and-a-half of calico was wanted; I started on foot through the woods ten miles to Marietta to procure it; but, alas! when I arrived there I found that, in the absence of both money and credit, the calico was not to be obtained. The dilemma was a serious one, and how to escape I could not devise; but I had no sooner informed my wife of my failure, than she suggested that I had a pair of thin pantaloons, which I could very well spare, that would make quite a decent frock; the pants were cut up, the frock made, and in due time the child was dressed.

The long winter evenings were rather tedious, and in order to make them pass more smoothly, by great exertion I purchased a share in the Belpre library, six miles distant. From this I promised myself much entertainment, but another obstacle presented itself—I had no candles; however, the woods afforded plenty of pine knots—with these I made torches by which I could read, though I nearly spoiled my eyes. Many a night have I passed in this manner till twelve or one o'clock reading to my wife, while she was hatchelling, carding or spinning. Time rolled

on, the payments for my land became due, and money, at that time in Ohio, was a *cash article*; however, I did not despair. I bought a few steers; some I bartered for, and others I got on credit—my credit having somewhat improved since the calico expedition—slung a knapsack on my back and started alone with my cattle for Romney, on the Potomac, where I sold them, then travelled on to Litchfield, Connecticut, paid for my land and had just \$1 left to bear my expenses home, six hundred miles distant. Before I returned I worked and procured fifty cents in cash; with this and my dollar I commenced my journey homeward. I laid out my dollar for cheap hair-combs, and these, with a little Yankee pleasantries, kept me very comfortably at the private houses where I stopped till I got to Owego, on the Susquehanna, where I had a power of attorney to collect some money for a neighbor in Ohio.

I might proceed and enumerate scenes without number similar to the above, which have passed under my own observation, or have been related to me by those whose veracity I have no reason to doubt; but from what I have written you will be able to perceive that the path of the pioneer is not strewn with roses, and that the comforts which many of our inhabitants now enjoy have not been obtained without persevering exertions, industry and economy. What, let me ask, would the young people of the present day think of their future prospects, were they now to be placed in a similar situation to mine in 1803? How would the young miss taken from the fashionable, modern parlor, covered with Brussels carpets, and ornamented with pianos, mirrors, etc., etc., manage her spinning-wheel in a log-cabin, on a puncheon floor, with no furniture except, perhaps, a bake-oven and a splint broom?—*Old Edition.*

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The pioneer, who in 1846, supplied me with the foregoing sketch of his experiences also supplied me with what follows upon the early history of Pomeroy, and at this late day here give him credit. He was Amos Dunham, then an old man, and he was my host while here. Originally from Connecticut, he had that marked pronunciation then almost universal in the rustic regions of New England, which has disappeared entirely from every place—a sort of indescribable singing nasal tone, an inheritance from their ancestors in the rustic regions of Old England. Mr. Dunham possessed good native shrewdness and I recall his memory with pleasure. Would like much once more to hear some of that old-style talk with its odd expressions and drawling, lingering tones, the speech of other days. But nobody living can display this now departed accomplishment of the fathers—“more’s the pity.”

“Old times have gone, old manners changed;
A stranger fills the Scottish throne.”

Pomeroy in 1846.—Pomeroy, the county-seat, is on the Ohio river, seventy-six miles in a direct line southeast of Columbus, eighty below Marietta, and two hundred and thirty-four above Cincinnati. It is situated on a narrow strip of ground from twenty to thirty rods wide, under a lofty and steep hill, in the midst

of wild and romantic scenery. It contains one Episcopal, one Methodist, one German Lutheran, and one Presbyterian church; a newspaper printing office, one flouring and two saw mills, two foundries, two carding machines, one machine shop, ten mercantile stores, and about 1,600 inhabitants. It is a very flourishing town, deriving its importance principally from the coal mines situated here. We give below, in the language of a correspondent, an historical sketch of the village, with some notice of the coal mines.

The first settler within the limits of Pomeroy was Mr. Nathaniel Clark, who came about the year 1816. The first coal bank opened in Pomeroy was in 1819, by David Bradshaw. Bentley took 1,200 bushels of coal to Louisville, and sold it for twenty-five cents a bushel, which was the first coal exported from Pomeroy. As early as 1805 or 6 there had been an attempt at exporting coal from Coalport by Hoover & Cashell, but it proved unprofitable, and was abandoned after sending off one small load. About 1820 John Knight rented a large quantity of coal land from Gen. Putnam, at \$20 a year, and commenced working the mines. On the 15th of July, 1825, Samuel Grant entered eighty acres and Josiah Dill one hundred and sixty acres of Congress land, which lies in the upper part of Pomeroy. Subsequently, Mr. Dill laid out a few town lots on his land, but it did not improve to any extent until the Pomeroy improvement commenced, in 1833. In 1827 a post-office was established here, called Nyesville, and Nial Nye appointed postmaster. In 1840 the town was incorporated, and in June, 1841, made the county-seat.

In the spring of 1804 Samuel W. Pomeroy, an enterprising merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, purchased of Elbridge Gerry, one of the original proprietors in the Ohio Company, a full share of land in said company's purchase, the fraction of said share (262 acres) lying in the now town of Pomeroy. In 1832 Mr. Pomeroy put 1,000 bushels of coal into boxes and shipped them on a flat boat for New Orleans, to be sent round to Boston: but the boat foundered before it left Coalport, and the expedition failed. In 1833 Mr. Pomeroy having purchased most of the coal land on the river for four miles, formed a company, consisting of himself, his two sons, Samuel W. Pomeroy, Jr., and C. R. Pomeroy, and his sons-in-law, V. B. Horton and C. W. Dabney, under the firm of Pomeroy, Sons & Co., and began mining on a large scale. They built a steam saw-mill, and commenced building houses for themselves and their workmen. In 1834 they moved on, at which time there were twelve families in the town. In 1835 they built the steam tow-boat

Condor, which could tow from four to six loaded boats or barges, and will tow back from eight to twelve empty boats at a trip. It takes a week to perform a trip to Cincinnati and back, and she consumes 2,000 bushels of coal each trip. The company employ about twenty-five boats or barges, that carry from 2,000 to 11,000 bushels of coal, each averaging, perhaps, 4,000 bushels. The number of hands employed is about 200, and the number of bushels dug yearly about two millions; in addition to this, several individuals are engaged in the coal business on a small scale. Five steamboats have been built in this place by the Pomeroy company.

The mining of coal is mostly done at Coalport, one mile below the corporation line. Here the company have laid out a town and been at great expense to prepare everything necessary for mining and exporting coal; the railways are so constructed that the loaded car descending to the river draws up the empty one.

Immediately below Coalport is the town of Middleport, lately laid out by Philip Jones, which already contains several stores, and is building up fast. Adjoining Middleport is Sheffield, a pleasant town, which bids fair to become a place of business. In all probability the time is not far distant when the towns of Pomeroy, Coalport, Middleport and Sheffield will be one continuous village.

About the year 1791 or 2 Capt. Hamilton Carr, a noted spy in the service of the United States, in his excursions through these parts discovered an enormous sycamore tree below the mouth of Carr's run, near where Murdock & Nye's mill now stands, which was subsequently occupied as a dwelling-house. Capt. Whitlock, of Coalport, informs me that he himself measured that tree and found the hollow to be eighteen feet in diameter. Capt. Whitlock further states, that as late as 1821 he took dinner from the top of a sugar-tree stump, in a log-house near where the court-house now stands, the only table the people had in the house.

The view shown in the engraving was taken at the mines at Coalport, nearly two miles below the main village of Pomeroy. Here horizontal shafts are run into the hill, at an elevation of more than one hundred feet above the river bed. The coal is carried out in cars on railways, and successively emptied from the cars on one grade to that below, and so on until the last cars in turn empty into the boats on the river, by which it is carried to market. The mining is conducted in



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

POMEROY FROM THE COAL MINES.



C. F. Feiger, Photo., Pomeroy, 1886.

POMEROY FROM THE OHIO RIVER.

a systematic manner, and most of those employed are natives of Wales, familiar with mining from youth.

Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the twenty-ninth volume of Silliman's Journal, writes :

"The coal strata dips to the north two or three feet in a hundred yards, requiring drains to free them from the water when opened on the south side of the hill. Above the coal is a deposit of shale and ash-colored marly clay, of eight or ten feet in thickness, which forms the roof of the mines—superincumbent on which is a deposit of stratified sand rock, rather coarse-grained, of nearly one hundred feet in thickness. The shale abounds in fine fossil plants. In mining the coal, gunpowder is extensively used, a small charge throwing out large masses of coal. This coal being of the black slaty structure, abounds in bituminous matter and burns very freely ; its specific gravity is 1.27. Twenty grains of the coarse powder decompose one

hundred grains of nitrate of potash, which will give to this coal nearly sixty per cent. of charcoal. It must, therefore, be valuable for the manufacture of coke, an article that must ultimately be brought into use in the numerous furnaces along the great iron deposit, a few miles south and west of this place. It is a curious fact that the coal deposits are very thin and rare near the Ohio river, from Pipe's creek, fifteen miles below Wheeling, to Carr's run, in this county. As the main coal dips under the Ohio at both these places, the inference is that the coal lies below the surface and could readily be reached by a shaft, first ascertaining its distance from the surface by the operation of boring."—*Old Edition.*

POMEROY, county-seat of Meigs, is 220 miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio river, about eighty-five miles southeast of Columbus, at the terminus of the C. H. V. & T. Railroad, also on the K. & O. Railroad. The surrounding country is rich in coal and salt. There are two factories here for the manufacture of bromine from salt. County officers, 1888 : Auditor, J. N. Rathburn ; Clerk, H. C. Fish ; Commissioners, S. D. Webb, George Frecker, John N. Hayman ; Coroner, J. B. Scott ; Infirmary Directors, John Alkire, John Short, Thomas H. Gold ; Probate Judge, Lewis Paine ; Prosecuting Attorney, John H. Lochery ; Recorder, Marion Cline ; Sheriff, George Titus ; Surveyor, M. H. Watkins ; Treasurers, George P. Stout, Robert Dyke. City officers, 1888 : A. B. Donally, Mayor ; William H. Huntley, Clerk ; George B. Stout, Treasurer ; Thomas Wheatley, Marshal ; M. L. Shrader, Street Commissioner. Newspapers : *Democrat*, Independent, C. I. Barker, editor and publisher ; *Telegraph*, Republican, E. S. Trussell, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 2 Colored Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 German Catholic, 1 German Methodist, 2 German Lutheran, 2 German Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Congregational, 2 Welsh Baptist. Banks : First City, T. A. Plants, president, George W. Plants, cashier ; Pomeroy National, H. S. Horton, president, John McQuigg, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Excelsior Salt Works, 50 hands ; Roller Mill Brewing Co., 12 ; Buckeye Salt Co., 40 ; Coal Ridge Salt Co., 60 ; Geyer & Newton, flour, etc., 10 ; Sugar Run Mill, flour, etc., 5 ; Pfarr & Genheimer, flooring, etc., 4 ; John S. Davis & Son, doors, sash, etc., 10 ; the *Telegraph*, printing, 8 ; J. C. Probst & Son, furniture, 34 ; McKnight & Fisher, wagons and buggies, 5 ; Pomeroy Machine Co., engines, etc., 10.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 5,560. School census, 1888, 1,745 ; Morris Bowers, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$445,500 ; value of annual product, \$494,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* United States census, 1890, 4,726.

BIOGRAPHY.

VALENTINE B. HORTON, who died at Pomeroy, January, 1888, at the age of 86 years, was a native of Windsor, Vt. He was educated for the law, practised two years in Cincinnati, and then came to Pomeroy, where he engaged for the remainder of his life in mining and manufacturing. He did probably more than any other person to de-

velop the coal, salt and iron industries of this region. He was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1850 ; represented the Republicans in Congress two terms, and in the last (the Thirty-seventh) was on the Committee of Ways and Means ; was a delegate in 1861 to the Peace Congress in Washington ; for over forty years was a trustee of

the State University, and five times a member of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Financial reverses marred his declining years, much to the regret of people in this entire region of Ohio, wherein no man that ever lived was more beloved and respected. His name was a synonym for uprightness and humanity.

One of his daughters is the wife of Gen. John Pope, another of Gen. M. F. Force, while a son, SAMUEL DANA HORTON, born

at Pomeroy, January 16, 1844, educated at Harvard and Berlin, has attained a world-wide reputation by his monetary works. In 1876 he published a treatise on "Silver and Gold, and their Relation to the Problem of Resumption," the first of a series of works advocating the settlement of the silver question by a joint action of nations. This policy was adopted by Congress, and he has been identified with its advancement in Europe as delegate to the International Monetary Conferences of 1878 and 1881, as an author.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

"What's in a name?" Pomeroy. Divide the syllables and you have *Pome*—apple, *roy*—King; *i. e.*, *Apple King*. Pomeroy is a unique spot, fruitful in interest, and requires the pen of genius to adequately describe. Failing to find such we use our own:

Pomeroy is the most prominent spot on either of two strings of mining villages; one string on the Ohio side of the river and the other directly opposite on the West Virginia side. On the Virginia side, beginning at the down-river end, they are: West Columbia, Newcastle, Clifton, Mason City, Valley City, Hartford City and New Haven. On the Ohio side, beginning also at the lower end, are: Middleport, Pomeroy, Minersville and Syracuse. Each string is about ten miles long.

On the Ohio side the hills mostly so encroach upon the river that it leaves but little room for buildings. The adjoining engraving illustrates this, from my pencil sketch, taken in 1846, from a point then called Coalport, now Middleport. Ascend the hill in the rear of Pomeroy and you will see it is at the north point of a bend in the river, the river coming from the south and going to the south, one to your right, the other to your left. Looking to the north inland you will find a ravine there and then another hill. Behind that is another hill and then another ravine, with a third hill and another ravine, and so on I know not how far, in repetition as the crests and hollows of the ocean waves.

The Coal Mines go into the hills at an average of seventy to eighty feet above the Ohio. Below the coal is soapstone and fire-clay, above the coal is a layer of slate and sandstone. The coal veins are about four and a half feet thick, and dip about thirty feet to the mile, a little to the south of east. Each mine has a main passage, then it is mined right and left in parallels, the excavations leaving squares of coal, like streets and squares of a city. As a last thing the squares, or rather blocks, of coal are taken away, leaving only enough coal for pillars as supports for the roof of the mine wherever such are required. Here some of the main passages go in through the river hill, cross the ravine, enter the second hill inland, go through that, cross a second ravine still farther north, enter a third hill, a distance of two miles. They are still lengthening their lines, and, I am told, can penetrate miles farther. The coal is brought out on tramways by mules and horses. This vein of coal is so inferior to that from Pittsburg, and in some other places, that Pomeroy coal has lost its old-time importance, and the industry here is at this time depressed.

At Minersville they are working two mines

from the surface down, which strikes a lower and stronger vein; one of the shafts is eighty-seven feet deep. Both at Middleport and Syracuse the valley is so wide that the people entirely live in front of the hills. Not so at Pomeroy and Minersville. Part dwell in the gaps of ravines of the hills, called "runs," because little streams run through them. At Pomeroy the people obtain their home comforts in places respectively named Sugar Run, Kerr's Run, Nailor's Run and Monkey Run; at Minersville the runs are known as Dutchtown and Welshtown, in accordance with the transatlantic origin of their inhabitants. The slopes of the ravines to the right and left are gradual and grass and forest clad, while the hills face the river in precipitous cliffs. The dwellings perched on the summits above the ravines have grand outlooks up and down the river. The business places and salt works are on the narrow strip of land fronting the ravines and cliffs.

These towns have a dingy, gloomy aspect. The buildings that front the river are generally brown, and black as so many charcoal bins. The very ground you tread is hard and black with coal débris. Numerous smoke-

stacks belch forth clouds of smoke, mingled with the lighter clouds of steam.

My Second Visit.—It was towards the sunset of a day in March when I came into Pomeroy for the second time after the lapse of forty years from the first. On the summits of the cliffs the trees stood as black skeleton forms clear cut against the sky. The lights and shadows were long and strong over all the varied objects of hill and valley. There were dingy-looking, gloomy buildings, rising clouds of smoke from huge smoke-stacks mingled with bursts of steam, precipitous cliffs, winding river, opening ravines, where the sun burst through and tipped every element of gloom in streamers of light, and finally, perched high up in the ravines, were the humble cottages of the miners, bathed in floods of golden light from the low down sun. Nature wore a weird, strange aspect, and my emotions were in consonance with the scene.

But Humanity was there. Humanity ever interests. I had come among a people who delved in the interior of the earth that we on the outside might be warmed and do our grumbling before blazing, winter-defying fires, and say, "O Lord, who can stand Thy cold?" But there was one comforting reflection. While these men were doomed to spend their days down in the bowels of the earth, often in bent, constrained attitudes, picking by dim lamplight at walls of coal, love lightened the task as their thoughts went forth to wife and little ones in the cottages out in the blessed sunlight, high on the hills. And to them, also, how sweet must seem their homes when on each recurring morning, as they go forth to their honest labor, the morning sun greets them with its blessing light and opens to their vision beneath and around a landscape of hill, plain, valley and river of wondrous beauty. And then many of them have another comfort. Down in the valley are more than a score of churches, where they oft go, where hope gladdens their hearts, and they feel the day is coming when they shall lay down the pick and delve no more.

Salt Industry.—In the year 1850 a new industry came for this region, the manufacture of salt, when the first salt well was opened at Pomeroy.

The wells are from 1,000 to 1,200 feet in depth, and the water is pumped by steam. Including both sides of the river are eighteen salt furnaces, and the production of salt is about equally divided between the two. The daily production is about 3,600 barrels; value, \$2,188. Each furnace has its cooper shops, where the barrels are made. The hoop-poles are of hickory, and come from West Virginia. The staves are of swamp elm, from the Black Swamp region of Northwest Ohio. The barrels cost twenty-two cents each. A barrel of salt, salt inclusive, wholesales at seventy cents, and weighs 280 pounds.

I entered the packing-houses where the salt is piled in bins; to the eye looking exactly like huge snow heaps, and in marked contrast to the smoke-hued walls against

which it lay. The employees in the salt works are mainly German, the miners Welsh and German. On the West Virginia side the American element is the strongest.

Salt Roller.—Cattle require salt as much as human beings. The oft neglect by farmers to give it to them is a cruelty without excuse. A salesman travelling here showed to me a new device, an invention for the cattle to help themselves. It was a roller coated with salt, about a foot long, two and a half inches in diameter, with frame-work, to which above were two roof boards, like the roof of a house, to shed the rain. It is fastened in a manger, on a fence or a tree in the field. The cattle go up and, licking on the under side, it revolves under the tongue. They soon learn its use. When the salt on a roller is gone it is replaced by another roller in the same frame-work. The rollers are sold at \$1.50 per dozen.

DISCOURSE ON SALT.

Salt is a necessity; its consumption enormous. Multiply by thirty-seven the number of men, women and children in the United States, and the resultant will be the number of pounds used therein by man, beast, and in the arts.

Its praises might be on every tongue—the tongue of man, the tongue of beast. With the thought of salt is a multitude of associations. Let us present a few, as Scriptural, Monumental and Admonitory, Gastronomical, Humorous, Poetical, Sublime, etc.

Scriptural.—"Ye are the salt of the earth," thus illustrating saving virtue.

Monumental and Admonitory.—Lot's wife converted into a pillar to serve as a guide to the travelling public and a warning to the insatiable curiosity of woman.

Gastronomical.—Yes, everywhere. Without it, who would go for an egg? How are the ice-cream people to make their delicious concoctions? How about sending Biddy, the cook, down cellar to the pork barrel? And without any regard to pork, where, without salt, would be the attraction in beans? One especial bean, however, there was that will ever have an historical attraction, the particular bean the planting of which led to the sudden demise of the giant, slain by Jack, the giant-killer.

Humorous.—The expression on the desiring youngster's face on being told how, with the requisite pinch of fresh salt, he may catch the bird! Then the comical, triumphant expression on the face of Christopher Columbus, who, having shown how to stand an egg on its end, reached for the salt and ate that egg, as he naturally must have done, though History just that moment was called off and forgot to record it.

Poetical.—The tear glistening in the eye of Pity ere it is exhaled to the skies. When it is exhaled it mingles with the other vapors of cloudland, helps out the sunset glories whereupon some imaginative youth gazing aloft grows enthusiastic, when lo, a poet is born.

Sublime.—The ocean that girts the earth around, heaving its ponderous waves on high under the wild fury of a mighty tempest. Like the tear it is saline. So saline is it that Jack Tars who go down to the sea in ships, when they grow old, and rheumatism, it may be, gets in her grip on their aged bones, we term "Old Salts."

It is when those rheumatic, gouty twinges seize upon old "sea legs" that the eye of pity drops one of her most sympathetic glistening globules.

Ere you move into a new house just

sprinkle the floor with salt, next take in a broom and a Bible, then, in accordance with an old belief, good luck will abide with you and your household; bursts of laughter and tears of joy be your portion.

There is much in salt—one "may think of it—dream of it—and will find no end to it, while all creation, with the apple king inclusive, will say 'aye.'"

And to this all the light little ocean wavelets, as in succession they run and kiss every shore the whole world around, will merrily laugh and sing, "So mote it be."

JOHN MORGAN'S RAID.

John Morgan's raid came to grief in this county, and to its final demise in Columbiana, for the details of which see page 453. The battle of Buffington's Island took place in a direct line about thirteen miles from Pomeroy, but by the windings of the river full thirty miles. The Ohio twists and curly-cues more around the borders of Meigs than any other county of Ohio. The following account of some of the operations in this county is from a correspondent of full reliability for accuracy:

When the Confederate General, John Morgan, closely pursued by the Federal cavalry, entered Meigs county, heading for one of the several fording places in the Ohio river above and below the towns of Middleport and Pomeroy, he met serious opposition from the local militia, who, unlike their neighbors of the counties first raided, knew of his movements in time to plan for resistance.

It was the fortune of two Middleport companies O. N. G.—one of infantry commanded by Captain R. B. Wilson, Lieutenants O. P. Skinner and Samuel Grant; the other of artillery, Captain John Schreiner, the two numbering about 120 men—to render service so valuable that it should find a place in history. With other organizations these companies were ordered to rendezvous at Marietta. On the very night of their arrival in camp came tidings of the enemy's approach to their own town and they at once asked for orders to return to the defence of their homes. With but little delay they were put aboard a steamer and by daylight the following morning had disembarked and were several miles out on the roads by which Morgan was approaching. The show of resistance was sufficient to turn him aside and he moved off up the river toward Buffington's Island, where, on the following day, the Federal cavalry overhauled him and scattered his forces. Information reached Capt. Wilson that one detachment would undertake to cross the Ohio at a shoal place several miles above Pomeroy, and reinforced by about twenty men, under Daniel Davis of that city, he immediately marched to intercept the fugitives, reaching the point late in the evening.

William Grant, George Womeldorff and James Waddell, three of the most reliable men of the command, were directed to find

a point well up the road from which they could observe the approach and estimate the number of the enemy, and by an agreed signal advise headquarters of the facts ascertained.

The "artillery" consisted of an old gun that had been used for celebrating the Fourth of July, which, loaded with spikes and pieces of chain, "commanded" for several hundred yards a straight piece of road flanked on one side by timber where part of our men were concealed, and on the other side by a creek with steep banks. Scarcely had the dispositions been made when the enemy appeared. William Grant and his comrades, assisted by the darkness, avoided the approaching raiders, who, a few moments later, ran upon the picket commanded by Lieut. Samuel Grant and surrendered without much resistance. They were marched to Pomeroy and placed under guard in the court-house to be turned over as prisoners of war, sixty-eight enlisted men and seven officers.

Scarcely had the company been relieved of these prisoners when tidings came that Morgan's main force was moving down the river along the roads running back of the towns and would probably attempt a crossing at Cheshire or Eight-Mile Island, below Middleport, where there was a good ford at the low stage of water then prevailing. At the Pomeroy wharf lay V. B. Horton's side-wheel tow-boat, the Condor, a low, fierce-looking, long-nosed craft, with suggestive holes in her wheel-house, but very inoffensive. The old gun before referred to was conspicuously placed on her bow, after which the vessel steamed away toward Cheshire, reaching the landing place at the head of the island just as the first daring rider of Morgan's cavalry forced his horse into the Ohio to try the ford. The river bank down to the

water's edge was lined with the raiders waiting to make the crossing as soon as this pioneer had pointed out the way. He was beyond range and succeeded in reaching the shore and escaping. But as the old Condor "rounded to" above on the West Virginia shore there was a scampering up the opposite bank, which apprised us that she had been mistaken for one of the government gunboats, and the time thus gained enabled the Middleporters to secure positions on the bank of the river commanding both the upper and lower fords, which, as Morgan had no artillery, they could have held against his entire force. He made no further attempt to cross and an hour later the Union cavalry reached the scene on the Ohio side. It is said that

Morgan actually surrendered there but escaped in the darkness that night with his main body, and led the Union troops another race up through Athens and Morgan counties until finally captured and landed in the Ohio Penitentiary. But for that brave company of militia he would have escaped through West Virginia.

As stated by Captain Wilson the success of his company was largely due to the activity and zeal of his first sergeant, who was the only experienced officer in the command, and who gave him the benefit of knowledge gained from actual service in the field. That sergeant is still living, and widely known as the Rev. Dr. Earl Cranston, now of the "Western Methodist Book Concern."

A Pomeroy company, commanded by Capt. Cyrus Grant, also did excellent work by getting in the raiders' way just at such times and in such places as to make him think the "regulars" had reached the river ahead of him.

MIDDLEPORT is on the Ohio river, just below Pomeroy, at the terminus of the C. H. V. & T. R. R. and on the K. & O. R. R. City officers, 1888: C. Downing, Mayor; Wm. L. McMaster, Clerk; Wm. M. Hartinger, Treasurer; Chas. Hobbs, Marshal; Geo. B. Skinner, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Herald*, Republican, W. C. Russell, editor; *Meigs County Republican*, Independent, J. W. Dumble, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Christian, 1 Universalist, 1 New Church, 1 Free Will Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 Colored Methodist. Bank: Exchange (Moore & Co.), F. L. Moore, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The German Furniture Co., 82 hands; Ohio Machine Co., 22; Standard Nail and Iron Co., iron, steel, etc., 500; Middleport Flour Co., 12; Garrett, McManigal & Co., building brick, etc., 25; S. D. Webb, flooring, etc., 3.—*Ohio State Report*, 1888. Population, 1880, 3,032. School census, 1888, 854. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$162,500. Value of annual product, \$208,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887.

MINERSVILLE is just above and adjoining Pomeroy, on the Ohio, and has salt furnaces, extensive coal mines, and 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Welsh Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church.

SYRACUSE is on the Ohio river, four and a half miles above Pomeroy, nearly adjoining Minersville. Its population is largely Welsh. It has 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church. Its industries are salt and coal, one of the shafts going down perpendicularly eighty-seven feet. School census, 1888, 402.

RACINE is on the Ohio river, ten miles above Pomeroy. Newspaper: *Tribune*, Republican, W. G. Sibley, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 453. School census, 1888, 246.

CHESTER, anciently the county-seat, and which in 1840 had 273 population, is eight miles northeast of Pomeroy, on Shade river.

MERCER.

MERCER COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory April 1, 1820. The land is one great flat plain, and while in the forest state wet, when cleared and drained very fertile and well adapted to grass, small grain and Indian corn, which is its great production. Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 140,633; in pasture, 12,023; woodland, 73,384; lying waste, 4,154; produced in wheat, 364,235 bushels; rye, 2,733; buckwheat, 667; oats, 632,537; barley, 12,881; corn, 1,287,610; meadow hay, 15,343 tons; clover hay, 8,334; flaxseed, 726 bushels; potatoes, 51,636; tobacco, 1,000 lbs.; butter, 415,750; cheese, 150; sorghum, 14,110 gallons; maple syrup, 121; honey, 4,806 lbs.; eggs, 634,737 dozen; grapes, 8,300 lbs.; wine, 1,387 gallons; sweet potatoes, 42 bushels; apples, 14,558; peaches, 20; pears, 145; wool, 29,184 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,931.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.*

School census, 1888, 9,269; teachers, 183. Miles of railroad track, 86.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Black Creek,	340	1,441	Jefferson,	368	2,406
Butler,	178	1,595	Liberty,		1,196
Centre,	1,059	1,456	Marion,	1,141	1,933
Dublin,	705	2,027	Recovery,	298	1,272
Franklin,		1,015	Salem,	579	1,820
German,	1,499		St. Mary's,	1,515	
Gibson,		1,462	Union,	566	
Granville,	339	1,616	Washington,	214	1,384
Hopewell,		1,185	Wayne,	377	



GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

Population of Mercer in 1830, 1,737; 1840, 8,277; 1860, 14,104; 1880, 21,808, of whom 17,882 were born in Ohio; 586, Indiana; 451, Pennsylvania; 154, Virginia; 93, Kentucky; 87, New York; 1,773, German Empire; 105, Ireland; 62, France; 42, England and Wales; 27, British America, and 19 in Scotland. Census, 1890, 27,220.

This county was named from General Hugh Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton, fought January 3, 1777. He was born in the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, about the year 1720; he was educated there at the University; he held the position of assistant surgeon in the army of Prince Charles Edward in the year 1745; in 1747 settled near what is now Mercersburg, Pa.; was wounded in Braddock's expedition; at the outbreak of the Revolution was practising medicine at Fredericksburg, Va.; in 1776, by request of Washington, was made brigadier-general; led the column

of attack at Trenton; while rallying his men at Princeton was felled by a

blow from a musket, and, refusing to surrender, was bayoneted five times, and died some days afterwards in great agony. His funeral in the city of Philadelphia was attended by 30,000 people. Congress provided for the education of his youngest son, and the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia reared to his memory a monument on Laurel Hill.

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

This county has been the theatre of a most important event in the early history of the West—St. Clair's defeat. It took place on the southwest corner of the county, within two or three miles of the Indiana line.

The great object of St. Clair's campaign was to establish a military post at the Miami village, at the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph, at what is now Fort Wayne, Ind., with intermediate posts of communication between it and Fort Washington, to awe and curb the Indians in that quarter, as the only preventive of future hostilities.

Acting under his instructions, St. Clair proceeded to organize his army. At the close of April (1791) he was at Pittsburg, to which point troops and munitions of war were being forwarded. On the 15th of May he reached Fort Washington, but owing to various hindrances, among which was the mismanagement of the quartermaster's department, the troops, instead of being in readiness to start upon the expedition by the 1st of August, as was anticipated, were not prepared until many weeks later. From Fort Washington the troops were advanced to Ludlow's station, six miles distant. Here the army continued until September 17th, when, being 2,300 strong, exclusive of militia, they moved forward to a point upon the Great Miami, where they built Fort Hamilton. From thence they moved forty-four miles farther, and built Fort Jefferson, which they left on the 24th of October, and began their toilsome march through the wilderness. We copy below from the notes of Judge Burnet :

During this time a body of the militia, amounting to 300, deserted and returned to their homes. The supplies for the army being still in the rear, and the general entertaining fears that the deserters might meet and seize them for their own use, determined, very reluctantly, to send back the first regiment for the double purpose of bringing up the provisions and, if possible, of overtaking and arresting some of the deserters.

Having made that arrangement, the army resumed its march, and, on the 3d of November, arrived at a creek running to the southwest, which was supposed to be the St. Mary's, one of the principal branches of the Maumee, but was afterwards ascertained to be a branch of the Wabash. It being then late in the afternoon, and the army much fatigued by a laborious march, they were encamped on a commanding piece of ground, having the creek in front.

It was the intention of the general to occupy that position till the first regiment, with the provisions, should come up. He proposed on the next day to commence a work of defence, agreeably to a plan concerted between himself and Major Ferguson, but he was not permitted to do either ; for, on the next morning, November 4th, half an hour before sunrise, the men having been just dismissed from parade, an attack was made on the militia posted in front, who gave way and rushed back into camp, throwing the army into a

state of disorder, from which it could not be recovered, as the Indians followed close at their heels. They were, however, checked a short time by the fire of the first line, but immediately a very heavy fire was commenced on that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second.

In each case the great weight of the fire was directed to the centre, where the artillery was placed, from which the men were frequently driven with great slaughter. In that emergency resort was had to the bayonet. Colonel Darke was ordered to make the charge with a part of the second line, which order was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back several hundred yards, but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to preserve the advantage gained, the enemy soon renewed their attack, and the American troops in turn were forced to give way.

At that instant the Indians entered the American camp on the left, having forced back the troops stationed at that point. Another charge was then ordered and made by the battalions of Majors Butler and Clark with great success. Several other charges were afterwards made, and always with equal effect. These attacks, however, were attended with a heavy loss of men, and particularly of officers. In the charge made by the second regiment Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of that regiment

fell, except three, one of whom was shot through the body. The artillery being silenced, and all the officers belonging to it killed, but Captain Ford, who was dangerously wounded, and half the army having fallen, it became necessary to gain the road, if possible, and make a retreat.

For that purpose a successful charge was made on the enemy, as if to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road, which was effected. The militia then commenced a retreat, followed by the United States troops, Major Clark with his battalion covering the rear. The retreat, as might be expected, soon became a flight. The camp was abandoned, and so was the artillery, for the want of horses to remove it. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit had ceased, which was not continued for more than four miles. The road was almost covered with these articles for a great distance.

All the horses of the general were killed and he was mounted on a broken-down pack-horse that could scarcely be forced out of a walk. It was, therefore, impossible for him to get forward in person, to command a halt, till regularity could be restored, and the orders which he dispatched by others for that purpose were wholly unattended to. The rout continued to Fort Jefferson, where they arrived about dark, twenty-seven miles from the battle-ground. The retreat began at half-past nine in the morning, and as the battle commenced half an hour before sunrise, it must have lasted three hours, during which time, with only one exception, the troops behaved with great bravery. This fact accounts for the immense slaughter which took place.

Among the killed were Major-General Butler, Colonel Oldham, Major Ferguson, Major Hart and Major Clark. Among the wounded were Colonel Sargeant, the adjutant-general, Colonel Darke, Colonel Gibson, Major Butler and Viscount Malartie, who served in the character of an aid. In addition to these, the list of officers killed contained the names of Captains Bradford, Phelon, Kirkwood, Price, Van Swearingen, Tipton, Purdy, Smith, Piatt, Gaither, Crebbs and Newman; Lieutenants Spear, Warren, Boyd, McMath, Burgess, Kelso, Read, Little, Hopper and Lickins; also, Ensigns Cobb, Balch, Chase, Turner, Wilson, Brooks, Beatty and Purdy; also, Quartermasters Reynolds and Ward, Adjt. Anderson and Doc. Grasson. And in addition to the wounded officers whose names are mentioned above the official list contains the names of Captains Doyle, Truman, Ford, Buchanan, Darke, and Hough; also of Lieutenants Greaton, Davidson, DeButts, Price, Morgan, McCrea, Lysle and Thompson; also Adjutants Whistler and Crawford, and Ensign Bines.

The melancholy result of that disastrous day was felt and lamented by all who had sympathy for private distress or public misfortune.

The only charge alleged by the general against his army was want of discipline, which

they could not have acquired during the short time they had been in the service. That defect rendered it impossible, when they were thrown into confusion to restore them again to order, and is the chief reason why the loss fell so heavily on the officers. They were compelled to expose themselves in an unusual degree in their efforts to rally the men and remedy the want of discipline. In that duty the general set the example, though worn down by sickness and suffering under a painful disease. It was alleged by the officers that the Indians far outnumbered the American troops. That conclusion was drawn, in part, from the fact that they outflanked and attacked the American lines with great force, at the same time, on every side.

When the fugitives arrived at Fort Jefferson, they found the first regiment, which was just returning from the service on which it had been sent, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoy of provisions. The absence of that regiment at the time of the battle was believed by some to be the cause of the defeat. They supposed that had it been present the Indians would have been defeated, or would not have ventured an attack at the time they made it; but General St. Clair expressed great doubt on that subject. He seemed to think it uncertain, judging from the superior number of the enemy, whether he ought to consider the absence of that corps from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise. On the whole, he seemed to think it fortunate, as he very much doubted whether, if it had been in the action, the fortune of the day would have been changed; and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been left destitute of the means of defence.

As soon as the troops reached Fort Jefferson, it became a question whether they ought to continue at that place or return to Fort Washington. For the purpose of determining that question, the general called on the surviving field officers, to wit: Col. Darke, Major Hamtramck, Maj. Zeigler, and Maj. Gaither, and also the Adjutant-General, Col. Sargeant, for their advice, as to what would be the proper course to be pursued under existing circumstances. After discussing the subject they reported it to be their unanimous opinion, that the troops could not be accommodated in the fort; that they could not be supplied with provisions at that place; and as it was known that there were provisions on the road, at the distance of one or two marches, it would be proper, without loss of time, to proceed and meet them. That advice was adopted, and the army put in motion at ten o'clock and marched all night. On the succeeding day they met a quantity of flour, and on the day after a drove of cattle, which having been disposed of as the wants of the troops required, the march was continued to Fort Washington.

The loss sustained by the country from the fall of so many gallant officers and men was most seriously regretted. Gen. Butler and

Maj. Ferguson were spoken of with peculiar interest. The public feeling was, however, in some measure alleviated by the fact that those brave men, officers and privates, fell covered with honor, in defending the cause of their country.

The principal complaint made by the commander-in-chief was, that some of his orders, of great consequence, given to Col. Oldham over night, were not executed; and that some very material intelligence, communicated by Capt. Hough to Gen. Butler, in the course of the night before the action, was not imparted to him; and that he did not hear of it till his arrival at Fort Washington.

It is important to the fame of the commanding general that in consequence of the almost treasonable negligence of the agents of government, whose duty it was to furnish supplies, the army had been for many days on short allowance, and were so at the time of the battle. That fact had made it indispensably necessary either to retreat or send back the first regiment, which was the flower of the army, to bring up the provisions and military stores. The latter alternative was chosen, and in the absence of that corps the attack was made.

In regard to the negligence charged on the War Department, it is a well-authenticated fact, that boxes and packages were so carelessly put up and marked, that during the action a box was opened marked "flints," which was found to contain gun-locks. Several mistakes of the same character were discovered as for example, a keg of powder marked "for the infantry" was found to be damaged cannon-powder, that could scarcely be ignited.

This defeat of St. Clair drew upon his head, from one part of the country to the other, "one loud and merciless outcry of abuse and even detestation." Many a general, with far less bravery and military skill, has, when successful, been applauded by the unthinking multitude with vehement acclamations. The following, derived from the narrative of his campaign, shows that he deserved a better fate:

During the engagement Gen. St. Clair and Gen. Butler were continually going up and down the lines; as one went up one, the other went down the opposite. St. Clair was so severely afflicted with the gout as to be unable to mount or dismount a horse without assistance. He had four horses for his use; they had been turned out to feed over night and were brought in before the action. The first he attempted to mount was a young horse, and the firing alarmed him so much that he was unable to accomplish it, although there were three or four people assisting him. He had just moved him to a place where he could have some advantage of the ground, when the horse was shot through the head, and the boy holding him through the arm. A second horse was brought and the furniture of the first disengaged and put on him; but at the moment it was done the horse and

Under all these disadvantages it was generally believed by candid, intelligent men that the commanding general was not justly liable to much censure, if any. With one exception, at the commencement of the action, the troops behaved with great bravery. They maintained their ground for three tedious hours, in one uninterrupted conflict with a superior force; nor did they attempt to leave the field till it was covered with the bodies of their companions, nor until further efforts were unavailing and a retreat was ordered.

The general, less anxious for himself than for others, was the last to leave the ground after the retreat had been ordered. For some time after the disaster he was universally censured, but when a thorough investigation had been made by a committee of Congress, of which Mr. Giles, of Virginia, was the chairman, it was found that the campaign had been conducted with skill and personal bravery; and that the defeat was chiefly owing to the want of discipline in the militia, and to the negligence of those whose duty it was to procure and forward the provisions and military stores necessary for the expedition.

After the publication of that report, the Secretary of War, believing himself to be injured, addressed a letter to Congress, complaining that injustice had been done him by the committee; in consequence of which the report was recommitted to the same committee, who, after hearing the statements and explanations of the Secretary and reconsidering the whole matter, reaffirmed their first report.

The servant who held him were killed. The general then ordered the third horse to be got ready and follow him to the left of the front line, which by that time was warmly engaged, and set off on foot to the point designated. However, the man and horse were never heard of afterward, and were supposed to have both been killed. Gen. St. Clair's fourth horse was killed under the Count de Malartie, one of his aids, whose horse had died on the march.

On the day of the battle St. Clair was not in his uniform; he wore a coarse cappa coat and a three-cornered hat. He had a long queue and large locks, very gray, flowing beneath his beaver. Early in the action, when near the artillery, a ball grazed the side of his face and cut off a portion of one of his locks. It is said that during the action eight balls passed through his clothes and hat. After

his horses were killed he exerted himself on foot for a considerable time during the action with a degree of alertness that surprised everybody who saw him. After being on foot some time, and when nearly exhausted, a pack horse was brought to him. This he rode during the remainder of the day, although he could scarcely prick him out of a walk. Had he not been furnished with a horse, although unhurt, he must have remained on the field.

During the action Gen. St. Clair exerted himself with a courage and presence of mind worthy of the best fortune. He was personally present at the first charge made upon the enemy with the bayonet and gave the order

to Col. Darke. When the enemy first entered the camp by the left flank, he led the troops that drove them back, and when a retreat became indispensable, he put himself at the head of the troops which broke through the enemy and opened the way for the rest and then remained in the rear, making every exertion in his power to obtain a party to cover the retreat; but the panic was so great that his exertions were of but little avail. In the height of the action a few of the men crowded around the fires in the centre of the camp. St. Clair was seen drawing his pistols and threatening some of them, and ordering them to turn out and repel the enemy.

FOWLER'S STORY OF THE BATTLE.

In commenting upon his honorable acquittal of all blame by the committee of Congress appointed to inquire into the causes of the failure of the expedition, Judge Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, remarks, with his usual felicity of manner, "More satisfactory testimony in favor of St. Clair is furnished by the circumstance that he still retained the undiminished esteem and good opinion of President Washington."

To the foregoing description of the battle we extract from the narrative of Major Jacob Fowler, now (1846) living in Covington, Ky., his own personal experience in the events of that fatal day. Mr. Cist, in his *Advertiser*, in which it was published, says: "There was hardly a battle fought in the early struggles with the Indians in which Mr. Fowler did not participate. He is now (July, 1844) at the age of eighty—his eye has not waxed dim, nor his natural force abated. He can still pick off a squirrel with his rifle at one hundred yards distance. He can walk as firmly and as fast as most men at fifty, and I cannot perceive a gray hair in his head. His mind and memory are as vigorous as his physical functions."

Excepting in a single instance, St. Clair kept out no scouting parties during his march, and we should have been completely surprised by the attack when it was made, if it had not been that volunteer scouting parties from the militia were out on the evening before and the constant discharge of rifles throughout the night warned us to prepare for the event. The militia were encamped about a quarter of a mile in front of the residue of the army, so as to receive, as they did, the first shock of the attack, which was made a little after day-break. The camp was on the bank of a small creek, one of the heads of the Wabash river, the ground nearly level and covered with a heavy growth of timber. As surveyor, I drew the pay and rations of a subaltern, but, as an old hunter, was not disposed to trust myself among the Indians without my rifle. Indeed, I found it very serviceable during the march, the army being upon not more than half rations the whole campaign.

My stock of bullets becoming pretty low from hunting, as soon as it was daylight that morning I started for the militia camp to get a ladle for running some more, when I found that the battle had begun, and met the militia running in to the main body of troops.

I hailed one of the Kentuckians, who I found had been disabled in the right wrist by a bullet, asking him if he had balls to spare. He told me to take out his pouch and divide with him. I poured out a double handful and put back what I supposed was the half, and was about to leave him, when he said, "Stop, you had better count them." It was no time for laughing, but I could hardly resist the impulse to laugh, the idea was so ludicrous of counting a handful of bullets when they were about to be so plenty as to be had for the picking up by those who should be lucky enough to escape with their lives. "If we get through this day's scrape, my dear fellow," said I, "I will return you twice as many." But I never saw him again, and suppose he shared the fate that befell many a gallant spirit on that day. I owe the bullets, at any rate, at this moment.

On returning to the lines I found the engagement begun. One of Capt. Piatt's men lay near the spot I had left, shot through the belly. I saw an Indian behind a small tree, not twenty steps off, just outside the regular lines. He was loading his piece, squatting down as much as possible to screen himself. I drew sight at his butt and shot him through; he dropped, and as soon as I

had fired I retreated into our lines to reload my rifle. Finding the fire had really ceased at this point, I ran to the rear line, where I met Col. Darke leading his men to a charge. These were of the six months levies. I followed with my rifle. The Indians were driven by this movement clear out of sight, and the colonel called a halt and rallied his men, who were about three hundred in number. As an experienced woodsman and hunter, I claimed the privilege of suggesting to the colonel that were we then stood—there being a pile of trees blown out of root—would form an excellent breastwork, being of length sufficient to protect the whole force, and that we might yet need it; I judged by the shouting and firing that the Indians behind us had closed up the gap we had made in charging, and told the colonel so. "Now, if we return and charge on these Indians on our rear, we shall have them with their backs on us, and will no doubt be able to give a good account of them." "Lead the way, then," said he, and rode to the rear to march the whole body forward. We then charged on the Indians, but they were so thick we could do nothing with them. In a few minutes they were around us and we found ourselves alongside of the army baggage and the artillery, which they had been taking possession of. I then took a tree and after firing twelve or fourteen times, two or three rods being my farthest shot, I discovered that many of those I had struck were not brought down, as I had not sufficient experience to know I must shoot them in the hip to bring them down. As to the regulars, with their muskets, and in their unprotected state, it was little better than firing at random.

By this time there were about thirty men of Col. Darke's command left standing, the rest being all shot down and lying around us, either killed or wounded. I ran to the colonel, who was in the thickest of it, waving his sword to encourage his men, and told him we should all be down in five minutes more if we did not charge on them. "Charge, then!" said he to the little line that remained, and they did so. Fortunately, the army had charged on the other side at the same time, which put the Indians, for the moment, to flight. I had been partially sheltered by a small tree, but a couple of Indians, who had taken a larger one, both fired at me at once, and feeling the steam of their guns at my belly, I supposed myself cut to pieces. But no harm had been done, and I brought my piece to my side and fired, without aiming at the one that stood his ground, the fellow being so close to me that I could hardly miss him. I shot him through the hips, and while he was crawling away on all fours Col. Darke, who had dismounted and stood close by me, made at him with his sword and struck his head off. By this time the cock of my riflelock had worn loose and gave me much trouble; meeting with an acquaintance from Cincinnati, named McClure, who had no gun of his own, but picked up one from a militia man, I told him my difficulty. "There is a first-rate rifle,"

said he, pointing to one at a distance. I ran and got it, having ascertained that my bullets would fit it.

Here I met Captain J. S. Gano, who was unarmed, and handing to him the rifle I went into battle with, I observed to him that we were defeated, and would have to make our own escape as speedily as possible; that if we got off, we should need the rifles for subsistence in the woods. The battle still raged, and at one spot might be seen a party of soldiers gathered together, having nothing to do but to present mere marks for the enemy. They appeared stupefied and bewildered with the danger. At another spot the soldiers had broken into the marquees of the officers, eating the breakfast from which those had been called into the battle. It must be remembered that neither officers nor men had eaten anything the whole morning. Some of the men were shot down in the very act of eating. Just where I stood there were no Indians visible, although their rifle-balls were striking all around. At last I saw an Indian break for a tree about forty yards off, behind which he loaded and fired four times, bringing down his man at every fire, and with such quickness as to give me no chance to take sight in the intervals of his firing. At length I got a range of two inches inside his backbone, and blazed away; down he fell, and I saw no more of him.

A short time after I heard the cry given by St. Clair and his adjutant-sergeant to charge to the road, which was accordingly done. I ran across the army to where I had left my relative, Captain Piatt, and told him that the army was broken up and in full retreat. "Don't say so," he replied: "you will discourage my men, and I can't believe it." I persisted a short time, when, finding him obstinate, I said, "If you will rush on your fate, in God's name do it." I then ran off towards the rear of the army, which was making off rapidly.

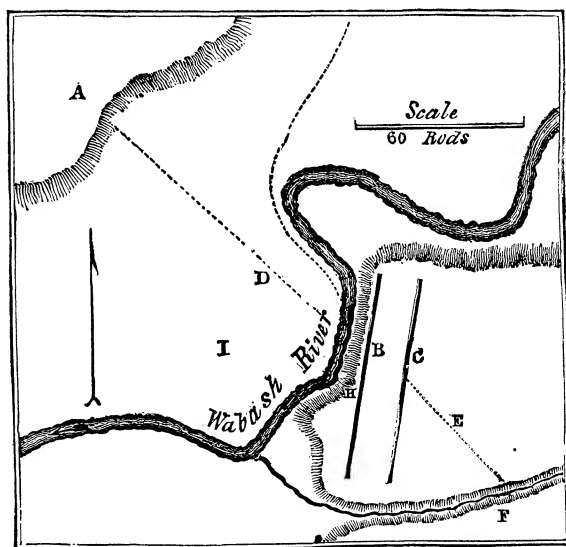
Piatt called after me, saying, "Wait for me." It was of no use to stop, for by this time the savages were in full chase and hardly twenty yards behind me. Being uncommonly active in those days, I soon got from the rear to front of the troops, although I had great trouble to avoid the bayonets which the men had thrown off in the retreat, with the sharp points towards their pursuers.

It has been stated that the Indians followed us thirty miles; but this is not true, and my duty as surveyor having led me to mark the miles every day as we proceeded on our march out, it was easy to ascertain how far we were pursued. The Indians, after every other fire, fell back to load their rifles, and gained lost time by running on afresh.

Even during the last charge of Colonel Darke, the bodies of the dead and dying were around us, and the freshly-scalped heads were reeking with smoke, and in the heavy morning frost looked like so many pumpkins through a cornfield in December. It was on the 4th of November, and the day was severely cold for the season. My fingers became so

benumbed at times that I had to take the bullets in my mouth and load from it, while I

had the wiping-stick in my hand to force them down.



PLAN OF ST. CLAIR'S BATTLE-FIELD.

References.—A. High ground, on which the militia were encamped at the commencement of the action. B. C. Encampment of the main army. D. Retreat of the militia at the beginning of the battle. E. St. Clair's trace, on which the defeated army retreated. F. Place where General Butler and other officers were buried. G. Trail to Girty's Town, on the river St. Mary's, at what is now the village of St. Mary's. H. Site of Fort Recovery, built by Wayne; the line of Darke and Mercer runs within a few rods of the site of the fort. I. Place where a brass cannon was found buried in 1830; it is on the bottom where the Indians were three times driven to the highland with the bayonet.

MCDOWELL'S STORY.

The map of the battle-ground is from the survey of Mr. John S. Houston, of Celina. The localities* were pointed out to him by Mr. McDowell, who was in the action, and is now living near Recovery. In a letter dated Celina, March 20, 1847, Mr. Houston gives me some notes of a conversation with Mr. McDowell:

Mr. McDowell states that on the morning of the battle he and several others had just gone out to look after and guard their horses, when suddenly they heard the most hideous yells from the opposite side of the river, with discharges of musketry. He instantly rushed to camp, found his regiment preparing for action, joined them, and was with the party who so gallantly charged the enemy in the bottom. On the retreat he was among those who defended the rear, and kept the enemy

in check for several miles. The ground was covered with a slushy snow, which much retarded their progress; and, after a while, many of them were so dispirited and hungry—having eaten no breakfast—that they threw down their arms and made the best of their way, pell-mell, among the retreating crowd. About this time Mr. McDowell saw a female carrying her infant, a year old. She was so tired that she was about to fall by the wayside, when he took the child and carried it

* The references A and D were not on the map; neither was the high ground on the east side of the river, which we have placed on it from personal recollection.—H. H.

some distance. Afterwards, to save her own life, the woman threw away the child in the snow. The Indians took it up, carried it to the Sandusky towns, and raised it.* Soon after this McDowell overtook a youth, some eighteen years old, wounded in the leg, hobbling along, and dispirited. He gave him a drink of spirits and a little bread (he himself had not had time to eat), which refreshed and encouraged him. Soon after a pony came dashing by. This McDowell caught, and mounting the youth upon it, he safely reached the fort.

At Stillwater creek, twelve miles from the battle-ground, the Indians, who were no longer numerous, left them and returned to share their booty. "Oh!" said an old squaw who died many years ago on the St. Mary's, "my arm that night was weary scalping white man."

Some years ago—said the old man to me—and here his cheeks were moistened with tears—I was travelling in Kentucky to visit a sister I had not seen in many years, when I arrived at Georgetown, and entered my

name on the ledger with the place of my residence—Recovery, O.

After I had been sitting some time at ease before a comfortable fire, a gentleman who had noticed the entry of my name and residence, opened a friendly conversation about the place and country. He soon remarked that he was at the defeat of St. Clair, and that if it had not been for the assistance of a young man of Butler's regiment, he would have been there yet.

After a few more questions and replies both parties recognized each other. The gentleman was the youth who had been shot, on the retreat, and whose life—as previously stated—was saved by the interposition of McDowell. At this discovery their surprise and consequent mutual attachment may be imagined. The gentleman insisted upon taking him to his house and introducing him to his wife and daughters. He had become wealthy by merchandising, and, on parting with McDowell, gave him a new suit of clothes and other presents, which he has carefully preserved to this day.

HEROISM AND AGILITY OF KENNAN.

McClung, in his "Sketches of Western Adventure," relates some anecdotes, showing the heroism and activity of a young man who was in this action :

The late William Kennan, of Fleming county, at that time a young man of eighteen, was attached to the corps of rangers who accompanied the regular force. He had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from Fort Washington he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in that respect, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner of the light corps. On the evening preceding the action his corps had been advanced, as already observed, a few hundred yards in front of the first line of infantry, in order to give seasonable notice of the enemy's approach. Just as day was dawning he observed about thirty Indians within 100 yards of the guards' fire, advancing cautiously toward the spot where he stood, together with about twenty rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear.

Supposing it to be a mere scouting party, as usual, and not superior in number to the rangers, he sprang forward a few paces in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, he instantly fell flat upon his face, and proceeded with all possible rapidity to reload his gun, not doubting for a moment but that the rangers would maintain their position and support him. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses that the rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation, leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of his danger. Fortu-

nately the captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself into the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run, Kennan! or you are a dead man!" He instantly sprang to his feet and beheld Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was already more than 100 yards in front.

Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording-place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the main army; but several Indians who had passed him before he rose from the grass threw themselves in the way and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one chief (probably Messhawa), who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to take the race continued for more than 400 yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase nor his adversary diminish. Each for the time put his whole soul into the race.

Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in a menacing attitude, and at length, finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the mettle of

* It is stated in some accounts that about fifty, and in others, that nearly 200 women were killed in the action and flight.—H. H.

his pursuer in a different manner, and felt for his tomahawk in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, however, while he lay in the grass, and his hair had almost lifted the cap from his head when he saw himself totally disarmed. As he had slackened his pace for a moment the Indian was almost in reach of him when he recommenced the race; but the idea of being without arms lent wings to his feet, and, for the first time, he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer too closely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay to the height of eight or nine feet.

The Indian (who heretofore had not uttered the slightest sound) now gave a short, quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate. He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting his whole soul into the effort, he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush and everything else, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph, but dashing into the bed of the creek (upon the banks of which his feat had been performed), where the high banks would shield him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which have seldom been surpassed. No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, and, as we have already observed, was maintained for three hours with unabated fury.

When the retreat commenced, Kennan was attached to Maj. Clarke's battalion, and had the dangerous service of protecting the rear. This corps quickly lost its commander, and was completely disorganized. Kennan was among the hindmost when the fight commenced, but exerting those same powers which had saved him in the morning, he quickly gained the front, passing several horsemen in the flight. Here he beheld a private in his own company, an intimate acquaintance, lying upon the ground with his thigh broken, and in tones of the most piercing distress, implored each horseman who hurried by to take him up behind him. As soon as he beheld Kennan coming up on foot, he stretched out his arms and called aloud upon him to

save him. Notwithstanding the imminent peril of the moment, his friend could not reject so passionate an appeal, but seizing him in his arms he placed him upon his back and ran in that manner for several hundred yards. Horseman after horseman passed them, all of whom refused to relieve him of his burden.

At length the enemy was gaining upon him so fast that Kennan saw their death certain unless he relinquished his burden. He accordingly told his friend that he had used every possible exertion to save his life, but in vain; that he must relax his hold around his neck or they would both perish. The unhappy wretch, heedless of every remonstrance, still clung convulsively to his back, and impeded his exertions until the foremost of the enemy (armed with tomahawks alone) were within twenty yards of them. Kennan then drew his knife from its sheath and cut the fingers of his companion, thus compelling him to relinquish his hold. The unhappy man rolled upon the ground in utter helplessness, and Kennan beheld him tomahawked before he had gone thirty yards. Relieved from his burden, he darted forward with an activity which once more brought him to the van. Here again he was compelled to neglect his own safety in order to attend to that of others.

The late Governor Madison, of Kentucky, who afterwards commanded the corps which defended themselves so honorably at Raisin, a man who united the most amiable temper to the most unconquerable courage, was at that time a subaltern in St. Clair's army, and being a man of infirm constitution, was totally exhausted by the exertions of the morning and was now sitting down calmly upon a log, awaiting the approach of his enemies. Kennan hastily accosted him and inquired the cause of his delay. Madison, pointing to a wound which had bled profusely, replied that he was unable to walk any further, and had no horse. Kennan instantly ran back to a spot where he had seen an exhausted horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and having assisted Madison to mount, walked by his side until they were out of danger. Fortunately, the pursuit soon ceased, as the plunder of the camp presented irresistible attractions to the enemy. The friendship thus formed between these two young men endured without interruption through life. Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He settled in Fleming county, and continued for many years a leading member of the Baptist church. He died in 1827.

The number of Indians engaged in this action can never be ascertained with any degree of certainty. They have been variously estimated from 1,000 to 3,000.

Col. John Johnston, long an Indian agent in this region, and whose opportunities for

forming a correct opinion on this subject are worthy of consideration, in a communication

to us (1846), says : "The number of Indians at the defeat of St. Clair, must have been large. At that time game was plenty and any number could be conveniently subsisted. Wells, one of our interpreters, was there with and fought for the enemy. To use his own language, he tomahawked and scalped the wounded, dying and dead, until he was

unable to raise his arm. The principal tribes in the battle were the Delawares, Shawanese, Wyandots, Miamies and Ottawas, with some Chippewas and Putawatimes. The precise number of the whole I had no accurate means of knowing ; it could not be less than 2,000."

The following song is not the best of poetry, but it has frequently been sung with sad emotion, and is worthy of preservation as a relic of olden time :

SAINCLAIRE'S DEFEAT.

'Twas November the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson ;
Sinclair was our commander, which may remembered be,
For there we left nine hundred men in t' West'n Ter'tory.

At Bunker's Hill and Quebeck, where many a hero fell,
Likewise at Long Island, (it is I the truth can tell,)
But such a dreadful carnage may I never see again
As hap'ned near St. Mary's, upon the river plain.

Our army was attacked just as the day did dawn,
And soon were overpowered and driven from the lawn.
They killed Major *Ouldham*, *Levin* and *Briggs* likewise,
And horrid yells of sav'ges resounded through the skies.

Major *Butler* was wounded in the very second fire ;
His manly bosom swell'd with rage when forc'd to retire ;
And as he lay in anguish, nor scarcely could he see,
Exclaim'd, "Ye hounds of hell, O! revenged I will be."

We had not been long broken when General *Butler* found
Himself so badly wounded, was forced to quit the ground.
"My God!" says he, "what shall we do, we're wounded every man?
Go charge them, valiant heroes, and beat them if you can."

He leaned his back against a tree, and there resigned his breath,
And like a valiant soldier sunk in the arms of death ;
When blessed angels did await, his spirit to convey ;
And unto the celestial fields he quickly bent his way.

We charg'd again with courage firm, but soon again gave ground,
The war-whoop then redoubled, as did the foes around.
They killed Major *Ferguson*, which caused his men to cry,
"Our only safety is in flight, or fighting here to die."

"Stand to your guns," says valiant *Ford*, "let's die upon them here
Before we let the sav'ges know we ever harbored fear."
Our cannon-balls exhausted, and artill'ry-men all slain,
Obliged were our musketmen the en'my to sustain.

Yet three hours more we fought them, and then were forc'd to yield,
When three hundred bloody warriors lay stretch'd upon the field.
Says Colonel *Gibson* to his men, "My boys, be not dismay'd ;
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid.

Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die, than they should gain the field !"
With that he got a fatal shot, which caused him to yield.
Says Major *Clark*, "My heroes, I can here no longer stand,
We'll strive to form in order, and retreat the best we can."

The word, Retreat, being pass'd around, there was a dismal cry,
Then helter-skelter through the woods, like wolves and sheep they fly.
This well-appointed army, who but a day before,
Defied and braved all danger, had like a cloud pass'd o'er.

Alas ! the dying and wounded, how dreadful was the thought,
To the tomahawk and scalping-knife, in mis'ry are brought.
Some had a thigh and some an arm broke on the field that day,
Who writhed in torments at the stake, to close the dire affray.

To mention our brave officers, is what I wish to do ;
No sons of Mars e'er fought more brave, or with more courage true.
To Captain *Bradford* I belonged, in his artillery.
He fell that day amongst the slain ; a valiant man was he.

Some time after the defeat of St. Clair, Wilkinson, who had succeeded him in the command of Fort Washington, ordered an expedition to visit the battle-ground. Capt. Buntin, who was with the party, afterwards addressed a letter to St. Clair, from which we make an extract :

In my opinion, those unfortunate men who fell into the enemy's hands with life were used with the greatest torture, having their limbs torn off ; and the women have been treated with the most indecent cruelty, having stakes as thick as a person's arm driven through their bodies. The first I observed when burying the dead ; and the latter was discovered by Col. Sargent and Dr. Brown. We found three whole carriages ; the other five were so much damaged that they were rendered useless. By the general's orders pits were dug in different places, and all the dead bodies that were exposed to view or could be conveniently found (the snow being very deep) were buried. During this time there were sundry parties detached, some for our safety and others in examining the course of the creek ; and some distance in advance of the ground occupied by the militia, they found a

large camp, not less than three-quarters of a mile long, which was supposed to be that of the Indians the night before the action. We remained on the field that night, and next morning fixed geared horses to the carriages and moved for Fort Jefferson. . . . As there is little reason to believe that the enemy have carried off the cannon, it is the received opinion that they were either buried or thrown into the creek, and I think the latter the most probable ; but as it was frozen over with thick ice, and that covered with a deep snow, it was impossible to make a search with any prospect of success. In a former part of this letter I have mentioned the camp occupied by the enemy the night before the action ; had Col. Oldham been able to have complied with your orders on that evening things at this day might have worn a different aspect.

Mr. McDowell, previously mentioned, was one of those who visited the battle-ground.

He states that although the bodies were much abused and stripped of all of value they recognized and interred them in four large graves. Gen. Butler was found in the shattered remains of his tent. After he was wounded he was borne to the tent, and while

two surgeons were dressing his wounds a ball struck one of them in the hip. At this instant, an Indian, who was determined to have the scalp of Butler, rushed in and while attempting to scalp him, was shot by the dying surgeon.

In December, 1793, Gen. Wayne, having arrived with his army at Greenville, sent forward a detachment to the spot of St. Clair's defeat.

They arrived on the ground on Christmas day and pitched their tents on the battle-ground. When the men went to lie down in their tents at night they had to scrape the bones together and carry them out to make their beds. The next day holes were dug and the bones remaining above ground were buried, six hundred skulls being found among them. The flesh was entirely off the bones,

and in many cases the sinews yet held them together. After this melancholy duty was performed a fortification was built and named FORT RECOVERY, in commemoration of its being recovered from the Indians, who had possession of the ground in 1791. On the completion of the fort one company of artillery and one of riflemen were left, while the rest returned to Greenville.

ATTACK ON FORT RECOVERY.

The site of St. Clair's battle became the scene of a sanguinary affair in the summer of 1794, while Wayne's army was encamped at Greenville, of which Burnet's Notes give the best description we have seen.

On the 30th of June a very severe and bloody battle was fought under the walls of Fort Recovery between a detachment of American troops, consisting of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, commanded by Major McMahon, and a very numerous body of Indians and British, who at the same instant rushed on the detachment, and assailed the fort on every side with great fury. They were repulsed with a heavy loss, but again rallied and renewed the attack, keeping up a heavy and constant fire during the whole day, which was returned with spirit and effect by the garrison.

The succeeding night was foggy and dark and gave the Indians an opportunity of carrying off their dead by torch-light, which occasionally drew a fire from the garrison. They, however, succeeded so well that there were but eight or ten bodies left on the ground, which were too near the garrison to be approached. On the next morning, McMahon's detachment having entered the fort, the enemy renewed the attack and continued it with great desperation during the day, but were ultimately compelled to retreat from the same field on which they had been proudly victorious on the 4th of November, 1791.

The expectation of the assailants must have been to surprise the post, and carry it by storm, for they could not possibly have received intelligence of the movement of the escort under Major McMahon, which only marched from Greenville on the morning preceding, and on the same evening deposited in Fort Recovery the supplies it had convoyed. That occurrence could not, therefore, have led to the movement of the savages.

Judging from the extent of their encampment, and their line of march, in seventeen columns, forming a wide and extended front, and from other circumstances, it was believed their numbers could not have been less than from 1,500 to 2,000 warriors. It was also believed that they were in want of provisions, as they had killed and eaten a number of pack-horses in their encampment the evening after the assault, and also at their encampment on their return, seven miles from Recovery, where they remained two nights, having been much encumbered with their dead and wounded.

From the official return of Major Mills, adjutant-general of the army, it appears that twenty-two officers and non-commissioned officers were killed, and thirty wounded. Among the former were Major McMahon, Capt. Hartshorn and Lieut. Craig; and among the wounded, Capt. Taylor of the dragoons and Lieut. Darke of the legion. Capt. Gibson, who commanded the fort, behaved with great gallantry, and received the thanks of the commander-in-chief, as did every officer and soldier of the garrison and the escort who were engaged in that most gallant and successful defence.

Immediately after the enemy had retreated it was ascertained that their loss had been

very heavy; but the full extent of it was not known till it was disclosed at the treaty of Greenville. References were made to that battle by several of the chiefs in council, from which it was manifest that they had not even then ceased to mourn the distressing losses sustained on that occasion. Having made the attack with a determination to carry the fort or perish in the attempt, they exposed their persons in an unusual degree, and of course a large number of the bravest of their chiefs and warriors perished before they abandoned the enterprise.

From the facts afterwards communicated to the general it was satisfactorily ascertained that there were a considerable number of British soldiers and Detroit militia engaged with the savages on that occasion. A few days previous to that affair the general had sent out three small parties of Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, to take prisoners for the purpose of obtaining information. One of those parties returned to Greenville on the 28th, and reported that they had fallen in with a large body of Indians at Girty's Town (crossing of the St. Mary's), on the evening of the 27th of June, apparently bending their course towards Chillicothe, on the Miami; and that there were a great many white men with them. The two other parties followed the trail of the hostile Indians, and were in sight when the assault on the post commenced. They affirm, one and all, that there were a large number of armed white men, with painted faces, whom they frequently heard conversing in English, and encouraging the Indians to persevere; and that there were also three British officers, dressed in scarlet, who appeared to be men of distinction from the great attention and respect which were paid to them. These persons kept at a distance in the rear of the assailants. Another strong, corroborating proof that there were British soldiers and militia in the assault, is that a number of ounce-balls and buckshot were found lodged in the block-houses and stockades of the fort; and that others were picked up on the ground, fired at such a distance as not to have momentum sufficient to enter the logs.

It was supposed that the British engaged in the attack expected to find the artillery that was lost on the fatal 4th of November, which had been hid in the ground and covered with logs by the Indians in the vicinity of the battle-field. This inference was supported by the fact that during the conflict they were seen turning over logs and examining different places in the neighborhood, as if searching for something. There were many reasons for believing that they depended on that artillery to aid in the reduction of the fort; but fortunately most of it had been previously found by its legitimate owners, and was then employed in its defence.

James Neill, a pack-horse man in the American service, who was taken prisoner by the Indians during the attack, and tied to a stump about half a mile from the fort, after

his return stated to the general that the enemy lost a great number in killed and wounded ; that while he was at the stump he saw about twenty of their dead and a great many wounded carried off. He understood there were 1,500 Indians and white men in

the attack ; and on their return to the Miami the Indians stated that no men ever fought better than they did at Recovery ; and that their party lost twice as many men in that attack as they did at St. Clair's defeat.

Jonathan Alder, who was then living with the Indians, gives in his manuscript autobiography an account of the attack on the fort. He states that Simon Girty was in the action, and that one of the American officers was killed by Thomas McKee, a son of the British agent, Col. Alexander McKee. We have room but for a single extract, showing the risk the Indians encountered to bring off their wounded.

In the morning, when we arose, an old Indian addressed us, saying, "We last night went out to take the fort by surprise, and lost several of our men killed and wounded. There is one wounded man lying near the fort who must be brought away, for it would be an eternal shame and scandal to the tribe to allow him to fall into the hands of the whites to be massacred. I wish to know who will volunteer to go and bring him away." Big Turtle, who knew where he lay, answered that he would go ; but as no one else volunteered, the old Indian pointed out several of us successively, myself among the number, saying that we must accompany Big Turtle. Upon this we rose up without a word and started. As soon as we came into the edge of the cleared ground those in the fort began shooting at us. We then ran crooked, from one tree to another, the bullets in the meanwhile flying about us like hail. At length, while

standing behind a big tree, Big Turtle ordered us not to stop any more, but run in a straight line, as we were only giving them time to load—that those foremost in going should have the liberty of first returning. He then pointed out the wounded man, and we started in a straight line through a shower of bullets. When we reached him we were within sixty yards of the fort. We all seized him and retreated for our lives, first dodging from one side and then to the other, until out of danger. None of us were wounded but Big Turtle. A ball grazed his thigh and a number of bullets passed through his hunting shirt that hung loose. When we picked up the wounded man his shirt flew up, and I saw that he was shot in the belly. It was green all around the bullet holes, and I concluded that we were risking our lives for a dead man.

A small village, now (1846) containing a few houses only, was laid off on the site of St. Clair's defeat, in 1836, by Larkin and McDaniels. It is twenty-three miles north of Greenville. Many relics of the battle have been discovered—muskets, swords, tomahawks, scalping knives, cannon balls, grape and musket shot, etc. Among the bones found is that of a skull, now in possession of Mr. William McDaniels, showing the marks of a bullet, a tomahawk and a scalping knife. St. Clair lost several cannon, all of which but *one* were subsequently recovered by Wayne. This was long known to be missing, and about a dozen years since was discovered buried in the mud near the mouth of the creek. It is now in possession of an artillery company in Cincinnati. When the low ground in the valley of the river was cleared, several years since, a large quantity of bullets and grape shot were found in the bodies of trees, from twenty to thirty feet above the ground, from which it seems that the troops and artillery, having been stationed on high ground, fired over the enemy. On burning the trees the lead melting ran down their trunks, discoloring them so much as to be perceived at a considerable distance.

The remains of Major McMahon and his companions, who fell at the time of the attack on the fort, were buried within its walls. Some years since their bones were disinterred and reburied with the honors of war, in one coffin, in the village graveyard. McMahon was known from the size of his bones. He was about 6 feet 6 inches in height. A bullet hole was in his skull, the ball having entered his temple and come out at the back of his head. He was originally from near the Mingo bottom, just below Steubenville. He was a famous Indian fighter and captain, and classed by the borderers on the upper Ohio with Brady and the Wetzels.—*Old Edition.*



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE MERCER COUNTY RESERVOIR.
Said to be the largest artificial lake on the globe.



Ford Lewis, Photo., Celina, 1890.

STREET VIEW IN CELINA.

A church in course of construction is shown on the left, the Court-House on the right, the Reservoir in the distance.

CELINA, county-seat of Mercer, on the Wabash river, 100 miles southwest of Toledo, about 100 miles north of Cincinnati, and about ninety miles northwest of Columbus, is on the L. E. & W., C. J. & M., and T., St. L. & K. C. Railroads; is also on the Grand Reservoir, ten miles long—the largest artificial lake in the United States, covering 17,000 acres with an average depth of ten feet. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Theophilus G. Touvelle; Clerk, Henry Lennartz; Commissioners, John H. Siebert, Peter Haubert, Christian Fanger; Coroner, Theodore G. McDonald; Infirmary Directors, Charles F. Lutz, Philip Heiby, David Overly; Probate Judge, Stafford S. Scranton; Prosecuting Attorney, Byron M. Clendening; Recorder, William C. Snyder; Sheriff, James F. Timmonds; Surveyor, Justin M. DeFord; Treasurer, Samuel A. Nickerson. City officers, 1888: Joseph May, Mayor; Charles Gable, Clerk; H. F. Juneman, Treasurer; George H. Houser, Marshal. Newspapers: *Der Mercer County Bote*, German, Democratic, William Stelzer, editor and publisher; *Mercer County Observer*, Republican, Jameson & Ross, editors and publishers; *Mercer County Standard*, Democratic, A. P. Snyder, editor and publisher. Churches: one Catholic, one Lutheran, one Presbyterian, one United Brethren, one Methodist. Banks: Citizens', Chr. Schunck, president, J. W. DeFord, cashier; Godfrey & Milligan.

Manufactures and Employees.—Krenning Woollen Mills, blankets, etc., 10 hands; Celina Machine Works, machine shop, 7; W. B. Nimmons, barrel heads, 45; W. H. Beery, flour and feed, 4; Timmonds & Estry, doors, sash, etc., 6; A. Wykoff & Son, carriages, etc., 10; Celina City Mills, flour, etc., 3.—*Ohio State Report, 1888*. Population, 1880, 1,346. School census, 1888, 752; George S. Harter, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$79,525. Value of annual product, \$132,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888*. Census, 1890, 2,684.

Celina is steadily prospering; its manufactures are chiefly wood, as are those of northwestern Ohio generally. The centre and south part of the county is a rich gas field, while north of Celina extends the oil territory. Celina is a Democratic stronghold. It has furnished the Ohio Legislature with two Democratic speakers of the House in the persons of ex-Congressman F. C. Le Blond and Hon. A. D. Marsh, while Hon. Thomas Jefferson Godfrey in 1868 was president of the Senate, and in 1869 was on the Democratic ticket for lieutenant-governor, with George H. Pendleton as candidate for governor; he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1873–1874, and on the judiciary committee. He takes much interest in education, and has for years been a trustee of the State University. The German Catholic element is strong in Celina, and, indeed, in the new northwest of Ohio generally, and it makes a thrifty, upright, industrious body of pioneers, intensely patriotic and well adapted to cope with a wilderness condition.

The old county-seat was St. Mary's, described on page 302, where stood the old fort St. Mary's, built by Wayne. Col. John Johnston gave us this account of the last commander of that fort, Capt. John Whistler, who appears to have been a remarkable man.

He was a soldier from his youth, came to America in Burgoyne's army, and was taken prisoner at Saratoga. He remained afterwards in the United States, entered the Western army under St. Clair, and survived the disastrous defeat of November, 1791, at which he acted as sergeant. In 1793 an order came from the war office, purporting that any non-commissioned officer who should raise twenty-five recruits would receive the commission of an ensign. He succeeded in this way in obtaining the office, from which he rose to a captaincy, and commanded in suc-

cession Forts St. Mary's, Wayne and Dearborn, at Chicago. He built the latter without the aid of a horse or ox; the timber and materials were all hauled by the labor of the soldiers, their commander always at their head assisting. He could recruit more men and perform more labor than any other officer in the army. Age and hard service at length broke him down. He retired from the line of the army and received the appointment of military storekeeper at St. Louis, where he died about 1826.

By the formation of Auglaise county in 1848, St. Mary's was embodied in it, although Celina, then as now, was the county-seat. It had but few inhabitants. Celina was surveyed and laid out by James Watson Riley, for himself, Rufus W. Stearnes, Robert Linzer, 2d, and Peter Aughenbaugh, joint proprietors of the land, and the plat recorded September 8, 1834. The name Celina was given after that of Salina, N. Y., because, like that place, it stood at the head of a lake. The name was changed in spelling from "Sa" to "Ce," to prevent confusion of post-offices. The town slowly got a start, and when the Harrison campaign ensued in 1840, the county officers had removed here from St. Mary's, and got domiciled in log huts, and the court-house had received its roof.

After the excitement of the Harrison campaign was over, a chopping frolic or "bee" was held to cut down the timber on the town site, and give the sun a chance to dry up the mud. So, on a beautiful Indian summer day about seventy experienced choppers from all the country round came to Celina with their sharp, glistening axes; women, too, came with them to do their cooking; and, after a great day of work, they partook of a generous supper of substantials, and then ensued a grand dance, kept up by many until daylight did appear. When they cleared the woods they adopted the method described on page 468.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

This is Thursday evening, December 9, and I am in Celina, county-seat of Mercer, and the southernmost of the wild counties of Ohio on the Indiana line. I got here by rail from Paulding near sunset, in a freight train with a caboose attached, and through the woods nearly all the way. This entire wild region of woods and swamps of Northwestern Ohio fill one with an indescribable emotion of coming greatness from its great fertility when cleared and drained. In the meanwhile its wood crop yields full reward for manly toil.

Celina, with its effeminate, soft-sounding name, is small and has the aspect of newness as though the place itself was but newly arrived. From its name we should look for a refined and gentle population. Its main street is very broad, and I walked in the beautiful crisp air and in the bright moon to its foot where lies the great artificial lake. Boys and girls were there skating—their glad voices rang on the air.

Lines of fish-houses are on the banks. The old picture which I took in 1846 of the lake was at the St. Mary's end, ten miles east. In it are shown dead forests standing in the water. These now have disappeared everywhere and in their places stand decayed and decaying stumps, projecting a few inches above the water, their many miles of black heads showing where the forests had been a singular appearance for the surface of the lake. Under the water the wood is preserved from decay by its continuous immersion. By the rise and fall of the water the exposed part of the stumps decay. The decayed vegetable matter when the water is low fills the air with a horrible odor, which I am told is some summers so sickening as to almost drive the people away. In time this will be remedied by a systematic clearing away of the stumps, or sawing them off below the lowest water-line.

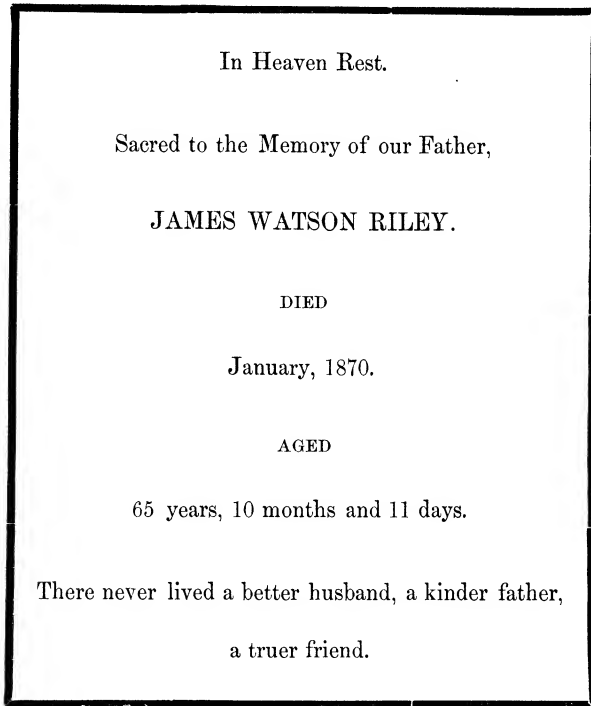
Several small islands are in the lake, one of which—Eagle's Island—is the abode of a professional fisherman; another is a pleasure

resort for pic-nic parties, hunting and fishing, which is reached by a small steamer and various other boats. The fish are largely caught by nets, as black and rock bass, cat-fish, roach, bull heads, ring perch, etc. During the spring and autumn of each year wild fowl gather here in large and incredible numbers, and as a fishing and hunting resort it is very attractive, and large parties come here for that purpose from all parts of the State.

It is now nine o'clock and I am in the depot at Celina, and make this note: "In a few minutes shall start South." It has been a clear, glorious, sunny winter day; no overcoat wanted. Mere existence has been joyous. The sun has set bright over a dead level forest country and the full moon risen huge in the East. But the train is approaching; its big head-light looms up in the distance, seeming to say, "I'm coming to bear you on your way." Slow, stumbling "Old Pomp" has had his day.

The father of Celina was JAMES WATSON RILEY. He was the son of Captain

James Riley, the once Arab captive, whose history is given in Van Wert county. The son was born in 1804, in Middletown, Connecticut, and came with his family to Ohio when quite young. The inscription on his monument in Celina is annexed :



He was a somewhat tall, wiry man of great energy and push, whom I gratefully remember, he having supplied me with valuable material for my original edition. The inscription on his monument is a model. One feels it is true; an emanation from a loving heart. Better than all titles, and all honors, and all material possessions, is it, to deserve such an epitaph.

His life, was, however, great, because given to developing the swamp region of the State, and he was the proprietor of the towns of Van Wert, Paulding and Celina, all county-seats, which he surveyed and founded. His ambition was to enter the wilderness, carve out villages which should serve as centres for young prospering communities. To have been the creator of three county-seats is an extraordinary honor, not, we think, paralleled anywhere.

Public office sought him; at one time he was Register of the United States Land Office. He was an ardent Whig in the old Tippecanoe times and made a strong contest for Congress in opposition to Hon. Wm. Sawyer. The district was hopelessly Democratic, but by stumping it he reduced Mr. Sawyer's majority from 2,500 to 1,000.

Sawyer represented this Congressional district from 1845 to 1849, and he got fastened upon him the epithet of "Sausage." And this was the way of it: Wm. E. Robinson, the waggish reporter "Richelieu," of the *New York Tribune*, had given a comic description of the Hon. Wm. Sawyer's bringing on to the floor of Congress a cold lunch, and spreading it on his desk and partaking of

it with a gusto in the presence of his fellow-members while in session.

Cold sausage, as described, was the principle article of the *menu*. The Democratic majority expelled Mr. Robinson, but he came back some years later and took his seat, not this time in the reporter's gallery, but on the floor of the House, right among the Democrats, as the Democratic member from the

Brooklyn, New York, district. Mr. Sawyer was ever after known as "Sausage Sawyer." It was a cruel epithet to apply to a worthy man.

Robinson was a red-headed North of Ireland man, educated in this country; his college mates called him "Jack." He oozed with fun; couldn't help it; was born that way. This made him, in his youthful days, a favorite on the Whig platform, to which he was always called with vociferous yells and stampings. We once saw him mount the orating stage, throw his hat, an old soft, white hat which he had under his arm, at his feet and make a comic apostrophe to it as an opening to more fun. Jack we believe and hope is yet living, and if living must have opened this very day with a good joke, possibly may have lunched on cold sausage. The last we saw of Jack was fourteen years ago; he was on a public platform as a companion to Dr. John G. Holland, the poet. His red hair had bleached to a dull white and stood out huge and bushy in all directions, which gave to him a sage and venerable aspect.

Slang epithets and fancy names, we believe, are universal. Public men are especially favored. Napoleon the First was dubbed by his soldiers "Little Corporal," and Wellington travelled as the "Iron Duke." Coming to our own country, Andrew Jackson was "Old Hickory;" Martin Van Buren, the "Little Magician;" Thomas Benton, "Old Bullion;" John Quincy Adams, the "Old Man Eloquent;" Daniel Webster, the "God-like Webster," and "Black Dan;" General Winfield Scott, "Fuss and Feathers;" Henry Clay, "Mill Boy of the Slashes," and "Cooney;" Mr. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight;" and General Butler, "Spoons."

Coming to Ohio we find General W. H. Harrison was a "Granny;" Thomas Corwin, a "Wagon Boy;" Gov. Wood, "Tall Chief of the Cuyahogas;" Hon. Samuel Medary, "War Horse of the Democracy;" Gov. Allen, "Chinese Gong" and "Fog Horn," from his tremendous voice, and then having used in a speech the sentence, "Earthquake of indignation," became "Earthquake Allen;" Mr. Ewing was "Solitude Ewing," from a speech in the Senate when, speaking of the disastrous effects of the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank by General Jackson, he had said: "Our canals

have become a solitude, and the lake a desert waste of waters." This term solitude is poetical, having in it the element of pleasing melancholy. Possibly, in using it Mr. Ewing may have been reading "Zimmerman on Solitude." If he had lived to our time it might have been Algers' "Genius of Solitude," which last we can commend to all thoughtful souls who have aspirations for indulgence in "pleasing melancholy."

Coming to the war period and later, "Old Stars" stood for the astronomer, General Ormsby Knight Mitchell. He had pointed his telescope so much aloft to see what Jupiter and its travelling moons were doing, his soldiers thought "Old Stars" was a good fit. "Uncle Billy" is a term of endearment for Sherman. As they use it the old veterans feel drawn closer to the General, their hearts beating in unison. They realize in the time of trouble he had a brother's love, was ready to share his last cracker with them as he is now to welcome them and their wives and daughters, greeting the latter sometimes with the fraternal kiss; "for of such is," etc. "Little Breeches" for a while was Mr. Foraker's designation, growing out of his youthful experience; like the breeches it had no permanence, soon was worn out and cast away; but Judge Thurman remains "Honest," while "King Bob" yet wears the crown.

In private life nicknames are endless. Our Indians appear to have none other. "Fool Dog" designated a Sioux chief. Said a department commander of the army to us: "Fool Dog was as good a man as I ever knew; he was exceedingly fond of me. Yes, I think Fool Dog would have died for me." Every reader must remember some of his schoolmates that had eccentric appellations. One I had was known as "Scoopendiver Bill." How he got it I never knew; but I did of another, "Boots." His father had sent him with his boots for the mending; the lad drew them over his own boots, and shuffling past the school-house when his mates were out at play, they filled the air with the cry of "Boots! boots! boots!" The epithet "Boots" became a permanent fixture. His real name passed into oblivion, his schoolmates never using any other than "Boots." He is yet living, but being aged it must be as "Old Boots."

THE MERCER COUNTY RESERVOIR.

The largest artificial lake, it is said, on the globe, is formed by the reservoir supplying the St. Mary's feeder of the Miami extension canal, from which it is situated three miles west. The reservoir is about nine miles long and from two to four broad. It is on the summit, between the Ohio and the lakes. About one-half in its natural state was a prairie, and the remainder a forest. It was formed by raising two walls of earth, from ten to twenty-five feet high, called respectively the East and West embankment, the first of which is about two miles and the last near four in length. These walls, with the elevation of the ground to the north and south, form a huge basin to retain the water.

The reservoir was commenced in 1837 and completed in 1845, at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars. The west embankment was completed in 1843. The water filled in at the upper end to the depth of several feet, but as the ground rose gradually to the east it overflowed for several miles to the depth of a few inches only. This vast body of water thus exposed to the powerful rays of the sun, would, if allowed to have remained, have bred pestilence through the adjacent country. Moreover, whole farms that belonged to individuals, yet unpaid for by the State, were completely submerged. Under these circumstances, about one hundred and fifty residents of the county turned out with spades and shovels and by two days of industry tore a passage for the water through the embankment. It cost several thousand dollars to repair the damage. Among those concerned in this affair were persons high in official station and respectability, some of whom here for the first time blistered their hands at manual labor. They were all liable to the State law making the despoiling of public works a penitentiary offence, but a grand jury could not be found in Mercer to find a bill of indictment.

The Legislature, by a joint resolution, passed in 1837, resolved that no reservoir

should be made for public canals without the timber being first cleared; it was unheeded by officers in charge of this work. The trees were only girdled and thus thousands of acres of most valuable timber that would have been of great value to the Commonwealth in building of bridges and other constructions on the public works wantonly wasted.

The view of the reservoir was taken from the east embankment, and presents a singular scene. In front are dead trees and stumps scattered about, and roofs of deserted cabins rising from the water. Beyond a cluster of green prairie grass waves in the rippling waters, while to the right and left thousands of acres of dead forest trees, with no sign of life but a few scattered willows bending in the water, combine to give an air of wintry desolation to the scene. The reservoir abounds in fish and wild fowl, while innumerable frogs make the air vocal with their bellowings. The water is only a few feet deep, and in storms the waves dash up six or eight feet and foam like an ocean in miniature. A few years since a steamer twenty-five feet in length, called the "Seventy-six," with a boiler of seventy gallons capacity, a pipe four feet in height, and commanded by Captain Gustavus Darnold, plied on its waters.

The foregoing account of the reservoir is from our original edition. The *Mercer County Standard* of April, 1871, has a fuller description, from which we take some items:

Justin Hamilton, of Mercer county, introduced a resolution into the Legislature, which was unanimously adopted: "That no water should be let into the reservoir before the same should be cleared of timber and the parties paid for this land." The Legislature appropriated \$20,000 for this purpose, but it was squandered by the officers and land speculators.

When the water was let in, growing crops of wheat belonging to various owners and other farm property were submerged. The people, indignant, held a public meeting at Celina, May 3, 1843; chose Samuel Ruckman, County Commissioner, President, and sent Benjamin Linzee to Piqua to lay their grievances, with an address, before the head of the Board of Public Works, Messrs. Spencer and Ramsey, etc., who returned the sneering answer, "*Help yourselves if you can.*"

On the 12th the meeting returned Mr. Linzee to Piqua with the answer, that if they did not pay for the land and let off the water, they would cut the bank on the 15th. The reply came back, "*The Piqua Guards will be with you and rout you on that day.*"

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th more than one hundred citizens, with shovels, spades and wheel-barrows, were on the spot. The place selected was the strongest on the bank in the old Beaver channel, and, careful not to damage the State, the dirt was wheeled back on the bank on each side. Next day at noon the cutting was complete, and was dug six feet below the level of the lake with a flimsy breastwork to hold back the water.

When the tools were taken out and all ready, Samuel Ruckman said, "Who will start the water?" "I," said John Sunday; "I," said Henry Linzee, and in a moment the meandering waters were hurling down fifty yards below the bank. It was six weeks before the water subsided.

Warrants were issued for all engaged in the work, and this included all the county officers, judges, sheriffs, clerks, auditor, etc. As stated the grand jury refused to find a bill and it cost the State \$17,000 to repair the damage.

John W. Erwin, the old canal engineer, in a recent newspaper publication, states: This reservoir often feeds sixty miles or more of canal and discharges into the Maumee, at Defiance, 3,000 cubic feet of water per minute, after having been used over a fall of thirty-five feet for hydraulic purpose. The water which escapes at the west bank of the Grand Reservoir (by the Wabash river) finds its

way into the Gulf of Mexico, and that which escapes at the east end finds its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In *our original* edition we made the following statement in regard to a colony of colored people which amounted to several hundred persons: They live principally by agriculture, and own extensive tracts of land in the townships of Granville, Franklin and Mercer. They bear a good reputation for morality, and manifest a laudable desire for mental improvement. This settlement was founded by the exertions of Mr. Augustus Wattles, a native of Connecticut, who, instead



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.
EMLEN INSTITUTE.

of merely theorizing upon the evils which prevent the moral and mental advancement of the colored race, has acted in their behalf with a philanthropic, Christian-like zeal that evinces he has their real good at heart. The history of this settlement is given in the annexed extract of a letter from him.

My early education, as you well know, would naturally lead me to look upon learning and good morals as of infinite importance in a land of liberty. In the winter of 1833-4 I providentially became acquainted with the colored population of Cincinnati, and found about 4,000 totally ignorant of everything calculated to make good citizens. Most of them had been slaves, shut out from every avenue of moral and mental improvement. I started a school for them and kept it up with two hundred pupils for two years. I then proposed to the colored people to move into the country and purchase land, and remove from these contaminating influences which had so long crushed them in our cities and villages. They promised to do so, provided I would accompany them and teach school. I travelled through Canada, Michigan and Indiana looking for a suitable location, and finally settled here, thinking this place contained more natural advantages than any other unoccupied country within my knowledge. In 1835 I made the first purchase for colored people in this county. In about three years they owned not far from 30,000 acres. I had travelled into almost every neighborhood of colored people in the State and laid before

them the benefits of a permanent home for themselves and of education for their children. In my first journey through the State I established, by the assistance and co-operation of abolitionists, twenty-five schools for colored children. I collected of the colored people such money as they had to spare and entered land for them. Many, who had no money, afterwards succeeded in raising some and brought it to me. With this I bought land for them.

I purchased for myself one hundred and ninety acres of land to establish a manual labor school for colored boys. I had sustained a school on it, at my own expense, till the 11th of November, 1842. Being in Philadelphia the winter before I became acquainted with the trustees of the late Samuel Emlen, of New Jersey, a Friend. He left by his will \$20,000 for the "support and education in school learning and the mechanic arts and agriculture such colored boys, of African and Indian descent, whose parents would give them up to the institute." We united our means and they purchased my farm and appointed me the superintendent of the establishment, which they call the Emlen Institute.

In 1846 Judge Leigh, of Virginia, purchased 3,200 acres of land in this settlement for the freed slaves of John Randolph, of Roanoke. These arrived in the summer of 1846 to the number of about four hundred, but were forcibly prevented from making a settlement by a portion of the inhabitants of the county. Since then acts of hostility have been commenced against the people of this settlement, and threats of greater held out if they do not abandon their lands and homes.—*Old Edition.*

From a statement in the county history issued in 1882 we see that a part of the Randolph negroes succeeded in effecting a settlement at Montezuma, Franklin township, just south of the reservoir.

FORT RECOVERY is on the south bank of the Wabash river, one and a half miles east of the Indiana State line, fifteen miles southwest of Celina, on the L. E. & W. R. R. Newspapers: *News*, Independent, Charles L. Patchell, editor and publisher; *Times*, Democratic, A. Sutherland, editor and publisher. Churches: one Catholic, one Methodist, one Congregational, one Christian, one Lutheran. Bank: G. R. McDaniel. School census, 1888, 347; D. W. K. Martin, school superintendent.

Fort Recovery is in the midst of a great gas field. On Wednesday, March 28, 1887, the first well was struck. It was well named "Mad Anthony." It came with a mighty roar at only a depth of five hundred and ten feet. "Hats went up, cheers rang out" and, writes one, "the glad light of happiness, enthusiasm and prosperity shone in the eyes of our people. The test shows two millions of cubic feet daily from this well alone."

The great event at this place was the defeat of St. Clair, already largely detailed. Since the issue of our original account in 1847, Fort Recovery has been the scene of a reminder of that sad day, here detailed.

BURIAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE SLAIN.

In July, 1851, after heavy rains had washed off the earth, a discovery of a human skull in the streets of Recovery near the site of the old fort led to a further search, when the skeletons of some sixty persons were exhumed well preserved. It was resolved to reinter them with suitable ceremonies. They were placed in thirteen different coffins, representing the thirteen States of the Union at the time of the battle. The bones showed variously marks of the bullet, tomahawk and scalping-knife.

On a fine day, September 10, ensued the ceremony of the burial of the slain of St.

Clair's army. The crowd was immense, and the procession was formed under charge of General James Watson Riley and aids. One hundred and four pall-bearers from different counties headed the procession in charge of the coffins, and were followed by soldiers, ladies and citizens generally, forming a column a mile long, while marching to the stand, in full view of the battle-ground, when Judge Bellamy Storer delivered an eloquent address in his fervid, patriotic style. On the close of the proceedings the procession moved to the village burying-ground, and the thirteen coffins deposited in one grave just sixty years after the battle.

SHANE'S CROSSING is eleven miles north of Celina, on the southern division of the T. D. & B. and C. J. & M. Railroads. Newspaper: *Free Press*, D. C. Kinder, editor and publisher. Bank: Farmers'. Population, 1880, 404. School census, 1888, 308.

Historically this is an interesting spot. It is on the south bank of St. Mary's river. Originally it was on or near the site of the Indian village *Old Town*. This was an old trading post held and conducted by the Indians prior to the war of 1812, and named from Anthony Shane, a half-breed Indian trader. At this spot Wayne's army crossed going north, and the spot eventually became known as Shane's Crossing. The United States granted a reservation here to Shane and he laid out a town on his land June 23, 1820; it was recorded at Greenville under

the name of Shanesville, which it retained until 1866, when it was incorporated and took its original name as Shane's Crossing. When the Shawnee left Ohio for Kansas, Shane, then a very old man, went with them.

Shanesville, St. Mary's and "Coil Town" were the early contestants for the seat of justice for the county. Coil Town passed away, became a cultivated field. The first term of court was held at Shanesville, Judge Low presiding; but St. Mary's won the prize, and then it later passed to Celina.

Anthony Shane appears in a *snake story*.

Mr. John Sutton, an early settler, while hunting medicinal herbs for a sick horse, was bitten on the foot by a spotted rattlesnake, when, as a remedy, his bitten foot was buried in the ground. Anthony Shane was then sent for, who asked if they had any *black cats*, saying

he could shortly with them cure the foot. Being answered in the negative he killed some *black chickens*, dressed and applied them to the foot and on the third application pronounced it cured.

MENDON is eleven miles northeast of Celina, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 242. School census, 1888, 144.

COLDWATER is five miles southwest of Celina, on the L. E. & W. and C. J. & M. Railroads. School census, 1888, 269.

MERCER is eight miles north of Celina, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. School census, 1888, 129.

ST. HENRY is twelve miles southwest from Celina, on the C. J. & M. R. R. School census, 1888, 218.

MIAMI.

MIAMI COUNTY was formed from Montgomery, January 16, 1807, and Staunton made the temporary seat of justice. The word Miami, in the Ottawa language, is said to signify *mother*. The name *Miami* was originally the designation of the tribe who anciently bore the name of "*Tewightwee*." This tribe were the original inhabitants of the Miami valley, and affirmed they were created in it. East of the Miami the surface is gently rolling, and a large proportion of it a rich alluvial soil; west of the Miami the surface is generally level, the soil a clay loam and better adapted to small grain and grass than corn. The county abounds in excellent limestone and has a large amount of water power. In agricultural resources this is one of the richest counties in the State.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 137,922; in pasture, 7,159; woodland, 23,601; lying waste, 2,338; produced in wheat, 956,331 bushels; rye, 1,578; buckwheat, 87; oats, 454,112; barley, 27,349; corn, 1,520,000; broom-corn, 9,690 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 8,175 tons; clover hay, 7,806; flax, 833,800 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 47,593 bushels; tobacco, 463,120 lbs.; butter, 536,213; cheese, 13,400; sorghum, 4,731 gallons; maple syrup, 8,627; honey, 6,225 lbs.; eggs, 433,940 dozen; grapes, 26,635 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 1,927 bushels; apples, 1,395; peaches, 102; pears, 831; wool, 22,088 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,033. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Limestone, 8,635 tons burned for lime; 73,096 cubic feet of dimension stone; 45,275 cubic yards of building stone; 5,007 cubic yards for piers or protection purposes; 27,582 square feet of flagging; 37,850 square feet of paving; 30,558 lineal feet of curbing; 8,077 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 12,038; teachers, 266. Miles of railroad track, 121.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bethel,	1,586	1,854	Elizabeth,	1,398	1,327
Brown,	1,230	1,863	Lost Creek,	1,304	1,450
Concord,	2,408	5,354	Monroe,	1,409	2,829

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Newberry,	1,632	4,615	Staunton,	1,231	1,292
Newton,	1,242	2,829	Union,	2,221	3,859
Spring Creek,	1,501	1,682	Washington,	2,642	7,204

Population of Miami in 1820, 8,851 ; 1830, 12,807 ; 1840, 19,804 ; 1860, 29,959 ; 1880, 36,158, of whom 28,832 were born in Ohio ; 1,882, Pennsylvania ; 599, Virginia ; 570, Indiana ; 321, New York ; 243, Kentucky ; 1,376, German Empire ; 413, Ireland ; 159, England and Wales ; 93, France ; 48, British America ; and 14, Scotland. Census, 1890, 39,754.

REMINISCENCES OF CLARKE'S EXPEDITION.

Prior to the settlement of Ohio, Gen. George Rogers Clarke led an expedition from Kentucky against the Indians in this region, an account of which follows from the reminiscences of Abraham Thomas, originally published in the *Troy Times*. Mr. Thomas, it is said, cut the first sapling on the site of Cincinnati :

In the year 1782, after corn planting, I again volunteered in an expedition under General Clarke with the object of destroying some Indian villages about Piqua, on the Great Miami river. On this occasion nearly 1,000 men marched out of Kentucky by the route of Licking river. We crossed the Ohio at the present site of Cincinnati where our last year's stockade had been kept up, and a few people then resided in log-cabins. We proceeded immediately onward through the woods without regard to our former trail, and crossed Mad river not far from the present site of Dayton ; we kept up the east side of the Miami and crossed it about four miles below the Piqua towns. Shortly after gaining the bottom on the west side of the river, a party of Indians on horseback with their squaws came out of a trace that led to some Indian villages near the present site of Granville. They were going on a frolic, or pow-wow, to be held at Piqua, and had with them a Mrs. McFall, who was some time before taken prisoner from Kentucky ; the Indians escaped into the woods leaving their women, with Mrs. McFall, to the mercy of our company. We took those along with us to Piqua and Mrs. McFall returned to Kentucky. On arriving at Piqua we found that the Indians had fled from the villages, leaving most of their effects behind. During the following night I joined a party to break up an encampment of Indians said to be lying about what

was called the French store. We soon caught a Frenchman, tied him on horseback for our guide and arrived at the place in the night. The Indians had taken alarm and cleared out ; we, however, broke up and burned the Frenchman's store, which had for a long time been a place of outfit for Indian marauders and returned to the main body early in the morning, many of our men well stocked with plunder. After burning and otherwise destroying everything about upper and lower Piqua towns we commenced our return march.

In this attack five Indians were killed during the night the expedition lay at Piqua ; the Indians lurked around the camp, firing random shots from the hazel thickets without doing us any injury ; but two men who were in search of their stray horses were fired upon and severely wounded ; one of those died shortly after and was buried at what is now called "Coe's Ford," where we recrossed the Miami on our return. The other, Capt. McCracken, lived until we reached the site of Cincinnati, where he was buried. On this expedition we had with us Capt. Barbee, afterwards Judge Barbee, one of my primitive neighbors in Miami county, Ohio, a most worthy and brave man, with whom I have hunted, marched and watched through many a long day, and finally removed with him to Ohio.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

From the "Miami County Traditions," also published in the *Troy Times*, in 1839, we annex some reminiscences of the settlement of the county and its early settlers :

Among the first settlers who established themselves in Miami county was John Knoop. He removed from Cumberland county, Penn., in 1797. In the spring of that year he came down the Ohio to Cincinnati and cropped the first season on Zeigler's stone-house farm, four miles above Cincinnati, then belonging

to John Smith. During the summer he made two excursions into the Indian country with surveying parties and at that time selected the land he now owns and occupies. The forest was then full of Indians, principally Shawnees, but there were small bands of Mingoes, Delawares, Miamis and Pota-

watomies, peacefully hunting through the country. Early the next spring, in 1798, Mr. Knoop removed to near the present site of Staunton village, and in connection with Benjamin Knoop, Henry Garard, Benjamin Hamlet and John Tildus, established there a station for the security of their families. Mrs. Knoop, now living, there planted the first apple tree introduced into Miami county, and one is now standing in the yard of their house raised from seed then planted that measures little short of nine feet around it. . . .

Dutch Station.—The inmates of a station in the county, called the Dutch station, remained within it for two years, during which time they were occupied in clearing and building on their respective farms. Here was born in 1798 Jacob Knoop, the son of John Knoop, the first civilized native of Miami county. At this time there were three young single men living at the mouth of Stony creek, and cropping on what was afterwards called Freeman's prairie. One of these was D. H. Morris, a present resident of Bethel township; at the same time there resided at Piqua, Samuel Hilliard, Job Garrard, Shadrach Hudson, Jonah Rollins, Daniel Cox, Thomas Rich and — Hunter; these last named had removed to Piqua in 1797, and together with our company at the Dutch station, comprised all the inhabitants of Miami county from 1797 to 1799. In the latter year John, afterwards Judge Garrard, Nathaniel and Abner Garrard, and the year following, Uriah Blue, Joseph Coe and Abraham Hathaway, joined us with their families. From that time all parts of the county began to receive numerous immigrants. For many years the citizens lived together on footings of the most social and harmonious intercourse—we were all neighbors to each other in the Samaritan sense of the term—there were some speculators and property-hunters among us, to be sure, but not enough to disturb our tranquility and general confidence. For many miles around we knew who was sick, and what ailed them, for we took a humane interest in the welfare of all. Many times were we called from six to eight miles to assist at a rolling or raising, and cheerfully lent our assistance to the task. For our accommodation we sought the mill of Owen Davis, afterwards Smith's mill, on Beaver creek, a tributary of the Little Miami, some twenty-seven miles distant. Our track lay through the woods, and two days were consumed in the trip, when we usually took two horse-loads. Owen was a kind man, considerate of his distant customers, and would set up all night to oblige them, and his conduct materially abridged our mill duties.

With the Indians we lived on peaceable terms; sometimes, however, panics would spread among the women, which disturbed us a little, and occasionally we would have a horse or so stolen. But one man only was killed out of the settlement from 1797 to 1811. This person was one Boyier, who was shot by a straggling party of Indians, sup-

posed through mistake. No one, however, liked to trade with the Indians, or have anything to do with them, beyond the offices of charity.

Beauty of the Country.—The country all around the settlement presented the most lovely appearance, the earth was like an ash heap, and nothing could exceed the luxuriance of primitive vegetation; indeed our cattle often died from excess of feeding, and it was somewhat difficult to rear them on that account. The white-weed or bee-harvest, as it is called, so profusely spread over our bottom and woodlands, was not then seen among us; the sweet annis, nettles, wild rye and pea vine, now so scarce, everywhere abounded—they were almost the entire herbage of our bottoms. The two last gave subsistence to our cattle, and the first, with our nutritious roots, were eaten by our swine with the greatest avidity. In the spring and summer months a drove of hogs could be scented at a considerable distance from their flavor of the annis root. Our winters were as cold, but more steady than at present. Snow generally covered the ground, and drove our stock to the barnyard for three months, and this was all the trouble we had with them. Buffalo signs were frequently met with; but the animals had entirely disappeared before the first white inhabitant came into the country; but other game was abundant. As many as thirty deer have been counted at one time around the bayous and ponds near Staunton. The hunter had his full measure of sport when he chose to indulge in the chase; but ours was essentially an agricultural settlement. From the coon to the buckskin embraced our circulating medium. Our imported commodities were first purchased at Cincinnati, then at Dayton, and finally Peter Felix established an Indian merchandising store at Staunton, and this was our first attempt in that way of traffic. For many years we had no exports but skins; yet wheat was steady at fifty cents and corn at twenty-five cents per bushel—the latter, however, has since fallen as low as twelve and a half cents, and a dull market.

Milling.—For some time the most popular milling was at Patterson's, below Dayton, and with Owen Davis, on Beaver; but the first mill in Miami county is thought to have been erected by John Manning, on Piqua bend. Nearly the same time Henry Garrard erected on Spring creek a corn and saw mill, on land now included within the farm of Col. Winans. It is narrated by the colonel, and is a fact worthy of notice, that on the first establishment of these mills they would run ten months in a year, and sometimes longer, by heads. The creek would not now turn one pair of stones two months in a year, and then only on the recurrence of freshets. It is thought this remark is applicable to all streams of the upper Miami valley, showing there is less spring drainage from the country since it has become cleared of its timber and consolidated by cultivation. . . .



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE COUNTY BUILDINGS, TROY.



D. Argerbright, Photo., 1888.

CENTRAL VIEW IN TROY.

Troy in 1846.—Troy, the county-seat, is a beautiful and flourishing village, in a highly cultivated and fertile country, upon the west bank of the Great Miami, seventy miles north of Cincinnati and sixty-eight west of Columbus. It was laid out about the year 1808, as the county-seat, which was first at Staunton, a mile east, and now containing but a few houses. Troy is regularly laid off into broad and straight streets, crossing each other at right angles, and contains about 550 dwellings. The view was taken in the principal street of the town, and shows, on the right, the court house and town hall, between which, in the distance, appear the spires of the New School Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. It contains 2 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Wesleyan Methodist, 1 Episcopal and 1 Baptist church; a market, a branch of the State Bank, 2 newspaper printing-offices, 1 town and 1 masonic hall, 1 academy, 3 flouring and 5 saw-mills, 1 foundry, 1 machine shop, 1 shingle and 1 plow factory, and a large number of stores and mechanic shops. Its population in 1840 was 1,351; it has since more than doubled, and is constantly increasing. It is connected with Cincinnati, Urbana and Greenville by turnpikes.

The line of the Miami Canal, from Cincinnati, passes through the town from south to north; on it are six large and commodious warehouses, for receiving and forwarding produce and merchandise, and three more, still larger, are in progress of erection, and four smaller, for supplying boats with provisions and other necessities. The business done during the current year, ending June 1, 1847, in thirty of the principal business houses, in the purchase of goods, produce and manufactures, amounts to \$523,248, and the sales to \$674,307. The articles bought and sold are as follows: 174,000 bushels of wheat, 290,000 bushels of corn, 100,000 bushels of rye, barley and oats, 17,000 barrels of whisky, 17,000 barrels of flour, 1,300 barrels pork, 5,000 hogs, 31,000 pounds butter, 2,000 bushels clover-seed, 600 barrels fish, 3,000 barrels salt, 30,000 bushels flax-seed, 304,000 pounds bulk pork, 136,000 pounds lard, 1,440 thousand feet of sawed lumber, etc. The shipments to and from the place are about 20,000 tons.—*Old Edition.*

Abraham Thomas, from whom we have quoted in the "Miami County Traditions," published, was one of the first settlers; he came with his family in 1805, and died in 1843. He was a blacksmith and his shop a log-pen. He made his own charcoal. The panic during the war of 1812 extended to this then wilderness, and at the slightest alarm the women and children would flee to the forest for safety. The "County History" gives these items:

At the beginning of things hogs fattened in the woods and not five bushels of corn were needed to fatten a hundred hogs. Corn was raised only for food, and by hoeing and digging around the stumps. A man who would go to mill with two bushels of corn was considered a prosperous farmer. Potatoes were a luxury introduced a long time after the first settlement. Having no fences, bells were put on the stock, which, notwithstanding, wandered off and got lost. The sugar used was home-made, the coffee was rye, and the tea sassafras and sage. The first grain was cut with sickles, which were considered a wonderful invention.

Staunton was the first place of permanent settlement in the county, and the nucleus from which its civilization spread. It was the first plotted town. Among the earliest settlers of Staunton was Mr. Levi Martin. His wife, when a young girl, about the year 1788, then living not far from Red Stone Fort, on the Monongahela, was knocked down and scalped by the Indians, and left for dead. The family name was Corbly, and hers Delia. They

were on the way to church and shot at from a thicket, when Mr. Corbly and three children were killed outright. Two younger daughters were knocked down, scalped, and left for dead, but were resuscitated. One of these was Mrs. Martin, who lived until 1836 and reared ten children. Her wounds extended over the crown of her head wide as the two hands. Her hair grew up to the scalped surface, which she trained to grow upwards, and served as a protection. At times she suffered severe headaches, which she attributed to the loss of her scalp.

Another noted old settler was Andrew Dye, Sr., who died in 1837 at the age of 87 years, having had eight sons and two daughters. At this time his posterity amounted to about five hundred, of whom three hundred and sixty were then living ranging down to the fifth generation.

Most of the pioneers wore buckskin pantaloons. One was Tom Rogers, a great hunter, who lived in two sycamore trees in the woods. He had long gray whiskers, a skull cap and buckskin pantaloons.

The first survey of Troy was made by Andrew Wallace in 1807, with additions from time to time. On the 2d of December of that year Robert Crawford was appointed town director, who gave bonds to the county

commissioners to purchase the land for the seat of justice and lay it off into streets and lots. The original lands selected for the now beautiful town of Troy were then a dense forest, bought for three dollars per acre.

TROY, county-seat of Miami, is about sixty-five miles west of Columbus, about seventy-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the D. & M., I. B. & W. Railroads, and on the Miami river and Miami & Erie Canal. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Horatio Pearson; Clerk, John B. Fouts; Commissioners, John T. Knoop, Robert Martindale, David C. Statler; Coroner, Joseph W. Means; Infirmary Directors, David Arnold, William D. Widner, Thomas C. Bond; Probate Judge, William J. Clyde; Prosecuting Attorney, Samuel C. Jones; Recorder, E. J. Eby; Sheriff, A. M. Heywood; Surveyor, H. O. Evans; Treasurer, George H. Rundle. City officers, 1888: George S. Long, Mayor; John H. Conklin, Clerk; Noah Yount, Treasurer; George Irwin, Marshal; W. B. McKinney, Solicitor; H. O. Evans, Civil Engineer. Newspapers: *Trojan*, Republican, Charles H. Goodrich, editor and publisher; *Democrat*, Democratic, J. P. Barron, editor and publisher; *Miami Union*, Republican, C. C. Royce, editor; *Sons of Veterans Corporal's Guard*, Charles W. Kellogg, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 2 Baptist, 3 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 English Lutheran, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Christian. Banks: First National, H. W. Allen, president, D. W. Smith, cashier; Miami County, Heywood, Royce & Co., Noah Yount, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Troy Spring Wagon and Wheel Co., carriages, etc., 127 hands; the Troy Buggy Works, buggies, etc., 146; Kelley & Sons, windmills, etc., 8; John & William Youtsy, lumber, 5.—*State Reports, 1888.* Population, 1880, 3,803. School census, 1888, 1,218; C. L. VanCleve, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 4,590.

Troy has several fine three-story business blocks, and is a favorite place for trade for the large, rich agricultural country of which it is the centre. Prior to the railroad era it was a noted grain market.

The new county court-house here is an evidence of the wealth and liberality of the people. It is one of the most magnificent structures of the kind to be found anywhere. The architect was J. W. Yost, Columbus, and contractor, T. B. Townsend, Zanesville. It stands in the centre of a square, with bounding streets of 230 by 330 feet. The building itself is highly ornamented, and is 114 feet 2 inches square; its material is the beautiful Amherst sand-stone. To the eaves it is 60 feet in height, and to the top of the dome 160 feet. Its entire cost with its furniture, including the heating and lighting appointments, amounted to about \$400,000. The first building used for courts was at Stanton, on the east side of the Miami. The first court-house was of brick, and stood in the centre of the public square; the second is shown in our old view.

Piqua in 1846.—Piqua is another beautiful and thriving town, eight miles above Troy, and also on the river and canal. It was laid out in 1809 by Messrs. Brandon and Manning, under the name of Washington, which it bore for many years. The town plot contains an area of more than a mile square, laid out in uniform blocks, with broad and regular streets. On the north and east, and opposite the town, are the villages of Rossville and Huntersville, connected with it by bridges across the Miami.

It contains one New and one Old School Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Wesleyan, one Episcopal, one Baptist, one Associate Reformed, one Lutheran, one Catholic and one Disciples church; one high school, a town hall, and a branch of the State bank. The manufacturing facilities in it and vicinity are extensive. The Miami furnishes power for one wool-carding and fulling factory, three saw-mills, one grist-mill adjacent to the town, and a saw and grist-mill, with an oil-mill, below the town. The water of the canal propels a saw-mill, a clothing and fulling factory, with a grist-mill. A steam saw-mill, a steam



THE MIAMI COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, TROY.

grist-mill and tannery, with two steam iron-turning and machine establishments, constitute, with the rest, the amount of steam and hydraulic power used. With these are over 100 mechanical and manufacturing establishments in the town, among which are twenty-five cooper shops—that business being very extensively carried on. There are also fifteen grocery and variety stores, twelve dry-goods, three leather, one book and three hardware stores; a printing office, four forwarding and three pork houses; and the exports and imports, by the canal, are very heavy. South of the town are seven valuable quarries of blue limestone, at which are employed a large number of hands, and adjacent to the town is a large boat yard.

In the town are 600 dwellings, many of which are of brick and have fine gardens attached. Along the canal have lately been erected a number of three-story brick buildings for business purposes, and the number of business houses is ninety-eight. During the year 1846 eighty buildings were erected, and the value of real estate at that time was \$476,000.

The population of Piqua in 1830 was less than 500; in 1840, 1,480; and in 1847, 3,100.

The Miami river curves beautifully around the town, leaving between it and the village a broad and level plateau, while the opposite bank rises abruptly into a hill, called "Cedar Bluff," affording fine walks and a commanding view of the surrounding country. In its vicinity are some ancient works. From near its base, on the east bank of the river, the view was taken. The church spires shown, commencing on the right, are respectively, the Episcopal, Catholic, New School Presbyterian, Wesleyan Methodist, Old School Presbyterian and Baptist. The town hall is seen on the left.—*Old Edition.*

The old view of Piqua was taken a few rods only below the present bridge, both occupying the same site. In 1846, when a part of John Randolph's negroes were driven from Mercer county, they camped here at this place in tents. Three years later John Robinson's elephant fell through the old bridge.

From the Miami county traditions we annex some facts respecting the history of Piqua.

JONATHAN ROLLINS was among the first white inhabitants of Miami county. In connection with nine others he contracted with Judge Symmes, for a certain compensation in lots and land, to become a pioneer in laying out a proposed town in the Indian country, at the lower Piqua village, where is situated the pleasant and flourishing town under that name. The party left Ludlow station, on Mill creek, in the spring of 1797, and proceeded without difficulty to the proposed site. They there erected cabins and enclosed grounds for fields and gardens. But the judge failing in some of his calculations was unable to fulfil his part of the contract, and the other parties to it gradually withdrew from the association, and squatted around on public land as best pleased themselves. It was some years after this when land could be regularly entered in the public offices; surveying parties had been running out the county, but time was required to organize the newly introduced section system, which has since proved so highly beneficial to the Western States, and so fatal to professional cupidity.

Indian Grief.—Some of these hardy adventurers settled in and about Piqua, where they have left many worthy descendants. Mr. Rollins finally took up land on Spring Creek, where he laid out the farm he now

(1839) occupies. While this party resided at Piqua, and for years after, the Indians were constant visitors and sojourners among them. This place appears to have been, to that unfortunate race, a most favorite residence, around which their attachments and regrets lingered to the last. They would come here to visit the graves of their kindred and weep over the sod that entombed the bones of their fathers. They would sit in melancholy groups, surveying the surrounding objects of their earliest attachments and childhood sports—the winding river which witnessed their first feeble essays with the gig and the paddle—the trees where first they triumphed with their tiny bow in their boastful craft of the hunter—the coppice of their nut gatherings—the lawns of their boyhood sports, and haunts of their early loves—would call forth bitter sighs and reproaches on that civilization which, in its rudest features, was uprooting them from their happy home.

Pioneer Assertion.—The Indians at Piqua soon found, in the few whites among them, stern and inflexible masters rather than associates and equals. Upon the slightest provocation the discipline of the fist and club, so humbling to the spirits of an Indian, was freely used upon them. One day an exceedingly large Indian had been made drunk, and for

some past offence took it in his head to kill one of his wives. He was following her with a knife and tomahawk around their cabin, with a posse of clamorous squaws and pap-pooes at his heels, who were striving to check his violence. They had succeeded in wresting from him his arms, and he was standing against the cabin, when several of

the white men, attracted by the outcry, approached the group. One of them, small in stature but big in resolution, made through the Indian crowd to the offender, struck him in the face and felled him to the ground, while the surrounding Indians looked on in fixed amazement.

When the country had developed somewhat flatboats were constructed at Piqua on the river bank. They were about seventy feet long and twelve wide. They were loaded with flour, bacon, corn on the cob, cherry lumber, furniture and other products and taken down the river, sometimes to New Orleans. From thence the boatmen often walked all the way home again, passing through what was then called the Indian Nations, Choctaws and Chickasaws.

Navigating the Miami was risky, especially in passing over mill-dams and following the channel through the "Ninety-nine Islands," a few miles below Troy. It required the utmost skill and quickness to guide the unwieldy craft through the swift, crooked turns.

PIQUA is eight miles north of Troy, on the Miami river and the Miami & Erie Canal, at the crossing of the P. C. & St. L. and D. & M. Railroads. City officers, 1888: G. A. Brooks, Mayor; J. H. Hatch, Clerk; Clarence Langdon, Treasurer; Walter D. Jones, Solicitor; W. J. Jackson, Engineer; James Livingston, Marshal. Newspapers: *Call*, Republican, J. W. Morris, editor and publisher; *Dispatch*, Republican, D. M. Fleming, editor; *Evening Democrat*, Democratic, J. Boni Hemsteger, editor and publisher; *Der Correspondent*, German, Democratic, J. Boni Hemsteger, editor and publisher; *Leader*, Democratic, Jerome C. Smiley & Co., editors and publishers; *Miami Helmet*, Republican, I. S. Morris, editor and publisher; *Pythian News*, Knights of Pythias, Harry S. Frye, editor and publisher. Churches: Methodist, 3; Presbyterian, 2; Baptist, 3; Lutheran, 1; Episcopal, 1; Catholic, 2; German Methodist, 1. Banks: Citizens' National, W. P. Orr, president, Henry Flash, cashier; Piqua National, John M. Scott, president, Clarence Langdon, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Piqua Straw Board Co., paper and straw board, 62 hands; Bowdle Bros., machinery and castings, 13; I. J. Whitlock, builders' woodwork, 25; C. A. & C. L. Wood, builders' woodwork, 30; the Fritsche Bros., furniture, 10; the Wood Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 8; the Piqua Manufacturing Co., mattresses, etc., 35; L. W. Fillebrown, machinery, 5; the Piqua Handle Co., agricultural implements, 43; the Piqua Straw Board Co., paper, 25; the Piqua Oat-meal Co., corn-meal, 10; Snyder & Son, carriage shafts, etc., 111; C. F. Rankin & Co., handlers of malt, etc., 15; Leonard Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 20; W. P. Orr Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 22; J. L. Schneyer, lager beer, 4; Mrs. L. E. Nicewanner, flour, etc., 5; the Piqua Hosiery Co., hosiery, 76; the F. Gray Co., woollen blankets, etc., 62; L. C. & W. L. Cron & Co., furniture, 165; Cron, Kills & Co., furniture, 178.—*Ohio State Reports*, 1888.

The Bentwood Works are the largest of the kind in the Union. Over a million bushels of flaxseed are annually crushed, making it the largest linseed oil centre, and, excepting Circleville, no other place equals or surpasses it in the production of straw board. On the Miami are extensive and valuable limestone quarries.

Population, 1880, 6,031. School census, 1888, 2,717; C. W. Bennett, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$968,500. Value of annual product, \$1,626,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887. Census, 1890, 9,090.

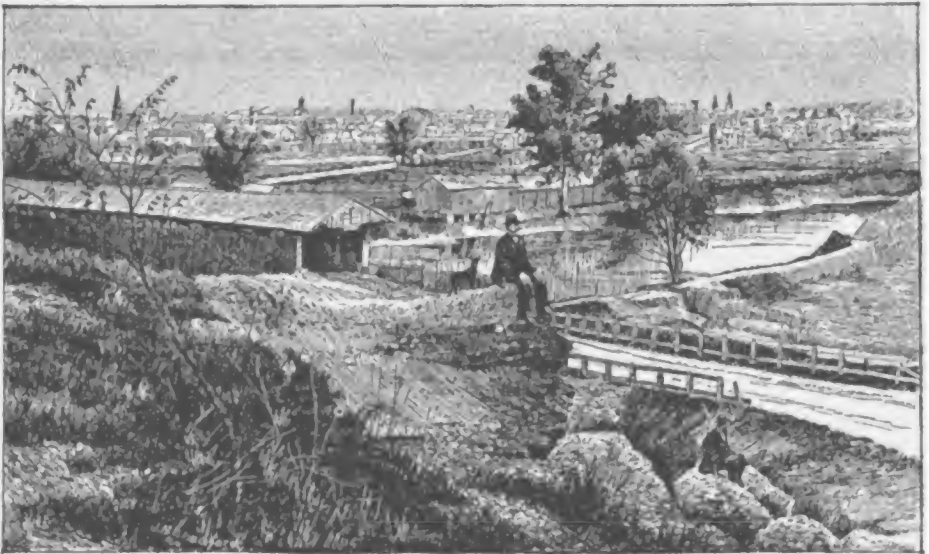
The manufacturing prosperity of the city is largely due to its excellent system of water-works. The canal is over six miles in length, and contains within its prism and reservoirs therewith connected at least 150 acres of water line, at an elevation of thirty-eight feet over the city, and three falls, aggregating fifty-two feet six inches, for hydraulic power.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PIQUA.

From the east bank of the Miami. The elephant of John Robinson's circus in 1849 broke through this bridge.



C. A. Gale, Photo, Piqua, 1886.

PIQUA.

From the east bank of the Miami. The bridge is the successor of that shown above.

A recent acquisition of Piqua is in a beautiful library building. It was the gift of Mr. J. M. Schmidlapp, a prosperous merchant of Cincinnati, who wished the citizens of this his native town to remember him by what would prove of lasting benefit.

The following historical matter respecting this region is taken from our first edition.

"The word *Piqua* is the name of one of the Shawanese tribes, and signifies, 'a man formed out of the ashes.' The tradition is, that the whole Shawanese tribe, a long time ago, were assembled at their annual feast and thanksgiving. They were all seated around a large fire, which, having burned down, a great puffing was observed in the ashes, when, behold! a full-formed man came up out of the coals and ashes; and this was the first man of the Piqua tribe. After the peace of 1763, the Miamis having removed from the Big Miami river, a body of Shawanese established themselves at Lower and Upper Piqua, which became their great headquarters in Ohio. Here they remained until driven off by the Kentuckians, when they crossed over to St. Mary's and to Wapaghkonetta.

"The Upper Piqua is said to have contained, at one period, near 4,000 Shawanese. The Shawanese were formerly a numerous people, and very warlike. We can trace their history to the time of their residence on the tide-waters of Florida, and, as well as the Delawares, they aver that they originally came from west of the Mississippi. Black Hoof, who died at Wapaghkonetta, at the advanced age of 105 years, told me [Col. John Johnston] that he remembered, when a boy, bathing in the salt waters of Florida; that his people firmly believed white or civilized people had been in the country before them—having found, in many instances, the marks of iron tools, axes, upon trees and stumps, over which the sand had blown. Shawanese means *the south*, or 'people from the south.'"

Upper Piqua, three miles north of Piqua, on the canal and Miami river, is a locality of much historic interest. It is at present (1846) the residence of Col. John Johnston—shown in the view—and was once a favorite dwelling-place of the Piqua tribe of the Shawanese. Col. Johnston, now at an advanced age, has for the greater part of his life resided at the West as an agent of the United States Government over the Indians. His mild and parental care of their interests gave him great influence over them, winning their strongest affections and causing them to regard him in the light of a father. To him we are indebted for many valuable facts scattered through this volume, as well as those which follow respecting this place.

Battle at Piqua.—In the French war, which ended with the peace of 1763, a bloody battle was fought on the present farm of Col. Johnston at Upper Piqua. At that time the Miamis had their towns here, which are marked on ancient maps, "Tewightewee towns." The Miamis, Wyandots, Ottawas and other Northern tribes adhered to the French, made a stand here and fortified—the Canadian traders and French assisting. The Delawares, Shawanese, Munseys, part of the Senecas residing in Pennsylvania, Cherokees, Catawbias, etc., adhering to the English interest with the English traders, attacked the French and Indians. The siege continued for more than a week; the fort stood out and could not be taken. Many were slain, the assailants suffering most severely. The besieged lost a number, and all their exposed property was burnt and destroyed. The Shawanese chief, Blackhoof, one of the besiegers, informed Col. Johnston that the ground around was strewn with bullets, so that basketfuls could have been gathered.

Soon after this contest the Miamis and their allies left this part of the country and retired to the Miami of the Lake, at and near Fort Wayne, and never returned. The Shawanese took their place and gave names to towns in this vicinity. Col. Johnston's place "and the now large and flourishing town of Piqua was called Chillicothe, after the tribe of that name; the site of his farm after the Piqua tribe."

Fort Piqua, erected prior to the settlement of the country, stood at Upper Piqua on the west bank of the river, near where the figure is seen in the distance on the right of the engraving. It was designed as a place of deposit for stores for the army of Wayne. The portage from here to Fort Loramie, fourteen miles, thence to St. Mary's, twelve miles, was all the land carriage from the Ohio to Lake Erie. Loaded boats frequently ascended to Fort Loramie, the loading taken out and hauled to St. Mary's, the boats also moved across on wheels, again loaded and launched for Fort Wayne, Defiance

and the lake. Sometimes, in very high water, loaded boats from the Ohio approached within six miles of St. Mary's. Before the settlement of the country a large proportion of the army supplies were conveyed up this river. When mill dams were erected the navigation was destroyed and boating ceased.

A Massacre.—In 1794 Capt. J. N. Vischer, the last commandant of Fort Piqua, was stationed here. During that year two freighted boats guarded by an officer and twenty-three men were attacked by the Indians near the fort and the men all massacred. Capt. Vischer heard the firing, but from the weakness of his command could render no assistance. The plan of the Indians doubtless was to make the attack in hearing of the fort and thereby induce them to sally out in aid of their countrymen, defeat all and take the fort. The commander was a discreet officer and, aware of the subtleness of the enemy, had the firmness to save the fort.

The family of Col. Johnston settled at Upper Piqua in 1811, the previous eleven years having been spent at Fort Wayne. Years after the destruction of the boats and party on the river, fragments of muskets, bayonets and other remains of that disaster were found at low water imbedded in the sand. The track of the pickets, the form of the river bastion, the foundation of chimneys in the block-houses still mark the site of Fort Piqua. The plow has levelled the graves of the brave men—for many sleep here—who fell in the service. At this place, Fort Loramie, St. Mary's and Fort Wayne, large numbers of the regulars and militia volunteers were buried in the wars of Wayne, as well as in the last war.

Friendly Indians.—In the late war the far greater number of Indians who remained friendly and claimed and received protection from the United States were placed under the care of Col. Johnston at Piqua. These were the Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots in part, Ottawas in part, part of the Senecas, all the Munseys and Mohicans; a small number remained at Zanesfield, and some at Upper Sandusky, under Maj. B. F. Stickney, now (1846) of Toledo. The number here amounted, at one period, to six thousand, and were doubtless the best protection to the frontier. With a view of detaching the Indians here from American interest and taking them off to the enemy, and knowing that so long as Col. Johnston lived this could not be accomplished, several plots were contrived to assassinate him. His life was in the utmost danger. He arose many mornings with but little hope of living until night, and the friendly chiefs often warned him of his danger, but he was planted at the post; duty, honor and the safety of the frontier forbade his abandoning it. His faithful wife stayed by him; the rest of his family, papers and valuable effects were removed to a place of greater security.

Escape from Assassins.—On one occasion his escape seemed miraculous. Near the

house, at the road side, by which he daily several times passed in visiting the Indian camp was a cluster of wild plum bushes. No one would have suspected hostile Indians to secrete themselves there; yet, there the intended assassins waited to murder him, which they must have soon accomplished had they not been discovered by some Delaware women, who gave the alarm. The Indians—three in number—fled; a party pursued, but lost the trail. It afterwards appeared that they went up the river some distance, crossed to the east side, and passing down nearly opposite his residence, determined in being foiled of their chief prize not to return empty-handed. They killed Mr. Dilbone and his wife, who were in a field pulling flax; their children, who were with them, escaped by secreting themselves in the weeds. From thence, the Indians went lower down, three miles, to Loss creek, where they killed David Garrard, who was at work a short distance from his house. The leader of the party, Pash-e-towa, was noted for his cold-blooded cruelty, and a short time previous was the chief actor in destroying upwards of twenty persons—mostly women and children—at a place called Pigeon Roost, Indiana. He was killed after the war by one of his own people, in satisfaction for the numerous cruelties he had committed on unoffending persons.

Management of Indians.—In the war of 1812 nothing was more embarrassing to the public agents than the management of the Indians on the frontier. President Madison, from a noble principle, which does his memory high honor, positively refused to employ them in the war, and this was a cause of all the losses in the country adjacent to the upper lakes. Having their families in possession, the agents could have placed implicit confidence in the fidelity of the warriors. As it was, they had to manage them as they best could. Col. Johnston frequently furnished them with white flags with suitable mottoes, to enable them to pass out-posts and scouts in safety. On one occasion the militia basely fired on one of these parties bearing a flag hoisted in full view. They killed two Indians, wounded a third, took the survivors prisoners, and after robbing them of all they possessed conveyed them to the garrison at Greenville, to which post the party belonged.

On reflection, they were convinced they had committed an unjustifiable act and became alarmed for the consequences. They brought the prisoners to Upper Piqua and delivered them to Col. Johnston. He took them, wishing to do the best in his power for the Indians, and on deliberation decided to conduct them back to Greenville and restore them, with their property, to their people.

Hazardous Errand.—Application was made by Col. Johnston to the officer commanding at Piqua, for a guard on the journey. These were Ohio militia, of whom not a man or officer dared to go. He then told the commander if he would accompany him he would go at all hazards, the distance being twenty-

five miles, the road entirely uninhabited and known to be infested with Indians, who had recently killed two girls near Greenville. But he alike refused. All his appeals to the pride and patriotism of officers and men proving unavailing he decided to go alone, it being a case that required the promptest action to prevent evil impressions spreading among the Indians. He got his horse ready, bade farewell to his wife, scarcely ever expecting to see her again, and reached Greenville in safety; procured nearly all the articles taken from the Indians and delivered them back, made them a speech, dismissed them, and then springing on his horse started back alone, and reached his home in safety, to the surprise of all, particularly the militia, who, dastardly fellows, scarce expected to see him alive, and made many apologies for their cowardice.

Indian Faithfulness.—During the war Col. Johnston had many proofs of the fidelity of some of the friendly Indians. After the sur-

render of Detroit the frontier of Ohio was thrown into the greatest terror and confusion. A large body of Indians still resided within its limits accessible to the British. In the garrison of Fort Wayne, which was threatened, were many women and children, who, in case of attack, would have been detrimental to its defence, and it therefore became necessary to have them speedily removed. Col. Johnston assembled the Shawanese chiefs, and stating the case requested volunteers to bring the women and children at Fort Wayne to Piqua. Logan (see page 352) immediately rose and offered his services and soon started with a party of mounted Indians, all volunteers. They reached the post, received their interesting and helpless charge and safely brought them to the settlements, through a country infested with marauding bands of hostile savages. The women spoke in the highest terms of the vigilance, care and delicacy of their faithful conductors.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

On my arrival at Piqua I had the gratification of being taken in charge of by the oldest born resident, and to him I am under "ever so many" obligations. This was Major Stephen Johnston, so named from his father, a brother of Col. John Johnston. He is by profession a lawyer, and although I met many of his profession in this tour, he is the only one that I know of whose father was killed and scalped by the Indians and his scalp sold to the British. This happened near Fort Wayne, where he was a factory agent. A month later, September 29, 1812, the Major was born. This was in a farm-house just south of Piqua.

The stock is historic and heroic. The Major's mother's maiden name was Mary Caldwell, and she was born in Bryant's Station, a fort near Lexington, Ky., in 1788, in the pristine days of Boone, Kenton and Simon Girty and his red-skinned *confreres*, the hair-lifting war-whoops. When the Major was thirteen years of age he put on a knapsack, trudged through the wilderness to Urbana, learned to make saddles, and then for fourteen years worked as a journeyman saddler in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Pennsylvania. In the meanwhile he studied as he stitched until in 1850, when thirty-eight years old, he launched as a lawyer with six children, as he says, "tugging at his coat tail." Prior to this he had been county sheriff and in the Ohio Legislature; since been an officer in the Union army, in the Legislature, President of the Board of Trustees of the Ohio State University, Greenback candidate for Governor, etc., everywhere a leading spirit, and being such took me in his cheery charge.

Piqua's Social Exchange.—After dusk of a fine April day he introduced me to the Social Exchange of Piqua, located on the pavement in front of the tobacco and cigar store of Mr. Charles T. Wiltheiss. There I found a knot of antediluvians—old gentlemen of the town lolling in chairs smoking and chatting over the affairs of the universe,

Jupiter and his moons inclusive, which they often do there, amid the chirpings of the crickets and the amiable disputes of the katydids. Taking a chair and a cigar with them they answered my questions. One happened to be: "Have you any curious trees about here?" "Oh, yes! something very remarkable. About two miles north between the river and canal, which are but a few rods apart, an elm and a sycamore start out from the ground together, go up with embracing bodies and intermingled branches." The next day I walked thither with Mr. Wiltheiss, and found it such a great curiosity that I had it photographed for the engraving that is given and named it the "Wedded Trees of the Great Miami."

Ancient Relics.—Piqua is historically and pictorially interesting. The river winds around the town broad and mostly shallow, with two long old style covered bridges half a mile apart stretched across to help out the scene, both being in one view. Only a few miles above was the earliest point of English indian trade in Ohio. The region was a favorite place with the Indians and the mound builders, the remains of whose works are extremely numerous around and especially above the town in the river valley. Mr. Wiltheiss has for thirty years been in the habit of opening

mounds, making explorations. He has in his cigar store a fine cabinet of relics, and has made valuable contributions to various archæological museums. He told me that he was unlettered. But I found his hobby had educated him, added interest to his life and made him an interesting man. He had been a close observer of Nature, and this is all in all. Nature is God's College for Humanity, where old Sol sits in the Presidential chair and lights up things. No one that closely observes and carefully reflects from his facts can be called ignorant.

A Sad Incident.—It was on Saturday morning, April 17th, that Mr. Wiltheiss and myself turned our backs on the old upper covered bridge for a walk to the wedded trees, the canal on our left and the Big Miami on our right. We walked on the towing path. My companion talked all the way, making the walk highly enjoyable. We give some details.

We had gone but a few hundred yards when he said: "The river at this spot is very dangerous; many boys have been drowned here. On the 12th of July, 1858, a Mr. Jones, who was going to his work in a threshing machine shop, saw two boys struggling for their lives in the water, whereupon he rushed to their rescue. He waded across the canal, ran down the river bank into the water and saved them. Both are now living, men about 40 years of age, Dr. McDonald and E. B. Butterfield. But Jones lost his own life, sank through exhaustion and perished, leaving a widow, and three children fatherless."

Island Formation.—The tremendous freshets late in the Miami, consequent upon forest destruction, make great changes. We soon passed an island made by a freshet only two years before. It was like a flat iron in shape, point down stream, and at its upper part, where it was separated by a rivulet from other land, it was about 200 feet across. Its total length was some 600 feet. It was some two feet high, and in places overgrown with young sycamore and willow bushes some five or six feet high. These, my companion said, had sprung up in the intervening two years: the willows from broken twigs and the sycamores from the seed balls, commonly called button balls, that had floated down and lodged in the rich alluvium.

Thorns.—We passed some locust bushes, with thorns full five inches in length, whereupon he said: "This is what we call the sweet locust, because it bears a bean sweet to the taste, which children often eat. Some suppose this to be the identical species grown in Palestine, which John the Baptist, when crying in the wilderness, ate when he partook of 'locusts and wild honey'; those thorns also may be the identical kind from which came the crown of thorns that Christ wore at his crucifixion." How this may be I can't say, but doubtless the thorns were like those sometimes used in lieu of pins by the pioneer women. Chief-Justice Marshall somewhere speaks of his mother and the old time Vir-

ginia women using such. This was probably as far back as the time when murderers were hung on chains by the road side in Virginia, a ghastly sight for travellers in that then wilderness region. Elkanah Watson, who travelled through Virginia in the revolutionary war, speaks of seeing such.

Presently Mr. Wiltheiss pointed out a field where were the relics of a large circular mound. It had been an Indian burial place, and proved for him a rich spot for relics.

Sights, Songs and Sounds.—Pursuing our walk along the beautiful river, I found myself enveloped in the delights of Nature. It was the breeding season among the birds, and they gave us their sweetest love notes. Among the cries were those of a pair of red birds, the cardinal, from the opposite side of the Miami. We stopped and listened. The female is red on the breast, and the back and wings gray. The male is everywhere red, excepting a black ring around the bill, which is also red. He has a red top-knot which he raises while singing, and lays down when silent. "Wait," said Wiltheiss, "I will call them over." Starting a peculiar whistle in a twinkling over they came in all their feathery beauty, and flying around followed us with their song.

The Indians of the Pacific slope to this day while hunting call various animals, even squirrels, within the range of their rifles. How they do it is a secret, for if a white man is along they will hide their mouths with their hands. This may be called the Art of the Woods, to be a lost art with the extinction of the Indians.

Moving on we were soon saluted by the cackling of hens, the crowing of roosters, the bellowing of a cow, and the hammering of a man driving nails in a fence from an old brown farm cottage near by, and then the voices of two men paddling up stream in a skiff with fish rods along, going for black-bass, it being just the biting season. Vegetable felicity finally arrested us: we had reached the wedded trees.

The wedded trees stand on the line of the towing path of the canal, about six rods west of the river, the flat space between being overgrown with wild hemp and thistles, with paw-paws abounding in the vicinity. The elm is a large, vigorous tree, but far smaller than the sycamore, which embraces and conceals a larger part of its body and thus they go up together, perhaps 15 or 20 feet, when they branch, and with interlocking branches. Their height is about 70 feet, and 6 feet from the ground, by our measurement, the girth was 24 feet. Observing a slit on the river side of the sycamore, I saw it was hollow within. I doubted if any human being had ever been inside. I did not feel it safe to make the venture. It might be a harbor for some ugly reptile. A sense of duty urged me to the trial. I was dedicated to Ohio and must shrink at nothing, and so in I went. The slit was too narrow for me to get in without the aid of my companion, and so I was put in sidewise, much



Gale, Photo., 1886.

THE WEDDED TREES OF THE GREAT MIAMI.



COL. JOHN JOHNSTON.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

UPPER PIQUA.

Seat of Col. John Johnston, long an Indian Agent. This is a spot of much historic interest.

as one would put a board through an upright slat fence. My feet sank a foot or so lower than the ground outside. I then stood upright, and the top of the slit came up to about my waist; but little light came in through it. Above me the hole went up indefinitely. The walls were covered with pendent decaying wood. The place was gloomy and musty. I could see but little, and was glad to quickly get out, feeling as though I could not commend it for any permanent habitation.

Aged trees, like the sycamore here, are apt to be hollow within. This seems to make no difference with their duration of life. The famous Charter Oak lived about 150 years after the secretion of the charter within, and in its last years it held all the members of two fire companies at once. When it was blown down in a gale about 1854, the bells of Hartford tolled and a military band played a dirge over its remains.

The sustaining life of trees appears to be within a few inches of their bark. I once saw an aged oak that had been destroyed by fire, and all that was left of it was less than half its outer shell, and this had within a surface of charcoal; yet the shell had sufficient vim to carry up the sap for its few remaining branches that had put forth leaves. That tree, however, was on its last legs. I visited the spot a year later and it was gone. The old sycamore I was slipped into may yet live a century. The Charter Oak was perhaps 1,000 years of age.

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON.—From near the wedded trees I had a view of Upper Piqua, shown in our sketch of 1846. He was the largest contributor to my original edition. He was of Scotch-Irish and Huguenot stock, was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1775, and died in Washington, D. C., in 1861. When a lad he came to Pennsylvania with his father's family; at 17 years was in the

Quartermaster's Department in Wayne's army; was later Clerk in the War Department; participated as an officer at the funeral services of Washington; was Indian Agent, appointed by Madison, at Upper Piqua for 30 years, having control of the affairs of 10,000 Indians, comprising many tribes, and giving great satisfaction; negotiated for a treaty of cession of the Wyandots, last of the native tribes of Ohio. In 1844, as a delegate to the Whig convention in Baltimore, he rode on horseback the whole way from Piqua, and made speeches for Henry Clay along the route. He established with his wife the first Sunday-school in Miami county; was one of the founders of Kenyon College; a trustee of Miami; a member of the Visiting Board at West Point; President of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, etc., etc. His "Account of the Indian Tribes of Ohio" is in the 5th volume of the "Collections of the American Society Antiquarian." Three of his sons were valued officers: one, Stephen, was in the navy, another, A. R., was killed in the Mexican war, and a third, James A., was killed in the civil war.

I remember as of yesterday my first interview with Col. Johnston at Upper Piqua. He was a tall, dignified man, and of the blonde type, then 71 years of age. He was at the time plainly clad, but impressive, seeming as one born to command. It was a warm summer's day, and he took me to his well and gave me a drink of pure cold water, the quality of which he praised with the air of a prince. No man had the power and influence with the Western Indians that he possessed, and it arose from his weight of character and his high sense of justice. After leaving Upper Piqua he resided for years with his daughter, Mrs. John D. Jones, at Cincinnati. He was indeed a sterling man every way, and Ohio should never forget him.

TIPPECANOE is 6 miles south of Troy, on the Miami & Erie Canal and D. & M. R. R. City officers, 1888: Ellis H. Kerr, Mayor; E. A. Jackson, Clerk; John K. Herr, Treasurer; Thos. Hartley, Marshal. Newspaper: *Herald*, Republican; Harry Horton, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran and 1 other. Bank: Tippecanoe National, Samuel Sullivan, president, A. W. Miles, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. L. Norris, Excelsior, 5; Trupp, Weakley & Co., builders' wood-work, 25; Ford & Co., wheels, 51; Dietrich Milling Co., flour, etc., 5; The Tipp Paper Co., straw boards, 34.—*State Reports*, 1887.

Population, 1880, 1,401. School census, 1888, 444; J. T. Bartmess, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$75,000. Value of annual product, \$75,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

COVINGTON is 10 miles northwest of Troy, at the crossing of the P. C. & St. L. and D. & T. Railroads. City officers, 1888: J. H. Mallin, Mayor; W. H. B. Routson, Clerk; A. M. Ruhl, Treasurer; Wm. Gavin, Marshal. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, H. J. Pearson, editor and publisher; *Gazette*, Independent, R. & W. F. Cantwell, editors and publishers; *Vindicator*, Baptist, Jos. I. Cover, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist. Bank: Stillwater Valley, J. R. Shuman, president,

A. C. Cable, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,458. School census, 1888, 504. R. F. Bennett, school superintendent.

CASSTOWN is 4 miles northeast of Troy. It has 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist and 1 Lutheran church. Population, 1880, 331. School census, 1888, 121.

BRADFORD is 13 miles northwest of Troy, on the I. & C. Div. of the P. C. & St. L. R. R. It is part in Darke and part in Miami counties. City officers, 1888: Enos Yount, Mayor; John S. Moore, Clerk; David Arnold, Treasurer; Reuben Enochs, Marshal. Newspaper: *Sentinel*, Independent, A. F. Little, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Cumberland Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 German Baptist, 1 Baptist, 1 German Reformed. Manufactures: Railroad repair shops, lumber, tile and furniture. Population, 1880, 1,373. School census, 1888, 281. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$75,000. Value of annual product, \$75,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

WEST MILTON is 8 miles southwest of Troy, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Newspaper: *Buckeye*, Republican, H. J. Pearson, editor and publisher. Bank: West Milton, Robert W. Douglas, president, D. F. Douglas, cashier. Population, 1880, 688. School census, 1888, 301, W. W. Evans, school superintendent.

FLETCHER is 10 miles northeast of Troy, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Population, 1880, 384. School census, 1888, 166.

LENA is 12 miles northeast of Troy, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 120.

PLEASANT HILL is 8 miles west of Troy, on the D. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 461. School census, 1888, 209.

MONROE.

MONROE COUNTY was named from James Monroe, President of the United States from 1817 to 1825; was formed January 29, 1813, from Belmont, Washington and Guernsey. The south and east are very hilly and rough, the north and west moderately hilly. Some of the western portion and the valleys are fertile. Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 80,516; in pasture, 102,206; woodland, 65,598; lying waste, 8,494; produced in wheat, 193,913 bushels; rye, 2,755; buckwheat, 983; oats, 193,581; barley, 70; corn, 464,334; broom-corn, 6,559 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 30,420 tons; clover hay, 854; potatoes, 90,726 bushels; tobacco, 922,447 lbs.; butter, 527,055; cheese, 691,439; sorghum, 18,685 gallons; maple sugar, 3,662 lbs.; honey, 5,628; eggs, 667,898 dozen; grapes, 20,250 lbs.; wine, 2,361 gallons; sweet potatoes, 232 bushels; apples, 8,647; peaches, 1,990; pears, 958; wool, 277,837 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,994. School census, 1888, 9,178; teachers, 229. Miles of railroad track, 31.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	897	1,317	Franklin,	1,144	1,251
Benton,		937	Green,	938	1,207
Bethel,	545	1,165	Jackson,	806	1,382
Centre,		2,779	Lee,		1,241
Elk,	535		Malaga,	1,443	1,520
Enoch,	1,135		Ohio,	907	1,905

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Perry,	980	1,214	Switzerland,	983	1,226
Salem,	910	2,377	Union,	1,351	
Seneca,	1,349	1,302	Washington,	533	1,815
Summit,		914	Wayne,	684	1,284
Sunbury,	1,358	1,660			

Population of Monroe in 1820 was 4,645; 1830, 8,770; 1840, 18,544; 1860, 25,741; 1880, 26,496, of whom 22,461 were born in Ohio; 804, Pennsylvania; 318, Virginia; 49, New York; 33, Indiana; 9, Kentucky; 1224, German Empire; 80, Ireland; 48, France; 38, England and Wales; 8, Scotland, and 6, British America. Census, 1890, 25,175.

The principal portion of the population originated from Western Pennsylvania, with some Western Virginians and a few New Englanders; one township was settled by Swiss, among whom were some highly educated men.

The valleys of the streams are narrow and are bounded by lofty and rough hills. In many of the little ravines putting into the valleys the scenery is in all the wildness of untamed nature. In places they are precipitous and scarcely accessible to the footsteps of man, and often for many hundred yards the rocks bounding these gorges hang over some thirty or forty feet, forming natural grottos of sufficient capacity to shelter many hundreds of persons, and enhancing the gloomy, forbidding character of the scenery.

The annexed historical sketch of the county was written in 1846 by Daniel H. Wire, Esq., of Woodsfield:

The first settlement in the county was near the mouth of Sunfish about the year 1799. This settlement consisted of a few families whose chief end was to locate on the best hunting ground. A few years after three other small settlements were made. The first was near where the town of Beallsville now stands; the second on the Clear fork of Little Muskingum, consisting of Martin Crow, Fred. Crow and two or three other families; and the third was on the east fork of Duck creek, where some three or four families of the name of Archer settled. Not long after this the settlements began to spread, and the pioneers were forced to see the bear and the wolf leave, and make way for at least more friendly neighbors, though perhaps less welcome. The approach of new-comers was always looked upon with suspicion, as this was the signal for the game to leave. A neighbor at the distance of ten miles was considered near enough for all social purposes. The first object of a new-comer after selecting a location and putting the "hoppers" on the horse (if he had any) was to cut some poles or logs and build a cabin of suitable dimensions for the *size* of his family; for, as yet, rank and condition had not disturbed the simple order of society.

The windows of the cabin were made by sawing out about three feet of one of the logs, and putting in a few upright pieces; and in the place of glass, they took paper and oiled it with bear's oil, or hog's fat, and pasted it on the upright pieces. This would give considerable light and resist the rain tolerably well. After the cabin was completed the next thing in order was to clear out a piece of ground for a corn patch. They

plowed their ground generally with a shovel plow, as this was most convenient among the roots. Their harness consisted mostly of leather-wood bark, except the collar, which was made of husks of corn platted and sewed together. They ground their corn in a hand-mill or pounded it in a mortar, or hominy-block, as it was called, which was made by burning a hole into the end of a block of wood. They pounded the corn in these mortars with a pestle, which they made by driving an iron wedge into a stick of suitable size. After the corn was sufficiently pounded, they sieved it, and took the finer portion for meal to make bread and mush of, and the coarser they boiled for hominy. Their meat was bear, venison and wild turkey, as it was very difficult to raise hogs or sheep on account of the wolves and bears; and hence pork and woollen clothes were very scarce.

The mischievous depredations of the wolves rendered their scalps a matter of some importance. They were worth from four to six dollars apiece. This made of wolf-hunting rather a lucrative business, and, of course, called into action the best inventive talent in the country; consequently, many expedients and inventions were adopted, one of which I will give.

The hunter took the ovary of a slut—at a particular time—and rubbed it on the soles of his shoes, then circling through the forest where the wolves were most plenty, the male wolves would follow his track; as they approached he would secrete himself in a suitable place, and as soon as the wolf came in reach of the rifle, he received its contents. This plan was positively practiced, and was one of the most effectual modes of hunting

the wolf. A Mr. Terrel, formerly of this place, was hunting wolves in this way not far from where Woodsfield stands. He found himself closely pursued by a number of wolves, and soon discovered from their angry manner that they intended to attack him. He got up into the top of a leaning tree and shot four of them before they would leave him. This is the only instance of the wolves attacking any person in this section of country. Hunters, the better to elude, especially the ever-watchful eye of the deer and turkey, had their hunting-shirts colored to suit the season. In the fall of the year they wore the color most resembling the fallen leaves; in the winter they used a brown, as near as possible the color of the bark of trees. If there was snow on the ground, they frequently drew a white shirt over their other clothes. In the summer they colored their clothes green.

In addition to what has already been said, it may not be improper to give a few things in relation to the social intercourse of the early settlers.

And first I would remark, on good authority, that a more generous, warm-hearted and benevolent people seldom have existed in any country. Although they are unwilling to see the game driven off by the rapid influx of emigrants, still the stranger, when he arrived among the hardy pioneers, found among them a cordiality, and a generous friendship, that is not found among those who compose, what is erroneously called, the better class of society, or the higher circle. There was no distinction in society, no aristocratic lines drawn between the upper and lower classes. Their social amusements proceeded from matters of necessity. A log-rolling or the raising of a log-cabin was generally accompanied with a quilting, or something of the sort, and this brought together a whole neighborhood of both sexes, and after the labors of the day were ended, they spent the larger portion of the night in dancing and other innocent amusements. If they had no fiddler (which was not very uncommon), some one of the party would supply the deficiency by singing. A wedding frequently called together all the young folks for fifteen or twenty miles around. These occasions were truly convivial; the parties assembled on the wedding day at the house of the bride, and after

the nuptials were celebrated they enjoyed all manner of rural hilarity, and most generally dancing formed a part, unless the old folks had religious scruples as to its propriety. About 10 o'clock the bride was allowed to retire by her attendants; and if the groom could steal off from his attendants and retire also, without their knowledge, they became the objects of sport for all the company, and were not a little quizzed. The next day the party repaired to the house of the groom to enjoy the *infair*. When arrived within a mile or two of the house, a part of the company would run for the bottle, and whoever had the fleetest horse succeeded in getting the bottle, which was always ready at the house of the groom. The successful racer carried back the liquor and met the rest of the company and treated them, always taking good care to treat the bride and groom first; he then became the hero of that occasion, at least.

There are but few incidents relative to the Indian war which took place in this county, worthy of notice. When Martin Whetzel was a prisoner among the Indians they brought him about twenty miles (as he supposed) up Sunfish creek. This would be some place near Woodsfield. Whetzel says they stopped under a large ledge of rocks, and left a guard with him and went off; and after having been gone about an hour they returned with a large quantity of lead, and moulded a great number of bullets. They fused the lead in a large wooden ladle, which they had hid in the rocks. They put the metal in the ladle, and by burning live coals on it, succeeded in fusing it. After Whetzel escaped from the Indians and returned home, he visited the place in search of the lead, but could never find it. In fact, he was not certain that he had found the right rock.

At the battle of Captina John Baker was killed. He had borrowed Jack Bean's gun, which the Indians had taken. This gun was recaptured on the waters of Wills' creek, about sixteen or eighteen miles west of Woodsfield, and still remains in the possession of some of the friends of the notorious Bean and the lamented Baker, in this county, as a memorial of those brave Indian fighters. Henry Johnson, who had the fight with the Indians when a boy, is now living in the county.

In the latter part of the last century the celebrated French traveller Volney travelled through Virginia, and crossed the Ohio into this county from Sistersville. He was under the guidance of two Virginia bear hunters through the wilderness. The weather was very cold and severe. In crossing the dry ridge, on the Virginia side, the learned infidel became weak with cold and fatigue. He was in the midst of an almost boundless wilderness, deep snows were under his feet, and both rain and snow falling upon his head. He frequently insisted on giving over the enterprise and dying where he was; but his comrades, more accustomed to backwoods fare, urged him on, until he at length gave out, exclaiming, "Oh, wretched and foolish man that I am, to leave my comfortable home and fireside, and come to this unfrequented place, where the lion and tiger refuse to dwell, and the rain hurries off! Go on, my friends! better that one man should

perish than three." They then stopped, struck a fire, built a camp of bark and limbs, shot a buck, broiled the ham, which, with the salt, bread and other necessities they had, made a very good supper, and everything being soon comfortable and cheery, the learned Frenchman was dilating largely and eloquently upon the ingenuity of man.

HEROIC ADVENTURE OF THE JOHNSON BOYS.

The account which follows of the heroism of two pioneer boys was given by one of them, Henry Johnson, to a Woodsfield paper about 1835 or 1840. Both he and his brother John settled in Monroe. John married into the Okey family and Henry married Patty Russell. He was the first Mayor of Woodsfield. I saw him at Woodsfield in 1846. He was then nearly seventy years of age, a fine specimen of the fast vanishing race of Indian hunters; tall, erect, with the bearing of a genuine backwoodsman:

I was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., on the 4th day of February, 1777. When I was about eight years old, my father having a large family to provide for, sold his farm with the expectation of acquiring larger possessions farther West. Thus he was stimulated to encounter the perils of a pioneer life. He crossed the Ohio river and bought some improvements on what was called Beach Bottom flats, two and a half miles from the river, and three or four miles above the mouth of the Short creek. Soon after he came there the Indians became troublesome. They stole horses and various other things and killed a number of persons in our neighborhood.

When I was between eleven and twelve years old, I think it was the fall of 1788, I was taken prisoner with my brother John, who was about eighteen months older than I. The circumstances are as follows: On Saturday evening we were out with an older brother, and came home late in the evening; one of us had lost a hat and John and I went back the next day to look for it. We found the hat, and sat down on a log and were cracking nuts. After a short time we saw two men coming down from the direction of the house; from their dress we took them to be two of our neighbors, James Perdue and J. Russell. We paid but little attention to them till they came quite near us. To escape by flight was now impossible had we been disposed to try it. We sat still until they came up to us. One of them said, "*How do, broder?*" My brother then asked them if they were Indians and they answered in the affirmative, and said we must go with them.

One of them had a blue buckskin, which he gave my brother to carry, and without further ceremony we took up the line of march for the wilderness, not knowing whether we should ever return to the cheerful home we had left; and not having much love for our commanding officers, of course, we obeyed martial orders rather tardily. One of the Indians walked about ten steps before and the other about the same distance behind us. After travelling some distance we halted in a deep hollow and sat down. They took out

their knives and whet them, and talked some time in the Indian tongue, which we could not understand. I told my brother that I thought they were going to kill us, and I believe he thought so too, for he began to talk to them, and told them that his father was cross to him and made him work hard, and that he did not like hard work, that he would rather be a hunter and live in the woods. This seemed to please them, for they put up their knives and talked more lively and pleasantly to us. We returned the same familiarity and many questions passed between us; all parties were very inquisitive. They asked my brother which way home was and he told them the contrary way every time they would ask him, although he knew the way very well; this would make them laugh; they thought we were lost and that we knew no better.

They conducted us over Short creek hills in search of horses, but found none; so we continued on foot. Night came on and we halted in a low hollow, about three miles from Carpenter's fort and about four from the place where they first took us. Our route being somewhat circuitous and full of zigzags we made headway but slowly. As night began to close in around us I became fretful; my brother encouraged me by whispering to me that we would kill the Indians that night. After they had selected the place of encampment one of them scouted around the camp, while the other struck fire, which was done by stopping the touch-hole of the gun and flashing powder in the pan. After the Indian got the fire kindled he reprimed the gun and went to an old stump to get some dry tinder wood for fire; and while he was thus employed my brother John took the gun, cocked it, and was about to shoot the Indian; but I was alarmed, fearing that the other might be close by and be able to overpower us; so I remonstrated against his shooting and took hold of the gun and prevented the shot. I, at the same time, begged him to wait till night and I would help him to kill them both. The Indian that had taken the scout came back about dark.

We took our suppers, talked some time and went to bed on the naked ground to try

to rest, and study out the best mode of attack. They put us between them that they might be the better able to guard us. After a while one of the Indians, supposing we were asleep, got up and stretched himself down on the other side of the fire and soon began to snore. John, who had been watching every motion, found they were sound asleep and whispered to me to get up. We got up as carefully as possible. John took the gun which the Indian struck fire with, cocked it and placed it in the direction of the head of one of the Indians; he then took a tomahawk and drew it over the head of the other; I pulled the trigger and he struck at the same instant; the blow falling too far back on the neck only stunned the Indian; he attempted to spring to his feet, uttering most hideous yells. Although my brother repeated the blows with some effect the conflict became terrible and somewhat doubtful. The Indian,

however, was forced to yield to the blows he received upon his head, and, in a short time, he lay quiet and still at our feet.

After we were satisfied that they were both dead, and fearing there were others close by, we hurried off and took nothing with us but the gun I shot with. We took our course towards the river, and in about three-quarters of a mile we found a path which led to Carpenter's fort. My brother here hung up his hat that we might know on our return where to turn off to find our camp. We got to the fort a little before daybreak. We related our adventure, and a small party went back with my brother and found the Indian that had been tomahawked; the other had crawled away a short distance with the gun. A skeleton and a gun were found some time after near the place where we had encamped.

Woodsfield in 1846.—Woodsfield, the county-seat, one hundred and eighteen miles easterly from Columbus, and eighteen from the Ohio river, was founded in 1815 by Archibald Woods, of Wheeling, George Paul, Benj. Ruggles and Levi Barber. It contains one Episcopal Methodist and one Protestant Methodist church, a classical academy, one newspaper printing office, six stores and had, in 1830, 157 inhabitants, and in 1840, 262; estimated population in 1847, 450. The view was taken in the principal street of the village, on the left of which is seen the court-house. At the foot of the street, on the left, but not shown in the view, is a natural mound, circular at the base and rising to the height of sixty feet.—*Old Edition.*

WOODSFIELD, county-seat of Monroe, one hundred miles east of Columbus, on the B. Z. & C. R. R., forty-two miles from Bellaire and seventy from Zanesville.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Henry R. Muhleman; Clerk, Elisha L. Lynch; Commissioners, John Ruby, J. W. Warner, Alexander Harman; Coroner, A. G. W. Potts; Infirmary Directors, Jacob Wohnhas, Geo. L. Gillespie, Frederick Stoehr; Probate Judge, Albert J. Pearson; Prosecuting Attorney, Geo. G. Jennings; Recorder, Edward J. Graham; Sheriff, Louis Sulsberger; Surveyor, W. S. Jones; Treasurer, Cyrus E. Miller. City officers, 1888: John W. Doherty, Mayor; George P. Dorr, Clerk; Fritz Reef, Treasurer; Wm. Lang, Marshal. Newspapers: *Monroe Gazette*, Republican, estate of John W. Doherty, editors and publishers; *Monroe Journal*, German, Fritz Reef, editor and publisher; *Spirit of Democracy*, Democratic, Hamilton and Van Law, editors and publishers. Churches: one Christian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Evangelical. Banks: Monroe, S. L. Mooney, president, W. C. Mooney, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—*Gazette*, newspaper, 4; *Spirit of Democracy*, newspaper, 4; George Richner & Sons, flour, etc., 4; Helbling & Stoehr, doors, sash, etc., 5.—*State Report*, 1887. Population in 1880, 861. School census, 1888, 339. Census, 1890, 1,031.

JOHN WATERMAN OKEY, at one time chief-justice of the State, was born near Woodsfield, January 3, 1827. He was of joint English and Scotch-Irish stock, and some of it very long-lived. An inscription on the tombstone of his great-grandmother at Woodsfield showed that she lived to the advanced age of one hundred and three years. The only institution of learning he ever attended was the Monroe Academy. He studied law at Woodsfield; became Probate Judge and Judge of Common Pleas; in 1865 removed to Cincinnati, when, in connection with Judge Gholson, he prepared "Gholson & Okey's Digest of Ohio



Drawn by Henry Howe.

WOODSFIELD IN 1846.



WOODSFIELD IN 1886.

Reports ;" and also, with S. A. Miller, "Okey & Miller's Municipal Law." In 1877 he was elected Supreme Judge on the ticket with R. M. Bishop for Governor ; again in 1882 on the ticket with Geo. Hoadly, by a majority of 16,500 over his principal competitor. The Judge had a marvellous memory. There was not a single case in the whole fifty-seven volumes of Ohio Reports with which he was not familiar, and scarcely a case which he could not accurately state from memory. He died in 1885.

On this visit in Woodsfield we made the acquaintance of Hon. James R. Morris, who was the postmaster of the town. This gentleman represented this district in Congress from 1861 to 1865. In 1877 was published an illustrated atlas of the Upper Ohio river valley, for which Mr. Morris supplied the historical facts appertaining to Monroe. From this, mainly, the following items are derived :

The First Permanent Settlement of which there is any well-authenticated history was made in the year 1791. Philip Witten, a brother-in-law of the noted Indian scouts and fighters, Kinsey and Vachtel Dickenson, in 1791 settled in Jackson township. He came there with his family from Wheeling, and his descendants still live on the same farm. The next settlement in order of time was on Buck-hill Bottom in 1794, and was made by Robert McEldowney, followed by Jacob Vellou and others. Settlements were made at and near the mouth of Sunfish creek and Opossum creek by the Vandwarters, Henthornes, Atkinsons and others, about the years 1798-9. About 1802 a settlement was made on the site of Calais. In 1798 an improvement had been made there by Aaron Dillie, from Dillie's Bottom, Belmont county. About the same time a settlement was made by Michael Crow and others on Clear Fork creek. Cline's settlement on the Little Muskingum was begun about the year 1805 ; that at and around the site at Beallsville at about the same time, and Dye's settlement, in Perry township, in 1812.

Woodsfield Founded.—In 1814 the commissioners selected the site of Woodsfield, then an unbroken forest, for the county-seat. Tradition says that in order to get the streets or a part of them cleared out, Mr. Archibald Woods, of Wheeling, from whom the town was named, and a heavy landholder in this region, got a keg of brandy and invited all the men and boys within a circuit of five miles to come into the place on a certain Saturday, have a grand frolic and clear out Main street. This was done and the first trees felled.

In 1820 Woodsfield contained 18 houses, 6 of them of hewed logs and the remainder cabins. In the fall of 1818 the householders of Woodsfield were Patrick Adams, James Carrothers (whose son George was the first child born in the town), Joseph Driggs, Ezra Driggs, John Snyder, Anson Brewster, Jas. Phillips, Messrs. Sayers, Michael Davis, John Cole, Henry H. Mott, Stephen Lindley, John King, Henry Jackson, Amos B. Jones, David Pierson and Mrs. A. G. Hunter.

Woodsfield was incorporated in 1834, and in 1836 Henry Johnson (of the Indian killing fame) was elected the first Mayor. He died

at Antioch and is buried in the Woodsfield graveyard.

The first court-house and jail combined was built of logs in 1816, at a total cost of \$137. The wood work cost \$100, and the stone and other work \$37. The lower story was a jail, and the upper a court-room. The second court-house was built of brick in 1828-29, and burnt in 1867. It was succeeded by the present brick structure, which cost \$40,000. The first court for the county was held in 1815, at the house of Levin Okey. The first resident lawyer was Seneca S. Salisbury, who came to Woodsfield in 1821. In 1832 Daniel Arnold, from Cadiz, established the first newspaper, the *Woodsfield Gazette*. The members of Congress from this county have been Joseph Morris, 1843-47 ; Wm. F. Hunter, 1849-53 ; Jas. R. Morris, 1861-65.

First German and Swiss Settlements.—Under the leadership of Father Jacob Tisher, in April, 1819, ten German-Swiss families embarked on a flat boat on the river Aar at the city of Berne. They descended the Aar to the Rhine, and thence down the Rhine to the city of Antwerp. There they took passage on the "Eugenius," a French vessel for New York. After a passage of 48 days they landed at Amboy, New Jersey, where they purchased teams and six of the families started overland for Wheeling. The little colony now consisted of Father Tisher, Jacob Tschappat, Daniel Fankhauser, Nicholas Fankhauser, Jacob Marti and their families, and Jacob Nispeli, single. After a tedious journey they reached Wheeling, and again embarked on a flat boat, their destination being the great Kanawha river.

Landing at the mouth of Captina, there they found two Pennsylvania Germans—Geo. Goetz and Henry Swepe—who informed them there was plenty of Government land in Monroe county, near by, and a part of them were induced to remain, house room not being obtainable for all. On the 15th of September Father Tisher and a part of his little band continued down the river, and landed 16 miles below at Bare's landing. Jacob Bare, a Marylander, who could speak German, persuaded them to settle there.

Thus this little colony in two bands began the first German-Swiss settlements in Monroe county, the one party in what is now

in Switzerland township, the other in Ohio township. In that region there was scarce a settler back from the river, it being an almost unbroken forest. Immigration now fairly set in from Germany and Switzerland, and these fertile hills became the happy homes of an industrious, virtuous people. Their leader, Father Jacob Tisher, was the first missionary for the German work of the Methodist church, and travelled in this and adjoining counties. His circuit was nearly 200 miles in extent, which he made on foot once every four weeks. He was very successful in organizing societies, and laid the foundation of a work now embraced in many circuits and stations. He died at the advanced age of 86 years.

Judge Morris illustrates the narrowness and intolerance of early times often shown by members of different religious sects towards each, by an anecdote of a Baptist clergyman, who often preached in the Baptist church established in 1820 on Opossum creek, in Centre township, the first Baptist church in the county. He writes: "Rev. Joseph Smith, a pious, zealous and somewhat eccentric minister, officiated at this and all the other Baptist churches in the county for many years.

"His eccentricities led him to be very hostile to other denominations, especially to Methodists. The congregations to which he ministered were scattered over a wide extent of territory. At one time in making his rounds the back of his horse became very sore, and he was told by a friend if he would get a wolf's skin and put it under the saddle it would cure it. He replied: 'I don't know where to get one, unless I skin a Methodist preacher.'

Subscription Schools.—In early times subscription schools were common. Judge Morris, in speaking of a subscription school in Greene, opened in 1825, and taught by John Miller, thus quotes from a correspondent: "The terms of subscription were \$1 per scholar for a term of three months. The teacher boarded around among the scholars; that is, he boarded in the families of the scholars for the length of time warranted by the number of pupils sent by the family.

"Before the holidays the teacher was compelled to sign an article that on Christmas or New Year's day he would treat the boys to ginger cakes, cider and apples, or they would bar him out of the school-house, or if he got in first they would smoke him out. If he still refused to sign the article, they would take him to the nearest creek and duck him.

"The writer remembers being in a school-house in 1829-30, when the teacher was barred out; but he climbed on the roof of the school-house, covered the chimney and smoked the scholars out. After thus having worsted them he still refused to sign the article; but after some delay, waiting for an attack upon him, he treated them bountifully and gave them half a holiday, which was spent at the various games of amusement common in those days."

Squatters.—The early settlers were more numerous in the region around the mouth of the Sunfish than elsewhere. "Most of the first settlers," says Morris, "were squatters, that is, a family moved into the county and settled on Congress land, and when the head of the family found himself able, he would enter the land upon which he had squatted. It was considered a very mean trick in those days for a person to 'enter out' a squatter who was doing his best to raise the means to pay for the home he was making for himself and family; and scarcely any one would do it without consent of the squatter, who was frequently paid for his improvements when he found himself unable to enter the land."

Indian Medicine-man.—Dr. N. E. Henthorn, recently deceased, in a letter to John B. Noll, Esq., says: "In 1831 I was returning home from Cincinnati by land and stopped over night at Jackson's tavern, in Reading, 12 miles from the city. When the landlord ascertained where I was from, he said that his father and an old Indian would like to talk with me.

I went to their room and Mr. Jackson, Sr., said he knew my grandfather at the old block house at Wheeling; said that at the time Boggs was killed at Boggs' island, the Indians were pursued by the whites, and that he, Jackson, wounded this Indian, and when about to kill him with his tomahawk, the Indian told him he was the medicine-man of his tribe, and if he would spare his life he would cure a cancer on his (Jackson's) nose, which he did; that the Indian had lived with him ever since, and was with him in the war of 1812, under General Harrison.

Indian Decoy.—"The Indian told me that the Indian name of Sunfish creek was Buckchitawa, and Opossum creek was in the Indian tongue Eagle creek. He further told me of the killing of a big Indian at Buckchitawa, about the time of the settlement at Marietta.

Big Indian.—"The Indians had a white prisoner whom they forced to decoy boats to the shore. A small boat was descending the river containing white people, when this prisoner was placed under the bank to tell those in the boat that he had escaped captivity and to come to shore and take him in. The Indians were concealed, but the big Indian stuck his head out from behind a large tree when it was pierced by a bullet from the gun of the steersman of the boat. The Indians cried 'Wetzel!' 'Wetzel!' and fled. This was the last ever seen of the prisoner. The Indians returned the next day and buried the big Indian, who, he said, was twenty inches taller than he was, and he was a tall man.

"When Chester Bishop was digging many years ago a cellar for Asahel Booth at Clarington, he came across a skeleton, the bones of which were carefully removed by Dr. Richard Kirkpatrick, and from his measurement he estimated the man when living would have been 8 feet and 5 inches. It is

probable that these were the bones of the big Indian. He further told me there was lead

on Eagle, Buckchitawa and Captina creeks, but the veins were thin."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

My original visit to Woodsfield was in March, 1846. I came in the character of a pedestrian, with my knapsack on my back, loaded with some 14 pounds. A steamboat had landed me on the Ohio some 16 miles away, and I came up the hills meeting scarcely a soul or seeing much else than hills and trees.

Woodsfield was then much out of the world. Indeed the entire county was quite primitive; its people largely dwelt in cabins. This seemed to me a good thing, saving many the worry of having so much to look after. "Great possessions, great cares."

Monroe county was away from all travel, except on the river fringe. This is 29 miles long and the river hurries by, falling in that distance 20 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and mostly in ripples.

The county had a decided political character and was such a sore spot to the old Whigs from its stunning Democratic majorities that they called it "*Dark Monroe*." Still, I thought I could travel over it in safety without a lantern.

On my arrival at Woodsfield I had an unusually pleasant reception, and when my book was published the indwellers of Dark Monroe showed their love for their Ohio land by an unusually large patronage. The behavior of the people was such that the jailer's office was of little account. His business was so poor that if he had depended upon fees and board money for a living he must have starved. Neither did the sheriff get a chance to hang anybody, for a capital crime had never been committed in the county. In such a condition of things the Woodsfield newspaper suffered for want of interesting home news to chronicle, excepting after an election, when the Democratic rooster showed his outstretched plumage.

I came this last time by the "Poor Man's Railroad," described on page 318. When I got here I inquired for three old acquaintances I had made in 1846, and as usual in such cases the answer was, "dead." They were Henry Johnson, Daniel H. Wire and Jamie Shaw. Henry Johnson, having been born one hundred and nine years before, of course was dead. He was one of the ever-to-be-remembered two Johnson boys who killed two Indians in the old Revolutionary war. He died in 1850, at Antioch, that is, four years after I made his acquaintance, and was buried at Woodsfield.

DANIEL H. WIRE, who gave me the preceding historical sketch, died before the war. When I saw him he was a young lawyer, and at one time prosecuting attorney for the county. He ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket. This was in 1855, during what was termed the "Know-Nothing Craze." The Know-Nothings carried that year many of the Ohio districts, and this among them. Wire's personal popularity was so great that it saved the county; its usual majority was some 1,600, but it went through by about four hundred.

In the old picture of Woodsfield is the figure of an old man leaning on a cane with a dog by his side. That is JAMIE SHAW and his dog. He was not on that spot at the moment I drew the picture, but I introduced him as a matter of humor, and in his contemplative attitude: Jamie was the *oddity* of Woodsfield and I felt his memory should be preserved for a grateful people.

I derive the following about Jamie from conversation with Hon. W. F. Okey, of Woodsfield, and Gen. Jas. O. Amos, of the Shelby County *Democrat*. The last, once a boy in Woodsfield, years later, in Allen's administration, mounted epaulets and became Adjutant-General of Ohio.

Jamie was a hatter, originally from Greene county, Pa., and a soldier of the war of 1812. He was a short, fat man, waddled about carrying a cane, and wherever Jamie went his dog, like Mary's lamb, was sure to go. The dog was like his master, short and fat, and his color interesting—*yellow*. Whenever Jamie stopped or sat down his dog would drop on his haunches and look up lovingly in his face. The dog in his affection seemed the counterpart of Dr. Holland's Blanco. And, no doubt, Jamie felt towards him as the Doctor did to Blanco, when he wrote:

My dear dumb friend, low-lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet;
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My vassal on the street.

I scan the whole broad earth around,
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find that friend in you.

Ah, Blanco, did I worship God,
As truly as you worship me;
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility—

Did I sit fondly at his feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine;
And watch him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.

Jamie was an ardent soul and greatly enjoyed his religion. He was a Methodist, and oft carried away in a frenzy of excitement to the perpetration of ridiculous things and greatly to the amusement of the Woodsfield youngsters. On one of these occasions, while lying on the floor, kicking up his heels and crying, "Glory to God," one of the mischievous urchins dropped a bullet in his mouth. It came near choking Jamie to death. A boy named Driggs was arrested and brought before a Justice and fined for the offence; but he declared it was not him that did it—it was another boy. It always is.

Jamie eventually moved to Missouri, where he located some soldier's land-warrants granted him for his services in our last war against the "red-coats." He lived there a number of years; when the word came he was

no more. But as for his companion, there was no record, not even his name; but we do know he worshipped Jamie, and the hue of his coat was the hue of those worn by the priests of Boodha, the "sacred yellow."

As for odd characters in the olden time, the country was full of them. Every community had its queer one. What was singular, no two of these were ever alike. The isolated lives of the old-time people had much to do with the development of originality. Now, through the influence of the press, we all daily talk the same topics, think the same thoughts and move on the same planes. Individuality is measurably lost in the on-rush of the ever-surging increasing multitudes, who, in the daily surprise of startling events and wonder-working discoveries, continually lift their hands and exclaim, "What next?"

CLARINGTON is on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Sunfish, about fifteen miles east of Woodsfield. Newspaper: *Independent*, Independent, W. T. Powell, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Christian. Population, 1880, 915. School census, 1888, 251; E. B. Thomas, school superintendent. Clarington is the most extensive business point on the river between Marietta and Bellaire. It was laid out in 1822 by David Pierson, who named it after his daughter Clarinda.

BEALLSVILLE is eight miles northeast of Woodsfield, on the B. Z. & C. R. R. It has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, and 1 Christian church. Population, 1880, 391. School census, 1888, 166.

GRAYSVILLE is eight miles southwest of Woodsfield. It has 1 Christian, 1 Methodist and 1 Baptist church. Population, 1880, 174. School census, 1888, 74.

CALAIS is twelve miles northwest of Woodsfield. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. Population, 1880, 159. School census, 1888, 105.

CAMERON is twelve miles east of Woodsfield. School census, 1888, 140.

STAFFORD is ten miles southwest of Woodsfield. It has 1 Christian and 1 Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 103.

MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY was named from Gen. Richard Montgomery, of the American Revolutionary army; he was born in Ireland, in 1737, and was killed in the assault upon Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775. This county was created May 1, 1803, from Hamilton and Ross, and the temporary seat of justice appointed at the house of George Newcom, in Dayton. About one-half of the county is rolling and the rest level; the soil of an excellent quality, clay predominating. East of the Miami are many excellent limestone quarries, of a greyish-white hue. Large quantities are exported to Cincinnati, where it is used in constructing the most elegant edifices; nearly all the canal locks from Cincinnati to Toledo are built with it. This is a great manufacturing county, and abundance of water power is furnished by its various streams, and it is very wealthy, with a dense agricultural population. The principal products are corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, flaxseed, potatoes, pork, wool and tobacco.

Area about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 167,779; in pasture, 18,402; woodland, 34,134; lying waste, 9,624; produced in wheat, 639,886 bushels; rye, 4,655; buckwheat, 171; oats, 415,084; barley, 55,960; corn, 1,523,796; broom-corn, 67,759 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 15,104 tons; clover hay, 8,628; flax, 176,477 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 85,200 bushels; tobacco, 4,717,558 lbs. (largest in the State); butter, 827,943; cheese, 2,715; sorghum, 5,872 gallons; maple syrup, 13,934; honey, 4,018 lbs.; eggs, 635,473 dozen; grapes, 132,780 lbs.; wine, 6,301 gallons; sweet potatoes, 3,648 bushels; apples, 563; peaches, 15; pears, 1,725; wool, 15,747 lbs.; milch cows owned, 10,497. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone, 5,062 tons burned for lime; 195,537 cubic feet of dimension stone; 33,977 cubic yards of building stone; 422,558 square feet of flagging; 9,750 square feet of paving; 48,586 lineal feet of curbing; 1,352 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 26,797; teachers, 402. Miles of railroad track, 165.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Butler,	1,897	2,196	Madison,	1,594	2,306
Clay,	1,633	3,063	Mad River,		2,091
Dayton (city and township),	10,334	38,678	Miami,	3,249	5,024
German,	2,629	3,451	Perry,	1,883	2,272
Harrison,		2,667	Randolph,	1,774	2,327
Jackson,	1,688	2,451	Van Buren,		2,953
Jefferson,	1,895	6,096	Washington,	2,259	1,784
			Wayne,	1,045	1,191

Population of Montgomery in 1820 was 16,061; 1830, 24,374; 1840, 31,879; 1860, 52,230; 1880, 78,550; of whom 54,396 were born in Ohio; 4,059 Pennsylvania; 1,197 Indiana; 1,114 New York; 1,037 Virginia; 813 Kentucky; 7,894 German Empire; 2,574 Ireland; 664 England and Wales; 270 France; 207 British America; 159 Scotland, and 11 Norway and Sweden.

Census, 1890, 100,852.

Among the early settlers of Montgomery county was Col. ROBERT PATTERSON. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1753, and emigrated to Kentucky in 1775. In 1804 he removed from Kentucky and settled about a mile below Dayton. He was the original proprietor of Lexington, Ky., and one-third owner of Cincinnati, when it was laid out. He was with Col. George Rogers Clarke in 1778, in his celebrated Illinois campaign; in the following year he was in Bowman's expedition against old Chillicothe. In this expedition, according to Patterson's memoranda, Bowman had 400 men. In August, 1780, he was also a captain under

Clarke, in his expedition against the Shawnees, on the Little Miami and Mad river; was second in command to Col. Boone, August 19, 1782, at the battle of the Lower Blue Licks; was colonel on the second expedition of Gen. Clarke, in the following September, into the Miami country; held the same office in 1786, under Col. Logan, in his expedition against the Shawnees. He died, August 5, 1827. His early life was full of incidents, one of the most remarkable of which we give in his own language, as originally published in the *Ohio National Journal*:

Canoe Journey up the Ohio.—In the fall of 1776 I started from McClellan's station (now Georgetown, Ky.) in company with Jos. McNutt, David Perry, James Wernock, James Templeton, Edward Mitchell and Isaac Greer, to go to Pittsburg. We procured provision for our journey at the Blue Licks, from the well-known stone house, the Buffalo. At Limestone we procured a canoe, and started up the Ohio river by water. Nothing material transpired during several of the first days of our journey. We landed at Point Pleasant, where was a fort commanded by Capt. Arbuckle. After remaining there a short time, and receiving despatches from Capt. Arbuckle to the commandant at Wheeling, we again proceeded. Aware that Indians were lurking along the bank of the river, we travelled with the utmost caution. We usually landed an hour before sunset, cooked and eat our supper, and went on until after dark. At night we lay without fire, as convenient to our canoe as possible, and started again in the morning at daybreak. We had all agreed that if any disaster should befall us by day or by night that we should stand by each other, as long as any help could be afforded.

Attacked by Indians.—At length the memorable 12th of October arrived. During the day we passed several new improvements, which occasioned us to be less watchful and careful than we had been before. Late in the evening we landed opposite the island [on the Ohio side of the river, in what is now Athens county], then called the Hockhocking, and were beginning to flatter ourselves that we should reach some inhabitants the next day. Having eaten nothing that day, contrary to our usual practice, we kindled a fire and cooked supper. After we had eaten and made the last of our flour into a loaf of bread, and put it into an old brass kettle to bake, so that we might be ready to start again in the morning at daybreak, we lay down to rest, keeping the same clothes on at night that we wore during the day. For the want of a better, I had on a hunting-shirt and britch clout (so called), and flannel leggings. I had my powder-horn and shot-pouch on my side, and placed the butt of my gun under my head. Five of our company lay on the east side of the fire, and James Templeton and myself on the west; we were lying on our left sides, myself in front, with my right hand hold of my gun. Templeton was lying close behind me. This was our position, and asleep, when we were fired upon by a party of Indians. Immediately after the fire they rushed upon us with tomahawks, as

if determined to finish the work of death they had begun. It appeared that one Indian had shot on my side of the fire. I saw the flash of the gun and felt the ball pass through me, but where I could not tell, nor was it at first painful. I sprang to take up my gun, but my right shoulder came to the ground. I made another effort, and was half bent in getting up, when an Indian sprang past the fire with savage fierceness, and struck me with his tomahawk. From the position I was in, it went between two ribs, just behind the backbone, a little below the kidney, and penetrated the cavity of the body. He then immediately turned to Templeton (who by this time had got to his feet with his gun in hand), and seized his gun. A desperate scuffle ensued, but Templeton held on, and finally bore off the gun.

A Forlorn Condition.—In the meantime I made from the light, and in my attempt to get out of sight, I was delayed for a moment by getting my right arm fast between a tree and a sapling, but having got clear and away from the light of the fire, and finding that I had lost the use of my right arm, I made a shift to keep it up by drawing it through the straps of my shot-pouch. I could see the crowd about the fire, but the firing had ceased and the strife seemed to be over. I had reason to believe that the others were all shot and tomahawked. Hearing no one coming towards me, I resolved to go to the river, and, if possible, to get into the canoe and float down, thinking by that means I might possibly reach Point Pleasant, supposed to be about 100 miles distant. Just as I got on the beach a little below the canoe, an Indian in the canoe gave a whoop, which gave me to understand that it was best to withdraw. I did so; and with much difficulty got to an old log, and being very thirsty, faint and exhausted, I was glad to sit down. I felt the blood running, and heard it dropping on the leaves all around me. Presently I heard the Indians board the canoe and float past. All was now silent, and I felt myself in a most forlorn condition. I could not see the fire, but determined to find it and see if any of my comrades were alive. I steered the course which I supposed the fire to be, and having reached it, I found Templeton alive, but wounded in nearly the same manner that I was. James Wernock was also dangerously wounded, two balls having passed through his body; Jos. McNutt was dead and scalped; D. Perry was wounded, but not badly, and Isaac Greer was missing. The miseries of that hour cannot well be described.

Wernock's Resignation.—When daylight

appeared we held a council, and concluded that inasmuch as one gun and some ammunition was saved, Perry would furnish us with meat, and we would proceed up the river by slow marches to the nearest settlements, supposed to be one hundred miles. A small quantity of provisions which was found scattered around the fire was picked up and distributed among us, and a piece of blanket, which was saved from the fire, was given to me to cover a wound on my back. On examination, it was found that two balls had passed through my right arm, and that the bone was broken; to dress this, splinters were taken from a tree near the fire that had been shivered by lightning, and placed on the outside of my hunting-shirt and bound with a string. And now, being in readiness to move, Perry took the gun and ammunition, and we all got to our feet except Wernock, who, on attempting to get up fell back to the ground. He refused to try again, said that he could not live, and at the same time desired us to do the best we could for ourselves. Perry then took hold of his arm and told him if he would get up he would carry him; upon this he made another effort to get up, but falling back as before, he begged us in the most solemn manner to leave him. At his request, the old kettle was filled with water and placed at his side, which he said was the last and only favor required of us, and then conjured us to leave him and try to save ourselves, assuring us that should he live to see us again, he would cast no reflections of unkindness upon us. Thus we left him. When we had got a little distance I looked back, and distressed and hopeless as Wernock's condition really was, I felt to envy it. After going about 100 poles, we were obliged to stop and rest, and found ourselves too sick and weak to proceed. Another consultation being held, it was agreed that Templeton and myself should remain there with Edward Mitchell, and Perry should take the gun and go to the nearest settlement and seek relief. Perry promised that if he could not procure assistance he would be back in four days. He then returned to the camp and found Wernock in the same state of mind as when we left, perfectly rational and sensible of his condition, replenished his kettle with water, brought us some fire and started for the settlement.

Wernock's Death.—Alike unable to go back or forward, and being very thirsty, we set about getting water from a small stream that happened to be near us, our only drinking vessel an old wool hat, which was so broken that it was with great difficulty made to hold water; but by stuffing leaves in it, we made it hold so that each one could drink from once filling it. Nothing could have been a greater luxury to us than a drink of water from the old hat. Just at night Mitchell returned to see if Wernock was still living, intending, if he was dead, to get the kettle for us. He arrived just in time to see him expire; but not choosing to leave him until he should be certain that he was dead, he stayed with him until darkness came on, and when

he attempted to return to us, he got lost and lay from us all night. We suffered much that night for the want of fire, and through fear that he was either killed or that he had ran off; but happily for us our fears were groundless, for next morning at sunrise he found his way to our camp. That day we moved about 200 yards farther up a deep ravine, and farther from the river. The weather, which had been cold and frosty, now became a little warmer, and commenced raining. Those that were with me could set up, but I had no alternative but to lie on my back on the ground, with my right arm over my body. The rain continuing next day, Mitchell took an excursion to examine the hills, and not far distant he found a rock projecting from the cliff sufficient to shelter us from the rain, to which place we very gladly removed. He also gathered pawpaws for us, which were our only food, except perhaps a few grapes.

Rescuers Arrive.—Time moved slowly on until Saturday. In the meantime we talked over the danger to which Perry was exposed, the distance he had to go and the improbability of his returning. When the time had expired which he had allowed himself, we concluded that we would, if alive, wait for him until Monday, and if he did not come then, and no relief should be afforded, we would attempt to travel to Point Pleasant. The third day after our defeat my arm became very painful. The splinters and leaves and my shirt were cemented together with blood, and stuck so fast to my arm that it required the application of warm water for nearly a whole day to loosen them so that they could be taken off; when this was done, I had my arm dressed with white oak leaves, which had a very good effect. On Saturday, about twelve o'clock, Mitchell came with his bosom full of pawpaws, and placed them convenient to us, and returned to his station on the river. He had been gone about an hour, when to our great joy we beheld him coming with a company of men. When they approached us, we found that our trusty friend and companion, David Perry, had returned to our assistance with Captain John Walls, his officers and most of his company. Our feelings of gratitude may possibly be conceived, but words can never describe them. Suffice to say that these eyes flowed down plentifully with tears, and I was so completely overwhelmed with joy that I fell to the ground. On my recovery, we were taken to the river and refreshed plentifully with provisions, which the captain had brought, and had our wounds dressed by an experienced man, who came for that purpose. We were afterwards described by the captain to be in a most forlorn and pitiable condition, more like corpses beginning to putrify than living beings.

While we were at the cliff which sheltered us from the rain, the howling of the wolves in the direction of the fatal spot whence we had so narrowly escaped, with our lives, left no doubt that they were feasting on the

bodies of our much-lamented friends, McNutt and Wernock. While we were refreshing ourselves at the river, and having our wounds dressed, Captain Walls went with some of his men to the place of our defeat, and col-

lected the bones of our late companions, and buried them with the utmost expedition and care. We were then conducted by water to Captain Wall's station, at Grave creek.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE MISCELLANIES.

The following series are from the pen of Mr. Robert W. Steele as originally communicated to the "History of Dayton," a large octavo of seven hundred and twenty-seven pages, published in 1889 by Harvey W. Crew. Mr. Steele is a Christian gentleman, who has devoted a large part of a long life to the highest interests of the public. He was born in Dayton, July 3, 1819, of an honored parentage, his ancestry having been of that Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock that settled in the Valley of Virginia. He graduated in 1840 at the Miami University; was for thirty years member of the Dayton Board of Education and long its president; has been connected with the Dayton Public Library from the beginning; is a member of the State Board of Charities and of the State Board of Agriculture. Several of the other articles which follow are also contributed by him as the account of the great Harrison Convention of 1840. Sketches of Daniel Cooper, the Van Cleves, etc.

NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

FERTILE SOIL. TIMBER.

Long before any permanent settlement was made in the Miami Valley, its beauty and fertility were known to the inhabitants of Kentucky and the people beyond the Alleghanies, and repeated efforts were made to get possession of it. These efforts led to retaliation on the part of the Indians, who resented the attempt to dispossess them of their lands, and the continuous raids back and forth across the Ohio River to gain or keep control of this beautiful valley, caused it to be called, until the close of the eighteenth century, the "Miami Slaughter-house." The report of the French Major Celoron de Bienville, who, in August, 1749, ascended the La Roche or Big Miami River in bateaux to visit the Twightwee villages at Piqua, has been preserved, but Gist, the agent of the Virginians, who formed the Ohio Land Company, was probably the first person who wrote a description in English of the region surrounding Dayton. Gist visited the Twightwee or Miami villages in 1751. He was delighted with the fertile and well watered land, with its large oak, walnut, maple, ash, wild cherry and other trees. "The country," he says, "abounded with turkey, deer, elk and most sorts of game, particularly buffaloes, thirty or forty of which are frequently seen feeding in one meadow; in short, it wants nothing but cultivation to make it a most delightful country. The land upon the Great Miami River is very rich, level and well timbered, some of the finest meadows that can be. The grass here grows to a great height on the clear fields, of which there are a great number, and the bottoms are full of white clover, wild rye and blue grass." It is stated by pioneer writers that the buffalo and elk disappeared from Ohio about the year 1795.

The development of the Miami Valley has shown that the glowing accounts of the early explorers as to the fertility of the soil were not too highly colored. Beautiful and fertile as the Miami Valley is, no part of it surpasses, if it equals, the region immediately surrounding Dayton. The "MAD RIVER COUNTRY," as this region was called by the first pioneers, was the synonym for all that was desirable in farming lands.

RIVERS.

Dayton is fortunate in its location at the

confluence of four important streams—the Miami, Mad River, Stillwater and Wolf Creek. Each of these streams has its valley

of great beauty and fertility, and these valleys produce large and profitable crops of every variety. As reported in the United States census report of 1880, the total value of farm products in Montgomery County in 1879 was three million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand four hundred and forty-nine dollars, a greater amount than was produced by any other county in Ohio. An incidental advantage resulting from the four-river valleys is the facilities they afford for the construction of railroads, which, through them, may reach Dayton on easy grades, and at comparatively small cost. No doubt to this cause may be partly attributed the fact that, with Dayton as a centre, ten railroads radiate in every direction.

BUILDING STONE AND GRAVEL.

One of nature's chief gifts to Dayton is the building stone that underlies a large part of Montgomery County. Of especial value is the Niagara, or, as it is commonly called, the Dayton stone. So extensive are the beds of this stone that Professor Orton, the State geologist, pronounces it inexhaustible.

Another article, which at first thought may be considered of little value, is of the greatest importance. Gravel is so abundant and so cheap that we seldom reflect what an important part it has played in the development of the country. Professor Orton says: "It is not easy to set a proper estimate upon the

beds of sand and gravel of Montgomery County until a comparison is instituted between a region well supplied with such accumulations and another that is destitute of them. The gravel knolls and ridges with which in the southern and eastern portions of the county, almost every farm abounds, afford very desirable building sites, and are generally selected for such purposes. Land of the best quality for mortar, cement and brick-making is everywhere within easy access.

TURNPIKES.

"An inexhaustible supply of excellent materials for road-making—what is frequently designated the lime-stone gravel, though in reality largely composed of granitic pebbles—is found in the drift deposits, from which hundreds of miles of turnpikes have been already constructed in the country, thus affording free communication between farm and market at all seasons of the year. The smaller boulders of Canadian origin are selected from the gravel-banks for paving-stones, and transported to the neighboring cities. In regions where stone suitable for macadamized pikes can be obtained, good roads can be had, even though gravel is wanting, but at largely increased expense above that of gravel turnpikes. The districts which are supplied with neither can certainly never compete in desirability with these gravel-strewn regions."

Benj. Van Cleve, one of the original settlers of Dayton, gives in his journal an interesting account of the survey, in the autumn of 1795, of the purchase made by Gov. St. Clair, Generals Dayton and Wilkinson and Col. Ludlow from Judge Symmes.

Two parties set out, one under Daniel C. Cooper, to survey and mark a road, and the other, under Capt. John Dunlap, to run the boundaries of the purchase. Mr. Van Cleve says: "On the 4th of November Israel Ludlow laid out the town at the mouth of Mad river and called it Dayton, after one of the proprietors. A lottery was held, and I drew lots for myself and several others, and engaged to become a settler in the ensuing spring."

JOURNEY BY LAND TO DAYTON.

In March, 1796, three parties left Cincinnati, led by William Harner, George Newcome and Samuel Thompson. Harner's party was the first to start; the other two companies left on Monday, March 21, one by land and the other by water. Harner's party came in a two-horse wagon over the road begun, but only partially cut through the woods by Cooper, in the fall of 1795. The other party that travelled by land walked. They were two weeks on the road. Their furniture, stoves, clothes, provisions, cooking utensils, and agricultural implements and other property, as well as children too small to walk, were carried on horses, in creels made of hickory withes, and suspended from each side of pack-saddles. It was a difficult matter to ford the creeks without getting the freight and the women and children wet.

Trees were cut down to build foot-bridges across the smaller streams. Rafts were constructed to carry the contents of the creels and the women and children over large creeks, while the horses and cattle swam. Their rifles furnished them with plenty of game, and their cows with milk, at meals.

Thompson's party came in a large pirogue down the Ohio to the Miami, and up that stream to the mouth of Mad river.

VOYAGE UP THE MIAMI TO DAYTON.

At the close of each day the boat was tied to a tree on the shore, and the emigrants landed and camped for the night around the big fire, by which they cooked their appetizing supper of game and fish and the eggs of wild fowls, for which the hunger of travellers was a piquant and sufficient sauce. No doubt their food, as described by other pioneers,

was cooked after this fashion: Meat was fastened on a sharpened stick, stuck in the ground before the fire, and frequently turned. Dough for wheat bread was sometimes wound around a stick and baked in the same way. Corn bread was baked under the hot ashes. "Sweeter roast meat," exclaims an enthusiastic pioneer writer, "than such as is prepared in this manner no epicure of Europe ever tasted. Scarce any one who has not tried it can imagine the sweetness and gusto of such a meal, in such a place, at such a time."

ARRIVAL AT DAYTON.

The passage from Cincinnati to Dayton occupied ten days. Mrs. Thompson was the first to step ashore, and the first white woman, except, perhaps, the captive Mrs. McFall, rescued by Kentuckians in 1782, to set her foot on Dayton soil. Two small camps of Indians were here when the pirogue touched the Miami bank, but they proved friendly, and were persuaded to leave in a day or two. The pirogue landed at the head of St. Clair street, Friday, April 1. The following brief entry is the only allusion Benjamin Van Cleve makes in his "Journal" to this important event in the history of Dayton: "April 1, 1796. Landed at Dayton, after a passage of ten days, William Gahagan and myself having come with Thompson's and McClure's families in a large pirogue."

We can easily imagine the loneliness and dreariness of the uninhabited wilderness which confronted these homeless families. There were three women and four children—one an infant—in the party. "The unbroken forest was all that welcomed them, and the awful stillness of night had no refrain but the howling of the wolf and the wailing of the whip-poorwill."

DAYTON BLOCK HOUSE.

During the summer of 1799 an Indian war was apprehended, and a large block house was built for defensive purposes. It stood on the Main street bank of the Miami. The threatened attack did not come, and it was never used as a fort, but was converted into a school-house; where Benj. Van Cleve, the first Dayton schoolmaster, taught the pioneer children.

EARLY POSTAL FACILITIES.

December 13, 1803, Benjamin Van Cleve was appointed postmaster. Probably in the spring of 1804 he opened the office in his cabin, on the southeast corner of First and St. Clair streets. He served till his death in 1821. Previous to 1804 the only post-office in the Miami valley, and as far north as Lake Erie, was at Cincinnati, and from 1804 till about 1806 the people to the north of Dayton, as far as Fort Wayne, were obliged to come to our office for their mail. In 1804 Dayton was on the mail route from Cincin-

nati to Detroit, and the mail was carried by a post-rider, who arrived and left here once in two weeks. But soon after Mr. Van Cleve opened the post-office a weekly mail was established. Only one mail a week was received for several years, the route of which was from Cincinnati through Lebanon, Xenia and Springfield to Urbana; thence to Piqua; thence down the Miami to Dayton, Franklin, Middletown, Hamilton and Cincinnati. A letter from Dayton to Franklin, or any other town on the route, was sent first to Cincinnati and then back again around the circuit to its destination. No stamps were used, but the amount of postage due was written on the outside of the letter. Postage was sometimes prepaid, but oftener collected on delivery. Mr. Van Cleve frequently inserted notices similar to the following in the newspapers: "The postmaster having been in the habit of giving unlimited credit heretofore, finds it his duty to adhere strictly to the instructions of the postmaster-general. He hopes, therefore, that his friends will not take it amiss when he assures them that no distinction will be made. No letters will be delivered in future without pay, nor papers without the postage being paid quarterly in advance." Now that postage for all distances is equal and very low, we can hardly realize the burden and inconvenience the high and uncertain postage rates imposed upon the pioneers. Money was very scarce and difficult to obtain; and to pay twenty-five cents in cash for a letter was no easy matter.

In 1816 the rates of postage were fixed as follows: Thirty-six miles, six cents; eighty miles, ten cents; over one hundred and fifty miles, eighteen and three-fourth cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents. Newspapers anywhere within the State where printed, one cent. Elsewhere, not over one hundred miles, one cent and a half. Magazines at one cent a sheet for fifty miles; one cent and a half for one hundred miles; two cents for over one hundred miles. Pamphlets and magazines were not forwarded when the mail was very large, nor when carried with great expedition on horseback. For a good many years the Eastern mail was brought to Wheeling by post-riders, and thence down the river to Cincinnati in government mail-boats, built like whaling craft, each manned with four oarsmen and a coxswain, who were often armed. The voyage from Wheeling to Cincinnati occupied six days, and the return trip up stream twelve days.

A PIONEER LIBRARY.

In the spring of 1805 the Dayton Library Society was incorporated by the Legislature. It is creditable to the pioneer citizens of Dayton that among the first institutions established were a public library and an academy. In 1805 the first Act of Incorporation of a public library granted by the State of Ohio was obtained from the Legislature, and

in 1808 the Dayton Academy was incorporated.

NAVIGATION OF THE MIAMI.

The Great Miami was navigable both above and below Dayton during the great part of the year for keel boats, which were built like canal boats, only slighter and sharper, as well as for flat boats, till about 1820, when the numerous mill-dams that had by that time been erected, obstructed the channel. From that date till 1829, when the canal was opened, freighting south by water, except what was done in flat boats during floods, was almost abandoned. The boats were often loaded with produce taken in exchange for goods, work, or even for lots and houses, for business men, instead of having money to deposit in bank or to invest, were frequently obliged to send cargoes of articles received in place of cash South or North for sale. Cherry and walnut logs were sometimes brought down the river on the flat boats. The flat boatmen sold their boats when they arrived at New Orleans, and, buying a horse, returned home by land. The foundations of many fortunes were laid in this way. Flat boats were made of "green oak plank, fastened by wooden pins to a frame of timber, and caulked with tow or any other pliant substance that could be procured," and were inclosed and roofed with boards. They were only used in descending streams, and floated with the current. Long, sweeping oars fastened at both ends of the boat, worked by men standing on the deck, were employed to keep it in the channel, and in navigating difficult and dangerous places in the river. The first flat boat was launched in the winter of 1799, near McDonald's Creek, by David Lowry. It was loaded in Dayton with grain, pelts and five hundred venison hams, and when the spring freshet raised the river started on the two months' trip to New Orleans. The voyage was safely accomplished.

FISH BASKETS.

Fish baskets, of which there is frequent mention in the newspapers of the day, were made by building a dam on the riffles so as to concentrate the water at the middle of the river, where an opening was made into a box constructed of slats and placed at a lower level than the dam. Into this box the fish ran, but were unable to return. A basket of this kind remained on the riffle at the foot of First street as late as 1830.

Paul D. Butler, on the 21st of August, 1809, gives notice in the *Repertory* of his intention to navigate the Miami from Dayton to the mouth of Stony Creek as soon as the season will permit, and forewarns all persons obstructing the navigation by erecting fish baskets or any other obstructions, that he is determined to prosecute those who erect them. He and Henry Desbrow soon after proceeded to build two keel boats.

They were built during the winter of 1809-1810 in the street in front of the court-

house, and when finished were moved on rollers up Main street to the river and launched. They ascended the Miami to the *Laramie portage* (see Shelby County), which was as far as they could go. Then one of the boats was taken out of the river, and drawn across to the St. Mary's. For some time this boat made regular trips on the Maumee, and the other on the Miami, the portage between them being about twelve miles across. A freight line which did good business was thus established between Dayton and Lake Erie by way of the Miami, Auglaize and Maumee rivers.

During the last week of March, 1819, eight flat boats and one handsome keel boat loaded here, shoved off for the landing for the markets below, and several flat boats loaded with flour, pork and whiskey also passed down the Miami. This year a second line of keel boats was established for carrying grain and produce up the Miami. At Laramie it was transferred, after a portage across the land intervening between the two rivers, to other boats, and transported down the Maumee to the rapids, which was the point of transfer from river boats to lake vessels. At the rapids there was a large warehouse for storage of cargoes.

In May, 1819, Daytonians were gratified to see a large keel boat, upwards of seventy feet in length and with twelve tons of merchandise on board, belonging to H. G. Phillips and Messrs. Smith and Eaker, arrive here from Cincinnati. She was the only keel boat that had for a number of years been brought this far up the Miami, as the river between here and its mouth had been much obstructed.

Saturday and Sunday, March 26 and 27, 1825, were unusually exciting days in Dayton among boatmen, millers, distillers, farmers, merchants and teamsters, as a fleet of thirty or more boats that had been embargoed here by low water left their moorings bound for New Orleans. Rain had begun to fall on Wednesday, and continued till Friday, when the river rose. "The people," says the *Watchman*, "flocked to the banks, returning with cheerful countenances, saying, 'The boats will get off.'"

"On Saturday all was the busy hum of a seaport; wagons were conveying flour, pork, whiskey, etc., to the different boats strung along the river. Several arrived during the day from the North. On Sunday morning others came down, the water began to fall, and the boats carrying about \$40,000 worth of the produce of the country got under way." The whole value of the cargoes that left the Miami above and below Dayton during this freshet was estimated at least \$100,000. Some of the boats were stove and the flour damaged, but most of them passed safely to their destination. Twelve boats left here for New Orleans in February, 1827, from Montgomery and Miami Counties, chiefly loaded with flour, pork and whiskey. Their cargoes were worth about \$20,000. In February, 1828, the last boat, loaded with produce for New Orleans, left

here by the Miami. The next year freight began to be shipped south by canal. As late as 1836, and perhaps a year later, when the canal was opened to Piqua, the line of boats to the north was continued.

EARTHQUAKES.

A comet was visible in 1811, and this, together with the series of earthquakes throughout the Ohio Valley, which occurred during that and the succeeding year, and neither of which had been experienced before since the settlement of the western country, were regarded with terror by the superstitious, who considered them evil portents, and ominous of private or public misfortune.

The first earthquake shocks occurred on the 16th and 17th of December, 1811, and the inhabitants of Dayton were kept in continual alarm by repeated shocks. The first and by far the severest was felt between two and three o'clock in the morning.

Other shocks occurred January 23, 1812, again on the 27th, and the last on February 13th, when the motion of the earth was from the southwest.

Although no material damage was done by these earthquakes, the people, and animals and fowls as well, were very much alarmed. Persons who experienced it in youth, spoke of it in old age with a shudder of horror.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST CANAL BOATS.

In January, 1829, the citizens of Dayton were gratified with the sight, so long desired, of the arrival of canal boats from Cincinnati. At daybreak, Sunday, January 25th, the packet, *Governor Brown*, the first boat to arrive here from the Ohio, reached the head of the basin. This packet was appropriately named, for since 1819 Governor Brown had been engaged in urging the con-

nection of the two towns by means of a canal. In the afternoon the *Forrer* arrived, followed at dark by the *General Marion*, and during the night by the *General Pike*. Each boat was welcomed by the firing of cannon and the enthusiastic cheers of a crowd of citizens assembled on the margin of the basin.

The *Governor Brown* was henceforth to make regular trips twice a week between Dayton and Cincinnati. It was the only packet fitted up exclusively for passengers, and was very handsomely and conveniently furnished. The master, Captain Archibald, was very popular and accommodating. The *Alpha*, which also made regular passages, was commanded by M. F. Jones, of Dayton. A part of the *Alpha* was prepared for passengers. A fleet of canal boats, the *Governor Brown*, *Forrer*, *General Marion*, *General Pike*, accompanied by the *Alpha*, with a Dayton party, were to have made the first return trip to Cincinnati in company, but their departure was prevented by a break in the canal at Alexandersville.

MINIATURE RAILROAD.

In 1830 Stevenson ran the first locomotive in England over the Manchester and Liverpool railroad. The same year a miniature locomotive and cars were exhibited in Dayton in the Methodist church. The fact that council, by resolution, exempted the exhibition from a license fee, and that the Methodist church was used for this purpose, illustrates the deep interest felt by the public in the then new and almost untried scheme to transport freight and passengers by steam over roads constructed for the purpose. A track was run around the interior of the church, and for a small fee parties were carried in the car. A large part of the then citizens of Dayton took their first railroad ride in this way.

THE CAPTURE AND SUICIDE OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

In 1832 a fugitive slave was captured in Dayton and carried off by his master, who lived in Kentucky. The occurrence produced the greatest excitement and indignation in the community. All that was necessary to prove the detestable character of the fugitive slave law was an attempt to enforce it. The following account, from the *Dayton Journal*, of the affair, by an eye-witness who was not an Abolitionist, though his sympathies were all with this negro, is worthy of insertion in the history of Dayton:

"A short time ago a negro man, who had lived in this place two or three years under the name of Thomas Mitchell, was arrested by some men from Kentucky, and taken before a justice under a charge of being a slave who had escaped from his master. The magistrate, on hearing the evidence, discharged the black man, not being satisfied with the proof brought by the claimants of their rights to him. A few weeks afterward some men, armed and employed by the master, seized the negro in our main street, and were hurrying him towards the outskirts of the town, where they had a sleigh in waiting to carry him off. The negro's cries brought a number of citizens into the street, who interfered, and prevented the men from taking him away without having legally proved their right to do so. The claimants of the negro went before the justice again, and after a long exami-

nation of the case on some new evidence being produced, he was decided to be the slave of the person claiming him as such. In the meantime a good deal of excitement had been produced among the people of the place, and their sympathies for the poor black fellow were so much awakened that a proposition was made to buy his freedom. The agent of the master agreed to sell him, under the supposition that the master would sell him his liberty, and a considerable sum was subscribed, to which, out of his own savings, the negro contributed upwards of fifty dollars himself. The master, however, when his agent returned to Kentucky, refused to agree to the arrangement, and came himself the week before last to take the negro away. Their first meeting was in the upper story of a house, and Tom, on seeing those who were about to take him, rushed to the window and endeavored, but without success, to dash himself through it, although, had he succeeded, he would have fallen on a stone pavement from a height not less than fifteen feet. He was prevented, however, and the master took him away with him and got him as far as Cincinnati. The following letter, received by a gentleman in this city, gives the concluding account of the matter :

POOR TOM IS FREE.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 24, 1832.

DEAR SIR :—In compliance with a request of Mr. J. Deinkard, of Kentucky, I take my pen to inform you of the death of his black man Ben, whom he took in your place a few days ago. The circumstances are as follows : On the evening of the 22d inst., Mr. D. and company, with Ben, arrived in this city on their way to Kentucky, and put up at the Main Street Hotel, where a room on the uppermost story (fourth) of the building was provided for Ben and his guard. All being safe, as they thought, about one o'clock,

when they were in a sound sleep, poor Ben, stimulated with even the faint prospect of escape, or perhaps pre-determined on liberty or death, threw himself from the window, which is upwards of fifty feet from the pavement. He was, as you may well suppose, severely injured, and the poor fellow died this morning about four o'clock. Mr. D. left this morning with the dead body of his slave, to which he told me he would give decent burial in his own graveyard. Please tell Ben's wife of these circumstances.

Your unknown correspondent,

Respectfully,

R. P. SIMMONS.

Tom, or, as he is called in the letter, Ben, was an industrious, steady, saving little fellow, and had laid up a small sum of money ; all of which he gave to his wife and child when his master took him away. A poor and humble being, of an unfortunate and degraded race, the same feeling which animated the signers of the Declaration of Independence to pledge life, fortune and honor for liberty, determined him to be free or die."

THE "MORUS MULTICAULIS" MANIA.

In 1839 the Dayton Silk Company was incorporated, with a capital of \$100,000. The company advertised that they had on hand one hundred and fifty thousand eggs for gratuitous distribution to all who would sell to them the cocoons raised from the eggs. They published fifteen thousand copies of a circular, giving all requisite information on the subject of silk culture, which were freely distributed. It was proposed to introduce the cultivation of the variety of white mulberry known as *Morus Multicaulis*. The leaves of the *Morus Multicaulis*, unlike those of the other variety, could be used the first year in the rearing of silk-worms. Farmers were advised to turn their attention to this valuable crop, and many of them did so ; and the raising of silk-worms became the fashion. The trees sold in the East for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents apiece,

and the demand for them was increasing. The people were assured that one acre had been known to produce as high as seventy-five pounds of silk the first year from the cuttings, and it was believed that fifty pounds could be produced the first year without injury to the trees. This silk company, like a former one, proved a failure.

The mention of the *Morus Multicaulis* tree recalls to memory one of those strange manias that occasionally sweep over the country. The tree had recently been introduced from China, was of rapid growth, and furnished abundant food for silk-worms. It was believed that the cultivation of this tree and the use of its leaves to feed silk-worms, would make the United States the great silk-producing country of the world. The most extravagant price was paid for young trees and thousands of acres planted. Widespread ruin was the result, and hundreds of persons lost their all in this wild speculation.

DESCRIPTION OF DAYTON IN 1846.

The following sketch of Dayton, in 1846, was supplied for our first edition by Mr. John W. Van Cleve, the first-born child of the settlers. A sketch of his life will be found on a few pages beyond.

The thriving city of Dayton is in this county. This is a beautiful town. It is regularly laid out, the streets are of an unusual width, and much taste is displayed in the private residences—many of them are large and are ornamented by fine gardens and shrubbery. The following sketch is from a resident :

Dayton, the county-seat, is situated on the east side of the Great Miami, at the mouth of Mad river, and one mile below the southwest branch. It is 67 miles westerly from Columbus, 52 from Cincinnati and 110 from Indianapolis. The point at which Dayton stands was selected in 1788 by some gentlemen, who designed laying out a town by the name of Venice. They agreed with John Cleves Symmes, whose contract with Congress then covered the site of the place for the purchase of the lands. But the Indian wars which ensued prevented the exten-

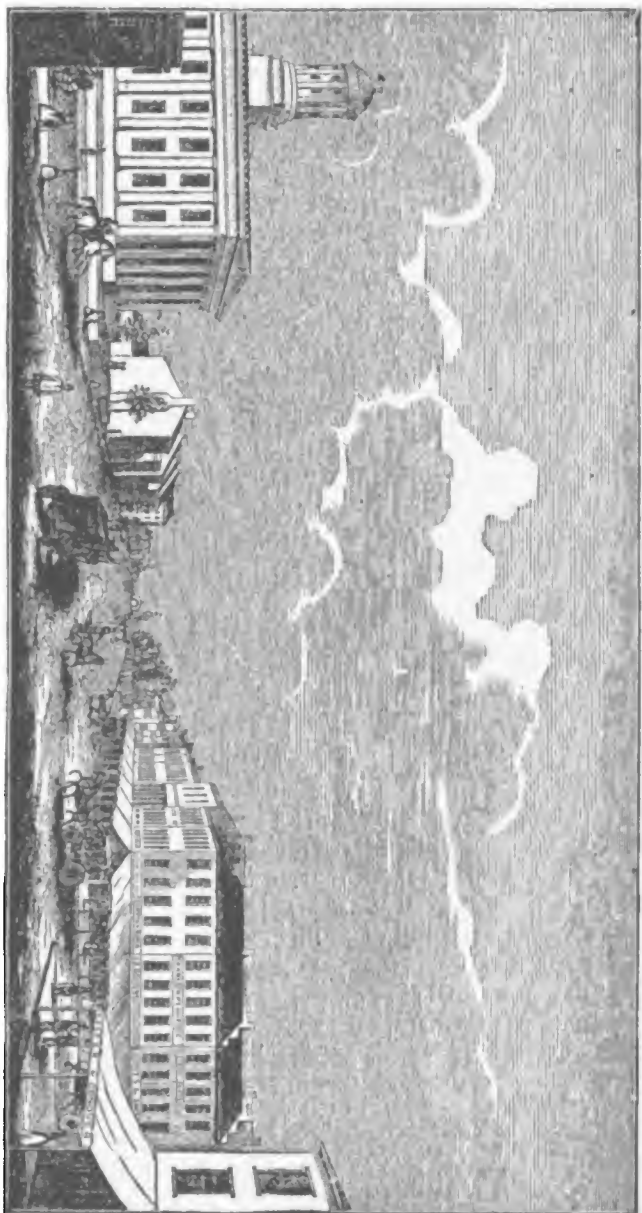


Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN DAYTON.

[The above view was taken near the corner of First and Ludlow streets. In front is shown the elegant residence of J. D. Phillips, Esq., and the First Presbyterian church; on the left, the cupola of the new court-house and the spires of the German Reformed and Second Presbyterian churches appear.]

sion of settlements from the immediate neighborhood of Cincinnati for some years, and the project was abandoned by the purchasers. Soon after Wayne's treaty, in 1795, a new company, composed of Generals Jonathan Dayton, Arthur St. Clair, James Wilkinson and Col. Israel Ludlow, purchased the lands between the Miamis, around the mouth of Mad river, of Judge Symmes, and on the 4th of November laid out the town. Arrangements were made for its settlement in the ensuing spring, and donations of lots were offered, with other privileges, to actual settlers. Forty-six persons entered into engagements to remove from Cincinnati to Dayton, but during the winter most of them scattered in different directions, and only nineteen fulfilled their engagements. The first families who made a permanent residence in the place arrived on the 1st day of April, 1796. The first nineteen settlers of Dayton were William Gahagan, Samuel Thomson, Benj. Van Cleve, William Van Cleve, Solomon Goss, Thomas Davis, John Davis, James McClure, John McClure, Daniel Ferrell, William Hamer, Solomon Hamer, Thomas Hamer, Abraham Glassmire, John Dorough, William Chenoweth, James



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN DAYTON.

"On the left is shown the Montgomery County Court-house, the most costly and elegant in Ohio :—the bridge across the Great Miami appears in the distance." *Old Edition.*

The population of Dayton was 383 in 1810; 1139 in 1820; 2954 in 1830; 6067 in 1840, and 9792 in 1845. There are fifteen churches, of which the Presbyterians, Methodists and Lutherans each have two, and the Episcopalians, Catholics, Baptists, Disciples, Newlights, German Reformed, Albrights, Dunkers and African Baptists have each one. There is a large water power within the bounds of the city, besides a great deal more in the immediate vicinity. A portion of that introduced in the city by a new hydraulic canal is not yet in use, but there are now in operation within the corporate limits two flouring mills, four saw mills, two oil mills, three cotton mills, two woollen factories, two paper mills, five machine shops, one scythe factory, two flooring machines, one last and peg factory, one gun-barrel factory and three iron founderies. The public buildings are two market houses, one of which has a city hall over it, an academy, a female academy, three common-school houses and a jail of stone. There are two banks. A court-house is now building of cut stone, the estimated cost of which is \$63,000. The architect by whom it was designed is Mr. Henry Daniels, now of Cincinnati, and the one superintending its construction is Mr. Daniel Waymire. There are nine turnpike roads leading out of Dayton, and connecting it with the country around in every direction. The Miami canal, from Cincinnati to Lake Erie, runs through it.—*Old Edition.*

DAYTON, county-seat of Montgomery (incorporated February 12, 1805), about fifty miles north of Cincinnati, about sixty-five southwest of Columbus, is on the C. C. C. & I., L. M. & C., D. & W., N. Y. P. & O., D. & M., C. H. & D., D. Ft. W. & C. Railroads, and the Miami river and Miami canal. Four miles west of the city is the National Soldiers' Home. One mile south of the city is the Dayton State Insane Asylum. There are five street railroads.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, John D. Turner; Clerk, F. Kemper Bowles; Commissioners, John Munger, James B. Hunter, Alonzo B. Ridgway; Coroner, Simon P. Drayer; Infirmary Directors, William A. Klinger, George Rentz, John C. Heidinger; Probate Judge, William D. McKemy; Prosecuting Attorney, Robert M. Nevin; Recorder, Joel O. Shoup; Sheriff, William H. Snyder; Surveyor, Herman S. Fox; Treasurer, Frank T. Hoffman. City Officers, 1888: Ira Crawford, Mayor; Eugene Shinn, Clerk; Louis J. Pooch, Treasurer; David B. Corwin, Solicitor; Edwin C. Baird, Engineer; George H. Volker, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Herald*, J. Edward B. Grimes, editor; *Daytoner Volkszeitung*, German Independent Democrat, Neder & Moosbrugger, editors; *Democrat*, Democrat, John G. Doren & Co., editors and publishers; *Journal*, Republic, W. D. Bickham, editor and publisher; *Monitor*, Democrat, J. E. D. Ward, editor; *Christian Conservator*, United Brethren, Rev. William Dillon, editor; *Christian World*, Reformed, Rev. E. Herbruck and Rev. M. Loucks, editors; *Der Frœliche Botschafter*, German United Brethren, Rev. Ezekiel Light, editor; *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, Christian, J. P. Watson, editor; *Religious Telescope*, United Brethren, Rev. J. W. Hott, D. D., editor; *Wächter*, German, M. Bussdicker & Co., editors and publishers; *Workman*, Labor, Stine & Hull, editors and publishers; *Golden Words*, juvenile, Reformed Publishing Company, publishers; *Leaves of Light*, Reformed Church, juvenile, Reformed Publishing Company, publishers; *Young Catholic Messenger*, Catholic, juvenile, Rev. P. H. Cusack, editor; *Farmer's Home*, agriculture, W. B. Dennis, editor; *Nützlicher Freund*, German fiction, Rev. M. Bussdicker, editor and publisher; *Ohio Poultry Journal*, Robert A. Braden, editor and publisher; *Ohio Swine Journal*, E. D. Hyre, editor; *Ohio Bible Teacher*, United Brethren, Rev. D. Berger, D. D., editor; *Instructor*, Reformed Church, Rev. M. Loucks, editor. Churches: 2 Methodist, 6 United Brethren, 2 Lutheran, 3 Evangelical Lutheran, 6 Methodist Episcopal, 8 Baptist, 1 Protestant Episcopal, 7 Catholic, 5 Presbyterian, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Reformed, 1 Evangelical Association, 1 German Reformed, 1 Jewish, 1 Christian. Banks: City National, Simon Gebhart, president, G. B. Harman, cashier, Dayton National, William H. Simms, president,

James A. Martin, cashier; Dayton Savings', Louis H. Pooek, president, Ziba Crawford, cashier; Merchants' National, D. E. Mead, president, A. S. Estabrook, cashier; Third National, William P. Huffman, president, Charles E. Drury, cashier; Winters' National, J. H. Winters, president, James C. Reber, cashier.

Principal Manufactures and Employees.—Fridman & Rothenberg, cigars, 18 hands; Joseph Shaefer, cigars, 155; Uhlman & Bloom, cigars, 135; Shaefer & Mahrt, cigars, 185; C. Wight & Son, builders' wood-work, 57; Moses Glas, cigars, 31; The Merchants' Tobacco Co., tobaccos, 44; M. J. Houck & Co., carriage whips, 11; Kemp & Kinney, laundrying, 14; Hewitt Brothers, soap, 8; Christian Publishing Association, 21; H. Hoefer & Co., bar fixtures, etc., 16; W. P. Callahan & Co., general machinery, 60; T. P. Long, shirts, 146; Stoddard Manufacturing Co., agricultural implements, 477; Kratochwell Milling Co., 10; J. R. Johnson & Co., general machinery, 20; Pierce & Coleman, general wood-work, 123; The Ohio Rake Co., agricultural implements, 75; Zwick, Greenwald & Co., carriage wheels, etc., 90; Farmers' Friend Manufacturing Co., agricultural implements, 148; Crune & Seftom Manufacturing Co., paper boxes, etc., 93; Bradup & Co., school seats, etc., 10; Boyer & McMaster, stoves, 30; Stout, Mill & Temple, mill machinery, etc., 150; Hoskot & Young, laundrying, 18; McHose & Lyons, bridge iron works, etc., 194; Joseph Shaefer, cigars, 176; Shaefer & Mahrt, cigars, 185; Bloom, Gerweis & Co., cigars, 205; Hoffritz & Keyer, cigar boxes, 31; W. W. White, tablets and stationery, 14; Walker & Walker, Printing, 12; Keifer, Reed & Co., laundrying, 54; Murray & Hannah, carriages, 15; U. B. Publishing House, printing and publishing, 99; Buckeye Iron and Brass Works, machinery, etc., 185; Miller Brothers, cigars, 73; Thomas Nixon & Co., paper bags, 28; Dayton Leather and Collar Co., leather, 9; Laubach & Iddings, paper novelties, 119; Schaefer & Co., lawn rakes, 6; G. Stomps & Co., chairs, 186; Nixon Nozzle Machine Co., sprinkling machines, 15; Nixon & Castello, card board cases, 11; C. H. Frank, carbonated waters; C. N. Smith, flour mill work; Lewis & Co., saws; J. P. Wolf, tobacco handler, 13; Union Collar and Net Co., horse collars, etc., 58; J. H. Wilde, woolen yarns, etc., 10; R. M. Connoble & Co., overalls and shirts, 69; George J. Roberts & Co., hydraulic and steam pumps, 16; H. R. Parrott & Co., furniture, 36; Booher & Riper, job machine work; Wise, Sheible & Co., cotton batting, 56; E. H. Brownell & Co., boiler works, etc., 53; Pinneo & Daniels, carriage wheels, etc., 97; Gem City Stove Co., stoves, etc., 31; Mrs. John B. Hogler, lumber, 30; C. F. Snyder, extension tables, 35; W. P. Levis, paper, 20; John Stengel & Co., furniture, 62; C. Wight & Son, builders' wood-work, 62; The Brownell & Co., engines, etc., 183; The Parrott Manufacturing Co., plows, 25; The Aughie Plow Co., plows, 15; E. J. Diem, brown paper, 35; Josiah Gebhart & Co., white lead and colors, 20; The Dayton Plow Co., plows, 40; The Dayton Screw Co., screws; 145; The Mead Paper Co., white paper, 114; D. E. McSherry & Co., agricultural implements, 83; The Dayton Manufacturing Co., car furnishing goods, 169; E. B. Lyon, trunk material (wood), 48; Barney & Smith Manufacturing Co., railroad cars, 1,587; The Troup Manufacturing Co., blank books, etc., 36; John Rouzer & Co., builders' wood-work, 46; Dayton Leather and Collar Co., horse collars, 32; Leland & Tiffany, cone pulley belt shifters; The Sachs-Pruden Ale Co., ginger ale, etc., 44; Crawford, McGregor & Canby, lasts, pegs, etc., 47; Adam Zengel, cigar and packing boxes, 22; Bright & Fenner, candy; Dayton Loop and Crupper Co., loops and cruppers, 26; W. R. Baker, bolt and screw cases; National Cash Registry Co., cash registers, 79; The Holden Book Cover Co., book covers, etc., 26; H. E. Mead & Co., printing, etc., 11; John Dodds, sulky hay-rakes, 93; Dayton Malleable Iron Co., malleable iron castings, 262; E. Canby, baking powder, etc., 25; A. A. Simmonds, machine knives, 22; M. Ohmer's Sons, furniture, 41; Stilwell & Bierce Manufacturing Co., turbine water wheels, etc., 253; S. C. Bennet & Co., upholstering, 7; The C. L. Hawes Co., straw and binders' boards, 118; The Smith & Vaille Co., pumps and oil

machinery, 167 ; S. N. Brown & Co., carriage wheels, etc., 20 ; Hanna Brothers, cigars, 92 ; F. Cappel, upholstering, 9 ; A. Cappel, umbrellas, etc., 22 ; J. G. Doren, printing, 34 ; The *Volks-Zeitung*, printing, 16 ; A. Bretch, tin and sheet-iron work, 10 ; The Brownell & Co., steam boilers, 120 ; Terry & Shroyer Tobacco Co., tobaccos, 27 ; The Bryce Furnace Co., furnaces, 25 ; Robert Barnes, cigar boxes, 5 ; B. L. Bates & Bro., machine job work, 10 ; Charles Winchet, cornice, etc., 25 ; Mull & Underwood, candy, 8 ; Johnson & Watson, blank books, etc., 25 ; Reynolds & Reynolds, printing, 90 ; *Monitor* Publishing Co., newspaper printing, 19 ; The Grenewig Printing Co., job printing, etc., 30 ; Turner & Knerr, laundrying, 27 ; The *Herald* Publishing Co., daily newspaper, 26 ; Cotterill, Fenner & Co., tobaccos, 65 ; G. W. Heathman & Co., crackers, etc., 20 ; John Klee & Son, ginger ale, etc., 7 ; Beaver & Co., soap, 10 ; Adam Eckhart, brooms, 10 ; J. W. Johnson, job printing, 16 ; G. Weipert, beer kegs, casks, etc., 12 ; A. L. Bauman & Bro., crackers, etc., 31 ; J. L. Baker, carriages, 35 ; L. & M. Woodhull, carriages, 95 ; The Columbia Bridge Co., iron bridges, 60.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 38,678. School census, 1888, 15,466. W. J. White, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$5,144,450. Value of annual product, \$9,520,782. Census, 1890, 61,220.

Among the public buildings may be mentioned the Public Library, the Young Men's Christian Association Building, the Court House and Jail, Government Post-office, Firemen's Insurance Building, Odd Fellows' Temple, Widows' Home, Children's Home, St. Elizabeth Hospital, sixteen public school-houses, several of them large, new and embracing every convenience that experience has suggested, and numerous churches, many of them unsurpassed for size and beauty by those of any city of equal population.

The PUBLIC LIBRARY and the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION are worthy of special notice. The library building is located in Cooper Park, which secures abundant light and freedom from noise. As the park is near the centre of the city, access to the library is convenient. In general style of architecture the building is a free treatment of the Southern French gothic or romanesque, built of Dayton limestone, laid in random range work, with Marquette red sandstone trimmings freely used, giving a very rich contrast, assisted largely by red slate for the roof. The building is fire-proof. Peters & Burns, of Dayton, are the architects of this fine building. The plan of the interior was obtained from Dr. William F. Poole, of Chicago, who has no superior in the knowledge of library construction and management. The building was erected by the city, and the library is sustained by taxation. All the people of Dayton over ten years of age may have free use of the library, subject only to such restrictions as are necessary for the care and safe keeping of the books. The library numbers 29,310 volumes and 1,188 pamphlets.

The Y. M. C. A. building is complete in all its appointments. Beautiful externally, in its interior arrangements every want of such an association seems to be provided for. It is supplied with a reading-room, where the leading papers and magazines may be found, with elegant parlors for social entertainments ; with school-rooms where night schools are taught, and where instruction is given in free-hand drawing and modelling ; with a large and completely-appointed gymnasium ; with baths, shower, tub and swimming, and a beautiful hall, seated in opera house style, for meetings and lectures. The large amount of money necessary to accomplish these objects has been promptly and freely given by public-spirited citizens of Dayton.

The location near Dayton of the SOUTHERN OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM, with its extensive buildings and beautiful grounds, and the magnificent NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, have added no little to the attractiveness and prosperity of the city. The most remarkable business development in Dayton within the past few years has been the establishment of numerous BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS. No less

than nineteen of these associations, some of them with large capital, are doing a prosperous business. These associations have contributed largely to the prosperity of the city, and have enabled hundreds of working men to secure homes who probably otherwise would have never attained that desirable end. Dayton is noted for the large number of laborers who own their homes.

No greater boon can be conferred on a city than an abundant supply of pure, cold water. Dayton in this respect is fortunate. By a system of drive-wells, so deep as to be beyond the reach of contamination, an inexhaustible supply of water has been obtained which chemical analysis has shown to be free from all impurities. Holly steam-pumps force this water to every part of the city. By attaching hose to fire-plugs located at the street corners, water may be thrown over the highest buildings. This, in connection with a non-partisan and most efficient fire department, makes Dayton practically exempt from disastrous fires.

Dayton has superior street railway facilities, seven lines, two of which are electric. These roads run over twenty-seven and one-half miles of double track, or fifty-five miles of single track.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers was originated April 21, 1866, from a joint resolution of the two houses of Congress. A board of managers was appointed of nine citizens of the United States, not members of Congress, no two of whom should be residents of the same State, nor residents of any State other than those which furnished organized bodies in the late war. The *ex officio* members of the board, during their terms of office, are the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and the Chief Justice. This board was vested with authority to establish besides a Central Home for the Middle States, sectional branches thereto, in view of the wide extent of territory to be represented by the just claimants of such a benefice.

In the following November, 1866, the EASTERN BRANCH was opened near Augusta, Maine, and in the course of the succeeding year the CENTRAL BRANCH, near Dayton, Ohio, and the NORTHWESTERN BRANCH, near Milwaukee. Three years later the SOUTHERN BRANCH was founded at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This was established from the increasing number of beneficiaries and the necessity felt for a milder climate for a certain class of diseases. By an act of Congress, passed in 1884, another branch was established, the WESTERN BRANCH, located at Leavenworth, Kansas. This partly grew out of a clause in that act, which directs the admission to the Home "of all United States soldiers of any war who are incapable of earning a living, whether the incapacity resulted from their service or not."

The SOLDIERS' HOME at Dayton, the Central Branch, is by far the largest and most important branch in point of numbers. The citizens contributed \$20,000 towards its establishment. Its land area is 627 acres—nearly that of a mile square. Its location is three miles west of the court-house in Dayton, on the gentle bounding slopes of the great Miami valley, which is here some five or six miles wide. It is a unique place; a small city mainly of graybearded men, few women, and no children, excepting those of the families of the officers. It is a spot of great beauty, from its location, its fine buildings, its green-houses, flower beds, and for the display of the triumphs of landscape gardening. These features render it a great place of attraction in summer for visitors, who come by thousands in excursion trains from all parts of Ohio and the adjacent States of Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, etc. The other Branches have like attractions in the way of landscape adornments with pleasant walks and drives, and whatever contributes to the comfort of the veterans, and are like places of resort for the public. The visitors at the Dayton Home number annually over 100,000.

Two railroads enter the Home from Dayton, the one called "The Home

Avenue" and the other the T. D. & B.—the first entering from the east side and the last from the north. On reaching the Home the visitor alights at a handsome depot. Near it is a fine hotel for the accommodation of visitors, and in close view a large open space, where is a flag-staff with the American flag unfurled, waving over siege guns and mortars, with pyramids of shot and a battery in position as in battle.

Standing almost in front is the *Headquarters' Building*, an imposing brick structure, 130 by 41 feet, three stories in height. The first story is used for the offices, the governor—at this writing, 1891—Col. J. B. Thomas, the treasurer and secretary. The second and third stories are used for a library and reading-room; is 104 by 41 and 19 feet from floor to ceiling, lighted by ten windows each on the north and south sides, making it light, airy and cheerful; at night it is lighted brilliantly by a cone reflector.

This room contains the noted "*Putnam Library*," contributed by Mrs. Mary Lowell, of Boston, Mass., as a memorial to her son, killed at Ball's Bluff early in the war, and also the *Thomas Library*, contributed by the old soldiers and admirers of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. Unitedly these libraries contain about 15,000 volumes. This room is handsomely frescoed, hundreds of pictures hang on its walls, its tables are strewn with the leading magazines and newspapers, and in cases and around are many interesting relics of the war.

"Upon leaving the library, and looking to the right, the beautiful "Memorial Hall" and Home Church are in full view; and beyond, on a knoll, shaded by forest trees, stands the Chaplain's residence. Still farther to the right the magnificent and commodious hospital charms the beholder; and a little farther on the neat cottage of the Resident Surgeon, surrounded by a lovely lawn, completes the picture in that direction. As we look to the northwestward, we behold the Soldier's Monument, rising from a hill-top in the distance, which marks the place where the heroes sleep.

"Keeping the same position we now turn to the left and observe a rustic arbor, the springs, the flower garden, the fountain, the conservatory and the lakes, upon which are numerous swans and other water fowl; and still letting the eye sweep onward, we behold the rustic bridges, the beautiful groves of forest trees, the deer park, with more than fifty deer, elk, antelopes, buffaloes, etc.; the Veteran Spring, the Governor's residence, embowered in trees and flowers, the residences of the treasurer, the secretary, and the steward, all located on the borders of the grove.

"To the left is the long line of neat and comfortable barracks where 4000 veterans rested from the fight; the large and comfortable dining hall, kitchen, bakery, laundry, workshops, the Home store-building, the Quartermaster and Commissary store-building, the tasteful band pagoda, surrounded by a charming lawn, while the whole grounds are interspersed with broad, well-paved avenues and shaded paths, combining to make this splendid picture complete. Strolling beyond the woods and immediate confines of the institution, we come to the farmer's residence, the vegetable garden, the barn, the stable, and the well-fed stock that graze upon

the broad acres of the Home farm. From the Headquarters, Building, which we have already described, we will now go on to give a description of the principal buildings of the Home."

The *Memorial Hall* is used as an opera house, a place of public entertainment for lectures, music and theatricals. It is a magnificent structure, with a seating capacity for 1600, beautifully painted and frescoed. The stage is fitted up with beautiful scenery and all the other appliances for first-class amusement.

The *Church* is a fine Gothic structure, and said to have been the first church built by the United States Government anywhere. It will seat 1000 persons. The basement is fitted up for a Catholic chapel.

The *Hospital* is the largest single building of the Home, and will accommodate 300 patients; beside this are several branch hospitals. The wards are perfectly warmed and ventilated, and everything supplied for the comfort and health of the inmates, and it is believed to be one of the best hospitals in the country.

The *Cemetery and Monument*.—More than 3000 of the disabled veterans who were residents of the Central Home since its establishment have died and been buried with military honors in the grove west of the Hospital, which had been tastefully laid out for a cemetery. "Their comrades, officers and men have erected there a beautiful monument of Peru white marble, fifty feet high, and surmounted with a splendid figure of a private soldier. It was unveiled on the 12th of September, 1887, by the President of the United States, with grand ceremonies and in the presence of 25,000 people. On the pedestal are the words 'To our fallen Comrades' and 'These were honorable men in their generation.' On the base are four figures, beauti-

fully carved in Italy, representing the four arms of the service, viz.: 'Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry, and Navy.' The entire cost of the monument was \$16,000 from 16,000 veterans, each paying one dollar. The base is surmounted by tablets, on which are engraved the names of all who are buried in the cemetery."

Schools and Labor.—An excellent feature of the institution is a school where the veterans are taught various useful branches. Here men who lost their right arms are taught to write with their left, while instruction is given in book-keeping, wood-carving, as well as telegraphy, and most trades can be acquired here. It has been the steady policy of the institution to encourage labor of every kind by establishing workshops and by making the cultivation of flowers and fruits, etc., one of the features. About a dozen different trades are carried on, including printing and bookbinding.

The *Dining Room* building in its two dining rooms has a capacity for seating 3000 persons. All the cooking and serving is done by the veterans, and the food is of the best and in great variety. The cost of food is about seventeen cents per day to each man. In amount it is great. A recent dinner for 4300 veterans consumed of beef over 2000

pounds, of bread, 2700 pounds, of sugar, 240 pounds, of potatoes, 50 bushels, of coffee, 1200 gallons, and 900 pies.

The post-office does a large business, the annual receipts of pieces about 140,000, and the laundry work is also great. The *weekly wash* averages 36,000 pieces. Machinery moved by steam, and steam itself accomplish marvels here in the line of domestic labor.

Since the organization in 1867 to June, 1888, the number admitted were 22,397, and from nearly every State. The largest from Ohio, viz., 7510; Pennsylvania, 3662; New York, 3579; Indiana, 2187; Illinois, 1091; Kentucky, 811, etc. A larger part of these as at all the branches were foreign born, mainly German, Irish and English. In their newly-adopted country they were generally without family ties, and when disabled while fighting for its flag, they were "doubly entitled as loyal foster-sons of the mother Republic to a full share of its bounties."

The number of veterans enrolled in 1888 at the Central Home was 5936, and present for duty, 4500, the rest being off on furlough, largely visiting their families and friends. The cost of running the institution in 1888, exclusive of repairs, was \$705,270.21 or \$131.18 per man, including shelter, food, and clothing.

THE GREAT HARRISON CONVENTION, 1840.

Never in the history of the Northwest has there been a more exciting presidential campaign than that which preceded the election of General Harrison, and nowhere was the enthusiasm for the hero of Tippecanoe greater than in Dayton. A remarkable Harrison convention was held here on the date of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and tradition has preserved such extravagant accounts of the number present, the beauty of the emblems and decorations displayed, and the hospitality of the citizens and neighboring farmers, that the following prophecy with which the *Journal* began its account of the celebration may almost be said to have been literally fulfilled: "Memorable and ever to be remembered as is the glorious triumph achieved by the immortal Perry, on the 10th of September, 1813, scarcely less conspicuous on the page of history will stand the noble commemoration of the event which has just passed before us."

Innumerable flags and Tippecanoe banners were stretched across the streets from roofs of stores and factories, or floated from private residences and from poles and trees.

INCOMING CROWDS.

People began to arrive several days before the convention, and on the 9th crowds of carriages, wagons and horsemen streamed into town. About six o'clock the Cincinnati delegation came in by the Centreville road. They were escorted from the edge of town by the Dayton Grays, Butler Guards, Dayton Military Band, and a number of citizens in carriages and on horseback. The procession of delegates was headed by eleven stage coaches in line, with banners and music, followed by a long line of wagons and carriages. Each coach was enthusiastically cheered as it passed the crowds which thronged the streets, and the cheers were responded to by the oc-

cupants of the coaches. Twelve canal boats full of men arrived on the 10th, and every road which led to town poured in its thousands. General Harrison came as far as Jonathan Harshman's, five miles from town, on the 9th, and passed the night there. Early in the morning his escort, which had encamped at Fairview, marched to Mr. Harshman's and halted there till seven o'clock, when it got in motion, under command of Joseph Barnett, of Dayton, and other marshals from Clarke county.

GEN. HARRISON'S ESCORT.

A procession from town, under direction of Charles Anderson, afterwards governor of

Ohio, chief marshal, met the general and his escort at the junction of the Troy and Springfield roads. The battalion of militia, commanded by Capt. Bomberger, of the Dayton Grays, and consisting of the Grays and Washington Artillery, of Dayton; the Citizens' Guard, of Cincinnati; Butler Guards, of Hamilton; and Pequa Light Infantry, were formed in a hollow square, and Gen. Harrison, mounted on a white horse, his staff, and Gov. Metcalf and staff, of Kentucky, were placed in the centre. "Every foot of the road, between town and the place where Gen. Harrison was to meet the Dayton escort, was literally choked up with people."

The immense procession, carrying banners and flags, and accompanied by canoes, log cabins furnished in pioneer style, and trappers' lodges, all on wheels, and filled with men, girls and boys, the latter dressed in hunting-shirts and blue caps. One of the wagons contained a live wolf, enveloped in a sheep-skin, representing the "hypocritical professions" of the opponents of the Whigs. All sorts of designs were carried by the delegations. One of the most striking was an immense ball, representing the Harrison States, which was rolled through the streets. The length of the procession was about two miles. Carriages were usually three abreast, and there were more than 1,000 in line.

"GRANDEST SPECTACLE OF TIME."

The day was bright and beautiful, and the wildest enthusiasm swayed the mighty mass of people who formed the most imposing part of "this grandest spectacle of time," as Col. Todd, an eye-witness, termed the procession. The following description of the scene, quoted by Curwen from a contemporary newspaper, partakes of the excitement and extravagance of the occasion: "The huzzas from gray-headed patriots, as the banners borne in the procession passed their dwellings, or the balconies where they had stationed themselves; the smiles and blessings, and waving kerchiefs of the thousands of fair women who filled the front windows of every house; the loud and heartfelt acknowledgments of their marked courtesy and generous hospitality by the different delegations, sometimes rising the same instant from the whole line; the glimpses at every turn of the eye of the fluttering folds of some one or more of the 644 flags which displayed their glorious stars and stripes from the tops of the principal houses of every street; the soul-stirring music, the smiling heavens, the ever-gleaming banners, the emblems and mottoes, added to the intensity of the excitement. Every eminence, housetop and window was thronged with eager spectators, whose acclamations seemed to rend the heavens."

"Second street at that time led through a prairie, and the bystanders, by a metaphor, the sublimity of which few but Westerners can appreciate, likened the excitement around them to a mighty sea of fire sweeping over its surface, 'gathering, and heaving, and

rolling upwards, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars and fired the whole heavens.'"

AN AUDIENCE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND.

After marching through the principal streets, the procession was disbanded by Gen. Harrison at the National Hotel, on Third street. At one o'clock the procession was reformed and moved to the stand erected for speeches. Upon a spacious plain east of Fourth street and north of Third, Mr. Samuel Forrer, an experienced civil engineer, made an estimate of the space occupied by this meeting and the number present at it. He says: "An exact measurement of the lines gave for one side of the square (oblong) one hundred and thirty yards, and the other one hundred and fifty yards, including an area of nineteen thousand five hundred square yards, which, multiplied by four, would give seventy-eight thousand. Let no one who was present be startled at this result or reject this estimate till he compares the data assumed with the facts presented to his own view while on the ground. It is easy for any one to satisfy himself that six, or even a greater number of individuals, may stand on a square yard of ground. Four is the number assumed in the present instance; the area measured it less than four and one-half acres. Every farmer who noticed the ground could readily perceive that a much larger space was covered with people, though not so closely as that portion measured. All will admit that an oblong square of one hundred and thirty yards by one hundred and fifty, did not at any time during the first hour include near all that were on the east side of the canal. The time of observation was the commencement of Gen. Harrison's speech. Before making this particular estimate I had made one, by comparing this assemblage with my recollection of the 25th of February convention at Columbus, and came to the conclusion that it was at least four times as great as that." Two other competent engineers measured the ground, and the lowest estimate of the number of people at the meeting was 78,000; and as thousands were still in town, it was estimated that as many as 100,000 were here on the 10th of September.

HOSPITALITY OF DAYTONIANS.

Places of entertainment were assigned delegates by the committee appointed for that purpose, but it was also announced in the *Journal* that no one need hesitate "to enter any house for dinner where he may see a flag flying. Every Whig's latch-string will be out, and the flag will signify as much to all who are ahungry or athirst." A public table where dinner was furnished, as at the private houses without charge, was also announced as follows by the *Journal*: "We wish to give our visitors log cabin fare and plenty of it, and we want our friends in the country to

help us." A committee was appointed to take charge of the baskets of the farmers, who responded liberally to this appeal.

THE SPEAKERS.

The convention was addressed by many noted men. Gen. Harrison was a forcible speaker, and his voice, while not sonorous, was clear and penetrating, and reached the utmost limits of the immense crowd. Gov. Metcalfe, of Kentucky, was a favorite with the people. A stonemason in early life, he was called the "Stone Hammer," to indicate the crushing blows inflicted by his logic and sarcasm. The inimitable Thomas Corwin held his audience spellbound with his eloquence and humor, and Robert C. Schenck added greatly to his reputation by his incisive and witty speeches.

In 1842 another Whig convention was held in Dayton, which nearly equalled in numbers and enthusiasm that of 1840. The object of the convention was to forward the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency. Mr. Clay was present and addressed an immense audience on the hill south of Dayton, now occupied by the Fair Grounds. At a morning reception for ladies, at the residence of Mr. J. D. Phillips, where Mr. Clay was staying, a crowd of women of all ranks and conditions, some in silk and some in calico, were present. Mr. Clay shook hands with them all, afterwards making a complimentary little speech, saying, among other graceful things, that the soft touch of the ladies had healed his fingers, bruised by the rough grasp of the men he had received the day before.

BIOGRAPHY.

DANIEL C. COOPER was born in Morris county, N. J., November 20, 1773. He and one brother constituted the family. Mr. Cooper came to Cincinnati about 1793 as the agent for Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, who was interested in the Symmes purchase. He obtained employment as a surveyor, and his business gave him an opportunity to examine lands and select valuable tracts for himself. In 1794-1795 he accompanied the surveying parties led by Col. Israel Ludlow through the Miami valley. As a preparation for the settlement of Dayton, he, by the direction of the proprietors, in September, 1795, marked out a road from Fort Hamilton to the mouth of Mad river. During the fall and winter he located one thousand acres of fine land near and in Dayton. In the summer of 1796 he settled here, building a cabin at the southeast corner of Monument avenue and Jefferson street. About 1798 he moved out to his cabin on his farm south of Dayton. Here, in the fall of 1799, he built a distillery, "corn cracker" mill, and a saw mill, and made other improvements.

St. Clair, Dayton, Wilkinson and Ludlow, on account of Symmes' inability to complete his purchase from the United States, and the high prices charged by the government for land, were obliged to relinquish their Mad river purchase. Soon after the original proprietors retired Mr. Cooper purchased pre-emption rights, and made satisfactory arrangements with land-owners. Many interests were involved, and the transfer was a work of time. He was intelligent and public-spirited, and to his enlarged views, generosity and integrity and business capacity much of the present prosperity of the city is due. He induced settlers to come to Dayton by donations of lots; gave lots and money to schools and churches; provided ground for a graveyard and a public common, now known as Cooper Park, and built the only mills erected in Dayton during the first ten years of its history. He was appointed justice of the peace for Dayton township, October 4, 1799, and served till May 1, 1803, the date of the formation of the county. In 1810-1812 he was president of the Select Council of Dayton. He was seven times elected a member of the State Legislature.

About 1803 he married Mrs. Sophia Greene Burnet, who was born in Rhode Island, and came to Marietta with her parents in 1788. Mr. Cooper died July 13, 1818. When he died his affairs were somewhat involved, but by prudent and conscientious management of his property the executors, H. G. Phillips and James Steele, relieved the estate from embarrassment, and it henceforth steadily increased in value. Every improvement of this large property benefitted the city.

BENJAMIN VAN CLEVE was a typical man, and, as a good representative of the best

pioneer character, is worthy of especial notice. He kept a journal, from which the in-

cidents mentioned in the following sketch have been mainly drawn. He was the eldest son of John and Catherine Benham Van Cleve, and was born in Monmouth county, N. J., Feb. 24, 1773. His ancestors came from Holland in the seventeenth century. His earliest recollection was the battle of Monmouth, which occurred when he was five years old. He remembered the confusion and the flight of the women and children to the pine swamps, and the destruction of his father's house, stock and blacksmith's shop by the British. The refugees in the pine woods could hear the firing, and "when our army was retreating many of the men melted to tears; when it was advancing there was every demonstration of joy and exultation." His father served with the New Jersey militia during nearly the whole of the Revolution. He removed to Cincinnati, January 3, 1790. Benjamin Van Cleve, who was now seventeen, settled on the east bank of the Licking, where Maj. Leech, in order to form a settlement and have a farm opened for himself, offered 100 acres for clearing each ten-acre field, with the use of the cleared land for three years. John Van Cleve intended to assist his son in this work, but was killed by the Indians.

Benjamin Van Cleve, by hard work as a day-laborer, paid John Van Cleve's debts, sold his blacksmith's tools to the quartermaster-general, and tried to the best of his ability, though a mere boy, to fill his father's place. Much of the time, from 1791 till 1794, he was employed in the quartermaster's department, whose headquarters were at Fort Washington, earning his wages of fifteen dollars a month by hard, rough work.

He was present at St. Clair's defeat, and gives in his "Journal" a thrilling account of the rout and retreat of the army, and of his own escape and safe return to Cincinnati.

In the spring of 1792 he was sent off from Cincinnati at midnight, at a moment's notice, by the quartermaster-general, to carry despatches to the war department at Philadelphia. At that day such a journey was a long and weary one, and although the authorities were satisfied with his services and accounts, they did not pay him until March, 1793. In connection with this visit to Philadelphia, he mentions drawing a plan of the President's new house, reading "Barclay's Apology," and a number of other Quaker works, and purchasing twenty-five books, which he read through on the voyage from Pittsburg to Cincinnati; entries which are all very characteristic of the man.

In the fall of 1785 he accompanied Capt. Dunlap's party, to make the survey for the Dayton settlement. April 10, 1796, he arrived in Dayton with the first party of settlers that came. In the fall of this year he went with Israel Ludlow and William G. Schenck to survey the United States military lands between the Scioto and Muskingum rivers. "We had deep snow," he says, "covered with crust; the weather was cold and still, so that we could kill but little game, and were

twenty-nine days without bread, and nearly all that time without salt, and sometimes very little to eat. We were five days, seven in company, on four meals, and they, except the last, scanty. They consisted of a turkey, two young raccoons, and the last day some rabbits and venison, which we got from some Indians."

August 28, 1800, he married Mary Whitten, daughter of John and Phebe Whitten, who lived in Wayne township. In his "Journal" occurs this quaint record of the event: "This year I raised a crop of corn, and determined on settling myself and having a home. I accordingly, on the 28th of August, married Mary Whitten, daughter of John Whitten, near Dayton. She was young, lively, industrious and ingenuous. My property was a horse creature and a few farming utensils, and her father gave her a few household and kitchen utensils, so that we could make shift to cook our provisions; a bed, a cow and heifer, a ewe and two lambs, a sow and pigs, and a saddle and spinning-wheel. I had corn and vegetables growing, so that if we were not rich we had sufficient for our immediate wants, and we were contented and happy."

Benjamin Van Cleve, though self-educated, was a man of much information, and became a prominent and influential citizen. In the winter of 1799-1800 he taught in the block-house, the first school opened in Dayton. From the organization of Montgomery county in 1803, till his death in 1821, he was clerk of the court. He was the first postmaster of Dayton, and served from 1804-1821. In 1805 he was one of the incorporators of the Dayton Library. In 1809 he was appointed by the legislature a member of the first board of trustees of Miami University. He was an active member of the First Presbyterian church.

His valuable and interesting "Journal," only a small part of which has been printed, contains almost all the early documentary history of Dayton now in existence. The files of Dayton newspapers, 1808-1821, fortunately preserved by him and presented to the Public Library by his son, John W. Van Cleve, furnish the largest part of the material for that period of the history of the town now obtainable.

Mr. Van Cleve's graphic description in his "Journal" of St. Clair's defeat, is considered the best account of that terrible rout and massacre ever written, and has been published many times. His manuscript journal, written for "the instruction and entertainment of his children," is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. R. Fay Dover, of Dayton. It is written in a beautiful hand, as legible as copperplate, and is adorned with a neatly-executed plan of Fort Defiance, drawn and colored by the author.

JOHN W. VANCLEVE was born June 27, 1801, and tradition says was the first male child born in Dayton. His father, Benjamin VanCleve, was one of the band of first settlers who arrived in Dayton April 1, 1796.

John W. VanCleve from his earliest years gave evidence of a vigorous intellect of a retentive memory. When but ten years old his father wrote of him, "My son John is now studying Latin, and promises to become a fine scholar." At the age of sixteen he entered the Ohio University at Athens, and so distinguished himself for proficiency in Latin that he was employed to teach that language in the college before his graduation. As is not often the case with students, he was equally proficient in mathematics. In after life he mastered both the French and German languages, and made several translations of important German works. He was as remarkable for his thoroughness as for his versatility. There were few things that he could not do and do well. He was a musician, painter, engraver, civil engineer, botanist and geologist. He conducted a correspondence and made exchanges with naturalists in various parts of the United States, and collected and engraved the fossils of the surrounding country and made a herbarium of the plants indigenous to this region. Plates of the engraved fossils and the herbarium have been placed in the Dayton Public Library, which, with other specimens of his handiwork also found there, will convince any one that his accomplishments have not been exaggerated.

He studied law in the office of Judge Joseph McCrane, and was admitted to the bar in 1828. Not finding the practice of the law congenial, he purchased an interest in the *Dayton Journal*, and edited that paper until 1834. After being engaged in other business for a few years, in 1851, he retired and gave the remainder of his life to his studies and to whatever could benefit and adorn his native city. Unmarried and possessed of a competence he might have lived a life of idleness, but, by nature he was the most indefatigable and industrious of men.

While not seeking political preferment he did much public service. He was elected and served as mayor of the city in 1831-32. He also served at various times as City Civil En-

gineer, and in 1839 compiled and lithographed a map of the city. He was an ardent Whig, and entered enthusiastically into the celebrated political campaign of 1840, writing many of the songs and furnishing the engravings for a campaign paper called the *Log Cabin*, which attained great notoriety throughout the United States. He was one of the founders of the Dayton Library Association, now merged in the Public Library, and the invaluable volumes of early Dayton newspapers from 1808 to 1847, was his gift to the library.

It was his suggestion to plant the levees with shade trees, and the first trees were selected by him and planted under his direction. But the chief work for which the city is indebted to him is the foresight which secured the admirable site for the Woodland Cemetery before it was appropriated to other uses. In 1840 when the Cemetery Association was organized public attention had not been generally called to the importance and desirability of rural cemeteries, and the suggestion at that time of a rural cemetery for Dayton was in advance of the times. Woodland Cemetery is the third rural cemetery in order of time in the United States, preceding Spring Grove at Cincinnati three years. To Mr. VanCleve the honor is due of suggesting the cemetery, and persistently carrying it through to completion.

Mr. VanCleve was of large size and very fleshy, weighing over three hundred pounds. Calling one evening at a friend's house, a bright little boy of four years was evidently much puzzled, and, after walking around him and viewing him on all sides approached with the inquiry, "When you was a little boy, was you a *little* boy?" The joke was so good that Mr. VanCleve used to tell it on himself.

Mr. VanCleve died September 6, 1858, at the comparatively early age of 57 years. Although holding no official position at the time of his death, the City Council adopted resolutions of respect for his memory and appreciation of his great services to the city.

Mr. VanCleve was a great admirer of Corwin, and when he was a candidate for Governor in the Harrison campaign he wrote and published in the "*Log Cabin*," this enthusiastic song, which illustrates the affection of the Old Time Whigs' for their "Wagon Boy."

SUCCESS TO YOU, TOM CORWIN.

Success to you, Tom Corwin!

Tom Corwin our true hearts love you!

Ohio has no nobler son,

In worth there's none above you!

And she will soon bestow

On you, her highest honor,

And then our State will kindly show

Without a stain upon her.

Success to you, Tom Corwin:

We've seen with warm emotion,

Your faithfulness to freedom's cause,

Your boldness, your devotion.

And we'll ne'er forget

That you our rights have guarded;

Our grateful hearts shall pay the debt,

And worth shall be regarded.

FRANCIS GLASS, A. M. who taught school in Dayton, in 1823-24, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1790, and came to America with his parents when eight years old. His father was a teacher at Mt. Airy College, Philadelphia. Francis

Glass was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in his nineteenth year. He married young, and, pressed by the wants of an increasing family, he emigrated in 1817 to Ohio. He removed from place to place, having schools at various times in Warren, Miami and Montgomery counties.

There is something pathetic in the story of this enthusiastic and guileless scholar, who, amid the hardships of pioneer life and the bitter privations of poverty, never for a moment lost interest in classical study. Mr. J. P. Reynolds, —see Clinton County— one of his pupils gives a graphic description of a pioneer school-house and its teacher Francis Glass.

He says: "The school-house now rises fresh in my memory. The building was a log cabin with a clap-board roof, but indifferently lighted—all the light of heaven found in this cabin came through apertures made on each side of the logs, and then covered with oiled paper to keep out the cold air, while they admitted the dim rays. The seats or benches were of hewn timber, resting on upright posts placed in the ground to keep them from being overturned by the mischievous urchins who sat on them. In the centre was a large stove, between which and the back part of the building stood a small desk, without lock or key, made of rough plank, over which a plane had never passed, and behind this desk sat Professor Glass when I entered the school. There might have been forty scholars present. The moment he learned that my intention was to pursue the study of languages with him his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance.

"The following imperfect sketch drawn from memory may serve to give some idea of his peculiar manner:—'Welcome to the shrine of the muses, my young friend, *Salve! Xaïpe!* The temple of the Delphian god was originally a laurel hut, and the muses deign to dwell accordingly, even in my rustic abode. *Non humilem domum fastidiunt umbrosamve ripam.*'"

Mr. Reynolds gives more to the same effect, but this may suffice. It was Glass' great ambition to write and publish a "Life of Washington" in Latin, and when Mr. Reynolds met him he had nearly completed the work. Mr. Reynolds, who highly esteemed him, furnished him the means to remove to Dayton in 1823, and there the life was completed and the manuscript delivered to Mr. Reynolds, who agreed to assist him in finding a publisher. Lengthy proposals of publication fully describing the work were printed in

the Cincinnati and Dayton papers, but without result. His friend, Mr. Reynolds removed from Ohio and was absent for several years, and during his absence Francis Glass died. With his inextinguishable love of the classics, shortly before his death he published in the Dayton "*Watchman*" a Latin ode on the death of Lord Byron, which was prefaced by the following introduction:—"To the academicians and scholars in the United States of America, especially of those who delight in literary pursuits, Francis Glass, A. M., wishes much health."

His death occurred August 24, 1824, after an illness of about three weeks.

In 1835, the "Life of Washington," through the instrumentality of Mr. Reynolds, was published by Harper Brothers. It forms an openly printed volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages. That such a work in Latin should have been written by a country school teacher remote from libraries and compelled to teach an ungraded school for his daily bread is certainly one of the curiosities of literature. Eminent scholars have pronounced the style terse and vigorous, and the Latin classical. It was introduced into many schools as a text book, and the writer (Robt. W. Steele) remembers its use in the Dayton Academy in 1838. It is now out of print and rare, but a copy may be found in the Dayton Public Library.

Another remarkable literary production is that of which Mr. Addison P. Russell writes as follows:—"I have in my possession a very well preserved copy, in English, 'Of the Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas A. Kempis, printed in this place (Wilmington, O.), by Gaddis Abrams, in 1815. Think of it! A religious classic printed in the wilderness, in the midst of milk-sickness, floating logs and rattle-snakes."

GEORGE CROOK, General United States Army, son of Thomas Crook, was born in Wayne township, Montgomery county, Ohio, September 8, 1828, and died in Chicago, March 21, 1890.

He worked on his father's farm and attended school until nineteen. In one of his early campaigns Robert C. Schenck was a guest at the Crook farm house, was attracted by the boy, and appointed him a cadet at the West Point Military Academy. He was graduated July 1, 1852, and for a number of years was on duty with the Fourth Infantry in California.

He took part in the Rouge river expedition in 1856 and commanded the Pitt river expe-

dition in the following year, being wounded by an arrow in one engagement with the hos-

tiles. At the breaking out of the civil war he held a captain's commission, and returned East to become colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Infantry. He served in the West Virginia campaigns, in command of the Third Provisional Brigade, until August, 1862, and was wounded in the action at Lewisburg. His next service was in Northern Virginia and Maryland, during August and September, 1862, and he especially distinguished himself at Antietam, being brevetted lieutenant-colonel in the regular army for his services.

In 1863 he was serving in Tennessee, and in July of that year he was transferred to the command of the Second Cavalry Division. After various actions, ending in the battle of Chickamauga, he pursued Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry from the 1st to the 10th of October, defeated it, and drove it across the Tennessee with great loss. In February, 1864, he assumed command of the Kanawha district of West Virginia, where he was almost constantly in action of one kind or another. In the autumn of the same year he played a prominent part in Sheridan's Shenandoah campaign, and received the brevets of brigadier and major-general in the United States army in 1865 for his gallant and effective conduct. From March 26 until April 9 he had command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and was engaged at Dinwiddie Court-house, Jetersville, Sailor's creek and Farmville, and was present at the surrender of Appomattox.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service January 15, 1866, and was subsequently commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Twen-

ty-third Infantry, since which time his services have been intimately associated with Indian campaigns. He conducted them so successfully that he gained the sobriquet of "The Great Indian Fighter." In 1872, when assigned to the Arizona district to quell Indian disturbances, he sent an ultimatum to the chiefs to return to their reservations or "be wiped from the face of the earth."

In 1882 he forced the Mormons, squatters, miners and stock-raisers to vacate the Indian lands and encouraged the Apaches in industrial pursuits. In the spring of 1883 the Chiracahuas intrenched themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains on the northern Mexican boundary and began a series of raids. Gen. Crook struck the trail, and, instead of following, took it backward, penetrated into and took possession of their strongholds, and as fast as the warriors returned from their plundering excursions made them prisoners. He marched over two thousand miles, made four hundred prisoners, and captured all the horses and plunder.

During the two years following he had sole charge of the Indians, and during that time no depredation occurred. He set them all at work on their farms, abolished the system of trading and paying in goods and store-orders indulged in by contractors, paid cash direct to the Indians for all his supplies, and stimulated them to increased exertion. The tribes became self-supporting within three years. He was appointed major-general April 6, 1888, and soon after was placed in command of the division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago.

The *Dayton Journal* gives the following personal description of Gen. Crook :

He was quiet, unostentatious and self-possessed under all conditions, especially so in the presence of the enemy. In a fight he blazed, and looked the soldier that he was. His presence was confidence and inspiration to his command. But out of uniform he was so simple and unostentatious, almost shy, that those to whom he was unknown could not have suspected such a modest man to have been one of the great soldiers of the United

States army. His personal and social characteristics were very charming, and in congenial company he surprised people by the extent of his information and vigor of his discussion of public questions. But it is likely that he will go into the history of his country mainly upon the solid and brilliant reputation he acquired in Indian warfare. No man in that service was so consummate a master of it as he was.

Gen. Sherman said of him :

"George Crook was always a man on whom we could depend," said he. "He was the most successful man in dealing with the Indians that the United States ever had in its service. The Indians respected and trusted him, and he could bring them around or make them amenable when every one else failed. During the rebellion Crook had charge of the Second Cavalry Division, stationed in Northern Alabama, and did excellent work. During my fifteen years as commander-in-chief of the army, I had ample opportunity to find out Crook's good traits, and I never found him anything but a man

who could be depended on in every emergency."

The story of the courtship of Gen. Crook is romantic. Early in the war Crook, then a captain, was stopping at the Queen City Hotel, Cumberland, Md. He was there assisting Gen. Kelly in organizing regiments and defending the State of West Virginia from invasion. Gen. Kelly was at the same hotel. The proprietor of the house was John Daily, who was also proprietor of Glade's Hotel at Oakland, Md., a famous resort. Mr. Daily had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Miss Mary, was a charming and pretty

girl. She had Southern sympathies, for her mother was a member of a notable old Virginia family who lived at Moorfield.

During Crook's stay at the hotel he was much attracted by the young lady, but she was a spirited girl, and refused to be gracious to the Yankee, though at heart she liked him.

The eldest of Boniface Daily's children was a son James, who was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy. He took offence at the persistent and open attentions of Crook to his sister, and finally organized a band of about fifty young and daring spirits like himself, and saw that they were well mounted and armed. When everything was ready about a dozen of Daily's band crept into the hotel after midnight, seized Gen. Kelly and Capt. Crook, gagged them, and in a few mo-

ments they were all on their way to Richmond. The Federal lines were passed without detection, and the prisoners were safely landed in the Confederate capital. Afterward they were exchanged.

Crook went into active service and was badly wounded. He was sent to Oakland with other wounded officers, and singularly enough was quartered at Glade's Hotel. Miss Mary then showed her true feelings, and nursed her brother's late captive, through what at one time was thought to be a fatal illness. When he recovered he proposed, but was refused, her political sentiment still being in the ascendant. Twice after that the conqueror of Cochez and Geronimo attacked the fair fortress, and at last it surrendered. The General has been happy in his married life.

ROBERT CUMMING SCHENCK was born in Franklin, Warren county, Ohio, October 4, 1809, and died in Washington, D. C., March 23, 1890. His ancestor, Roelof Martense Schenck, emigrated from Holland to New Amsterdam in 1650. His father, Gen. Wm. C. Schenck, was an officer in Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison's army, and one of the pioneers of the Miami valley. He died in 1821, and Robert C. was placed under the guardianship of Gen. James Findlay, of Cincinnati. He was graduated at Miami University in 1827, and remained at Oxford as a tutor for three years longer, then studied law with Thomas Corwin, was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Dayton. He served two years in the State Legislature, and was elected to Congress as a Whig, serving from 1843 till 1851. President Fillmore then sent him to Brazil as minister plenipotentiary. While serving in this capacity he distinguished himself as a diplomat by taking a conspicuous part in the negotiation of treaties with Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentine Republic. After two years in Brazil he returned to Ohio, but took no part in politics. When the civil war broke out he at once offered his service to the government, and was commissioned a brigadier-general by President Lincoln, May 17, 1861. He served with his brigade in the first battle of Bull Run. He next served in West Virginia under Gen. Rosecrans, and did some brilliant fighting at McDowell and Cross Keys. Gen. Fremont then intrusted him with the command of a division, and, while leading the first division of Gen. Franz Siegel's Corps, at the second battle of Bull Run, his right arm was shattered by a musket-ball. He would not allow himself to be carried from the field until his sword, which had been lost when he was wounded, had been found and restored to him. This wound destroyed the use of his right arm for life, incapacitated him for military service until December, 1862, when he took command of the Middle Department and Eighth Corps at Baltimore, having been promoted major-general September 18.

Gen. Schenck and Gen. Ben Butler had many similar characteristics—great ability, readiness, wit, humor, sarcasm, full information, boldness, originality and the like. Butler in command at New Orleans and Schenck at Baltimore had trouble with the rebel women.

Whitelaw Reid, in "Ohio in the War," tells how Schenck settled them:—

The men dared not insult the soldiers, but many women did, relying on their sex to protect them. Finally they came to wearing rebel colors and displaying them upon the promenades, and upon occasions when such exhibitions were particularly annoying. Without issuing an order patterned after General Butler's noted proclamation at New Orleans, he made a more skillful and much more dis-

creet use of similar means, which is thus described in Reid's "Ohio in the War:—

"A number of the most noted 'women of the town' were selected. Each was instructed to array herself as elegantly as possible, to wear the rebel colors conspicuously displayed upon her bosom, and to spend her time promenading the most fashionable streets of the city. Whenever she met any one of the

ladies wearing the same badge she was to salute her affectionately as a sister in the unholy calling, and for these services she was to be liberally paid. The effect was marvellous. In less than a week not a respectable woman

in Baltimore dared to show herself in public ornamented by any badge of the rebellion, and from that time to the end of Schenck's administration that particular difficulty was settled."

After performing effective service in the Gettysburg campaign, he resigned his commission on December 3, 1863, in order to take his seat in the House, to which he had been elected over Vallandigham. He was immediately made Chairman of Military Affairs, and during this and the following Congress his position enabled him to do good service for the Union cause. He was re-elected to the three succeeding Congresses, and throughout these exciting times, during and after the war, he took a leading part in proceedings in the House.

Hon. James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," says:—

"Robert C. Schenck was an invaluable addition to the House. He was at once placed at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, then of superlative importance, and subsequently made Chairman of Ways and Means, succeeding Mr. Stevens in the undoubted leadership of the House. He was admirably fitted for the arduous and difficult duty. His perceptions were keen, his analysis was extraordinarily rapid, his power of expression remarkable. On his feet, as the phrase went, he had no equal in the House. In five minutes' discussion in committee of the whole, he was an intellectual marvel. The compactness and clearness of his statement, the facts and arguments which he could marshal in that brief time, were a constant surprise and delight to his hearers. No man in Congress during the present generation has rivalled his singular power in this respect.

"He was able in every form of discussion, but his peculiar gift was in leading and controlling the committee of the whole."

In 1871 General Schenck was appointed by General Grant Minister to Great Britain, in which capacity he served with distinction until 1876. It was during this period that he was appointed a member on behalf of the United States of the celebrated Joint High Commission, which assembled at Washington and effected a treaty providing for the Geneva Conference, a measure which, by the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of a serious controversy between two powerful and warlike nations, marked an era in the development of the spirit of a true Christian civilization.

On his return to the United States General Schenck practiced law in Washington, D. C., participating but little in public affairs. Throughout his public career he regarded Dayton as his home and took an active interest in its affairs. He was the real father of the National Home for Volunteer Soldiers and Sailors, being the first to suggest it to Congress, and securing the co-operation of General Benjamin Butler in the most beneficent public measure in the history of nations.

JAMES FINDLAY SCHENCK, brother of General Robert C. Schenck, was born in

Franklin, O., June 11, 1807; died in Dayton, O., December 21, 1882.

"He was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy in 1822, but resigned in 1824, and entered the navy as a midshipman March 1, 1825. He became passed midshipman June 4, 1831, and lieutenant December 22, 1835, and in August, 1845, joined the "Congress," in which he served as chief military aide to Commodore Robert F. Stockton at the capture of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Pedro, Cal. He also participated in the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan, Mexico, and in October, 1848, returned home as bearer of dispatches. He was commended for efficient services in the Mexican war. Lieutenant Schenck then entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and commanded the steamer "Ohio" and other steamers between New York and Aspinwall in 1849-52. He was commissioned commander, September 14, 1855, and assigned to the frigate "St. Lawrence" March 19, 1862, on the West Gulf blockade.

"On October 7, 1864, he was ordered to command the "Powhatan," in the North Atlantic squadron, and he also received notice of his promotion to commodore, to date from January 2, 1863. He led the third division of the squadron in the two attacks on Fort Fisher, and was highly commended for his services. Commodore Schenck had charge of the naval station at Mound City, Ill., in 1865-6, was promoted to rear-admiral September 21, 1868, and retired by law June 11, 1869." (Ap. Biog. Ency.)

CHARLES ANDERSON was borne June 1, 1814, at Soldier's Retreat, his father's home, nine miles from Louisville, Ky. His father was an aide-de-camp to Lafayette. His brother Robert was the Major Anderson commanding Fort Sumter in April, 1861. Charles Anderson graduated at Miami University, Oxford, O., in 1833. Studied law in Louisville and was admitted to practice. He removed to Dayton, and September 16, 1835, married Miss Eliza J. Brown, of that city. In 1844 he was elected to the Ohio Senate. His efforts in behalf of the colored race and for the repeal of the "Black Laws" made him unpopular with his constituency, and at the close of his term he made a tour

through Europe. On his return to Ohio he practiced law in Cincinnati for eleven years in partnership with Rufus King. In 1859 he went to Texas, and on November 20, 1860, he addressed a large gathering of people at San Antonio, advocating in the strongest and most pathetic language the perpetuity of the National Union. He received many letters threatening his life, and later was confined as a political prisoner in the guard-tent of Maclin's battery of artillery. He escaped to the North and was appointed colonel of the 93d O. V. I. He was severely wounded at the battle of Stone River.

In 1863 he was nominated and elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with John Brough, and on the death of the latter succeeded to the office of Governor. He is a man with a fine sense of honor, tall and elegant in person, of brilliant qualities, and the ideal gentleman personified.

THOMAS JOHN WOOD was born in Munfordville, Ky., September 25, 1823; was graduated at the U. S. Military Academy; received the brevet of 1st lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Mexican war; served in 1848-49 as aide-de-camp to Gen. Wm. S. Harney. He served as captain in the First Cavalry in Kansas during the

border troubles, and on the Utah expedition under Albert Sidney Johnston till 1859.

In 1861 he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers and placed in command of a division; took part in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth, also the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, where he was wounded.

He commanded a division in the 21st Corps, Army of the Cumberland, at the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, receiving the brevet of brigadier-general for Chickamauga. He was engaged in the invasion of Georgia and was severely wounded in the action of Lovejoy's Station. He commanded the 4th Corps in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, receiving the brevet of major-general for the latter. He was promoted major-general of volunteers in January, 1865, and was mustered out of the volunteer service September 1, 1866. He retired from active service with the rank of major-general June 9, 1868, and that of brigadier-general March 3, 1871. He is now a resident of Dayton. (Abridged from Ap. Biog. Ency.)

During the war period and until his death, June 17, 1871, at Lebanon, CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM was a resident of Dayton. A sketch of his career is under the head of Columbiana County, in our first volume.

Miamisburg in 1846.—Miamisburg is ten miles southerly from Dayton, on the Miami canal and river, and the State road from Dayton to Cincinnati. This locality was originally called "*Hole's Station*," and a few families settled here about the time Dayton was commenced. The town was laid out in 1818; Emanuel Gebhart, Jacob Kercher, Dr. John and Peter Treon, being the original proprietors. The early settlers were of Dutch origin, most of whom emigrated from Berks county, Pa. The German is yet much spoken, and two of the churches worship in that language. The river and canal supply considerable water power. The town is compactly built. The view was taken near J. Zimmer's hotel—shown on the right—and gives the appearance of the principal street, looking from that point in the direction of Dayton. A neat covered bridge crosses the Miami river at this place. Miamisburg contains 1 Dutch Reformed, 1 Lutheran and 1 Methodist church, 1 high school, 12 mercantile stores, 1 woollen and 1 cotton factory, 1 grist mill, 1 iron foundry, and had in 1840, 834, and in 1846, 1055 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

In the lower part of Miamisburg are the remains of an ancient work; and this region abounds in the works and fortifications so common in the West. About a mile and a quarter southeast of the village, on an elevation more than 100 feet above the Miami, is the largest mound in the northern states, excepting the mammoth mound at Grave creek, on the Ohio below Wheeling, which it about equals in dimensions. It measures about 800 feet around the base, and rises to the height of 67 feet. When first known, it was covered with forest trees, from the top of one of which—a maple tree growing from its apex—it is said Dayton could be plainly seen. The mound has not been thoroughly examined, like that at Grave creek; but probably is similar in character. Many years since a shaft was sunk from the top; at first, some human bones were exhumed, and at the depth of about 11 feet, the ground sounding hollow, the workmen were afraid to progress farther. Probably two vaults are in it, like those of Grave creek; one at the base in the centre, the other over it, near the summit; it was, we suppose, this upper vault which gave forth the hollow sound. The mound is the steepest on the north and east sides, and is ascended with some little difficulty. It now sustains an orchard

of about 40 apple, and a few peach and forest trees. The view from the summit is beautiful. At one's feet lays the village of Miamisburg, while the fertile valley of the river is seen stretching away for miles.—*Old Edition.*

In July, 1869, a number of resident citizens made another effort to determine the nature of this mound. They sunk a shaft five or six feet in diameter from the top to two feet below the base. They found eighty feet from the top a human skeleton, in a sitting posture facing due east. A cover of clay several feet in thickness, and then a layer of ashes were found, and deposits of vegetable matter, bones of small animals, wood and stone surrounding it.

At twenty-four feet a triangular stone, planted perpendicularly, about eight inches in the earth with the point upward was discovered. Around it at an angle of about forty-five degrees and over-lapping each other like shingles upon a roof, were placed stone averaging about a foot in diameter, all rough, but of nearly uniform size, and similar to those quarried in the neighboring hills.

The work of sinking the shaft continued from day to day until a depth of sixty-six feet was reached. This was down to two feet below the natural surface as surveyed, as nearly twenty feet had been cut from the cone in former explorations, its original height must have been over eighty feet.

It had been determined to remove the skeleton before closing up the shaft, but upon examination it was found in condition to render this impossible, and it was allowed to remain.

The *Miamisburg Bulletin* published a series of interesting articles on the explorations at the time they were made.

MIAMISBURG is ten miles southwest of Dayton, on the Great Miami River, Miami & Erie Canal, and on the C. H. & D., and C. C. C. & I. Railroads. It is the centre of the Ohio seed leaf tobacco producing district. City Officers: 1888, Lewis H. Zehring, Mayor; A. C. Schell, Clerk; Geo. T. Mays, Treasurer; Wm. Dalton, Marshall; H. Ross, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Bulletin*, Independent, Blossom Bros., editors and publishers; *News*, Democratic, Chas. E. Kinder, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic and 1 Methodist. Bank: (H. Groby & Co.)

Manufactures and Employees.—Miamisburg Binder Twine and Cordage Co., 205 hands; Hoover & Gamble, agricultural implements, 185; Bookwalter Brothers & Co., carriage wheels, etc., 46; D. Grobe, builders' wood-work, 8; Miami Valley Paper Co., 42; The Ohio Paper Co., 54; A. Kuehn, lager beer, 4; The Kauffman Buggy Co., carriages, etc., 63.

Population, 1880, 1396. School census, 1888, 925. Thomas A. Pollok, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$700,300. Value of annual product, \$1,544,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Germantown in 1846—Germantown, named from Germantown, Pa., is thirteen miles southwest of Dayton, in a beautiful valley, surrounded by one of the most fertile sections of land in the West. It is steadily improving, and is noted for the substantial industry and wealth of its citizens. This thriving town was laid out in 1814, by Philip Gunckel, proprietor, who previously built a saw and grist mill on Twin creek, and opened a store at the same place. Most of its early settlers were of German descent, and emigrated from Berks, Lebanon and Centre counties, Pa. Among these were the Gunckels, the Emericks, the Schæffers, etc., whose descendents now comprise a large proportion of the inhabitants. The village is handsomely laid out in squares, the houses are of a substantial character, and the streets ornamented by locusts. It contains 2 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Episcopal Methodist and 1 United Brethren church, a flourishing academy for both sexes, 1 book, 2 grocery and 5 dry goods stores, 1 newspaper printing office, 1 brewery, 1 woollen factory and about 1200 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

GERMANTOWN is twelve miles southwest of Dayton on the C. J. & M. R. R., and in the beautiful Twin Valley, and is sometimes called the "Twin City." It is the seat of Twin Valley College and Ohio Conservatory of Music. Its manufac-

turing industries are carriages, buggies, agricultural implements, tobacco and cigars. Newspaper : *Press*, Democratic, E. B. Harkrider, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren. Bank : First National, J. W. Shank, president, J. H. Cross, cashier. Population 1880, 1618. School census, 1888, 408. J. F. Fenton, superintendent of schools.

CHAMBERSBURG is six miles north of Dayton, on the C. H. & D. R. R. Population, 1880, 115.

VANDALIA is eight miles north of Dayton. Population, 1880, 315. School census, 1888, 104.

BROOKVILLE is thirteen miles northwest of Dayton, on the D. & U. and P. C. & St. L. R. R. It has 1 Lutheran, 1 United Brethren and 1 Methodist Episcopal. Population, 1880, 574. School census, 1888, 248.

NEWLEBANON is ten miles west of Dayton. Population, 1880, 76.

FARMERSVILLE is fourteen miles southwest of Dayton, on the C. J. & M. R. R. It has five churches. Population, 1880, 794. School census, 1888, 130.

CENTERVILLE is nine miles south of Dayton. Population, 1880, 294.

MORGAN.

MORGAN COUNTY, named from Gen. Daniel Morgan, of the Revolution, was organized March 1, 1818. The Muskingum flows through the heart of the county, which, with its branches, furnishes considerable water-power. The surface is very hilly; the soil, limestone clay, strong and fertile.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 57,506; in pasture, 120,966; woodland, 43,947; lying waste, 3,229; produced in wheat, 150,256 bushels; rye, 972; buckwheat, 240; oats, 74,190; barley, 108; corn, 482,299; broom-corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 26,212 tons; clover hay, 1,772; potatoes, 37,802 bushels; tobacco, 123,080 lbs.; butter, 518,583; cheese, 450; sorghum, 2,883 gallons; maple syrup, 1,308; honey, 7,532 lbs.; eggs, 571,534 dozen; grapes, 23,040 lbs.; wine, 233 gallons; sweet potatoes, 2,126 bushels; apples, 4,181; peaches, 1,348; pears, 1,005; wool, 592,039 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,876. School census, 1888, 6,066; teachers, 225. Miles of railroad track, 26.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloom,	1,388	898	Marion,		1,989
Bristol,	1,647	1,448	Meigsville,	1,159	1,201
Brookfield,	1,433		Morgan,	1,518	2,005
Center,	1,171	1,164	Noble,	1,315	
Deerfield,	1,224	1,035	Olive,	1,650	
Homer,		1,693	Penn,	1,119	1,245
Jackson,	920		Union,	1,334	1,595
Malta,	1,404	1,574	Windsor,	1,279	2,392
Manchester,	1,266	723	York,	1,030	1,112

Population of Morgan in 1820, 5,299; 1830, 11,800; 1840, 20,857; 1860, 22,119; 1880, 20,074, of whom 17,789 were born in Ohio; 795, Pennsylvania; 467, Virginia; 65, New York; 27, Indiana; 13, Kentucky; 140, German Empire; 127, Ireland; 43, England and Wales; 15, British America; 5, France; and 4, Scotland. Census, 1890, 19,143.

The first settlement in this county, made at BIG BOTTOM, on the Muskingum, near the south line of the county, was broken up by the Indians. In the autumn of 1790 a company of thirty-six men went from Marietta and commenced the settlement. They erected a block-house on the first bottom on the east bank of the river, four miles above the mouth of Meigs creek. They were chiefly young, single men, but little acquainted with Indian warfare or military rules.

Those best acquainted with the Indians and those most capable of judging from appearances, had little doubt that they were preparing for hostilities, and strongly opposed the settlers going out that fall and advised their remaining until spring, by which time, probably, the question of war or peace would be settled. Even Gen. Putnam and the directors of the Ohio company, who gave away the land to have it settled, thought it risky and imprudent, and strongly remonstrated against venturing out at that time.

A Block-House Built.—But the young men were impatient, confident in their own prudence and ability to protect themselves.

They went; put up a block-house which might accommodate the whole of them in an emergency, covered it and laid puncheon floors, stairs, etc. It was made up of large beech logs and rather open, as it was not chinked between the logs; this job was left for a rainy day, or some more convenient season. Here was their first great error, as they ceased to complete the work, and the general interest was lost in that of the convenience of each individual; with this all was lost. The second error was, they kept no sentry and had neglected to stockade or set pickets around the block-house. No system of defence and discipline had been introduced. Their guns were lying in different places, without order,

about the house. Twenty men usually encamped in the house, a part of whom were now absent, and each individual and mess cooked for themselves. One end of the building was appropriated for a fire-place and when the day closed all came in, built a large fire and commenced cooking and eating their suppers.

The weather, for some time previous to the attack, as we learn from the diary of Hon. Paul Fearing, who lived at Fort Harmer, had been quite cold. In the midst of winter and with such weather as this, it was not customary for the Indians to venture out on war parties, and the early borderers had formerly thought themselves in a manner safe from their depredations during the winter months.

Two Cabins Built.—About twenty rods above the block-house and a little back from the bank of the river, two men, Francis and Isaac Choate, members of the company, had erected a cabin and commenced clearing their lots. Thomas Shaw, a hired laborer in the employ of the Choates, and James Patten, another of the associates, lived with them. About the same distance below the garrison was an old "tomahawk improvement" and a small cabin, which two men, Asa and Eleazer Bullard, had fitted up and now occupied. The Indian war-path from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum, passed along on the opposite shore in sight of the river.

Indians Surprise and Destroy the Settlement.—The Indians who, during the summer, had been hunting and loitering about the settlements at Wolf's creek mills and Plainfield, holding frequent and friendly intercourse with the settlers, selling them venison and bear meat in exchange for green corn and vegetables, had withdrawn early in the autumn and gone high up the river into the vicinity of their towns, preparatory to winter-quarters. Being well acquainted with all the approaches to these settlements, and the manner in which the inhabitants lived, each family in their own cabin, not apprehensive of danger, they planned and fitted out a war party for their destruction. It is said they were not aware of there being a settlement at Big Bottom until they came in sight of it on the opposite shore of the river in the afternoon. From a high hill opposite the garrison they had a view of all that part of the Bottom, and could see how the men were occupied and what was doing about the block-house. Having reconnoitered the station in this manner, just at twilight they crossed the river on the ice a little above and divided their men into two parties; the larger one to attack the block-house and the smaller one to make prisoners of the few men living in Choate's cabin without alarming those below. The plan was skilfully arranged and promptly executed. As the party cautiously approached the cabin they found the inmates at supper; a party of the Indians entered, while others stood without by the door and addressed the men in a friendly manner.

Suspecting no harm, they offered them a part of their food, of which they partook. Looking about the room the Indians espied some leather thongs and pieces of cord that had been used in packing venison, and taking the white men by their arms told them they were prisoners. Finding it useless to resist, the Indians being more numerous, they submitted to their fate in silence.

While this was transacting the other party had reached the block-house unobserved; even the dogs gave no notice of their approach, as they usually do, by barking; the reason probably was, that they were also within by the fire, instead of being on the alert for their masters' safety. The door was thrown open by a stout Mohawk, who stepped in and stood by the door to keep it open, while his companions without shot down those around the fire. A man by the name of Zebulon Throop, from Massachusetts, was frying meat and fell dead in the fire; several others fell at this discharge. The Indians then rushed in and killed all who were left with the tomahawk. No resistance seems to have been offered, so sudden and unexpected was the attack, by any of the men; but a stout backwoods Virginia woman, the wife of Isaac Meeks, who was employed as their hunter, seized an axe and made a blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door; a slight turn of the head saved his skull and the axe passed down through his cheek into the shoulder, leaving a huge gash that severed nearly half his face; she was instantly killed by the tomahawk of one of his companions before she could repeat the stroke. This was all the injury received by the Indians, as the men were all killed before they had time to seize their arms, which stood in the corner of the room. While the slaughter was going on, John Stacy, a young man in the prime of life, and the son of Col. William Stacy, sprung up the stair-way and out onto the roof, while his brother Philip, a lad of sixteen, secreted himself under some bedding in the corner of the room. The Indians on the outside soon discovered the former and shot him while he was in the act of "begging them, for God's sake, to spare his life, as he was the only one left."

This was heard by the Bullards, who, alarmed by the firing at the block-house, had run out of their cabin to see what was the matter. Discovering the Indians around the house they sprung back into their hut, seized their rifles and ammunition, and closing the door after them, put into the woods in a direction to be hid by the cabin from the view of the Indians. They had barely escaped when they heard their door, which was made of thin clapboards, burst open by the Indians. They did not pursue them, although they knew they had just fled, as there was a good fire burning and their food for supper smoking hot on the table. After the slaughter was over and the scalps secured, one of the most important acts in the warfare of the American savages, they proceeded to collect the plunder. In removing the bedding the

lad, Philip Stacy, was discovered; their tomahawks were instantly raised to dispatch him, when he threw himself at the feet of one of their leading warriors, begging him to protect him. The savage either took compassion on his youth or else, his revenge being satisfied with the slaughter already made, interposed his authority and saved his life. After removing everything they thought valuable, they tore up the floor, piled it on the dead bodies and set it on fire, thinking to destroy the block-house with the carcasses of their enemies. The building being made of green beech logs the fire only consumed the floors and roof, leaving the walls still standing when visited the day after by the whites.

There were twelve persons killed in this attack, viz., John Stacy, Ezra Putnam (son of Major Putnam of Marietta), John Camp and Zebulon Throop—these men were from Massachusetts; Jonathan Farewell and Jas. Couch, from New Hampshire; William James, from Connecticut; Joseph Clark, from Rhode Island; Isaac Meeks, his wife and two children, from Virginia. They were well provided with arms, and no doubt could have defended themselves had they taken proper precautions: but they had no old revolutionary officers with them to plan and direct their operations, as they had at all the other garrisons. If they had picketed their house and kept a regular sentry, the Indians would probably never have attacked them. They had no horses or cattle for them to seize upon as plunder, and Indians are not very fond of hard fighting when nothing is to be gained; but seeing the naked block-house, without any defences, they were encouraged to attempt its capture. Col. Stacy, who had been an old soldier, well acquainted

with Indian warfare in Cherry valley, and had two sons there, visited the post only the Sunday before, and seeing its weak state, had given them a strict charge to keep a regular watch, and prepare immediately strong bars to the doors, to be shut every night at sunset. They, however, fearing no danger, did not profit by his advice.

The party of Indians, after this, bent their steps towards the Wolf creek mills; but finding the people here awake and on the lookout, prepared for an attack, they did nothing more than reconnoitre the place, and made their retreat at early dawn, to the great relief of the inhabitants. The number of Indians who came over from Big Bottom was never known.

The next day Capt. Rogers led a party of men over to Big Bottom. It was a melancholy sight to the poor borderers, as they knew not how soon the same fate might befall themselves. The action of the fire, although it did not consume, had so blackened and disfigured the dead, that few of them could be distinguished. Ezra Putnam was known by a pewter plate that lay under him, and which his body had prevented from entirely melting. His mother's name was on the bottom of the plate, and a part of the cake he was baking at the fire still adhered to it. William James was recognized by his great size, being six feet four inches in height, and stoutly built. He had a piece of bread clenched in his right hand, probably in the act of eating, with his back to the door, when the fatal rifle-shot took effect. As the ground was frozen outside, a hole was dug within the walls of the house and the bodies consigned to one grave. No further attempt was made at a settlement here until after the peace.

McConnelsville in 1846.—McConnelsville, the county-seat, named from its original proprietor, Robert McConnel, is situated upon the east bank of the Muskingum, seventy-five miles southeasterly from Columbus, thirty-six above Marietta, and twenty-seven below Zanesville. The view was taken in the centre of the town. On the left is seen the court-house, the jail and county clerk's office, and in the distance, down the street, appears the Baptist church. This thriving town contains one Presbyterian, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Protestant Methodist, and one Methodist Episcopal church; fifteen mercantile stores, two newspaper printing-offices, one foundry, one woollen factory, two flouring mills, and had, in 1840, 957 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

McCONNELSVILLE, county-seat of Morgan, is about sixty-five miles southeast of Columbus, on the east bank of the Muskingum river, forty-eight miles above Marietta and twenty-seven below Zanesville; also, on the Z. & O. Railroad. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Jesse T. Elliott; Clerk, John Q. Abbott; Commissioners, Henry F. James, Leonidas J. Coburn, Thomas J. Chappellear; Coroner, Andrew H. Henery; Infirmary Directors, James Ralph, Henry L. Mellor, A. S. Wilson; Probate Judge, Eugene J. Brown; Prosecuting Attorney, Marion E. Danford; Recorder, William H. Young; Sheriff, John R. Harper; Surveyor, Joseph F. Dougan; Treasurer, Albert P. Whitaker. City officers, 1888: J. W. McElhiney, Mayor; W. O. Fouts, Clerk; Enoch Dye, Marshal; C. E. Cochran, Treasurer; Jacob Hatton, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Herald*, Republican, Charles S. Sprague, editor and publisher; *Morgan County Democrat*, Demo-

cratic, J. B. Tannehill, editor and publisher. Churches: one Baptist, two Methodist Episcopal, one Presbyterian and one Catholic. Bank: First National, James K. Jones, president, R. Stanton, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—George P. Hann, cigars, 16 hands; McConnellsville Sash and Door Co., doors, sash, etc., 9; McConnellsville Roller Mills, flour, etc., 6; *Morgan County Democrat*, printing, 5; *McConnellsville Herald*, printing, etc., 7; George Bain, wagons and buggies, 7; E. M. Stanberry & Co., flour, etc., 3.—*State Reports, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,473. School census, 1888, 469. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$101,500. Value of annual product, \$131,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 1,771.

MALTA is on the west bank of the Muskingum river, directly opposite McConnellsville, on the Z. & O. Railroad. It has two churches. City officers, 1888: J. W. Rogers, Mayor; W. S. Conner, Clerk; H. A. Davis, Treasurer; J. H. Dunnington, Marshal; Harmon Seaman, Street Commissioner; Newspaper: *Valley Register*, Independent. Bank: Malta National, W. P. Sprague, president, George S. Corner, vice-president.

Manufactures and Employees.—A. M. Dunsmoor, furniture, 5 hands; Brown-Manly Plow Co., Malta plows, 130; McGrath & Humphrey, doors, sash, etc., 8; G. L. Hoffman & Son, harness leather, 10.—*State Reports, 1888.* Population, 1880, 652. School census, 1888, 239. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$64,000. Value of annual product, \$162,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

THE DEVIL'S TEA TABLE.

One of the most remarkable natural curiosities of the Muskingum valley is the "Devil's Tea Table," which stands on one of the bluffs on the east side of the river, three miles above McConnellsville, on a farm owned by L. D. Reed. Its position is exactly central on the top of a high hill, the ground sloping rapidly from it in every direction. It stands like a lone sentinel, keeping its silent watch, as the years go by, over the beautiful river whose waters glide by it on their way to the ocean. The following description of it was contributed to this work by Dr. H. L. True, of McConnellsville.

It consists of an immense table of sandstone estimated to weigh over 300 tons, supported by a slender base of shelly slatestone. It maintains its place and position mainly by its equilibrium, the top being so evenly balanced on the pedestal that if a small portion were broken from one side of the table it would cause it to topple over. The table is quadrangular or diamond shaped, and has the following dimensions: it is about 25 feet high, 33 feet long, 20 feet wide, 10 feet thick, and 85 feet in circumference. The dimensions of the base are as follows: length, 18 feet, width 5 feet, height about 14 feet, circumference 40. The long diameter is in a direction north and south.

When this massive stone is viewed in close proximity it appears to lean in every direction, so that on whatever side an observer may be, it seems liable to fall on him.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether this rock can be made to vibrate or not. Some claim it is easy to vibrate it while standing on top. My own experience is that it cannot be made to vibrate with a pole from the ground, although it looks as if it could be done.

In 1820 a number of keel-boatmen, under the direction of Timothy Gates, gave out that on a certain day they were going to push it down into the river. Many of the early settlers gathered there to witness the proceeding. But the boatmen failed in their attempt to unsettle it, and the crowd was disappointed. Several attempts to overthrow it have since been made, notably one by falling a tree against it, but all resulted in failure.

Another remarkable stone formation in this picturesque valley of the Muskingum is the "natural bridge" on the Glenn farm, two miles south of Roxbury.

Natural Bridge.—It consists of a huge stone arch, spanning a hollow which forms a rocky channel, sometimes dry and sometimes swollen by rains. Over the arch a grapevine runs riot, and here and there dainty fringes of cool ferns cling to the damp earth near its extremities. Underneath, the walls are covered with the initials of stragglers, who seek enduring fame after the manner of visitors to such spots. The bridge is perhaps thirty feet from end to end, fifteen feet high, and so wide as to allow a sleigh to cross with safe margin.

According to the United States statistics for 1840, more salt was manufactured in Morgan than in any other county in Ohio. It was procured by sinking wells. Its principal market was in Cincinnati, where it was called "Zanesville salt," although the far greater part of it was made in this county. The sketch of the salt region on the Muskingum, as it was then, we take from an article by Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the twenty-fourth volume of "Silliman's Journal."

This is now history. The amount of salt now manufactured here and elsewhere in Ohio is very trifling, owing to the superior strength of the brines elsewhere, especially those of Michigan and Syracuse, N. Y.

The first attempt at procuring salt on this river was made by Mr. Ayers, in the year 1817, a few miles below, and at the foot of the rapids at Zanesville, in the year 1819, by S. Fairlamb. He, being a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity, constructed some simple machinery, connected with a water-mill, which performed the operation of boring without much expense. Salt had been made for many years at the works on Salt creek, nine miles southeast of Zanesville, and some slight indications of salt on the rocks, at low water, led to this trial. Water was found, impregnated with muriate of soda, at about 350 feet. It afforded salt of a good quality, but was not abundant, nor sufficiently saturated to make its manufacture profitable. Within the period of a few years after, several other wells were bored in this vicinity, but generally lower down the river. It was soon discovered that the water was stronger as they descended, and that the salt deposit was at a greater depth.

At Duncan's falls, nine miles below, at the mouth of Salt creek, the rock had descended to 450 feet, and with a proportionate increase in the strength of the water. At the latter place, the owner of a well not finding a sufficient supply of water for his furnace, although it was of the desired strength, pushed his well to the depth of 400 feet below the salt rock. His praiseworthy perseverance, however, met not with its proper reward. No additional salt water was found, although it is highly probable that other salt strata are deposited below those already discovered, but at such a depth as to render it very difficult to reach them by the present mode of boring. As we descend the river wells are found, at short distances, for thirty miles below Zanesville, gradually deepening until the salt rock is reached, at 850 feet below the surface. The water is also so much augmented in strength as to afford fifty pounds of salt to every fifty gallons.

Twenty-two miles below the rapids a stratum of flint rock, from nine to twelve feet in thickness, comes to the surface and crosses the river, making a slight ripple at low water. This rock has a regular dip to the south, and at McConnellsville, five miles below, it is found at 114 feet; and two and a half miles farther down, it is struck at 160 feet. Where wells have been sunk through this rock it affords a sure guide to the saliferous deposit, as the intermediate strata are very uniform in quality and thickness, and the practical operator can tell within a foot or two the actual distance to be passed between the two rocks, although the interval is 650 feet. Above the point where the flint rock crops out, the rock strata appear to have been worn away, so that as you ascend the river the salt rock comes nearer to the surface, until, at the forks of the Muskingum, it is only 200 feet below. This flint rock is so very hard and sharp-grained that it cuts away the best cast-steel from the augers, nearly or quite as rapidly as the steel cut away the rock, and required three weeks of steady labor, night and day, to penetrate ten feet. With few exceptions the other strata are readily passed.

The lower salt rock often occasions much difficulty to the workmen from the auger's becoming fixed in the hole. The sand of this rock, when beaten fine and allowed to settle compactly about the auger in the well, becomes so hard and firm as to require the greatest exertions to break it loose, frequently fracturing the stout ash poles in the attempt. From the sand and small particles of the rock brought up by the pump, the salt stratum appears to be of a pure, pearly whiteness; and the more porous and cellular its structure the greater is the quantity of water afforded; as more freedom is given to the discharge of gas, which appears to be a very active agent in the rise of water, forcing it, in nearly all the wells, above the bed of the river, and in some to twenty-five or thirty feet above the top of the well.

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OIL, GAS AND SALT.

The geological formation in the vicinity of McConnellsville is such as to indicate prolific sources of oil and gas, and recently steps have been taken toward the development of these interests. The Trenton limestone is at great depth; about 1,000 feet above the Trenton the Clinton limestone is found, then above that the corniferous still higher, 400 or 500 feet, and the great Macksburg rock of Berea sandstone is about 1,700 feet from the surface. All these rocks afford supplies of

gas and oil. Where gas and oil have been found near here at depths of 40 to 100 feet, crevices were struck which conveyed it near the surface. No doubt by upheavals these rocks are opened so the oil and gas escaped from rocks below, and they are found here in the Mahoning sandrock, and in some places oil came to the surface and is found on the water, which, years ago, was collected by the farmers, and used for cuts and bruises on animals. The oil found on this range of the oil belt, as marked by surface oil, is all heavy lubricating oil, of great value compared with the lighter oils.

In 1830 Rufus P. Stone was boring near Malta for salt water, which he struck at a depth of 400 feet, as well as a flow of natural gas. Mr. Stone, being interested in other enterprises, permitted this well to remain idle for some years, when it was leased to Captain Stull.

Evaporators were soon in place, with pipes to convey the gas, and everything ready for commencing operations, when the entire plant was destroyed by fire. Mr. Stone, who was one of the old time puritanical moralists, expressed himself on the destruction of the works in the following language: "The hands at the well struck hell last night and burned up the whole concern."

Later the furnace was repaired, different proprietors took charge, and salt made by

using the gas until 1878, when an attempt was made to get more salt water and the gas ceased to flow.

For years the illumination from this well by night was a prominent feature in steamboat travel on the Muskingum at night.

In 1878 Messrs. Shields and Williams, while boring for oil some two miles south of Malta, struck gas at a depth of 400 feet. The gas was piped a distance of 800 yards, and used as a motive power for engines in place of steam. Two engines were run in this manner without any fire. In addition to the amount used in the engines, a blaze some 30 to 40 feet in height illuminated the hills for miles around, so that fine print could be read at night half a mile distant. Gas was also used for cooking and heating.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

One of the most enjoyable steamboat trips within my experience was that up the Muskingum from Marietta to Zanesville, which occupied parts of two days in May. In a direct line the places are a trifle over 60 miles apart, but by the winding of the river about 80 miles. The head of steamboat navigation is at Dresden, 15 miles north of Zanesville.

The river falls about 106 feet between Zanesville and Marietta, which was in its natural state a bar to steamboat navigation. Nearly half a century ago the State made it navigable by a series of dams, locks and short canals. Between the two places are ten dams, with a lock at each; at five of the locks are canals. The falls are about 10 feet each. This is called the *Muskingum River Improvement*. John Sherman when a youth assisted in the construction, acting as rodman in the corps of engineers. Lately the U. S. Government has taken possession of the work, which renders it free to navigation, thus relieving the State of the expense of repairs and commerce from the heavy burden of tolls. These on a single trip, I am told, sometimes amounted to as much as one hundred dollars, depending upon the cargo. A railroad has recently been constructed up the Muskingum. But no one travelling by it could have any conception of the many charming pictures which greet the eye from the deck of a steamer moving on its waters.

The First Steamer, it is said, that ever went up the Muskingum was the "Rufus Putnam," owned and commanded by Captain Daniel Green. This was about the year 1824. Tradition says he was an old sea-captain and an excellent man. He had a deep base voice of tremendous carrying power. In a still summer morning on the Ohio his voice, they said, could be heard on shore two miles away. Yes, they added, sometimes when his steamer was rounding a bend out of sight the people, from the sound of Green's voice in conversation reaching them, knew it was the "Rufus Putnam" that was coming.

Thursday Night, May 13.—Have just come aboard a steamer which starts up the Muskingum at daylight. Had a pleasant time at Marietta, and to-day was in at the birth of one of the best of puns. There have been heavy rains, and in the morning I went down to look at the Ohio, which I found very much swollen. On my return I entered an old-style house where was a valued acquaintance in the person of an old lady—fat, jolly and full of fun.

As I came in she was sitting by the window with a pleasant outlook upon green things. A newspaper was spread over her ample lap,

and with spectacles on nose she was reading, when the following conversation arose :

Mrs. Z.—“This is what I call *comfort*.”

Myself.—“Yes, it is. But I have been down to see the river, and I found it *rising*.” Then after a pause, I added, reflectively, “though rather *late* in the morning—after eleven o’clock.”

Mrs. Z.—“You must be mistaken; it can’t be that the river is leaving its *bed*.”

Story of a Pair of Stockings.—Mrs. Z. then regaled me with one of her amusing stories. The subject was Lyne Starling, called in history the “Father of Columbus”—not of Christopher, the open-eyed discoverer, who had the proud satisfaction of teaching mankind how to make an egg stand on end, but father of our Ohio hub. Starling was the head of the illustrious four who saw money in Columbus, laid it out for the State Capitol, and it soon sprouted with buildings, Ohio laws and many people. Starling was a Kentuckian, a bachelor, huge in person, full in purse, and eccentric every way, fond of Kentucky Bourbon, fast horses, etc., and so not exactly adapted to the role of a Calvinistic deacon—that is, of the Jonathan Edwards type.

When a young girl Mrs. Z., with another young girl like herself from Kentucky, was attending in Columbus a seminary for the polishing of young ladies. They boarded at the American House, which also was long the home of Lyne Starling, and wherein, well up in the sixties—in 1848 it was—he died as he had lived and unwedded, fully ripe; that is, ripe after the old Kentucky type.

Mr. Starling was so immense that he used an extra-sized carriage.

His feet were also immense, and one day he complained to the young ladies that he could not find any stockings in the Columbus stores large enough for him. If they would each knit him a full capacious pair, he would pay them each twenty-five dollars.

The girls accepted the offer in glee. Neither had ever knit a stitch—the knitting of stockings was not in the *curriculum* of the polishing seminary—but they went at it all agog, took proper instructions from ancient dames, surmounted all the difficulties, such as turning the heels and tipping the toes, and in due time had the pairs finished. These they sent by the hands of a colored waiter to the huge man’s room—sent neatly wrapped in a napkin on a waiter with a note. In due time he returned with his waiter, on which were envelopes addressed to each containing checks for \$25. Without a moment’s delay, feeling rich as Cræsus, the gleeful maidens made a foray upon the Columbus dry-goods men and milliners, and it seemed as though nothing was good enough nor rich enough for their tastes, and no bottom dollars to such a huge pile as twenty-five of them.

The great man’s heart now warmed toward those maidens. In such a generous frame of mind had he been put through the influence of those comfort-giving stockings that covered his Brodignag-like feet, that he then

made his will, leaving \$8,000 to each of the knitting damsels. On later thinking over it he cancelled those items; maybe the stockings were showing great holes. A big toe perhaps had cut its way through, and child-like he had given way to a feeling of revulsion at the disaster, and so cut off the damsels.

“We knew nothing of all this,” said Mrs. Z., “until years after. But it then explained the sudden and extraordinary attentions to me of a young man, a fellow-boarder, to whom I turned the cold shoulder. He had been a witness of the will, and knew its contents. I sometimes fancy I can see, in case his suit had been granted and the knot tied, the expression of dismay that must have come over the poor young man’s face when he came to learn that Lyne Starling had not left me a cent.”

Friday Morning, May 14.—The steamer I am on is the “Lizzie Casile,” Captain Lewis Myrick. Soon after starting I stepped up to the captain’s office “to settle.” He replied, “Nothing to you.” On this answer I asked, “What dreadful thing have I done that you should treat me so?” “Oh!” said he, “you are a gentleman—it is something to have a gentleman on board!” This shocked me; it was such a hard reflection upon my fellow-passengers who had paid their passage. Luckily none were around to hear it. I was reconciled when he told me it was his contribution to the History of Ohio; I now have my revenge—here embalm him—and he is now “part of the bone of that bone and flesh of that flesh” in that history. Strange the Captain has only recently come into the State, and is not what is usually called an Ohio man, but he has the qualities that go to make one, and will be soon full-fledged: perhaps the first of all the Myricks to get such feathers.

The Muskingum is about 180 yards wide at Marietta; George Washington is my authority, for he so states in his tour into the Ohio country made in 1753. Here is the first dam and lock; the river is full as wide at Zanesville, and a noble stream all the way up. It is now very much swollen by heavy rains, and the water, owing to the clayey soil, the color of coffee with a proper palatable infusion of milk.

The banks are largely lined with low willows, a peculiarity I have observed of most of the streams of the central part of the State. The valley varies from half a mile to a mile in width, and is rich in cultivated farms and prospering people. The river has many long reaches, and discloses at every turn charming vistas. There is very little bold scenery, but on each side are hills some 150 to 300 feet in height, mostly gently sloping, and wooded to their summits. The effect as a whole is to fill one with the sense of peace and loveliness. There is almost an entire absence of islands.

I sat on the upper deck, and with a knot of others looked ahead with my eyes open to the unfolding beauties. It is a tendency of mankind rather to be prospective than retrospective. So even travellers on steamboats

choose their seats in front, to see what is coming, though often the scenery which they have passed may be the most entrancing.

Near the county line we passed on the right Beverly, a sweet little village on some low hills, embowered in trees, and connected by a bridge with Waterford, a sister village on the west bank.

These villages were among the first settled places in Ohio, and I longed to pause there, and see if I could find any curious inscriptions in their old graveyards. In the older States they are often very interesting, supply valuable historic items, and amuse by their quaintness.

Floating Saw-mills.—At Lowell, below Beverly, we had passed through the second lock. The roar of the falls there was, as elsewhere I afterwards found, very great. The entire body of the river, striking on the apron below, breaks into foam, and then uniting hurries on with irresistible force. They have on the river travelling saw-mills, stern-wheel steamboats, which move from point to point and saw the trees of the farmers into boards. I was pointed out a travelling saw-mill at work in the river, which in the flood a few weeks before became unmanageable by a floating log entangled in its wheel, when it went over the dam at Luke's Shoot, making a leap of 10 feet, and without harm to either boat or crew. Luke's Shoot is a few miles above Beverly. Here is a long reach in the river, with bold hills on the right, and a view of surpassing grandeur looking up the stream. It seemed like the Hudson on a small scale, so straight the reach.

Some of the canals above the locks are a mile long. It takes about 15 minutes to go through a lock. It creates a curious sensation to leave the river behind, go through a lock beside the roaring falls, and then enter a canal and pass in a steamboat through cultivated fields and by farm houses and milch cattle, with often no sign of the river one has left anywhere.

It is impossible to go fast on the canals. They are so narrow that the water is thrown away from a boat. Lower the water, slower the boat; if the water was twenty feet deep it would go as fast as in the river.

The salt industry was forty years or more ago a prominent feature on the river. There were twenty-five or thirty furnaces below Zanesville in operation, now less than half a dozen, and even these could not subsist were it not that they burned slack screenings, which cost but a trifle. This change is owing to the competition with Michigan and Syracuse, where the brine is stronger and the salt can be more cheaply manufactured.

McConnellsville.—At 3 o'clock, p. m., the steamer left me at McConnellsville, where I made arrangements with a photographer to take views from the same point I made the pencil sketch in the long ago, and early the next morning resumed my voyage up the river.

Saturday, May 15.—Left McConnellsville after breakfast in steamer Olivet, Captain

Ed. Martin. As usual I sat in the midst of a group on deck looking ahead. Four miles above, on the summit of a hill about 150 feet high, I was pointed out the Devil's Tea Table, elsewhere described.

About eight miles above McConnellsville, nestled in the midst of one of the most charming nooks at the foot of the hills on the west bank of the river, lies Eagleport. It is famous as the spot where and just below the dam across the river John Morgan with his troopers forded the Muskingum.

Comical Incidents of Morgan's Raid.—Those around me were full of the subject, taking it in its ludicrous aspects. At the news of his approach the whole country flew to arms; some who were full of courage at the beginning found it had all oozed away as the bold riders hove in sight. Among the comical stories a fellow-passenger told me was this of a poor wight who sought safety in a pig pen and laid down, as he thought, where he could not be seen, crouched behind a matronly specimen who was attending to the gastronomic requirements of a new-born progeny.

He had been seen to flee by one of the troopers, who, on coming to the pen, looked in and spying the poor frightened fellow, exclaimed with a grin: "Halloa! how did you get here? Did you all come in the same litter?" Another, a stuttering man, had bragged what he would do when he met the foe. A few hours later he was suddenly surrounded by Morgan's raiders, who called out "Surrender! you — rascal." He at once threw up his hands and exclaimed: "I-I-I s-s-sur-surrendered fi-fi-five minutes ago."

On hearing this last incident I was tempted to relate one not unlike it, which Captain Basil Hall calls, in his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," that is, courage at the instant of unexpected peril, which is a rare quality. "Hence," he says, "mutiny on a vessel or a rising of prisoners is apt to be successful."

It was in the war time when I was in a train crossing the State, when I engaged in conversation about the war with a large man who sat by my side. He was a Union man from Kentucky, fat and merry. After having asked me if I was ever so scared I forgot my own name, I replied in accordance with the facts. "Well," said he in reply, "I was once. I was riding on a road down in the 'Blue Grass Country,' absorbed in thought, when my attention was aroused by the clatter of horses galloping up from behind me. In a moment I was enveloped in a cloud of guerillas, when one, presenting a revolver at my head, exclaimed: '— you, what is your name?' With that I answered: 'My na-na-name is-is-is,' and for the life of me I couldn't remember what my name was." Then on telling this my fat fellow-passenger shook all over like jelly with laughter, in which the listening travellers around heartily joined.

The Blue Rock Mine Disaster.—A few miles above Eagleport, on the side of

the river, I was pointed to the spot of the Blue Rock Mine Disaster. The entrance to the mine is a short distance above the river bank. This event occurred on the 12th of April, 1858, and is detailed elsewhere.

GaySPORT.—We stopped at a little hamlet on the east bank to take on the mail and a passenger or so. It was named GaySPORT, but every thing about it was dismal enough, for

“Misty, moisty was the morning,
And cloudy was the weather,”

while the buildings were dingy and brown. These were mainly on a single road fronting the river. Behind all were some low hills and above a murky sky. On the river bank stood a post some ten feet high, to which was attached a bell to call the ferryman from the opposite bank.

Our boat stopping was the one daily great event in the life of GaySPORT. We had no sooner shoved a plank ashore than the village men, with the leisurely tread of country people who rise early, taking time by the forelock, left their various avocations, came loping down and arranged themselves in an irregular line on the bank about 14 feet above us and some 60 feet away. Then their postmaster came hurrying down through them with the mail bag on his shoulder, while a woman with a red shawl emerged from a house behind and without even deigning to look at us, turned a corner and vanished.

I had a curiosity to count this line of humanity that stood there in their very much every-day clothes, with open mouths and contemplative airs. My census returns were eighteen men, three boys and a black, short-haired dog, also contemplative, sitting on his haunches near the boys and ferry-bell; mouth like the others, open. All the boys and seventeen of the eighteen men had their hands in their breeches pockets—pockets open. The eighteenth man, gay with a red shirt, had folded his arms and was resting with one foot lifted on a stone; mouth, of course, open; pockets, apparently unoccupied, were, perhaps, for rent.

As our boat turned its back the group dispersed, refreshed and invigorated, I have no doubt, by this break in the monotony of their lives. As for the dog he must have been so invigorated as to straightway have gone somewhere and scratched for his buried bone.

At *Duncan Falls*, nine miles below Zanesville, we came to the most varied and picturesque scenery on the river. Here the Muskingum contracts to about half its original width. The objects to lend to the scenic effect are the falls and a huge mill, an old bridge, precipitous bluffs on the west bank the canal, a mile long, wending its way through fields out of sight of the river; the companion villages on opposite sides of the Muskingum, Taylorsville and Duncan Falls, and then an expansive up-river view of several miles, which in the far distance was bounded by high and irregularly-shaped hills. One could tarry here for days, wander from point to

point and be regaled by the many eye-feasts that nature in the morning lights and evening shadows must have dispensed to those who love her and know how to woo her sweet delights.

An Original Character.—On the Duncan Falls side my eyes were attracted by caves in the river bluff, their ugly, black mouths facing the river. The bluff was not over twenty feet high and beyond were the houses of the villagers scattered about on a level spot. I was attracted by the caves, which it seems were abandoned coal mines, and especially by several walls of small stones, which were, perhaps, hundreds of feet long and two or three feet high; these led from the bluff to the water-side and along the shore. They looked like a child's work, sort of toy walls, and just there as I could see of no earthly use, and indeed, could be of no use anywhere. They excited my curiosity, so a passenger, a resident of Duncan Falls, enlightened me about them in this wise:

“We have,” said he, “in our place an old gentleman, a retired physician, Dr. —, a very highly respected man, now seventy-eight years of age. He lost his wife some few years ago and being without a family and out of business, sort of lone in the world, he built those walls just through a whim. He works winter and summer in the caves with pick and wheel-barrow. When far in he works by a light. He has a grate there and in the coldest days of last winter he burnt coal. He says the work is his medicine, that he labors solely to keep his mind and body employed; that if he did not do so he should become paralyzed and sink into imbecility.”

It seems the doctor had been a highly successful practitioner, and some forty years ago prominently identified himself with the Washington Temperance Reform by lecturing and speaking. The temperance meetings were sometimes disturbed by rowdies. On an occasion going to a certain village to lecture where the baser sort had mobbed temperance speakers, he went fully armed. As he arose to speak he produced his weapon, a huge syringe, and holding it up to the audience, said: “This is my weapon of defence; if any among you should attempt to molest me they had better look out.” On saying which he laid down the syringe on the desk beside him and went on with his lecture in peace.

The approach to Zanesville was beautiful, the river for miles straight as an arrow, with low banks fringed with leaning willows and meadows on both sides, while in the distance the lofty wooded hills, near which the spires of Zanesville spring into view, gave a finishing touch to a scene of pastoral beauty.

At Zanesville we entered a canal by the side of the river. It was Saturday afternoon and some school-boys, with pantaloons drawn up to their knees, were wading in the water and greeted us with yells; thus, amid the exuberance of fresh young hearts I felt that my interesting voyage up the Muskingum had been blessed with a happy termination.

JEREMIAH McLAIN RUSK, Governor of Wisconsin for several successive terms and now a member of President Harrison's Cabinet, is a native of this county. In amiable parlance he is sometimes called "Uncle Jerry Rusk." He was born June 17, 1830 ; worked on a farm with intervals of study until when at twenty-three years of age he removed to Wisconsin and engaged in farming ; entered the national army, became Major of the 25th Wisconsin, and eventually Brevet Brigadier-General. Was four years Bank Comptroller of Wisconsin ; served six years as a Republican in Congress, where he was Chairman of the Committee of Pensions. During the threatened Milwaukee riots in May, 1886, his prompt action met with wide commendation in ordering the militia to fire on the dangerous mob when they attempted to destroy life and property.

JAMES W. DAWES, Governor of Nebraska for successive terms, was also a native of this county. He was born in McConnellsville, January 8, 1845. When a boy of eleven years he removed to Wisconsin with his parents. He was educated to the law ; removed to Nebraska, was sent by that State to the United States Senate in 1876. He was elected Governor by the Republicans in 1882 and again in 1884.

CHESTERFIELD, P. O. Chester Hill, is thirteen miles south of McConnellsville. Newspaper : *Morgan County Tribune*, Independent, W. R. Dutton, editor and publisher. School census, 1888, 158.

DEAVERTOWN is eleven miles northwest of McConnellsville. It has three churches. School census, 1888, 107.

STOCKPORT is ten miles south of McConnellsville, on the west bank of the Muskingum river and on the Z. & O. R. R. School census, 1888, 142.

EAGLEPORT is on the west bank of the Muskingum and Z. & O. R. R., eight miles above McConnellsville. It has a Protestant Methodist church and about thirty dwellings. It was below the dam here that Morgan's raiders forded the Muskingum.

MORROW.

MORROW COUNTY was formed February 24, 1848, from Richland, Knox, Marion and Delaware, and named from Jeremiah Morrow, of Warren county, Governor of Ohio from 1822 to 1826. Surface level on the west and south; north and east somewhat hilly; soil fertile, with large quarries of good building stone.

Area about 450 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 97,443; in pasture, 74,809; woodland, 41,291; lying waste, 804; produced in wheat, 195,996 bushels; rye, 3,022; buckwheat, 773; oats, 505,626; barley, 126; corn, 717,359; broom corn, 72 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 32,653 tons; clover hay, 6,383; flax, 7,000 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 47,674 bushels; tobacco, 278 lbs.; butter, 692,743; cheese, 70; sorghum, 757 gallons; maple syrup, 23,031; honey, 2,418 lbs.; eggs, 618,108 dozen; grapes, 3,830 lbs.; wine, 310 gallons; sweet potatoes, 170 bushels; apples, 3,563; peaches, 1,495; pears, 1,422; wool, 540,138 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,561. School census, 1888, 5,063; teachers, 248. Miles of railroad track, 55.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.
Bennington,	1,265	936	Lincoln,	891	901
Canaan,	1,223	1,087	North Bloomfield	1,443	1,227
Cardington,	1,358	2,376	Perry,	1,150	1,106
Chester,	1,620	975	Peru,	876	916
Congress,	1,651	1,262	South Bloomfield,	1,395	1,067
Franklin,	1,456	957	Troy,	640	730
Gilead,	1,680	2,653	Washington,	1,137	983
Harmony,	1,041	697	Westfield,	1,414	1,199

Population of Morrow in 1850, 20,380; 1860, 20,445; 1880, 19,072, of whom 15,390 were born in Ohio; 1,323, Pennsylvania; 455, New York; 294, Virginia; 108, Indiana; 27, Kentucky; 268, German Empire; 139, England and Wales; 131, Ireland; 39, British America; 9, Scotland; and 5, France. Census, 1890, 18,120.

This county is a little south of the centre of the State and is just south of the great water-shed, or rather lies on its broad summit, just far enough to have a slow drainage into the Ohio river.

The first permanent settlers came into the county just after the close of the war, 1812-1815, and the first grist and saw mill to accommodate the settlers was built by Asa Mosher on the Whetstone, in what is now Cardington township, in 1821. For many years supplies for the families were scarce and it was difficult to get the necessary grain and have it ground in the dry time of summer and fall. Corn meal and other supplies had to be packed on horseback from Owl creek and Delaware county, but with hominy blocks and roasting ears, mush and milk, and pone and buttermilk, venison and wild turkey, the people got along cheerily and hopefully.

Grabbing a Baby.—When the first settlers came there were Indians about, but on friendly terms with the settlers. The first settler in Washington township was Benjamin Sharrock, who came in the winter of 1818-1819. When his family came to their rude home in the wilderness they found themselves surrounded by the Indians. "Not long after their coming," says the County History, "Abner Sharrock was born, and when but a few

months old, in a wigwam not far away, an Indian boy, who was about the same age, died. Something of mother-love was manifested even in the breast of that dusky savage, in that immediately she longed to replace her lost pappoose, and between her wailings she came to Mr. Sharrock's cabin and asked for Abner. Of course, the request was denied; but when the mother's back was turned the squaw seized the little fellow in

her arms and darted out of the door into the woods toward her own wigwam. The mother gave chase, and when the squaw was in the act of crossing a fence she was caught. A

struggle ensued, but for once might and right were united, and the stolen child was rescued from the hands of his savage captor."

MOUNT GILEAD, county-seat of Morrow, about forty miles north of Columbus, is on the C. C. C. & I. and T. & O. C. Railroads. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Christian Cruber; Clerk, James E. McCracken; Commissioners, John McNeal, John McCracken, Aaron B. Keese; Coroner, Chauncey C. Dunham; Infirmary Directors, Lafayette S. Dudley, James Turner, Yelverton P. Barry; Probate Judge, Louis K. Powell; Prosecuting Attorney, Wm. H. Barnhard; Recorder, Sylvester R. Rauhauser; Sheriff, James R. McComb; Surveyor, Wm. C. Dennison; Treasurer, David V. Wherry. City officers, 1888: John A. Garver, Mayor; W. R. Baxter, Clerk; B. A. Barton, Treasurer; John B. Garbison, Marshal. Newspapers: *Morrow County Sentinel*, Republican, J. W. Griffith & Son, editors and publishers; *Union Register*, Democratic, W. G. Beebe, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Universalist. Banks: First National, Allen Levering, president, R. P. Halliday, cashier; Morrow County National, W. G. Beatty, president, George F. Wolcott, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Mount Gilead Building Co., doors, sash, etc., 7 hands; Anchor Milling Co., flour and feed, 4; McGowen & Co., drain tile, 4; *Morrow County Sentinel*, printing, etc., 5; H. Dunn, carriages and buggies, 6; Mount Gilead Machine Shop, repairing, 3; Buckeye Roller Mills, flour and feed, 4; Mount Gilead Pottery, jugs, jars, etc., 6; Dennison Brothers, drain tile, 6.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,216. School census, 1888, 387; J. H. Snyder, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 1,363.

Mount Gilead was laid out September 30, 1824, by Jacob Young, of Knox county, under the name of Whetsom, though it was generally called Youngstown. In 1832 the Legislature changed its name to Mount Gilead, and in 1839 it was incorporated. It is a rich farming country, and near it are valuable stone quarries, where are stone tile works, which, with the Mount Gilead tile works, largely manufacture all sizes and kinds of tile draining.

The town was of a slow growth. At the time of the issue of our original edition, in 1847, it was in Marion county, and therein was thus described: "Mount Gilead, eighteen miles southeast of Marion, is a flourishing village containing two churches, several stores, two or three mills, and about 400 inhabitants." On the formation of Morrow county in 1848 it became the county-seat, and it took a new start. The census of 1850 gave it a population of 646. The excitement of securing the county-seat after a hard struggle got vent in a great jollification by bonfires on the streets and a congratulatory meeting and speeches in the Presbyterian church, in the midst of which Capt. Rigdon broke his leg.

RUM AND SLAVERY were topics that interested the first settlers of town and county. As early as the spring of 1830 a temperance society with forty members was formed at Mount Gilead, and in 1840 an anti-slavery constitution for a society was signed by fourteen men and nine women. This was in the Presbyterian church. It was signed in the midst of the throwing of rotten eggs and an uproar from a howling mob who finally broke up the meeting.

A branch of the "underground railroad," which passed through the township, did a considerable business, though the principal depots were in Peru and Washington townships. In this connection a sad story is related in the County History.

Clipping the Hair of a United States Marshal.—In the early summer of 1860 some blacks were staying at a point about two miles south of Iberia. One evening the train stopped and let some parties get off in that vicinity. This fact was telegraphed by

rumor far and near. The young men saddled their horses and hastened to the protection of these fugitives. Two of them were rescued, but the third man was caught and remanded to slavery. But the boys were incensed. They caught the party, which

proved to be the deputy United States Marshal and two subordinates. Then some of the boys held the deputy for another to clip the hair off his head, while others administered some ironclad oaths to the subordinates and thrashed them most unmercifully.

Arrest and Imprisonment of President Gordon.—One who stood by, not consenting to, but opposing this summary punishment, was Rev. Mr. Gordon, then president of Ohio Central College, at Iberia. He was the one, however, who was brought to trial and imprisonment. After remaining in prison for some time, the affair was brought to the ears of President Lincoln, who immediately par-

doned him. But the pardon did not exonerate him from blame, and he refused to leave his prison cell, preferring to languish in prison to going out with the imputation of criminality upon him. His friends, however, persuaded or compelled him to avail himself of the pardon and leave his prison cell. But disease had fastened upon him, breathing the fetid atmosphere of his damp cell, and his release was only just in time to save his life. The respite was but brief. The release did not bring permanent relief. A few brief years passed, and the disease contracted in that prison cell in Cleveland brought him to an untimely death, which occurred in 1868.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED BABY.

On October 12, 1870, there was born in Peru township, this county, one of the most remarkable double children ever known. This monstrosity consisted of two perfect children from the heads to the umbilicus or navel, which was in common. From this point the two united to form one body, the intestinal and secretory and excretory organs were common to both, and the genital organs those of a female child. On one side were two well-formed legs, extending from the side of the body at an equal distance from each head, and at right angles to the body, perfect in all respects with the exception of a slight twist in one of the feet. At the other side of the body a double leg, or two legs united or blended into one; this also extended at right angles. This double leg terminated in a double foot on which were eight toes and two heels.

At birth it weighed about twelve pounds. The mother was healthy, and was not aware of any circumstances to account for the peculiar and very extraordinary form of the child. From its birth both parts were as healthy as the average infant, although one was somewhat the stronger, and the mother, for lack of sufficient nutriment for both, was obliged to have recourse to the bottle for the stronger one. The parts were named Mina and Minnie, respectively.

The circulation of the blood at the two extremities of this double child was perfectly independent. The pulse at the wrist of one set of arms had, upon examination, been found to beat six beats faster than that of the other, while the prick of a pin or pinch of the shoulders attached to one head was not noticed by the other. Sometimes one was asleep while the other was awake and playing, and again both were asleep.

The appearance of the child was not at all repulsive, as is sometimes the case with monstrosities, but both faces were bright, intelligent and pleasing.

The mother of the child was Ann Eliza Finley, born in Champaign county, July 28, 1836; she was a robust woman, quiet and self-possessed in manner. June 6, 1859, she married Joseph Finley. He was born in Pennsylvania, August 18, 1824; removed to Ohio in 1845, and in 1862 enlisted in the 96th Ohio Volunteer Infantry and served for three years in the South and Southwest without losing a single day from sickness, absence, or any other cause. Previous to the birth of

this remarkable child the parents had two daughters and one son and afterwards a daughter; none of these had anything peculiar in their organization.

About five months after the birth of the child it was taken on a tour for exhibition in the principal cities of the United States. At Philadelphia an examination was made by physicians and surgeons of the Jefferson Medical College and a lecture delivered upon it by Dr. Getchell in the presence of many physicians and scientists.

Dr. H. Besse, of Delaware, Ohio, had charge of the double child, both as business agent and physician, from a short time after its birth until its death, and it is from his very interesting work entitled "Diploteratology" that this account is abridged.

The death of the child occurred at Boston, Mass., July 18, 1871, just nine months and six days after its birth.

A few days previous to the death Mina had had a severe attack of cholera infantum, but had partially recovered when Minnie, who had been but slightly affected at the time when Mina was worst, was seized with an attack of vomiting and gradually sank until 7.15 in the evening, when she passed away, and was followed just one hour later by Mina.

A post-mortem examination was held which revealed many wonderful curiosities, both in anatomy and physiology, a full account of which is given in Dr. Besse's book. The body was for a time preserved in a casket with glass facings, but was afterwards buried.

Numerous cases of the births of double children have occurred, but none so remarkable in all its conditions as this of Mina and Minnie Finley. In most such cases death usually comes a short time after birth and many are still born. Few reach maturity, although there have been instances, as the

Siamese Twins, the Hungarian Sisters, and Millie and Chrissie Smith, the Carolina Twins, now living at the age of thirty-nine. In every such case the death of one part is followed within a few hours by the death of the other.

THE SAD FATE OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM.

A pathetic case of martyrdom in the cause of human liberty was that of Richard Dillingham, of Morrow county, as related in the "Reminiscences of Levi Coffin." He was the son of Quaker parents and himself a consistent member of the Society of Friends. On attaining his majority he engaged in school teaching and held a high reputation for uprightness and fidelity to conscientious principles. In December, 1848, then in Cincinnati, he was earnestly solicited by some colored people to go to Nashville, Tennessee, and bring away their relations who were slaves under a hard master. He undertook the project, but was betrayed by a colored man in whom he confided, was arrested and imprisoned.

While awaiting trial he wrote a very pathetic letter to his betrothed, whom he offered to release from all obligations to him, but she nobly chose to prove her constancy. His trial took place April 13, 1849. After counsel had closed, he rose and in a calm and dignified manner made the following appeal :

DILLINGHAM'S APPEAL.

"By the kind permission of the court, for which I am sincerely thankful, I avail myself of the privilege of adding a few words to the remarks already made by my counsel. And although I stand, by my own confession, as a criminal in the eyes of your violated laws, yet, I feel confident that I am addressing those who have hearts to feel, and in meting out the punishment that I am about to suffer I hope you will be lenient, for it is a new situation in which I am placed. Never before in the whole course of my life have I been charged with a dishonest act. And, from my childhood, kind parents, whose name I deeply reverence, have instilled into my mind a desire to be virtuous and honorable; and it has ever been my aim so to conduct myself as to merit the confidence and esteem of my fellow-men. But, gentlemen, I have violated your laws. This offence I did commit, and I now stand before you, to my sorrow and regret, as a criminal. But I was prompted to it by feelings of humanity. It has been suspected, as I was informed, that I was leagued with a fraternity who are combined for the purpose of committing such offences as the one with which I am charged. But, gentlemen, the impression is false. I

alone am guilty; I alone committed the offence, and I alone must suffer the penalty. My parents, my friends, my relations are as innocent of any participation in or knowledge of my offence as the babe unborn. My parents are still living, though advanced in years, and, in the course of nature, a few more years will terminate their earthly existence. In their old age and infirmity they will need a stay and protection, and if you can consistently with your ideas of justice, make my term of imprisonment a short one, you will receive the lasting gratitude of a son who reverences his parents and the prayers and blessings of an aged father and mother who love their child."

This appeal created a great sensation in the court-room and several of the jury wept. They retired and in a few minutes brought in a verdict for three years in the penitentiary, the mildest sentence the law allowed for the offence committed.

In the summer of 1850 the cholera broke out in the penitentiary. Dillingham was untiring in his kindly ministrations to the sick and dying fellow-prisoners, until one Sabbath morning he was himself attacked, died at noon and was buried at half-past three the same day.

DANIEL MCCARTNEY, THE MEMORY PRODIGY.

One of the most extraordinary cases known of memory, united to power of arithmetical calculation, was illustrated by Daniel McCartney, who resided a large part of his life in this county and then passed his last days in Iowa, where he died in 1887. Our attention was directed to this case by a letter from the venerable Joseph Morris, of the Society of Friends, written from Cardington, "second month, 14th, 1888," which we subjoin together with the printed account from the *Cardington Independent*. Who wrote the newspaper article we do not

know. A sister of Mr. McCartney, Mrs. Mary R. Storey, once lived, and perhaps is yet living, in Iberia.

For many years, writes Friend Morris, I was well acquainted with Daniel McCartney; he has also been at my house. The first time that I remember to have seen this extraordinary man I stepped into a wagon-maker's shop in Cardington on business and was introduced to Daniel McCartney, and was informed of his remarkable memory and that he could call to mind all that he had seen for twenty years. "Yes," said he, "longer than that."

I told him that my wife and I were united in marriage on the 27th of the eleventh month, 1828, nearly twenty years ago. "Please tell me what was the day of the week?" I noticed a thoughtful expression come over his countenance, and then almost immediately the reply came. "Thursday; you Friends call it fifth day." I asked him to tell how the weather was on that day. He said it was dark and a little stormy, which was the case. He laughed and said we killed a beef that day.

I asked him if he remembered what they had on the table for dinner. He said he did, and mentioned among other things, butter, but said he did not eat any butter, for he was not fond of it. At other times and on other occasions I have heard him answer questions without once giving evidence of being mistaken. I would further add he was a worthy and consistent man, I am directed by J. D. Cox, of Cincinnati, ex-Governor of Ohio, to write to thee on this occasion.

[From the *Cardington Independent*.]

Daniel McCartney died on the 15th of November, 1887, in Muscatine, Iowa, being a little over seventy years old. In view of the claims of Mr. McCartney and his friends as to his ability to remember the occurrences of each day since he was a boy of ten years, I feel that something more than a passing notice is required. He removed with his father and mother, Robert and Lydia McCartney, when he was sixteen years old, from Washington county, Pa., and settled in Washington township, Morrow county, Ohio.

After living here two years the family went to live in Cardington, the same county, where the father, Robert McCartney, died soon after, leaving his son Daniel to be supported by his relatives, who lived in various parts of the county.

His inability to support himself was caused by his defective vision, and although his sight became so much improved as to enable him to learn to read when he was about forty-two years old, yet it was with such great difficulty that his acquisitions can be said in no way to be due to his reading.

I will give a few extracts from the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, written by our State Superintendent, in which he speaks of three several examinations he gave Mr.

McCartney. In the first he gave him twenty-four dates belonging to nineteen different years. He gave the days of the week correctly in an average of four seconds, with a description of the weather with the associating circumstances. In the second examination he was given thirty-one dates in twenty-nine different years, for which he gave the days of the week, the weather and associating circumstances. The average time for giving the day of the week was five seconds. In the third examination he repeated the fifty-five dates previously given, to which he gave the same days of the week, the same description of the weather and the same associating circumstances, in some cases adding others.

That the reader may more clearly understand what has just been written, I will give Mr. McCartney's answer to a question of my own: "Wife and I were married on the 28th day of January, 1836; give the day of the week, the kind of weather, etc.?" He gave answer in a few seconds. "You were married on Thursday, there was snow on the ground, good sleighing and not very cold; father and I were hauling hay; a sole came off the sled, we had to throw the hay off, put a new sole on the sled and load up again before we could go."

Meeting Mr. McCartney perhaps a dozen of years afterwards, I said to him, you told me the kind of a day I was married on. I looked him in the eye, which was the same as saying, "If your memory is as good as you claim you can repeat what you said on the former occasion." He replied instantly, "Yes, it was on the 28th day of January, 1836," and repeated the same story of his father and himself hauling hay, etc. My wife asked, "What kind of a day was the 16th of February, 1837?" He instantly threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, how it snowed!" which we knew to be true. At the same time I read (perhaps half a dozen) passages from the Bible, taken at random." Their exact location, book, chapter and verse were immediately given.

I then gave him a number of mathematical problems, such as to multiply 786 by 392; what is the cube root of 357911, etc.; to all of which he gave answers obtained mentally, and all were correctly given. I will give a few extracts from a committee's report of the result of an examination held in Columbus, March 29th, 1871, which was sufficient to shake the scepticism as to the correctness of all Mr. McCartney's claims. The Hon. E. E. White conducted the arithmetical examinations, Rev. Phillips the Biblical examination, and T. C. Mendenhall, of the Columbus high school, attested the accuracy of answers as to the days of the weeks.

One of the arithmetical questions asked was: "What is the cube root of 4,741,625?" to which a correct mental answer was given

in a few seconds. Another problem was, "increase 89 to the sixth power;" he gave the answer obtained mentally in ten minutes, 496,984,290,961. The committee concluded their report in these words: "Mr. McCartney's experiences seem to be ready to appear before him at his bidding in all their original distinctness, which shows clearly that among the prodigies of memory recorded in history in the front rank must be placed Daniel McCartney."

From the *Cleveland Leader* of April 19, 1871, I give the following extract: "The exhibition was a most full and unanswerable argument in support of the claim that Daniel McCartney has no peer; his peculiar gifts are more varied and wonderful than any other." I knew of several attempts to exhibit Mr. McCartney to the public, all of which proved to be failures as far as money-making was concerned. The last attempt I knew of was made by a prominent citizen of our own county in the year 1871. When my opinion as to the success of the enterprise was asked, I told the agent that it would be a failure, not from any defects of McCartney in heart or mind, but because the capital he intended to invest was intellectual (the powers of soul)

and not physical. I said, if you were showing the double-headed baby the public would be charmed at the sight. No one would be so poor as not to be willing to give his fifty cents. But his prominent traits were those of the mind, which soared so far above the majority of the public as to be lost to their view.

How very few people there are who can realize the powers of a mind that can solve an arithmetical problem in the cube root mentally in a few seconds. Or how few are there who could realize the powers of memory by which Mr. McCartney could summon every prominent act of his life into his presence with all their original distinctness; or how very few there are who could tell whether the statements made by him were true or false. No one could tell unless he had kept a record of the occurrences of days and dates for the last fifty or sixty years. Such a record has been kept by many of our citizens, to whom the majority must look for a knowledge of the facts. In early life Mr. McCartney made a profession of religion by uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a worthy, consistent member to the close of his life.

Morrow claims the honor of being the birthplace of two eminent men, ALBERT P. MOREHOUSE, born in Peru township, and governor of Missouri in 1888, and CALVIN S. BRICE, born in Canaan township. In one sense this is not true, for neither of them were born in the county. Peru, at the time of the birth of the first, was in Delaware county, and Canaan, the birthplace of Mr. Brice, in Marion county. Morrow county came into existence later than either, and clasped both in her arms as her production.

The father of Mr. Morehouse was at one time county sheriff, and Albert passed his young days at Mount Gilead, in company with Andrew Jackson Calhoun Foye, now one of the leading and most enthusiastic spirits of the Ohio Society in New York, and they as "boys together had good times."

Mr. Brice was born in Denmark, Ohio, September 17, 1845. His father was Rev. William K. Brice, a Presbyterian minister, who came from Maryland in 1840, and settled in the village of Denmark, Canaan township. His mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Stewart, was from Carroll county, Ohio.

Calvin attended the public schools until September, 1858, when, at the age of thirteen, he entered the preparatory department of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio.

At fifteen years of age he enlisted in Capt. Dodd's University company, which, in response to President Lincoln's call in 1861, offered its services for the suppression of the rebellion. The company was sent to Camp Jackson, Columbus, where he took his first lesson in military discipline. In April, 1862, he was enrolled in the 86th O. V. I., and

served, with his regiment, during the summer of that year in West Virginia.

Returning to the university, he completed his course and graduated in June, 1863; then taught school for a brief space at Lima; in the fall of 1864 recruited Company E of the 180th O. V. I. regiment, and as its captain, on the close of the war he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel for meritorious service, he being then just of age. In 1866 he graduated at the law school of Ann Arbor University, Michigan, practised law in Ohio until 1870, when he embarked in great railroad enterprises, by which he secured, as is popularly believed, correspondingly large means. Politics also interested him. In 1876 he was one of the Tilden electors for Ohio, and in 1880 one of the Cleveland electors, and had the high honor of being unanimously chosen chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, and still higher in 1890 as being elected as Ohio's successor in the United States Senate to Hon. Henry B. Payne. Mr. Brice stands high as a man of large capacity in affairs, generous in disposition, of singular mental alertness, and electric in action.

IBERIA is nine miles north of Mount Gilead. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 United Presbyterian church and about fifty dwellings.

Before the war Ohio Central College was established here, and its president, Rev. George Gordon, arrested and imprisoned for the violation of the fugitive slave law, as related. The old college building is now used for the "*Working Home for the Blind.*" This was opened June 20, 1887, with G. C.

Tressel, of Cleveland, superintendent, with his wife and daughters as assistants. The State supplied the building, shop, and equipments, and it was the hope that it would be self-sustaining without further State aid. It has but few inmates, and the institution is as yet experimental.

CARDINGTON is five miles southwest of Mount Gilead, on the Olentangy, a branch of the Scioto, and on the C. C. C. & I. R. R., forty-one miles north of Columbus.

City officers, 1888: O. P. Russell, Mayor; G. H. Ruhlman, Clerk; Frank Shaw, Treasurer; I. C. Miller, Marshal; Robert Bendle, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Morrow County Independent*, Republican, E. E. Neal, editor. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Protestant, one Presbyterian, one Catholic, and one Lutheran. Banks: Cardington Banking Co., Thos. E. Duncan, president; W. G. Beatty, cashier. First National, F. P. Hills, president, E. J. Vaughn, cashier.

Manufactures and employees: *Cardington Independent*, printing, 4 hands; C. Koppe, whiskey, 2; Gray Brothers & Co., machine repairing, 10; Dawson & Wherry, flour and feed, 6; R. T. Mills, flour and feed, 2; N. W. Hartman, feed mills, etc., 10; Hercules Manufacturing Co., wheat scourers, 6; J. S. Peck, furniture, 12.—*State Reports*. Population, 1880, 1365. School census, 1888, 366; A. L. Banker, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$18,000. Value of annual product, \$21,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

CENTERVILLE is eight miles southeast of Mt. Gilead. Population, 1880, 266. School census, 1888, 78.

EDISON is two miles west of Mt. Gilead, at the junction of the C. C. C. & I. and T. & O. C. Railroads. It has two churches—one Methodist Episcopal and one Baptist. School census, 1888, 152.

SPARTA is thirteen miles southeast of Mt. Gilead. Population, 1880, 235. School census, 1888, 100.

MARENGO is ten miles south of Mt. Gilead, on Big Walnut Creek and T. & O. C. R. R. It has one Methodist Episcopal Church. School census, 1888, 102.

JOHNSVILLE (P. O. Schauck's) is ten miles northeast of Mt. Gilead. School census, 1888, 98.

MUSKINGUM.

MUSKINGUM COUNTY was formed March 1, 1804, from Washington and Fairfield. The word Muskingum, said Kilbourn's *Gazetteer*, "is said to signify in the old Indian language *an elk's eye*, or the *glare of an elk's eye*." Col. John Johnston stated that "Muskingum is a Delaware word and means a town on the river side. The Shawanese call it *Wa-ka-tamo sepe*, which has the same signification." The surface is rolling or hilly, and clay the predominating soil. The ancient works are numerous. It is a rich and thickly settled county.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 101,104; in pasture, 184,065; woodland, 61,850; lying waste, 3,428; produced in wheat, 301,744 bushels; rye, 5,807; buckwheat, 492; oats, 225,726; barley, 3,205; corn, 1,029,912; broom corn, 523 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 43,616 tons; clover hay, 2,971; potatoes, 81,149 bushels; tobacco, 300 lbs.; butter, 867,128; sorghum, 4,070 gallons; maple syrup, 1,733; honey, 5,662 lbs.; eggs, 91,200 dozen; grapes, 43,782 lbs.; wine, 794 gallons; sweet potatoes, 5,361 bushels; apples, 9,525; peaches, 9,474; pears, 2,832; wool, 746,478 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,590. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal, 211,861 tons, employing 400 miners and 56 outside employees; fire-clay, 840 tons; limestone, 4,001 tons burned for lime; 23,634 tons burned for fluxing; 2,120 cubic feet of dimension stone; 2,021 cubic yards of building stone; 1,620 square feet of paving; 9,248 lineal feet of curbing. School census, 1888, 15,637; teachers, 348. Miles of railroad track, 156.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	988	785	Monroe,	918	980
Blue Rock,	1,074	1,188	Muskingum,	1,252	1,018
Brush Creek,	1,765	1,210	Newton,	2,707	2,250
Cass,		962	Perry,	1,061	1,050
Clay,		887	Rich Hill,	1,426	1,404
Falls,	2,002	1,733	Salem,	1,002	874
Harrison,	1,426	1,245	Salt Creek,	1,252	1,131
Highland,	884	953	Springfield,	2,334	1,280
Hopewell,	1,807	1,674	Union,	1,625	1,793
Jackson,	1,123	1,500	Washington,	1,486	1,305
Jefferson,	2,128	1,230	Wayne,	1,276	1,605
Licking,	1,322	948	Zanesville		
Madison,	1,070	1,128	(City & Twp.),	5,141	18,113
Meigs,	1,333	1,528			

Population of Muskingum in 1820 was 17,824; 1830, 29,335; 1840, 38,746; 1860, 44,416; 1880, 49,774, of whom 40,798 were born in Ohio; 1,996, Pennsylvania; 1,575, Virginia; 339, New York; 154, Indiana; 90, Kentucky; 1,508, German Empire; 840, Ireland; 430, England and Wales; 113, France; 42, Scotland; 37, British America; and 5, Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 51,210.

The Muskingum country was principally occupied by the Wyandots, Delawares and a few Senecas and Shawanese. An Indian town once stood, years before the settlement of the country, in the vicinity of Duncan Falls, from which circumstance the place was often called "Old Town." Near Dresden was a large Shawanese town called Wakatomaca. The grave-yard was extensive, and when the whites first settled there the remains of cabins were still visible. It was in this vicinity that the venerable Major Cass, the father of Hon. Lewis Cass,

lived and died. He drew 4,000 acres for his military services, and the location embraced within its limits the ancient town plot of the natives.

THE WAKATOMACA CAMPAIGN.

The annexed narrative of an expedition against Wakatomaca is from *Doddridge's Notes*.

Under the command of Colonel Angus McDonald, four hundred men were collected from the western part of Virginia by the order of the Earl of Dunmore, the then Governor of Virginia. The place of rendezvous was Wheeling, some time in the month of June, 1774. They went down the river in boats and canoes to the mouth of the Captina, from thence by the shortest route to the Wakatomaca town, about sixteen miles below the present Coshocton. The pilots were Jonathan Zane, Thomas Nicholson and Tady Kelly. About six miles from the town the army were met by a party of Indians to the number of forty or fifty, who gave a skirmish by the way of ambuscade, in which two of our men were killed and eight or nine wounded. One Indian was killed and several wounded. It was supposed that several more of them were killed but they were carried off. When the army came to the town it was found evacuated; the Indians had retreated to the opposite shore of the river where they had formed an ambuscade, supposing the party would cross the river from the town. This was immediately discovered. The commanding officer then sent sentinels up and down the river to give notice in case the Indians should attempt to cross above or below the town. A private in the company of Captain Cressap, of the name of John Hargus, one of the sentinels below the town, displayed the skill of a backwoods sharpshooter. Seeing an Indian behind a blind across the river raising up his head at times to look over the river, Hargus charged his rifle with a second ball and taking deliberate aim passed both balls through the neck of the Indian. The Indians dragged off the body and buried it with the honors of war.

It was found the next morning and scalped by Hargus.

Soon after the town was taken the Indians from the opposite shore sued for peace. The commander offered them peace on condition of their sending over their chiefs as hostages. Five of them came over the river and were put under guard as hostages. In the morning they were marched in front of the army over the river. When the party had reached the western bank of the Muskingum the Indians represented that they could not make peace without the presence of the chiefs of the other towns. On which one of the chiefs was released to bring in the others. He did not return in the appointed time. Another chief was permitted to go on the same errand, who in like manner did not return. The party then moved up the river to the next town, which was about a mile above the first and on the opposite shore. Here we had a slight skirmish with the Indians, in which one of them was killed and one of our men wounded. It was then discovered that during all the time spent in negotiation the Indians were employed in removing their women and children, old people and effects, from the upper towns. The towns were burned and the corn cut up. The party then returned to the place from which they set out, bringing with them the three remaining chiefs, who were sent to Williamsburgh. They were released at the peace the succeeding fall.

The army were out of provisions before they left the towns and had to subsist on weeds, one ear of corn each day, with a very scanty supply of game. The corn was obtained at one of the Indian towns.—*Doddridge's Notes*.

Additional to the above we give the *Reminiscences of Abraham Thomas*, published in the *Troy Times*, about 1839. He was on this expedition, and, later, among the early settlers of Miami county.

The collected force consisted of four hundred men. I was often at their encampment; and against the positive injunctions of my parents, could not resist my inclination to join them. At this time I was eighteen years of age, owned my own rifle and accoutrements, and had long been familiar with the use of them. Escaping, I made the best possible provision I could from my own resources and hastened to enter as a volunteer under old Mike, then Captain Cressap.

The plan of the expedition was for every man to cross the Ohio with seven days' provision in his pack. The object was to attack the

Indians in their villages at Wakatomaca. Some were on the waters of the Muskingum. On the first or second day's march after crossing the Ohio we were overtaken by a Colonel McDonald, a British officer, who highly incensed the troops by ordering a halt for three days, during which we were consuming our provisions. While lying here a violent storm through the night had wet our arms and McDonald ordered the men to discharge them in a hollow log to deaden the report. My rifle would not go off and I took the barrel out to unbreech it. In doing this I made some noise in beating it with my

tomahawk, on which McDonald came towards me swearing, with an uplifted cane, threatening to strike. I instantly rose on my feet with the rifle barrel in my hand and stood in an attitude of defence. We looked each other in the eye for some time; at last he dropped his cane and walked off, while the whole troop set up a laugh, crying, "The boy has scared the colonel." Cressap heard what was going on and approached to defend me, but seeing how well I could defend myself stood by, smiling at the fracas. The colonel having no reputation as an Indian fighter was very naturally disliked as a leader by Cressap and the men.

The Attack.—From this encampment we proceeded towards the Indian villages with the intention of surprising them; but late in the afternoon before we reached them we encountered the Indians lying in ambush on the top of a second bottom. We had just crossed a branch, and were marching along its first bottom with a view of finding some place to cross a swamp that lay between us and the upper bottom. The men were marching in three parallel, Indian-file columns, some distance apart. On espying a trace across the swamp, the heads of the columns, in passing it, were thrown together, and as soon as they had gained the bank, unexpectedly received the fire of the enemy. The troops immediately deployed to the right and left, under the bank, and commenced ascending it, when the skirmish became general and noisy for about thirty minutes. The Indians then gave way in every direction. In this fight we had four or five killed and many wounded; it was supposed the Indians suffered much more.

During the engagement, while I was ascending the point of a bank formed by a ravine from the second bottom, in company with two men, Martin and Fox, all aiming to gain the cover of some large oak trees on the top, they both fell. The first was killed, the last wounded in the breast, the ball having entered the bone, but was drawn out with the clothes. Those men were walking in a line with each other, and an Indian chief, concealed behind the tree for which I was aiming, shot them both with one ball. I took no notice whence the ball came, and hastened to the tree. Just as I had gained it the chief fell dead from the other side and rolled at my feet. It seems a neighbor, who had seen him fire at Martin and Fox, and dodge behind the tree, stood ready to give him a shot whenever he should again make his appearance. The Indian had got his ball half down and peeped out to look at me, when Wilson shot him in the head.

Cowardice of McDonald.—The Indians retreated towards Wakatomaca, flanked by two companies in hot pursuit. We followed in the rear, and as the last Indian was stepping out of the water, Capt. Teabaugh, a great soldier and a good marksman, brought him to the ground. I was at the time standing near Teabaugh, and shall never forget the thrilling emotion produced by this incident.

During this battle one of the men, Jacob Newbold, saw the colonel lying snug behind a fallen tree, sufficiently remote from danger, had there been no defence. It was immediately noised among the men, who were in high glee at the joke. One would cry out, "Who got behind the log?" when an hundred voices would reply, "The colonel! the colonel!" At this McDonald became outrageous. I heard him inquire for the man who had raised the report, and threatened to punish him. I went round and told Newbold what the colonel had said. "That's your sort," said he. Raising on his feet and going towards the colonel, he declared he did see him slink behind the log during the battle. He gave his rifle to a man standing by, cut some hickories and stood on the defence, at which the whole company roared with laughter and the colonel took himself off to another part of the line. Night was now at hand, and the division was ordered by the colonel to encamp in an oak woods, in sight of the Indian villages. Cressap's party lying by themselves. This evening Jack Hayes was spying down the creek, saw an Indian looking at us through the forks of a low tree. He levelled his rifle and shot him directly between the eyes, and brought him into camp.

Flight of the Indians.—Just after nightfall Col. McDonald was hailed from over the creek by an Indian, who implored peace in behalf of his tribe. He was invited over by the colonel, who held a parley with him, but declined entering into terms until more Indians were present. It was then proposed that if two white men would go with the Indians, they would send over two more of their number to us; but none being willing to undertake the visit, two came over and stayed all night in the colonel's tent. But their only object was to watch the troops and gain time to remove their families and effects from the town. Capt. Cressap was up the whole night among his men, going the rounds and cautioning them to keep their arms in condition for a morning attack, which he confidently expected. About two hours before daybreak he silently formed his men, examined each rifle, and led them across the creek into the villages, leaving McDonald, with the other troops, in the encampment. At this time the Indians who had passed the night in the camp escaped. The village was directly surrounded, and the savages fled from it into the adjoining thicket in the utmost consternation. In this attack none were killed on either side but one Indian by Capt. Cressap.

Benefit of Tobacco.—By this time the camp was nearly out of provisions, with a three days' march before them. A small quantity of old corn and one cow were the entire spoils of the villages. Those were distributed among the men, the villages burned, and the troops immediately commenced their march for the Ohio river, where they expected to meet provisions sent down from Redstone. The men became exceedingly famished on this march, and myself being young, was so weak that I could no longer carry anything on my person.

An older brother and one or two others kept encouraging me. One of them had a good stock of tobacco. I saw him take it, and with an earnestness bordering on delirium insisted on having some. As I had never used it before they refused, thinking it would entirely disable me; but as I was so importunate they at last gave me a small piece. I directly felt myself relieved. They gave me more, and in a short time my strength and spirits returned. I took my arms and baggage, and was able to travel with the rest of them, and was actually the first to reach the Ohio.

Here we met the boats, but nothing in them but corn in the ear. Every man was soon at work with his tomahawk, crushing it

on the stones and mixing it with water in gourds or leaves fashioned in the shape of cups, while some provident ones enjoyed the aristocratic luxury of tin cups; but all seemed alike to relish the repast. A party of us crossed the Ohio that day for the settlement, when we came up with a drove of hogs in tolerable order. We shot one and eat him on the spot, without criticising with much nicety the mode or manner of preparation. Indeed, the meat of itself was so savory and delicious we thought of little else. In a few days I returned to my parents, and after a little domestic storming and much juvenile vaunting of our exploits, settled down to clearing.

The following historical sketch of Zanesville is from a series of editorial articles in the *Zanesville Gazette* of 1835. In May, 1796, Congress passed a law authorizing Ebenezer Zane to open a road from Wheeling, in Virginia, to Limestone, now Maysville, Ky. In the following year Mr. Zane, accompanied by his brother, Jonathan Zane, and his son-in-law, John McIntyre, both experienced woodsmen, proceeded to mark out the new road, which was afterwards cut out by the two latter. The cutting out, however, was a very hasty business, in which nothing more was attempted than to make the road passable for horsemen. As a compensation for opening this road, Congress granted to Ebenezer the privilege of locating military warrants upon three sections of land, not to exceed one mile square each; the first of these to be at the crossing of the Muskingum, the second at the Hockhocking, and the third at the Scioto. It has been generally said that these were free grants to Mr. Zane for opening the road; but an examination of the law will show that it was only a permission for Mr. Zane to locate his warrant on land which had not been appropriated to that purpose.

Mr. Zane first proposed to cross the Muskingum at Duncan's falls; but foreseeing the value of the hydraulic power created by the falls where Zanesville now stands, he crossed the river at that point, and thus became entitled to a section of land embracing the falls. Regarding the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the vicinity, his next choice was selected where Lancaster has since been built, rather than at the crossing of what now bears the name of Rush creek, which is really the main branch of the Hockhocking. At the Scioto he was obliged to locate his warrant on the eastern side of the river, as the western shore lay within the Virginia military district. His location was made nearly opposite to Chilli-cothe. These choice tracts would no doubt have all been taken up before that time, but they had not been surveyed and brought into market. The country east of the Muskingum, and for some distance west also, being hilly and comparatively poor, this was thought to be the least valuable section of the three, and E. Zane gave it to his brother Jonathan and J. McIntire, for assisting him and opening the road.

One of the conditions annexed to the grant of Mr. Zane was that he should keep ferries across these rivers during the pleasure of Congress. Messrs. Zane and McIntire gave the Muskingum ferry for five years to Wm. McCulloch and Henry Crooks, on condition that they should move to the place and keep the ferry, which they did. The ferry was kept about where the upper bridge is situated, and the ford was near the site of the present dam. The ferry-boat was composed of two canoes with a stick lashed across. The first flatboat used for the ferry was one in which

Mr. McIntire removed from Wheeling in 1799. Mr. Zane resided at Wheeling. The first mail ever carried in Ohio was brought from Marietta to McCulloch's cabin, by Daniel Convers, in 1798, where, by the arrangement of the postmaster-general, it met a mail from Wheeling and one from Limestone. McCulloch, who could barely read, was authorized to assort the mails and send each package in its proper direction, for which he received \$30 per annum. But the service often fell to Mr. Convers, as he was more expert. At that time the aforesaid mails met

here weekly. Four years after, a number of families having settled here, a regular post-office was opened, and Thomas Dowden appointed postmaster, who kept his office in a wooden building near the river, on Front street.

Zanesville Laid Out.—In 1799 Messrs. Zane and McIntire laid out the town, which they called *Westbourn*, a name which it continued to bear until a post-office was established by the postmaster-general, under the name of ZANESVILLE, and the village soon took the same name. A few families from the Kanawha settled on the west side of the river soon after McCulloch arrived, and the settlement received pretty numerous accessions until it became a *point* of importance. It contained one store and no tavern. The latter inconvenience, however, was remedied by Mr. McIntire, who, for public accommodation rather than for private emolument, opened a house of entertainment. It is due to Mr. McIntire and his lady to say that their accommodations, though in a log-cabin, were such as to render their house the traveller's home. Prior to that time there were several grogshops where travellers might stop, and after partaking of a rude supper they could spread their blankets and bearskins on the floor, and sleep with their feet to the fire, but the opening of Mr. McIntire's house introduced the luxury of comfortable beds, and although his board was covered with the fruits of the soil and the chase rather than the luxuries of foreign climes, the fare was various and abundant. This, the *first hotel* at Zanesville, stood at what is now the corner of Market and Second streets, a few rods from the river, in an open maple grove without any underbrush. It was a pleasant spot, well shaded with trees, and in full view of the falls. The engraving was made from the description of one who knew it well.

Louis Philippe, the Present King of France, was once a guest of Mr. McIntire. The Hon. Lewis Cass, in his "Camp and Court of Louis Philippe," thus alludes to the circumstance :

"At Zanesville the party found the comfortable cabin of Mr. McIntire, whose name has been preserved in the king's memory, and whose house was a favorite place of rest and refreshment for all the travellers who at this early period were compelled to traverse that part of the country. And if these pages should chance to meet the eyes of any of those who, like the writer, have passed many a pleasant hour under the roof of this uneducated but truly worthy and respectable man, he trusts they will unite in this tribute to his memory."

At that time all the iron, nails, castings, flour, fruit, with many other articles now produced here in abundance, were brought from Pittsburg and Wheeling, either upon pack-horses across the country or by the river in canoes. Oats and corn were usually brought about fifty miles up the river in canoes, and were worth from 75 cents to \$1 per bushel; flour, \$6 to \$8 per barrel. In 1802 David

Harvey opened a tavern at the intersection of Third and Main streets, which was about the first shingle-roofed house in the town. Mr. McIntire, having only kept entertainment for public accommodation, discontinued after the opening of Mr. Harvey's tavern.

In 1804, when the legislature passed an act establishing the county of Muskingum, the commissioners appointed to select a site for the county-seat reported in favor of Zanesville. The buildings were yet few in number and the streets and lots were principally covered with the native growth; but the citizens, in order to put on the best appearance possible, turned out, while Zanesville was yet a candidate (if we may so speak) for the county-seat, and cut out the bushes from some of the principal streets, and especially from the public square, that the situation might appear to the best possible advantage in the eyes of the commissioners. Some were anxious that the county-seat should be at Coshocton, and others preferred the Cass section above Dresden, but Zanesville was finally selected, but in part because it was so near Marietta, as to render any county between the two places forever unnecessary. Muskingum included within its original limits the present counties of Muskingum and Coshocton, besides the greater part of what now constitutes the counties of Holmes, Tuscarawas and Guernsey, and a part of Perry, Morgan, Monroe and Carroll.

The County-Seat having been established, the town improved more rapidly, and as the unappropriated United States military lands had been brought into market during the preceding year (1803), and a land-office established at Zanesville, many purchases and settlements were made in the county. The first court in Zanesville sat in Harvey's tavern. In a short time afterwards a wooden jail was erected, and also a wooden building, the lower part of which served as a residence for the sheriff and his family, and the upper room was used as a court-room and as a place for all public meetings, political or religious. These buildings stood between the site of the present court-house and jail, and were afterwards burnt down by a negro, who was confined on a charge of larceny.

Arrest of Counterfeiters.—An anecdote may serve to convey some idea of the difficulties of frontier life. It may also show that vice and crime were not less scorned than in later days. After the organization of the county, but before the erection of any public buildings, two men were apprehended on a charge of counterfeiting silver dollars. It was impracticable to send them to the jail at Marietta, a distance of sixty miles through the woods, until the next term of court, to which they were bound over. To turn them loose or permit them to escape would encourage others to depredate in like manner; it was necessary, therefore, that they should be punished. Under these circumstances Mr. McIntire called on Daniel Convers, and in strong language stated his views, adding, "We must take them in charge and keep

them until court." This was contrary to law, but as necessity knows no law the justice was persuaded to surrender them to McIntire and Convers, as they pledged themselves that, if the prisoners were not forthcoming at the hour of trial, they would take their places and abide the penalty.

After conducting them to a cabin selected for the purpose, and putting hand-cuffs on them, they were addressed by McIntire, who, axe in hand, stood by the door: "Now, boys," said he, pointing to the blankets provided for their bed, "there is your bed; with your guilt or innocence we have nothing to do; you shall have plenty to eat and to drink, but," added he, raising his right arm in a threatening manner, "*if you attempt to escape, d—n you, I'll kill you.*" The firm, resolute manner of the address deterred them from making the attempt. McIntire, with his axe by his side, took his seat by the door; and here, day after day and night after night, did he and his associates watch the prisoners until the term of court arrived, when they were tried and convicted. One confessed his crime, and told where their tools were secreted, about 18 miles off, on the Rocky fork of the Licking, where they were found and brought into court. Agreeably to the law then in force, he was sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes, well laid on, and to stand committed until all costs were paid. The other was to receive thirty-nine lashes, and also to be recommitted. Their sentence was immediately carried into effect, as to the stripes, which were well applied by Mr. Beymer, the sheriff. After having been recommitted to their prison, they were left on parole of honor, and their guards once more retired to their beds, free from care. Next morning, to the great gratification of all, it was found, notwithstanding their promise to the contrary, they were among the missing; their hand-cuffs having been carefully laid away for the use of their successors.

Mr. McIntire, the founder and patron of Zanesville, was indefatigable in his attention to the interests of the town; no personal or pecuniary sacrifice being considered too great, in his anxiety to promote its prosperity.

The seat of government had been fixed temporarily at Chillicothe, but for several reasons many members of the legislature were dissatisfied, and it was known that a change of location was desired by them. Muskingum possessed natural advantages favorable to agricultural and manufacturing purposes, which gave Zanesville a fair prospect of becoming an extensive town; while its nearly central situation rendered it a desirable site for the State metropolis. It was believed, therefore, by many, that if once the legislature could be induced to fix the temporary seat here, it would not be removed, but made permanent. The citizens of the town and county were alive to the importance of obtaining the change, and a

committee, consisting of John McIntire and others, was appointed to visit Chillicothe during the session of the legislature, and make whatever pledge might be necessary on the part of the county, as well as to aid the Muskingum delegate in obtaining the passage of the desired law. At the session of 1808 and 1809 the Muskingum delegation received assurances from their friends in the legislature that, if the county at its own expense would furnish suitable buildings for the use of the legislature, a law would no doubt be passed for making Zanesville the place of meeting. Encouraged by the cheering prospect the county commissioners determined to erect a brick building in front of the old court-house, which would make a respectable state-house, if the law of removal should be passed, and should they fail in that, it would make an excellent court-house. The county was without funds, but a few public-spirited individuals stepped forward and offered to loan the money, and the buildings were accordingly erected in the summer of 1809, but not finished.

Zanesville made the State Capital.—In February, 1810, the desired law was passed, fixing the seat of government at Zanesville, until otherwise provided. The county then went on to finish the buildings in such a manner as would best accommodate the legislature. A smaller building was also erected for the secretary of state and the treasurer. This building was used as a jail after the removal of the legislature, and the destruction of the old jail, until a new jail was erected in 1824, and afterwards as offices for the clerk and county auditor. The county incurred a heavy debt in the erection of these buildings, and the county orders were long under par, but were ultimately redeemed. The legislature sat here during the sessions of '10-'11 and '11-'12, when the present site of Columbus having been fixed upon for the permanent seat, the Chillicothe interest prevailed, and the temporary seat was once more fixed at that place, until suitable buildings could be erected at Columbus.

The project of removing the seat of government was agitated as early as 1807 or '8, and the anticipation entertained that Zanesville would be selected gave increased activity to the progress of improvement. Much land was entered in the county, and many settlements made, although as late as 1813 land was entered within three miles of Zanesville. In 1809 parts of the town plat were covered with the natural growth of timber. It was feared by some that reaction would succeed the defeat of the favorite project of making Zanesville the State capital; but this was not so. The natural resources of the country, and the numerous local advantages, amply supplied the necessary objects of pursuit, and saved the country from the lethargy which frequently follows disappointed effort.

ZANESVILLE IN 1846.

The following sketch of Zanesville and its resources was written for our original edition by Mr. URIAH PARKE, editor of the *Courier*. He was one of the solid, substantial men of the Ohio of that day, strong in character and strong in physique, whom we remember with much pleasure.

ZANESVILLE has long been regarded as one of the principal towns in the State, and once bid fair to yield the palm only to Cincinnati. But the extensive internal improvements of the State have built up her rivals, while they have cut off, to some extent, her trade, and checked the rapidity of her growth. Zanesville, however, has advantages and resources which, when fully developed, must again give her a prominent place among the cities of the State.

Zanesville is beautifully situated on the east bank, in a bend of the Muskingum river, about 80 miles above its mouth by water, and 65 miles by land. It is 54 miles east of Columbus, at the point where the National Road crosses the Muskingum, and opposite the mouth of the Licking. The Muskingum seems once to have run nearly in a right line, from which, however, it has gradually diverged to the westward, forming a horse-shoe curve, and depositing, through successive centuries, an alluvion of gravel, sand, etc., of great depth, on which Zanesville now stands. In sweeping around this curve, through the space of about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the river falls 8 or 10 feet, and by the aid of a dam a fall of between 16 and 17 feet is obtained, thus furnishing very extensive water power, which is used for hydraulic purposes. Near the toe of the shoe, Licking creek, or river, discharges her waters from the west, and while above the mouth of Licking, West Zanesville, containing some three hundred inhabitants, is located, South Zanesville, with nearly the same population, is situated immediately below. Farther down the curve, and separated from South Zanesville by a bluff, is the beautiful village of Putnam, containing about 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants. A substantial and handsome bridge connects Zanesville with Putnam, while less than half a mile above, another similar bridge is thrown from Zanesville Main street, to a point in the stream, where the bridge forks, and one branch connects, on the route of the National or Cumberland road, with South Zanesville, while the other connects with West Zanesville and the roads leading off in that direction.

The Cumberland Road, constructed by the national government, and originally designed to run from the town of Cumberland, in Maryland, at the eastern foot of the Allegheny mountains, indefinitely westward, as the country becomes settled, crosses the Muskingum river at Zanesville, bearing upon it a constant and immense travel; while the Muskingum, made navigable for steamboats by dams, locks and short canals, opens a trade southward to the Ohio, and northward to the Ohio canal, near Dresden, which is 16 miles above, by water. The low level of the Ohio canal, between Licking and Portage summits, passes within 2 miles of Dresden, and a navigable side-cut of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles connects the canal with the river, at that place, which is the head of steamboat navigation.

The Trade of Zanesville having, through the river and side-cut, reached the canal, is conveyed southward through the interior of the State, or northward to the lake, and thence through the New York canal, etc.; or leaving the Ohio canal, through the Sandy and Beaver, it may branch off towards Pittsburg and Philadelphia, before reaching Cleveland. The freight, however, designed for Pittsburg and other points on the Ohio, and for the South, is usually shipped down the river upon steamboats, and on entering the Ohio it may ascend or descend. One or more steamboats run regularly, during the business season, from Zanesville to Dresden, for the purpose of towing canal boats, carrying passengers, etc.; while others, of larger size, ply between Zanesville and Pittsburg, Cincinnati, New Orleans, etc.

In addition to the hydraulic power furnished by the Muskingum and Licking, the hills which surround Zanesville abound in veins of bituminous coal, which

lead to the free employment of steam power, and is almost exclusively used for fuel, except for cooking, and a good deal for that. But though Zanesville seems thus favored by nature with all the facilities for manufacturing, and art has constructed avenues of communication in every direction favorable to the procurement of the raw material and the transmission of manufactured goods, her citizens have not turned their attention heretofore so much as they might have done in that direction. Their former great advantages in the salt and wheat trade seem, with other circumstances not necessary to specify, to have shaped their course differently; but the silent workings of causes growing out of public improvements have satisfied business men that Zanesville must be made a manufacturing—a *producing* place—or diminish in importance; and a company is now, with praiseworthy spirit and enterprise, erecting a cotton mill, which, it is believed, will be the forerunner of many others. Zanesville should be the Lowell of the West; but this will never be brought about by old capitalists whose fortunes have been differently made, and whose thoughts have always run in other channels. A new population rising up and mingling with emigrants of skill and enterprise may do it; but it must be in despite of such as, having amassed wealth, would play the part of the dog in the manger.

At present there are in the above-mentioned cluster of towns five extensive flouring mills, two oil mills, four saw mills, one paper mill on the most recent and approved plan of machinery; five iron foundries, in active operation and two others not doing business at present; two manufactories of yellow-ware, of beautiful finish and much used for culinary purposes, two manufactories of glass, two of woollen goods, two machine shops, one last manufactory, with numerous other establishments of less note. There are five printing offices, four being in Zanesville and one in Putnam. At these are published the *Gazette*, weekly; the *Courier*, weekly and tri-weekly; the *Aurora*, weekly; the *Western Recorder*, weekly; the *Lord's Counterfeit Detector*, monthly.

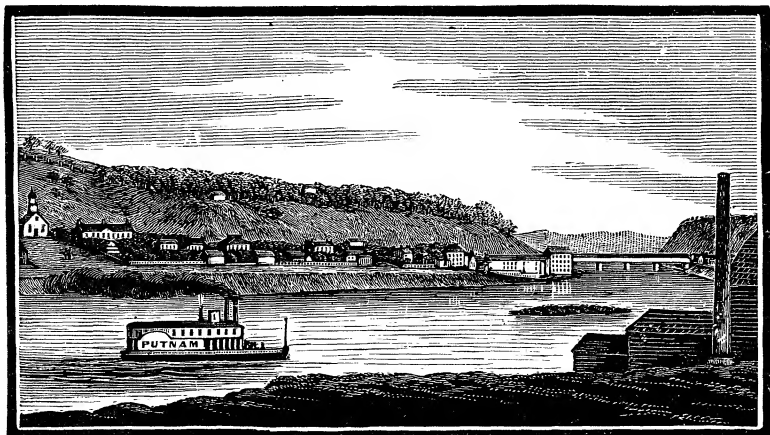
There are in Zanesville two Catholic churches, two Baptist, two Episcopal Methodist, one Protestant Methodist, three Lutheran, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one Universalist and one African. Some of these are extensive and beautiful buildings. In Putnam there is a handsome Presbyterian church, of the New School order, and a spacious Episcopal Methodist church. For educational purposes there is an extensive female seminary in Putnam, designed as a boarding-school, and male and female district schools. South Zanesville and West Zanesville have district school buildings; and in Zanesville much attention has been bestowed upon that subject for a few years past. The founder of the town, JOHN MCINTYRE, left his immense estate, now worth probably \$200,000, to found and sustain a school for the benefit of the poor of Zanesville, and a handsome brick edifice has been erected for their accommodation. The town owns two large buildings, one for males, the other for females, in which schools are kept that acknowledge no superiors. Each building is capable of accommodating three hundred and fifty scholars; and the scholars under one general head are classified and placed in charge of assistants, but may, on any extraordinary occasion, be all brought into one room. The price of tuition for the wealthy is from fifty to seventy-five cents per quarter; the public money pays the rest. But the beauty of the system is, that such as are not able to pay are admitted to all the advantages enjoyed by the most wealthy, even to the learned languages, without money and without price. Every child, then, in Zanesville, is provided with the means of education.

There are in Zanesville upwards of thirty stores for the wholesaling and retailing of dry goods, besides hardware stores, wholesale and retail groceries, drug stores, confectionery establishments, shoe stores, hat stores, etc.

The court-house, with a western wing for public offices and a similar one on the east for an athenæum, has a handsome enclosure, with shade trees and fountain in front, making altogether an object of interest to the passing traveller and a place

of pleasant resort for citizens. The athenæum was commenced as a library company by a few individuals nearly twenty years ago and, soon becoming incorporated, put up a handsome two-story brick building as a wing to the court-house. The lower rooms are rented for offices, while the upper are occupied by the company for their reading-room, library, etc. Strangers have, by the charter, a right of admission, and during their stay in Zanesville can always find there access to many of the leading journals of the United States and to a library of between three and four thousand volumes, embracing very many choice and rare books in literature and science; while additions are annually made with the funds arising from rents and \$5 per annum paid by each stockholder. There is a commencement for a cabinet of minerals and curiosities, but that department has never flourished as its importance demands.

The water-works of Zanesville are very great. The water is thrown by a powerful forcing pump from the river to a reservoir upon a hill, half a mile distant, one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the pump, and thence let down and distributed by larger and smaller pipes into every part of the town, furnishing an ample supply for public and private purposes, as well as providing a valuable safeguard against fire. By attaching hose at once to the fire-plugs the



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUTNAM.

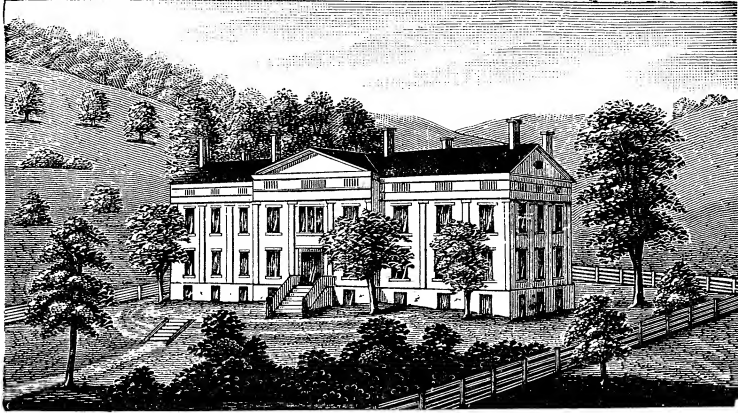
water may be thrown without the intervention of an engine by the pressure of the head, far above the roofs of the houses. The public pipes are all of iron, and at present there are between six and seven miles of pipe owned by the town, besides that owned by individuals and used in conveying water from the streets and alleys to their own hydrants. Much of this, however, is of lead. The cost to the town has been about \$42,000. The reservoir is calculated to contain about 750,000 gallons. The present population of Zanesville is probably something under 8,000, excluding Putnam, West Zanesville and South Zanesville. [These villages are now (1890) included in Zanesville.]

Putnam is less dense in its construction than Zanesville and contains many beautiful gardens. It being principally settled by New Englanders, is in appearance a New England village. The town plat was owned and the town laid out by Increase Matthews, Levi Whipple and Edwin Putnam. The latter two are dead; Dr. Matthews still resides in Putnam.

The town was originally called Springfield, but there being a Springfield in Clarke county the name of the former was changed to Putnam. The view represents Putnam as it appears from the east bank of the Muskingum, about a mile below the steamboat landing at Zanesville. The bridge connecting Putnam

with Zanesville is seen on the right. On the left is shown a church and the top of the seminary a little to the right of it.

The Putnam Female Seminary is an incorporated institution and has been in operation about ten years. The principal edifice stands in an area of three acres and cost, with its furniture, about \$20,000. Pupils under fourteen years of age are received into the preparatory department. Those over fourteen enter the upper department, in which the regular course of study requires three years and,



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE PUTNAM FEMALE SEMINARY.

excepting the languages, is essentially like a college course. It is proposed soon to extend the time to four years and make the course the same as in colleges, substituting the German for Greek. The average number of pupils has been about one hundred. "By reason of the endowments the term bills are very much less than any similar school in the country. Exclusive of extra studies the cost per year will not exceed \$100 per scholar." There are five teachers in this flourishing institution, of which Miss Mary Cone is the principal. It is under the general direction of a board of trustees.—*Old Edition.*

ZANESVILLE, county-seat of Muskingum, at the junction of the Muskingum and Licking rivers, is about fifty-five miles east of Columbus, on the M. V. Division of the P. C. & St. L. and B. & O., and B. Z. & C. and C. & E. Railroads. Is a manufacturing and commercial centre, noted for its clay and tile manufactures.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Julius A. Knight; Clerk, Vincent Cockins; Commissioners, Robert Lee, Charles W. McCutcheon, Francis M. Rider; Coroner, William Ruth; Infirmary Directors, John W. Marshall, Charles T. Willey, David M. Evans; Probate Judge, George L. Foley; Prosecuting Attorney, Simeon M. Winn; Recorder, Ernest Scott; Sheriff, Wm. H. Bolin; Surveyor, Thomas C. Connor; Treasurer, Daniel G. Willey. City officers, 1888: W. H. Holden, Mayor; R. H. McFarland, Solicitor; Jesse Atwell, Treasurer; John H. Best, Clerk; N. T. Miller, Commissioner; A. E. Howell, Engineer; A. D. Launder, Marshal; L. F. Langly, Chief Fire Department; J. H. Whitehart, Market Master. Newspapers: *Courier*, Republican, Newman, Dodd & Brown, publishers; *Signal*, Democratic, D. H. Gaumer, editor and publisher; *Times Recorder*, Republican, Guy Comly, editor; *Post*, German Independent, Adolph Schneider, editor and publisher; *Saturday Night*, Independent, John T. Shryock, editor and publisher; *Sunday Morning Star*, Independent, Star Publishing Company, editors and publishers; *Sunday News*, Independent, Charles W. Shryock, editor and publisher; *Mutual Helper*, Independent, J. M. Bain,

editor and publisher; *Ohio Farmers' Journal*, Agriculturalist, J. H. Abbott, editor and publisher; *Shepherds' National Journal and Rural Era*, Agriculturalist, Rural Era Publishing Company, editors and publishers. Churches: one Evangelical, five Methodist Episcopal, one Congregational, one Lutheran, two Presbyterian, two Catholic, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one Evangelical Lutheran. Banks: Citizens' National, H. C. Van Voorhis, president, A. V. Smith, cashier; First National, W. A. Graham, president, Geo. H. Stewart, cashier; Union, James Herdman, president, John J. Ingalls, cashier; Zanesville, John W. King, president, A. H. Stern, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees (when numbering 25 and over).—Excelsior Planing Mill, doors, sash, etc., 30 hands; Kearns & Co., flint glass, etc., 98; Patterson, Burgess & Co., doors, sash, etc., 25; Zanesville Stoneware Company, 27; The Hatton Stove Company, 35; Muskingum Coffin Company, coffins and caskets, 43; Kearns-Gorsuch Glass Company, window glass, etc., 300; Sturtevant & Martin, hosiery, 120; Gray Brothers & Silvey, furniture, 45; Griffith & Wedge Company, engines, saw-mills, etc., 100; Jones & Abbott, stoves, etc., 50; Schultz & Company, soap, 75; Hoover & Allison, ropes, twine, etc., 120; Zanesville Woollen Manufacturing Company, blankets, flannels, etc., 72; W. B. Harris & Brothers, pressed brick, etc., 145; American Encaustic Tiling Company, decorative tile, etc., 172; T. B. Townsend & Co., pressed brick, etc., 118; A. Worstall, cigars, 25; B., Z. & C. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 25; Ohio Iron Company, pig-iron, etc., 400; Brown Manufacturing Company, agricultural implements, 230; Novelty Paper Mill, manilla and newspaper, 29; F. J. L. Blandy, engines, etc., 50; Petit & Strait, bread, cakes, etc., 28; Shennick, Woodside & Gibbons Manufacturing Company, stoves, 63; John W. Pinkerton & Co., cigars, tobacco, etc., 35; Herdman, Harris & Co., doors, sash, etc., 35; The Duval Engine Company, engines, boilers, etc., 28; R. A. Worstall, cigars, 28; C. Stalzenbach & Son, bread, crackers, etc., 89; Zane Tobacco Company, plug tobacco, 49; J. B. Owens, decorated flower-pots, 68.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 18,113. School census, 1888, 6,159; W. D. Lash, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$2,211,770. Value of annual product, \$4,295,231.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 21,009.

The superior clays in the vicinity have made Zanesville an important point in the manufacture of clay products, and in one branch of this manufacture, that of ENCAUSTIC TILE, she is the pioneer and leader of the only three places in the United States where these goods are made. The industry was inaugurated by the American Encaustic Tiling Company, George Stanberry, superintendent. The stock of this company is principally owned in New York, and nearly all the products of the works are sold there in the face of foreign competition, the American goods being fully equal to the English or French.

The tiles are stamped out of clay by ingeniously devised machinery, the invention of Mr. Stanberry. They are made plain and vari-colored, the most complex having six or seven different colored clays in their composition. Biscuit, glazed, majolica and some enamelled and hand-carved tiles are made. The latter are expensive, but some very artistic work is done. This industry gives employment to a large force of men, and promises in the future large developments.



MEMORIAL BUILDING, ZANESVILLE.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Building, which was thrown open to the public July 4, 1889, is a fine example of this class of buildings, which are vastly more honorable to the memory of our dead heroes than mere shafts of stone.

It is a handsome stone structure devoted to the uses of the Grand Army of the Republic veterans and the militia.

The third floor contains one of the largest and finest public halls in the State. The building is an honor to Muskingum county.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS ANDREW HENDRICKS was born on a farm in Newton township, near Zanesville, September 7, 1819. The sketch given of his birthplace was drawn by Charles A. Kappes, who visited the spot and drew it from a description from memory by the venerable George M. Crooks, who has lived near the spot ever since the infancy of Mr. Hendricks. His parents removed to Indiana when he was six months old. He graduated at South Hanover College, Madison, Indiana, was educated for the law at Chambersburg, Pa., and entered upon its practice at Shelbyville, Indiana. At 27 years of age he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1851, at the age of 30, he was elected to Congress from the central district of Indiana. In 1855 he was appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office by President Pierce, and was continued in office by Buchanan, but resigned in 1859. In 1860 he removed to Indianapolis. From 1863 to 1869 he was United States Senator, and in 1872 was elected Governor of Indiana.

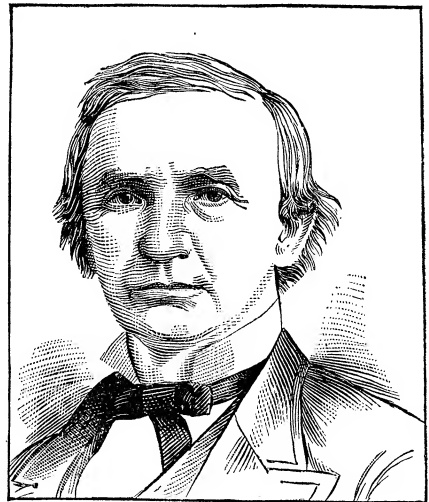
On July 11, 1884, he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Democratic party, and elected the following November. He was also the vice-presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1876. He died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, Nov. 25, 1885. He was affable and refined in social life, and in public life strongly partisan, but honest and incorruptible. President Harrison said of him at the time of his death:

"I have known Mr. Hendricks ever since I came to this city to live. I have practised law with him, tried many cases with him and against him, and our professional relations have always been pleasant. He was a very forceful and persuasive advocate. His public career has been a very conspicuous one. He had succeeded in acquiring and retaining the confidence of his party friends in a very high degree. His personal character was always regarded as exalted and blameless."

HUGH J. JEWETT was born in Deer Creek, Harford county, Md. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1838. Two years later he began the practice of his profession at St. Clairsville, Ohio, and in 1848 removed to Zanesville, where his skill in cases involving financial questions was soon recognized. He was elected president of the Muskingum branch of the Ohio State Bank in 1852. In 1853 he was State senator, presidential elector, and appointed United States district attorney.

His experience in railroad financing began in 1855 with the Central Ohio Railroad, of which he became president in 1857. He was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1861, and for United States senator in 1863, but was defeated in both contests. He was elected to the State senate in 1867, and to Congress in 1872.

His success as a railroad manager led to his election as president of the Little Miami, the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley, and



HUGH J. JEWETT.

vice-president of the P. C. & St. L. Railroads.

In 1874 he accepted the receivership of the New York & Erie, and the ten years of arduous labor, during which he extricated this discredited and bankrupted corporation from

triumphant. He had a keen sense of the proprieties, and had rather lose a case than "stoop to conquer." Judge M. M. Granger states this instance in point:

"A client of Culbertson had sued a client of Gen. Goddard for rendering impure the water of a well by changing a drain. Witnesses differed as to the effect of the drain upon the water in the well, and Gen. Goddard exhibited to the jury some of the water in a glass, and descanted upon its clearness and purity, and seemed about to carry the jury with him. Culbertson, in reply, boldly picked up the glass, reminded the jury of the general's argument, and then, placing the glass upon the table, took a dollar from his pocket, and, clapping it down by the side of the glass, cried out, 'Gentlemen of the jury, I'll give Gen. Goddard that dollar if he will drink that glass of water.' He knew that his opponent was too dignified to accept such a banter, and he won a verdict."

Calvin C. Gibson, the humorous landlord of the Clifton House, relates another and an amusing incident of Goddard, showing also where his sense of the proprieties interfered somewhat with the convenience of himself and another. When I was a young man, said Gibson, I was acting as county sheriff, and having an execution to serve down in the country, about fifteen miles, I met Goddard, who was the prosecuting lawyer, on the street, and inquired, "What shall I do if some one else claims the property?" "I can't answer you," he replied. "I don't do business on the street—you'll have to see me in my office." I called and a day or two later met Goddard at the post-office, and he asked me the result of my business. "I can't talk to you," I replied, "I don't do business on the street—you'll have to see me at my office." He accordingly called, and I replied, "Why, I went down, levied the execution, and took the property."

Mr. Goddard, from 1817 to 1864 (when he

died), practised at the Zanesville bar. His father was Calvin Goddard, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and the son was born at Plainfield, in that State. The latter was a man of unusual dignity and pride of character, and one of the first men of Ohio in his time.

EBENEZER BUCKINGHAM, his brother, ALVAH, and SOLOMON STURGES, established, in 1816, the firm of E. Buckingham & Co., for a quarter of a century one of the most widely known firms in the West. They were men of great enterprise. The Buckinghams were from the State of New York, and Sturges was a native of Fairfield, Conn. where he was born in 1796, and early in life was associated with W. W. Corcoran, the Washington banker.

The GRANGER family was early identified with Zanesville. There were three brothers, sons of Oliver Granger, born in Suffield, Conn., in the latter part of the last century, viz., Ebenezer, James and Henry. Ebenezer came to Zanesville about the beginning of the war of 1812, and entered upon the practice of the law. A few years later James and Henry came here and established the "Granger Milling Company," which had for years the principal mill of the county; it was on the east side of the Muskingum, just above the present dam at Zanesville. James was the father of Hon. M. M. Granger. Ebenezer was the father of General Robert S. Granger, born in 1816, educated at West Point and now living on the retired list.

This county supplied ten general officers to the Union army. They were—major-general officers by brevet, Robert S. Granger, Chas. C. Gilbert, Mortimer D. Leggett, Catherinus P. Buckingham, Willard Warner; brigadier-generals by brevet, M. M. Granger, Greenbury F. Wiles, John Q. Lane and William D. Hamilton, the latter in Scotland born, in Ohio bred, and in war commander of the Ninth O. V. cavalry.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The most peculiar structure in the way of a bridge in Ohio is the Y bridge, at the foot of Main street, in Zanesville. The Licking river enters the Muskingum opposite that point. The bridge in the middle of the stream parts in two divisions, the one striking the west bank of the Muskingum, just above the mouth of the Licking, at the locality called West Zanesville; and the other just below that mouth, at the locality called Natchez. Still farther down the Muskingum begins Putnam. All of these places are now included in Zanesville. On each of these streams, Muskingum and Licking, just before their junction, are falls of eight or ten feet, and long noted as mill sites. One always here hears the roar of the waters.

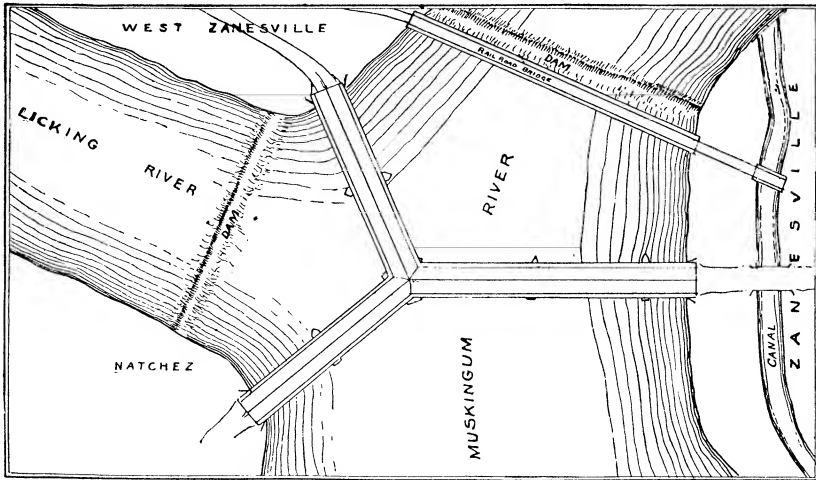
The bridge is on the line of the old National Road. It seemed like an old bridge forty-four years since, when I first knew it, and it looks not a day older now. It was built very early in the century by the Buckinghams and Sturges, and long used as a toll-bridge. With a solitary exception it is said

to be the only Y bridge in the country. It is a huge, covered affair, very broad and brown, with a few small windows for outlooks. It has in it enough material to make two or three modern bridges. A distant view of it is shown in the view of Putnam in 1846. It was over this bridge that, in

June, 1865, at the close of the war, Sherman's army wagons passed on their way from Washington for distribution to the frontier posts. They occupied several weeks in going through Zanesville.

They tell this anecdote of a young man of the town who had taken a stranger friend through Putnam, and on coming to the Y bridge said, "We'll now cross this bridge,

and when we get over, we will be on the same side of the river as we are now." When they had crossed he reminded his stranger friend of what he had said. The latter looked around a moment, and then with an astonished face exclaimed, "Golly!—so we are; how did we do it?" He had crossed below the mouth of the Licking and came ashore above.



THE Y BRIDGE.

The valley of the Muskingum a mile or more above the business part of the town is very broad. On the west side lies what is called the McIntyre Terrace, a beautiful region of level ground. There are the new residences of the more wealthy, in the midst of spacious grounds and broad prospects. There, too, is situated the famed McIntyre Children's Home, an imposing structure on a commanding eminence. The farm attached has over one hundred acres and produces all that is needed for the Home.

McIntyre, who died in 1815, was originally buried in the old graveyard at the head of Main street. Over his remains was a small tablet bearing this inscription, by his friend and counsel, Ebenezer Granger, which ran as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of John McIntyre, who departed this life July 29, 1815, aged 56 years. He was born at Alexandria, Virginia; laid out the town of Zanesville in 1800—of which he was the Patron and Father. He was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of Ohio. A kind husband, an obliging neighbor, punctual to his engagements, of liberal mind and benevolent disposition, his death was sincerely lamented."

"As o'er this stone you throw a careless eye,
(When drawn perchance to this sad, solemn place),
Reader, remember—'tis your lot to die,

You, too, the gloomy realms of death must trace.

When yonder winding stream shall cease to flow,

Old Ocean's waves no longer lash the shore,

When warring tempests shall forget to blow,
And these surrounding hills exist no more,

This sleeping dust, reanimate, shall rise,
Bursting to life at the last trumpet's sound,
Shall bear a part in Nature's grand Assize,

When sun, and stars, and time no more are found."

On December 24, 1889, his remains were removed and placed in a vault at the McIntyre Children's Home.

The noble hills of the Muskingum are the great charm of Zanesville. From these one has fine views of the river and its many bridges. The river here is as broad as at its entrance into the Ohio, say some eight hundred feet. It drains about one-third of the State. Sojourners from the prairie States farther west are delighted with the beautiful scenery.

The new cemetery, Woodlawn, is on the side and summit of one of these hills on the west or Putnam side of the river. On Monday morning, May 19th, I walked thither to pay it a visit. Passing through the main part of Putnam I came to six girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, seated to-

gether on some blocks of stone at the entrance to a lane.

As I looked at those girls I thought of two mighty continents, Africa and America; the first as apart and then the two as united. Three of the six were full black; the other three were neither black nor white; an artist would have called them *half tints*.

The entire six were chatting and laughing, and I said: "Girls, you seem to be having a good time. This is a very pleasant country around here," at the same time casting my eyes down the green lane to its entering spot in a forest and beyond its tops to the sweetly-wooded hills that rose from the farther side of the river.

"Yes," the girls replied, "*it is pretty here; and over there,*" pointing, "*is the cemetery.*" That graveyard had evidently touched their esthetic sensibilities, and so they commended it to my attention and admiration. I left them still seated on the stones in their childish innocence and glee, feeling gratified that they had arrived in these dominions of our common Uncle Sam in this his now smiling period for their future.

A few minutes later I had passed under a noble arch of elms and was at the entrance of the cemetery, where stood the vine-covered cottage of the sexton, a green house and around a wealth of flowers. The site is a huge rounding hill, its slope and summit covered with trees, many of them immense in size and very aged patriarchs of the woods. The cemetery has miles of winding walks and drives and everywhere the leaves flit their lights and shadows over the sward, flowers and monuments. A marked feature is the tall, slender forms of the junipers standing over the graves like so many sentinels. On the summit, where they had been exposed to continuous wintry winds from the north, the heads of many of them had assumed a leaning position as though they had life and were mourning over the dead.

One of the most imposing monuments is that of Solomon Sturges who was born in Fairfield, Conn., in 1796. It is of Scotch granite and twenty-five feet in height. From a monument by it I copied inscriptions,

memorializing three Revolutionary patriots whose graves are by the sea-shore of Connecticut. This tribute of filial piety to them here on the banks of the Muskingum is the most interesting thing in the entire cemetery.

"SOLOMON STURGES, killed by the British at the burning of Fairfield, Conn., July 7, 1779, aged 86. He was an ardent patriot."

"HEZEKIAH STURGES, son of Solomon Sturges, a son of the Revolution, died at Fairfield, Conn., April, 1794, aged 67 years."

"DIMON, son of Hezekiah Sturges, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Fairfield, Conn., January 16, 1829, aged 74 years."

Wherever I went there appeared over my head a great chattering of birds. They seemed somehow to have taken me in charge seeing I was a stranger and alone, accompanying me wherever I went. I passed two hours copying inscriptions and taking notes. Seated on the grass near the summit I was finishing my observations when as a last thing a big bumble-bee came along and whizzed by me with a heavy boom, as much as to say, "Mr. Howe, aren't I worth noticing? Please count me in." And I did.

A moment later, casting my eye down at my side there I saw for my gratification, spread out on the grass, a butterfly black as ebony, his wings fringed in gold.

If any living thing has a supreme right to dwell in a graveyard it is the butterfly, the living emblem of immortality.

Ever silent as the tomb, the little innocent could not speak his desire to be noticed. He could only hint it, which some good angel prompted him to do by causing him to alight and rest with outstretched wings right under my eyes by the side of a *forget-me-not*. I took the hint and noted him, too, as among the tombs. I could not help it, he was so modestly clad in his sable garment of sorrow with its golden fringe of brightness.

And the green sward largely over this resting-place for the dead was brightened by the presence of this little flower, as a sort of continuous appeal to the living to remember those who had gone before.

THE BLUE ROCK MINE DISASTER.

Coal Formation in Harrison Township.—In April, 1856, there occurred in this county one of the most remarkable mine disasters in the history of coal-mining. The Blue Rock mines are in Harrison township in the angle formed by the stream known as Blue Rock run and the Muskingum river. The stratum of coal at this point is about four feet in thickness, the quality excellent and the formation that which miners denominate "curly." The stratum of rock which overlays this vein of coal is a slaty soap-stone, light blue in color and subject to rapid disintegration when exposed to atmospheric influences, but forming a safe roof for the miner when properly protected.

Reckless Coal-Mining.—The particular vein in which this disaster occurred was owned by Stephen H. Guthrie and James Owens, Jr. Former owners had taken large quantities of coal from the northern portion of the mine and the work was said to have been done in an unusually reckless manner; many of the rooms

were nearly forty feet square, while the pillars were small and comparatively few in number. The hill above the mine has an altitude of about two hundred and twenty feet and the pressure from such an immense weight of earth should have dictated more than ordinary caution.

Falling in of the Mine.—The falling in of the mine occurred about 11 A. M., on Friday, April 25, 1856. At the time there were some twenty persons, many of them boys, employed in the mine. Several were standing on the platform at the mouth of the entrance, others on the inside saved themselves by precipitate flight. Upon investigation it was found that sixteen were safe, but that four persons were either imprisoned in the mine or crushed to death by the falling mountain. Hope preponderated strongly in favor of the former conjecture, inasmuch as it was known that these persons were at work in a part of the mine from which no large amount of coal had been taken and which in consequence was supposed to be comparatively safe. The persons who escaped were: James (Duck) Menear, John Hopper, James Larrison, George Ross, George Robinson, William Edgell, Sr., Uriah McGee, William Gheen, Timothy Lyons, G. W. Simmons, and the following boys: Patrick Savage, Hiram Larrison, Franklin Ross, William Miller, James Savage, Thomas Edgell.

An Attempt at Rescue.—It was immediately determined that an attempt should be made for the rescue of the imprisoned men. The labor and danger involved in this made it necessary to combine the greatest possible speed with the utmost caution. A single false step would have brought a terrible destruction upon the excavators; for during their labors the crumbling hill hung with tens of thousands of tons of pressure imminent and threatening above their heads.

Three men only could work at a time. Indeed, it may be said that every foot gained was the work of a single individual, for there was room for but one workman in the front; others behind received the fragments as he passed them back. The material encountered was principally rock.

Gathered Multitudes in Suspense.—The work was carried forward night and day with varying success for fourteen days. An immense concourse of people from the surrounding country and towns gathered at the mouth of the mine. Miners from all the mines within a radius of many miles hastened to offer their services. Merchants and farmers clad in miner's costume joined in the common labor. Women worked tireless providing food and refreshments for the excavators and in ministering hope, comfort and courage to the despairing relatives of the unfortunates. The suspense was terrible, alternating hope and despair, as the workmen progressed rapidly or met with obstructions, spread through the assembled multitude and subdued all demonstrations by the very intensity of their emotions. One, who as a boy was present, said to us: "It seemed like Sunday; everything was hushed and solemn, and when one

person spoke to another it was in suppressed tones as when face to face with death. Religious services and prayers for the salvation of the bodies and souls of the imprisoned men were frequently held."

As day after day passed with no evidence that the men were still alive many gave up all hope, but there was no cessation of work and no scarcity of workers.

The Miners Rescued.—At 11 P. M. on Friday, May 9, after having been entombed for fourteen days and thirteen hours the men were reached and were soon breathing the air of freedom. They were placed under good medical care and soon recovered their accustomed health and strength. The point at which they were rescued was about 700 feet from the entrance of the mine, and it had been necessary to burrow through about 400 feet of earth and rock before they were reached.

Within six hours after the men were rescued more than fifty feet of the mine fell in. If the operations had been delayed that length of time the workmen would have been inevitably killed and the imprisoned miners have perished by a lingering death in their terrible prison.

This account of this remarkable entombment and rescue has been extracted from a pamphlet written by Robert H. Gillmore at the time the incidents occurred; he also published the personal narratives of the imprisoned miners and the escape of Wm. Edgell, Sr., from which the following is abridged:

Escape of William Edgell, Sr.—I noticed nothing wrong about the bank that morning. At half-past ten o'clock went in with my car as quickly as I could and loaded up with coal. The miners were racing and I was not disposed to be behind. Returning with a load of coal, pushing my car before me, I encountered another resting on the track. A lad was standing beside it, whom we all regard as rather weak in the upper story. He was crying, and when I asked him what was the matter, replied that the bank was falling in. Pausing to listen I heard a roaring off to the left in the old diggings, which are situated in the northern part of the mine. I hesitated a moment what to do. I thought I would go back to where Pearson, Gatwood, Savage, my son William and others were at work and inform them of their danger. In the meantime I observed that the pillars of coal were *crawling* outwards at the bottom. Chunks of coal began to fly from one side of the entry against the other. They went with such force that I think they would have cut a man in two if they had hit him. All this occurred in less time than it takes me to tell it.

Others had got to where I was standing with their cars. I started back to warn the boys, but it was too late. The mine was falling so rapidly in that direction that it would

have been madness to venture. The way was already impassable. I turned towards the mouth; it was falling in that direction too. I called to the boys, "Hurry out, hurry out." As I turned something struck my light and knocked it out; there were lights behind me but I stumbled on in perfect darkness. In the race I struck a pile of earth which had fallen in the entry and pitched clear over it.

When I rose I was on a fair ground again and went on rapidly, calling for the boys to follow. I came to a place where a light shone in from the mouth. I was safer now, but there was danger yet. At once a sudden faintness came over me. I grew blind and dizzy; my knees became weak and it seemed impossible to move one before another; they were as heavy as lead. But somehow I struggled and found myself upon the platform.

Experience of the Imprisoned Miners.—The four persons imprisoned were William Edgell, Jr., aged 20 years, single; James Pearson, aged 31 years, married, with two children; James Gatwood, aged 22 years, married; Edward Savage, aged 16 years.

At the time of the accident they had their cars loaded ready to come out, but were not aware of what was happening. Edgell gives their experience as follows:

Myself, Pearson and Savage started out at the same time. My car was in front, Pearson next and Savage behind. We had gone about two hundred feet, or a little more, when I observed that my car ran over some slate which had fallen in the entry and then in a moment it ran against another car which was standing on the track. I stopped, supposing that it belonged to some one who was digging in some of the side entries, and called out, "Whose in the h—l car is this standing on the track?" I listened for an answer, but in a minute or less I heard the bank breaking with a sound like that of distant thunder. I turned around and said to Pearson, "Jim, the bank is falling in." He replied, "It can't be, Bill." One of us, I forget which, said: "Let us hurry and get out." We ran around our cars and had advanced about twenty feet when I suddenly struck a pile of slate which had fallen down, blocking the entry entirely up. In doing so I knocked my light out. Finding I could not get ahead I called out to Pearson, whose light was still burning, and said to him, "Run back, Jim; there is a bluff place and we can't get out." We started back at once; the slate was falling in chunks from the roof between us and our cars; we hurried back beyond them and met Ned Savage. I said to him, "Ned, for God's sake, the bank has all fallen in." He replied, "No, it can't be, Bill." Pearson then suggested that we go back and get into the old diggings in the north part of the mine as that might not have fallen in. We were about starting when Ned Savage said, "Let's get all the oil we can find." We started back to hunt for oil when we met Gatwood coming with his car loaded. I said to him, "Jim, the bank has all fallen in." He replied in a frightened way, "Oh, no, I reckon

not." Pearson told him to come with us; he thought we could get out through the old diggings at the air-hole. "If we can't," says he, "we're gone." We all started together as fast as we could go and got about two hundred feet to an old blind entry. We found the mine falling faster than it had been at the place where we left the cars.

Preparing for a Lingering Death.—The falling was still accompanied by a rumbling noise; the pillars of coal along the entry were bursting out at the sides and bottom and the whole mine was jarring and trembling. We found the passage we aimed for entirely stopped up; then we turned back into the main entry where our cars were, thinking we might possibly find a way out there, but we saw it falling worse than ever. We found we were completely shut in. We at once saw there was no escape. We gave up all hope. Pearson spoke first and said, "Boys, let us go back and make up our bed whereon to die."

Having fully realized that there was no avenue of escape they went back to one of the small rooms at the head of the entry (8 on diagram) and shoveled together a quantity of loose dirt for a bed on which to lie and wait for death. The room they had chosen for their tomb was a small compartment, like other parts of the mine, but four feet high and hardly large enough for the four to lie abreast. Having prepared their bed a search was made for what could be found to prolong life. Two dinners left by escaped miners were found. They consisted of four pieces of bread, two of which were buttered; four small pieces of fried bacon, two boiled eggs and two pickles split in two. Three jugs were found containing about five quarts of water and about a quart of oil for miners' lamps. Having carried these supplies to their room they felt that it was useless to prolong life when death seemed so certain and decided to eat all they wanted, so each partook freely of the provisions, but they were not hungry and but half of the food was consumed. They then laid down on their bed and tried to imagine every place where there might be a possibility of escape, but could think of none.

Suffering from Cold.—While the mine was falling the air became very cold, so much so that Edgell said, "it seemed like pouring cold water down our backs and that he never suffered so much the bitterest winter he ever knew." Do what they would they were always cold and the only way they could get any warmth was to lie down on the bed and take turns lying in the middle; sometimes they would lie on top of each other.

An Ante-mortem Bargain.—While lying on their bed Pearson said: "Boys, let us make a bargain that whoever of us dies first let the others lay him down on one side of the room, but on no account take him out of it, so that when we are all dead we'll lie here together." The agreement was made and each expressed the wish that he might be the first to die.

At what they supposed was supper-time

(they had no watch) they ate what food was left and drank freely from their water-jugs.

Horrors of Darkness.—For a time after their first imprisonment they kept a light burning and when they went to examine the entries, which they did at short intervals, would light two or three lamps. But after ten or twelve hours the lamps burned dimly and gradually went out, refusing to burn in the damp air of the mine. This was a terrible deprivation to them. The perfect darkness seemed the most terrible part of their situation.

No difficulty was experienced for want of air, as there was evidently some crevice through which the outside air had access to the mine and they imagined they could tell day from night by the difference in the temperature of the air which poured into their room in a cold stream,

Drinking Copperas Water.—After the water in the jugs had been exhausted they found water in a depression of the floor in a room about fifty feet distant. This water was strongly impregnated with copperas and at first very disagreeable to drink, but Pearson thought there was something in it which helped to sustain life. Shortly after they began using it the pangs of hunger became less severe and frequent and the knowings at the stomach less painful.

Illusions of Delirium.—For some time after they were first confined the paroxysms of hunger were frequent and terrible. It seemed as though they must have food or die. Then as the hours wore on these paroxysms became less and less common. Towards the last they seldom occurred. "After a time," says Pearson, "I became delirious; strange dreams were running through my head. Every good dinner I ever ate seemed in turn to be standing before me again. I did not merely *dream* that I saw them thus, but they were as plain before my eyes as you are now, sir. Tables loaded with noble baked hams and delicious pies were just within my reach, but my delirium never extended so far as to make me believe I was eating them. Notwithstanding they were so temptingly near me, I never enjoyed more than the sight of them, and then I would wake up from my delusion to the full horror of my situation. Whether we had any hope left I do not know; I can hardly tell. We would often talk over the chances of being rescued. They seemed very dark; and yet we frequently went toward the entries. It was the way out to the world, though we knew it was blocked up and impassable to us." Gatwood says: "I had the same strange delirium of which Pearson speaks. I also saw splendid dinners standing beside me. I seemed to recollect all the good meals I had ever eaten."

Topics of Conversation.—Their principal conversation was concerning things good to eat. First one and then another would mention something which would be particularly nice, but as this conversation seemed to aggravate their sufferings they found it would not do to permit it.

Savage seemed to keep in better spirits than the others. He was less in the habit of lamenting about his friends. His principal cause of trouble was concerning his want of sleep. He frequently became quite spunky because he was not allowed to sleep in the middle by his companions, and when his request was not granted he would threaten to tell his uncle "Duck" Menear and get them all a thrashing after he got out. Frequent contention arose as to who should occupy the middle of the bed. They did not sleep much nor long at a time. They were too cold to do so. Sometimes one of them would be able to sleep a little by getting in the middle and having another lie on top for a coverlet. They sometimes used the heads of each other for pillows, but the pillow generally grumbled considerably before it had been occupied very long.

The Rescuers Heard.—One day Savage and Edgell were in one of the mine entries when they heard the dull sound of a pick. The sound seemed to be communicated by the wooden rail or run which occupied the middle of the entry. "Then," says Edgell, "I commenced pounding upon the run with a piece of sulphur stone or 'nigger-head,' in the hope that I might be able to make myself heard. I also hallooed two or three times, but was not able to get any reply. I went back to the room and said, 'Boys, I hear them digging.' They would not believe me. After this I made my visits frequently, intending to go down every hour; but I suppose that the intervals were longer than this. Two days, I presume, must have elapsed before I was able to make them hear me. When this occurred Gatwood was with me. I had called out, as usual, and this time heard an answer. What it was I could not understand, but I knew it to be the voice of a man. We then went back to the room and told Pearson, but could not convince him that we were not mistaken. In about half an hour, as we thought, I went back again, taking Ned Savage with me. This time I heard them at work plainly, and when I called to them, some one replied, 'Is that you, Bill, for God's sake?' 'It is I,' I said, 'Who is it that speaks to me?' 'You don't know me,' the voice replied. I then asked him if all the miners had got out alive. He said they had, and told me to go back and keep out of danger; that they would have us out before long. I made inquiry as to what day it was, and was told that it was Thursday. I supposed from this that we had been in only to the Thursday following the accident, making six days, instead of thirteen, as I discovered after we were rescued. We were all of the same opinion, and were rather surprised to find that it had been that long."

When the entry was opened and cleared so that the miners could be taken out, they were placed in rocking chairs and carried to their homes. It was a few minutes after 1 o'clock when they were rescued, after having been entombed *fourteen days and thirteen hours*. Says Edgell:

"When we went in there was not a bud open upon the trees. The morning after we were rescued we looked from our windows and beheld the forest clothed in green. We never before knew what a beautiful earth it was."

President Garfield Taught School for three months, in 1851, near Duncan's Falls, in this county. "In the spring of 1851 James A. Garfield and his mother visited Mrs. Garfield's brother, Henry Ballou, in Harrison township. A teacher being needed in the district, Garfield taught a three-months' term in the school-house on Back Run. To show the young the building which a President of the United States occupied while teaching a district school in a rural neighborhood, a sketch was taken of the building as it appeared when occupied by the general in 1851.

"Some of the boys are yet living in the township who were Gen. Garfield's scholars at the Back Run school. An old-fashioned tin-plate stove was used for warming the room, which would take a long stick of wood. Garfield assisted the larger boys in cutting wood, and the boys claim he was one of the best hands with the axe they ever saw. The sketch, taken before the change in the building, is pronounced by his old scholars a correct one, as it appeared in 1851. It is one mile west of Mariem station, on the Z. & O. Railroad, and fourteen miles southwest of Zanesville, Ohio."

A Disastrous Hoax.—In January, 1820, in boring for salt in the neighborhood of Chandlerville, about ten miles south of Zanesville, some pieces of silver were dropped into the hole by some evil-disposed person, and being brought up among the borings, reduced to a fine state, quite a sensation was produced. The parts were submitted to chemical analysis, and decided by a competent chemist to be very rich. A company was immediately formed to work the mine, under the name of the "Muskingum Mining Company," which was incorporated by the Legislature. This company purchased of Mr. Samuel Chandler the privilege of sinking a shaft near his well, from which the silver had been extracted. As this shaft was sunk near the well, it did so much injury that Mr. Chandler afterwards recovered heavy damages of the company. The company expended about \$10,000 in search of the expected treasure ere they abandoned their ill-fated project.—*Old Edition.*

THE LEGEND OF DUNCAN'S FALLS.

Duncan's Falls are nine miles below Zanesville. It is one of the most interesting places on the Muskingum. A writer (C. F.), under date of August 4, 1887, gave to the *Ohio State Journal* these interesting items:

Years before this fine valley was known to the white man a branch of the once great Shawnee nation built Old Town, an Indian village, on the site of Duncan's Falls. For years White Eyes, the chief, was on friendly terms with the white people, and rendered them assistance in his Indian way. At the head of the falls or rapids a dam was built in 1836 to improve the navigation of the river. A large flouring mill, four stories high, containing eight pairs of buhrs, was erected in 1838 at a cost of \$75,000. A covered bridge, 798 feet long, connects the villages of Duncan's Falls and Taylorsville, crossing the river below the dam.

The legendary and historical interest of Duncan's Falls has more than interest imparted to it by the tragic fate of the adventurous trapper who gave his name to this place. The different accounts of this intrepid trapper are the same excepting in dates of his death. One places it in 1774 and another in 1794, the evidence being in favor of the first date. He came from Virginia to this place, and being on friendly terms with the Indians at the Old Town village, he was per-

mitted to remain by their chief, White Eyes, to hunt and trap and carry on a little trade with them. This continued for perhaps four years, when he discovered his traps had been meddled with and some of his game stolen. This so enraged him that he resolved to watch and see, if possible, who the guilty party was, when he discovered an Indian taking game from his traps, whereupon he shot the thief. He continued to watch for some months, and made it a point to shoot

all Indians who meddled with his rights. He found it necessary to keep himself concealed from them.

They were not the friendly Indians of Old Town, but a hostile band who roved on the west side of the river. They were enraged and sought an opportunity to capture him. Duncan's place of abode was unknown to them, and when, sometimes, they saw him on one side of the river and again on the other side, they watched to see how he crossed, and could find neither skiff nor boat. This was a great mystery, and he baffled them for a long time. Finally they discovered he crossed the river on rocks with a stout long pole, and his manner of crossing was to skip from rock to rock with the aid of the pole, or lay it down from one rock to another, where the water was deep, and walk over; then move the pole and so get across. This he did generally in the night. On the fatal night two parties of the bravest Indian warriors, lying in ambush watching, saw him, equipped with his gun and pole, leap lightly from rock to rock, till he approached the main channel. Here he placed his pole, one end on each side of the channel, and had passed halfway over when a volley from the Indians struck him and he fell dead in the middle of the river. Next day his body was found one-half mile below on a gravelly ripple. This point was given the name of "Dead Man's Ripple," from the fact that the dead body of Duncan was found on it, and the falls at that place were called Duncan's Falls, because it was there that Duncan fell.

After the death of Duncan, his habitation was found up a small stream on the east side a short distance below "Dead Man's Ripple." The rock cave has ever since been known as Duncan's Cave. On the island, between the river and the canal, years ago, a gun was found. The gun was purchased by Mr. Brelsford, of Zanesville, a gunsmith, who shortened the barrel and put on a new stock, as the old one was worthless, and took from it a load of powder that had probably been put in by Duncan. The gun is at present

owned by Col. Z. M. Chandler, of the Seventy-eighth regiment, O. V. V. I., of the Ninth ward, Zanesville, who highly prizes it for its great antiquity, and being the gun, as it is supposed, that was carried by the daring Duncan.

Much of this account of Duncan is gathered from the "Indian Wars," a small book published in Virginia the beginning of this century.

The course of the river above the falls for a few miles is east, and one-half mile from the head of the falls it runs south, the rapids being one and one-fourth miles. The dam put across the river to improve the navigation was built in 1835. The canal is one mile long, but the bend in the river makes the river channel on the falls longer than by the canal.

The first settler known came from South Carolina, and for a short time lived here in 1798. His name was Jacob Ayers. His son Moses settled on the fine farm now owned by John Miller. The other son, Nathaniel, lived until he died upon the farm now owned by Charles Patterson, five miles down the river. The Ayers bored the first salt well on the river in 1816. Capt. Monroe Ayers, for years one of the most successful steamboatmen, is a grandson of Jacob Ayers. He is now retired and lives in Zanesville.

In 1799 John Briggs came to Duncan's Falls from Lancaster county, Pa. Many of his grandchildren live in this county and two of them reside at Duncan's Falls, Mrs. Jacob Rutledge and Mrs. John Wilhelm. The village is beautifully situated on high ground in sight of the river, the railroad on the opposite side. The river, dam and rocky bluff at the head of the falls on the south side of the river, is one of the grandest views on the Muskingum river.

Taylorville, a village opposite Duncan's Falls, is on a high bluff, and is one of the best locations for a town on this river. A bridge 898 feet long crosses the river, connecting Taylorville and Duncan's Falls.

NEW CONCORD is sixteen miles east of Zanesville, on the B. & O. R. R. and old National road. It is the seat of Muskingum College, John D. Irons, D. D., president. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, Jas. H. Aiken, editor and publisher; *Muskingum Review*, Students of Muskingum College, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed Presbyterian and 1 United Presbyterian.

Manufactures and Employees.—Robert Speer, flour and lumber, 3 hands; H. O. Wylie, flour and feed, 3; Given & Co., cigars, 8.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 514. School census, 1888, 224; A. H. McCulloch, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$15,000. Value of annual product, \$16,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

In our edition of 1847 we gave the annexed paragraph in regard to the college here, including the picture: "Pleasantly located on an eminence north of the central part of the

village is Muskingum College. In March, 1837, the Trustees of New Concord Academy—an institution which had been in operation several years—were vested with college powers

southeast of Zanesville, on the Muskingum river at Duncan's Falls, and Z. & O. R. R. It has 1 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 1 United Presbyterian church. Population, 1880, 501. School census, 1888, 202.

FRAZEYSBURG is thirteen miles northwest of Zanesville, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. It has churches—1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 484. School census, 1888, 190.

UNIONTOWN, P. O., Fultonham, is ten miles southwest of Zanesville, on the C. & E. R. R. 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Lutheran church. Population, 1880, 223. School census, 1888, 104.

ADAMSVILLE is thirteen miles northeast of Zanesville. Population, 1880, 280. School census, 1888, 142.

NOBLE.

NOBLE COUNTY was organized March 11, 1851, the last of the eighty-eight counties formed within the State, and named in honor of James Noble, one of the first settlers living near Sarahsville. His name had previously been given to Noble township, of Morgan county, and when this county was formed it was used for the entire county. The townships of Beaver, Wayne, Seneca and Buffalo came from Guernsey county; Marion, Stock, three-fifths of Centre, Enoch, Elk, and the greater part of Jefferson came from Monroe; Olive, Jackson, Sharon, Noble, Brookfield and two-fifths of Centre came from Morgan; and a small portion of Jefferson from Washington county.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 63,935; woodland, 40,991; in pasture, 127,715; lying waste, 2,887; produced in wheat, 143,135 bushels; rye, 655; oats, 116,279; corn, 533,459; meadow hay, 28,721 tons; potatoes, 33,262 bushels; tobacco, 577,319 lbs.; butter, 538,790; sorghum, 11,862 gallons; honey, 14,743 lbs.; eggs, 511,330 dozen; apples, 1,474 bushels; peaches, 1,643; pears, 627; wool, 443,828 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,276. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal, 6,207 tons; employing 13 persons. School census, 1888, 7,238; teachers, 146. Miles of railroad track, 53.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Beaver,		1,829	Marion,		1,582
Brookfield,		1,000	Noble,		1,420
Buffalo,		804	Olive,		2,332
Centre,		1,850	Seneca,		1,004
Elk,		1,539	Sharon,		1,221
Enoch,		1,480	Stock,		1,543
Jackson,		1,267	Wayne,		761
Jefferson,		1,506			

Population of Noble in 1860 was 20,751; 1880, 21,138, of whom were born in Ohio, 19,101; Pennsylvania, 577; New York, 50; Virginia, 312; Kentucky, 6; Indiana, 27; German Empire, 305; Ireland, 117; England and Wales, 77; Scotland, 19; France, 10; and British America, 6. Census, 1890, 20,753.

This county, in its form, is exceedingly crooked. It has in its boundary line thirty corners, which we believe makes it the most zig-zag county in the State. It is divided into two main slopes by a dividing ridge across it nearly east and west through the townships of Marion, Centre, Noble, Buffalo and a corner of Brookfield. The streams north of this ridge are Will's creek and its tributaries, which flow into the Muskingum at Coshocton, Tuscarawas county; and those south, Duck creek and its tributaries, which flow into the Ohio four miles above Marietta.

The county is generally hilly and undulating, containing many natural mounds. The hills are not so rugged but what they can generally be cultivated to their summits, a feature not common to hilly countries. Hence there is but little waste land in the county. An abundance of limestone is found in the uneven sections, even to the tops of the largest hills. This being continually exposed to the air crumbles and mixes with the soil, rendering it akin in fertility with the lower levels. The variety of soil gives a wide scope to agriculture. The farms being generally small induce many of the farmers to direct their attention to the growing of grain and tobacco; consequently, the lands are under a higher state of cultivation than in other counties where the farms are larger.

The principal products are hay, corn, wheat, oats, rye, tobacco, sorghum, apples, pears, beef, cattle, sheep and swine. In 1873 it was the second county in the production of tobacco in Ohio. But finding its cultivation exhausted the soil, farmers turned their attention more to cattle-raising. It is one of the best apple-producing counties in Ohio. The mineral resources are abundant. Coal abounds and nearly all the hills contain iron-ore, building-stone, petroleum, salt, etc.

Enoch, Elk, and parts of Jefferson and Stock are exclusively of foreign German birth and of Catholic faith. In Enoch is a massively-built cathedral, costing \$40,000. Marion township was originally settled by Scotch-Irish, a thrifty, substantial people. The balance of the county was settled by people from Pennsylvania and Virginia and a few New Englanders. These last were the very first settlers of the county. They were New Englanders from the Marietta settlement, who followed up the valley of Duck creek, a stream which empties into the Ohio, four miles above Marietta.

The early settlers were greatly troubled with wolves who committed depredations upon the stock. An old settler, who died in 1879, at the age of 93, caught in a trap a wolf that had been preying upon his sheep. He told a friend that he was so exasperated that he flayed him alive out of revenge.

In the novel "Prairie Rose," by Emerson Bennett, is a story of Lewis Wetzel recapturing a white girl named Rose from the Indians. (See Belmont county, Vol. I, page 308.) The scene of the rescue was a point on Wills creek, about five miles east of Summerfield.

A Monster Tree.—Near Sarahsville stood, as late as 1880, one of the mammoth white oak trees for which this section of Ohio was famous. In 1875 it was measured by then Gen. R. B. Hayes and Hon. John H. Bingham, while on a political tour. Above the articulation of the roots its girth was thirty-four feet six inches. Its trunk tapered but little and ran up to the height of seventy-eight feet without a single bend. At that height it branched out into one of the most majestic tops ever found on a tree of its kind.

General Garfield in 1879, on a visit to the county, having heard from the gentlemen above of this remarkable tree and being somewhat sceptical, went and measured the tree and found their statement correct. This monarch of the forest was uprooted by a storm in 1880 and converted into fence-rails, and its top branches into a bon-fire, burned to commemorate the election of Garfield to the Presidency.

Huge Skeletons.—In Seneca township was opened, in 1872, one of the numerous Indian mounds that abound in the neighborhood. This particular one was locally

known as the "Bates" mound. Upon being dug into it was found to contain a few broken pieces of earthenware, a lot of flint-heads and one or two stone implements and the remains of three skeletons, whose size would indicate they measured in life at least eight feet in height. The remarkable feature of these remains was they had double teeth in front as well as in back of mouth and in both upper and lower jaws. Upon exposure to the atmosphere the skeletons soon crumbled back to mother earth.

CALDWELL, county-seat of Noble, about eighty miles east of Columbus, thirty south from Zanesville and thirty north of Marietta, is on the C. & M. Division of the W. & L. E. and on the B. Z. & C. Railroads.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, A. C. Okey; Clerk, Isaac W. Danford; Commissioners, Julius R. Grover, J. R. Gorby, Nathan B. Barnes; Coroner, Corwin E. Bugher; Infirmary Directors, Peter Vorhies, Richard Iams, George Weekley; Probate Judge, C. Foster; Prosecuting Attorney, C. A. Leland; Recorder, Henry M. Roach; Sheriff, Henry J. Cleveland; Surveyor, C. S. McWilliams; Treasurer, James F. Rannells. City officers, 1888: C. Foster, Mayor; C. M. Watson, Clerk; T. W. Morris, Treasurer; David Dyer, Street Commissioner; F. C. Thompson, Marshal. Newspapers: *Journal*, Republican, Frank M. Martin, editor and publisher; *Noble County Democrat*, Democratic, C. W. Evans, editor and publisher; *Noble County Republican*, Republican, W. H. Cooley, editor and publisher; *Press*, Democratic, L. W. Finley & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist. Bank: Noble County National, W. H. Frazier, president, Will A. Frazier, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Stephen Mills & Co., doors, sash, etc., 12 hands; Caldwell Woollen Mills, blankets, etc., 25; T. H. Morris, flooring, etc., 3; P. H. Berry, flour, etc., 4; L. H. Berry & Co., hosiery, 22; *Noble County Republican*, printing, 5; *Caldwell Democrat*, printing, 4; *The Press*, printing, 6; Henry Schafer, tailoring, 6.—*State Reports*, 1888.

Population, 1880, 602. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$32,000. Value of annual product, \$40,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888. Census, 1890, 1,248.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Caldwell was laid out in 1857, on lands belonging to Joseph and Samuel Caldwell on the west fork of Duck creek. A noble granite monument stands to the memory of the latter in the cemetery on a hill east of the town, from which we learn he died in 1869, at the age of sixty-nine years.

The first oil well in Ohio was drilled in 1814, near the town, by Mr. Thorley, father of Benjamin Thorley, drilling for salt brine; but, striking oil, it was covered up, oil not being what was wanted. About two years later, in 1816, a second well was drilled not far from the same spot, also for brine, when they struck oil mingled with the brine. This well was still running oil with the brine when we visited it. Mr. Joseph Caldwell, born in 1798, stated to us there that he helped to drill this well in company with his father, brother, John and Hughey Jackson. The drilling was done by a spring pole. They went one hundred and eighty feet when they struck oil, which they did not want. In five hundred feet they came to the brine, but it was weak.

The oil went by the name of Seneca oil. Pedlars were accustomed to gather the oil by soaking blankets in the spring, wringing out the oil and then travelling the country on horseback and selling it to farmers' wives for rheumatism, sprains and bruises, for which in its crude state particularly it is especially efficacious.

Caldwell is a pleasing little spot. In the centre is the public square of about two acres, on which are the county buildings; neat, inexpensive brick structures. The ground is thickly covered with shade trees

and the whole enclosed by a neat iron fence. In summer evenings the population largely come out to hear there the village band.

I am told the population is almost entirely American, not a dozen families of foreign

birth in the village. The morals of the county are exceptionally good. There is very little crime, not a case of murder has occurred, and but two of manslaughter in its history, and the jailer's office is largely a sinecure; three-quarters of the time the jail is without a tenant. When used it is usually for such offences as violation of the liquor law or other trifling breaches of the peace. There are but few large farms in the county; probably not an individual worth \$100,000 within its bounds and no very poor people. So the entire community is one that helps to give back-bone to the nation; one on which the heart rests with a sense of solid satisfaction.

Caldwell is the only spot in the Union that possesses a Union soldier who never was an officer who has a national reputation, for it is the home of one who has a higher name than that of a score of ordinary brigadiers, and that is *Private* Dalzell. There is a small swinging sign hanging from a small build-

ing on the public square, which is here shown:

JAMES M. DALZELL,
Attorney-at-Law.

Mr. Dalzell practises law and cultivates a family. A troop of little girls with one little boy are often at his heels on the street. Patriotism begins at home and the hearth-stone is its cradle. On my arrival at Caldwell that sentiment I found at fever heat. It was just on the eve of Decoration Day and the streets were full of children assembling to prepare for its celebration, and among them was those of the Private. Mr. Dalzell is of Scotch-Irish parentage, tall and wiry in person, with profuse yellowish locks, which once in the war time, when in Washington, caused him to retreat from a band of music, who were after him for a blast, mistaking him for General Custer.

CALDWELL is in the early noted Macksburg oil and gas field. For the following valuable historical article upon it we are indebted to Capt. I. C. Phillips, of Caldwell:

First Discovery of Petroleum.—Petroleum was first found in Ohio, and perhaps the world, in what is now Noble county, within one mile of Caldwell, the county-seat. In 1816 Robert McKee, one of the early pioneers and a man of great energy, began drilling a well for salt water, and struck a crevice containing oil, which gave him great trouble in the manufacture of salt, and which finally led to the abandonment of the well and the drilling of other wells to obtain a supply of salt water free from the oil. This well still continues to yield oil in small quantities.

When Col. E. L. Drake found oil in Pennsylvania, David McKee, a son of the man who first struck oil, happened to be in Pittsburg, and in conversation with some business men there who were interested in some ventures on Oil Creek, Pa., remarked, when shown a sample of the oil, that "There was plenty of that stuff on Duck creek where he lived," and promised to send his friends some of the oil, which he did, and a company was formed to develop the new region.

First Well Drilled for Oil.—To James Dutton, however, belongs the distinction of being the first man to strike oil in the new field, who was actually looking for it. He drilled a well about one and a half miles southeast of Macksburg, using a spring pole and kicking it down. At a depth of sixty-seven feet he struck what was undoubtedly a crevice containing the oil and water combined, but entirely without gas. From this well he pumped 100 barrels per day when at its best. Oil was worth from eight to ten dollars per barrel at that time. A season of intense excitement existed throughout the valley.

Oil Flowing into the Creek.—The valley of the West Fork of Duck creek bristled with derricks from below Macksburg to where the town of Caldwell stands. The drilling was done generally with the spring pole, and with varied success. Oil was generally obtained within 300 feet of the surface, and if not reached at that depth was abandoned. A noted well was struck near the Slocum village at a depth of eighty-nine feet, which flowed such large quantities of oil as to fill everything at hand, and flowed out over the

bottoms and into the creek. Thousands of barrels of oil are said to have been wasted.

Oil Abandoned for War.—Meantime oil had been steadily declining in price, and as the only way to get it to market was to haul it by wagons over the wretched roads, often axle-deep in mud, to the Muskingum river, the net proceeds became very small to the producer. The consequent rapid exhaustion of the shallow wells reduced the production materially, and it was brought summarily to an end by the outbreak of the Rebellion. Dril-

lers abandoned their derricks to rot down and enlisted in the army. At this time steam-engines for drilling wells and rope tools had been introduced, but were in a primitive state compared with those of the present time.

Speculations in Oil.—When the Rebellion collapsed the oil business was resumed, not for the purpose of production, but for speculation, stimulated by the condition of the currency. The country was invaded by the men of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, who obtained control of old exhausted wells and undeveloped territory, either by purchase or lease, and proceeded to incorporate companies with capital stock ranging from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000, and placed the stock with Eastern people with more money than brains. Stock was readily disposed of and offers of fabulous sums were made for lands on which to base new oil companies; offers were made and refused of \$1,000 per acre for valley lands.

Fortunes Made in a Day.—Those owning farms along the creek had within their grasp fortunes such as had never entered their minds in their wildest dreams; but the prices offered were generally refused, with, perhaps, a dozen exceptions. The advance was so rapid from \$40 to \$1,000 per acre, that land owners were afraid to let go for fear some one would make a profit beyond the price obtained by them, and they lost an opportunity to become rich which will never return again.

As an illustration:

"Two sisters who owned less than eighty acres of land, gave an option to buy at \$30,000, for a limited time; when the parties holding the option were ready to pay the money, they refused to carry out their contract and barricaded themselves in the house, and stood a siege of several days' duration in order that the option might expire. They were finally induced to execute the deeds before the bubble burst and got their money."

The land was not worth \$25 per acre for agricultural purposes, and there never has been a barrel of oil obtained from the land since.

George Rice and the Deckers.—After the bubble collapsed nothing was done in developing the oil interests of the Duck creek valley, except in the vicinity of Macksburg, in Washington county, a portion of which village is in Noble. The operations there were conducted principally by George Rice, and the Deckers, father and son, and they only drilled for the shallow oil in what is termed there the 500-foot sand, which in that locality was quite productive. In the year 1869 or 1870 Mr. Rice concluded that perhaps similar geological conditions existed in that field that did in Pennsylvania, and determined to test the matter with the drill, and was successful in finding a light well in the third sand, at the depth of 1,450 feet. The result Mr. Rice kept as a profound secret. In the winter of 1882-83 the "wild-catters" from the oil fields of Pennsylvania put in an appearance and began operations

on Long Run, about three miles southeast of Macksburg, in Jefferson township, Noble county.

The "Greenies?"—They were successful in finding oil in the third sand, but plugged the well, removed the derrick, and reported, when questioned by the anxious farmers in the vicinity, that it was a failure, allowed their leases to expire, and to complete the hoax, hired a farmer under a pledge of secrecy to haul some oil over the hill from Macksburg, and pour it on the ground around the well, telling him that other oil men from Pennsylvania would come, and being deceived by the appearance of the oil at the well would buy his and his neighbors' lands at a good price for the purpose of drilling for oil. They then departed, and in a short time the supposed "greenies," strangers ignorant of the facts as the farmers supposed, arrived and were enabled to lease lands for a small royalty and a light bonus, and made purchases outright of lands at about what they were worth for agricultural purposes. After most of the land over a wide extent of country had been secured, drilling began in earnest, and there was a general rush to the new field from all quarters, and the field was rapidly developed and its limits defined.

"Pay Sand."—Inside these limits there was scarcely a chance of failure to find oil in the third sand in paying quantities. Pumping stations were established to force water to the tops of the highest hills for the use of the drillers, and soon the ground was a network of pipes conveying water and oil to their different destinations. The wells range in depth from 1,425 in the valleys to 1,900 feet on the hilltops. The field has an area of about 4,000 acres, and is oval in shape, with its longest axis extending from the northwest to the southeast. The sand varies in thickness from three to twenty feet, and besides containing oil has enough gas in the same rock to force the oil to the surface with great energy, through a tube usually two inches in diameter, enclosed in a gum packer, located fifty or sixty feet above the oil-producing sand, which prevents the water from descending to the sand, and causes the oil and gas to flow through the tube and discharge into the receiving tank located near the well.

Storage Tanks—Then it is drawn off into the Standard Oil Company's tanks, erected for storage purposes. These tanks are erected in the valley above Elba, Washington county, and are connected with all the wells in the field except those belonging to George Rice. The receiving tanks number thirty-five or forty, and have a capacity of 600,000 barrels, and are connected with the refineries located at Parkersburg, W. Va., by a 3-inch pipe line. The Macksburg field at its best produced about 3,500 barrels of oil daily. The production has fallen to about 1,800 daily, at the present writing, November 1, 1886. This production is from about 500 wells.

George Rice, an independent producer and

refiner, erected receiving tanks at Macksburg and laid a 2-inch pipe line over the hills to Lowell, on the Muskingum river, through which he forces oil into boats at that place, and floats it to his refinery, located at Marietta. The Macksburg field could never boast of such wonderful "gushers" as were found in the Thorn creek and the Washington fields of Pennsylvania. The best well in the Macksburg field probably did not produce more than 300 barrels the first twenty-four hours after it was shot and tubed; the sand is more compact than any of the fields in Pennsylvania, and consequently yields its precious contents more slowly, and the well is not so soon exhausted.

Gas Wells.—Northeast of Macksburg, near the edge of the field, several large gas wells have been struck in the search for oil, which would have caused great excitement in any other locality, but which here were only referred to as a failure to find oil. One of these wells visited by the writer three months after the gas was tapped, threw a column of salt water ninety feet high, at intervals of five minutes; between these intervals the column stood about fifty feet high as steadily as a fountain in full play. In time the great salt rock here, 180 feet thick, became nearly exhausted of its water, and the intervals became longer, but the gas has not decreased perceptibly, although more than two years has elapsed since the well was drilled.

JAMES M. DALZELL was born in Allegheny City, Pa., September 3, 1838. When he was nine years of age his father removed to Ohio. Under great difficulties he succeeded in obtaining an education, and was a junior at Washington College, Pa., at the outbreak of the war.

He served two years as a private in the One Hundred and Sixteenth O. V. I. After the close of the war he studied law, filled a clerkship at Washington, and in 1868 settled permanently in Caldwell. During his life Mr. Dalzell has been a prolific and able writer for the press; his championship of the cause of the private soldier of the Rebellion has been spirited, fearless and influential. Over the signature of Private Dalzell his writings have appeared in almost every newspaper in the land. In 1875, and again in 1877, he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, but withdrew from political life in 1882. He is a very able stump speaker, an ardent Republican, and associate and friend of such men as Sumner Garfield, Hayes, Sherman, and their contemporaries.

Mr. Dalzell was the originator and author of the popular Soldiers' Union, now held annually in all parts of the country. Mr. Dalzell takes great pride in his work in behalf of John Gray, the last soldier of the Revolution. In 1888 Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, published a volume entitled "Private Dalzell." It contains "My Autobiography," "My War Sketches," etc., and "John Gray." It is an interesting and valuable publication. We quote a retrospect of his political life. "In an evil hour, in the summer of 1885, I foolishly accepted a nomination to the Legislature, was elected, and there ended my prosperity. After the

In the winter of 1885-86 a small pool was struck two and a half miles northwest of Macksburg, in Aurelius township, Washington county, in the 300-foot sand, which, in defiance of old experience, was free from water and had gas enough to force it to the surface. The well started with a yield of fifty barrels per day. The pool was soon drilled out and did not contain more than 100 acres, but was very profitable, owing to the low cost of the wells.

The "Wild-Catter."—There have been a number of "wild-cat" wells drilled in various parts of the county, at a considerable distance from the Macksburg field, without finding oil; but if oil should advance to a good price the "wild-catter," ever hopeful and sanguine of success, would renew with his old energy the search for oil, obtaining which, his dreams of the wealth and renown he seeks would be speedily realized. There is no doubt other fields and pools exist in southeastern Ohio, besides those already discovered. Nature is not likely to limit her gifts to two such small affairs as the Macksburg and Wickens pools. It remains to be demonstrated whether nature has been niggardly in her gifts to this section, and the "wild-catter" carries the key in the drill for its ultimate solution, and with him we leave it, confident that he will not fail in the future, as he has not in the past.

election, in October, my name was in all the papers, congratulations poured in on me from every quarter, and I was invited to take the stump in Pennsylvania, which I did, at a great waste of time and money. I thought nothing of it then. It was only when, years after, I looked into an empty flour barrel and hungry children's faces and felt in my empty pockets, that I fully apprehended my folly. Four years I now spent in the maelstrom of politics, whirled and tossed about at the caprice of fortune, without any power to control it. I look back on it with pain. . . . It is a grand game, and none but grand men need try to play it. Let men of moderate

Mr. Gray married twice in Virginia and once in Ohio. He survived his three wives and all his children, except one daughter, who has since died over eighty years of age, and with whom he resided in Noble county, Ohio, at the time of his death.

In 1795 Mr. Gray left Mount Vernon and crossing the mountains settled at Grave creek. Here he remained until Ohio was admitted to the Union, when he removed to what is now Noble county. Mr. Gray was not illiterate; he learned to read and write before entering the Revolutionary army. In disposition he was quiet, kindly and generous; a good Christian, having joined the Methodist church at twenty-five years of age, and was for seventy-eight years a regular attendant.

His means of support was earned by farm labor. When in his old age, poor and infirm, Congress granted him a pension of \$500 per annum. The bill providing this was introduced in the House in 1866, by Hon. John A. Bingham. This tardy act of justice to the old hero was the result of efforts in his behalf by Hon. J. M. Dalzell, whose kindly interest and generous efforts to make comfortable and peaceful the last years of Mr. Gray are highly honorable to him.

Mr. Dalzell has published a full and complete account of John Gray's career and it is to this work that we are chiefly indebted for the sketch here given.

On the occasion of Mr. Dalzell's last interview with John Gray, he asked if he were not growing fatter than when he last saw him. "Oh, no," laughingly replied Mr. Gray, "we old men don't fatten much on hog and hominy and the poor tobacco we get now-a-days."

Mr. Gray had used tobacco about a hundred years and knew something of its virtues as a solace, for later in the interview, speaking of deprivations in the past, he said: "I sometimes have had nothing else but a dog," and musing a moment he added, "a plug of

tobacco, of course; for without a dog or tobacco I should feel lost."

This simple, inoffensive, kind-hearted old hero died of old age, in his one-story, hewed-log house, near Hirambsburg, where he had resided the last forty years or more of his life. His funeral services were held in a grove near his home, with an audience of more than a thousand people present and presided over by several clergymen, the principal speaker being Capt. Hoagland, of the 9th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, a minister of the Protestant Methodist church.

He lies buried some two hundred and fifty yards north of the house in which he lived and died, in a family graveyard containing about thirty of his relatives and family connections. Near his remains lie those of two of his relatives, Samuel Halley and Gillespie David; the first fought under General Harrison at Fort Meigs during the war of 1812, the other died in the war of the Rebellion. Thus the heroes of three wars and of the same family lie side by side.

John Gray's grave is marked by a plain stone some three feet high, on which is inscribed:

JOHN GRAY,

DIED

March 29, 1868,

AGED

104 years, 2 months, 23 days.

The last of Washington's
companions.

The hoary head is a crown of glory.

SOLDIERS' REUNION.

In 1873 J. M. Dalzell determined to call a soldiers' reunion, to be held at Caldwell, Ohio, September 16 and 17, 1874. The papers of the whole North threw open their columns to his ready pen and he spent the most of that year in writing up his beloved project. An interesting account of it is given in Mr. Dalzell's Autobiography, from which we extract the following:

"The first year I held my reunion in the woods near the little village where I live. Over twenty States were represented, and while the crowd was largely made up of privates, General Sherman and some of the leading men of the nation were present and spoke. It was an immense success. The number present was estimated at 25,000. The Associated Press spread its proceedings before the whole world every morning. It at once became National and known and read of all men."

In 1875 and again in 1876 similar reunions were held at Caldwell. In 1879 it was located at Cambridge. . . "I have been at scores of

reunions since these, which sprang out of this rural beginning, and no one rejoices more than I at the growth of the idea which

I had the honor to originate and plant in American soil, even if it did cost me years of hard labor and all my little fortune. And it would be ungenerous of me to forget that Congress passed bills to help me carry out my programme; and the War Department, under General Grant, freely gave me guns, ammunition and other materials, without which I should have failed. The Legislature of Ohio did the same thing. The two men who were so soon to be President—Hayes and Garfield—honored it with their presence and were my guests. Not a man of any note, in

war or peace, then living, but what sent me a generous God-speed. My object was attained. The rank and file, the poor, nameless private soldiers had commanded public attention and asserted their individuality. The nation had applauded the effort to compel the public to respect the rights of the rank and file and at the same time recognize the fact that sectional hatred no longer existed between the men who did the fighting North and South. My idea had won its way to popular favor and there I dropped it."

BATESVILLE, once called Williamsburg, is about sixteen miles northeast of Caldwell and five south of Spencer station of Guernsey county. It has 1 bank—First National, W. H. Atkinson, president, W. W. Elliott, cashier; 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 1 Methodist church, and in 1880, 369 inhabitants. The Catholics are strong in this region. As early as 1825 they erected a log church, which in 1853 was succeeded by a brick edifice at a cost of \$8,000. In 1828 the Methodists erected their first edifice, and of logs also.

Anecdote—Batesville, it is said, was named from an old Methodist preacher, Rev. Timothy Bates, who was noted throughout the county for his terse discourses and lack of physical beauty. It is related as an illustration of his homeliness that Ebenezer Zanes, founder of Zanesville, made salt kettles. He jocosely set one aside to be given to the ugliest looking man who would come to the town and claim it. One Bartlett, hearing this story, drove to Zanesville to secure this kettle, and having loaded it upon his wagon started home with it when he met Bates on the way. He was so startled by his ugliness that he told Bates about the kettle, and added, "I thought the kettle belonged to me, but now I have seen you I see I was mistaken; it don't, it belongs to you; here, take it," and suiting his action to his words passed the kettle over to Bates.

SUMMERFIELD, on the B. Z. & C. Railroad, near the Monroe county line, has 1 Episcopal, 2 Methodist churches, and in 1880, 435 inhabitants.

This place by the wagon-road is fourteen miles from Caldwell, but by railroad seventeen miles; this greater travelling distance arising from the topography of the country, which fact I learned while stopping off the cars from Mr. S. S. Philpot, merchant at Summerfield. He also stated, in illustration of the cost of making roads through this hill country, that in 1870 a McAdam road was made from here to Quaker City, fifteen miles, which cost \$120,000. It is a toll road. This partly shows why the river hill counties are slow in their agricultural development—the cost of transportation. In speaking of large trees, he said that near Ringer's mill, on Beaver creek, not far from Batesville, was a huge sycamore tree which he entered about 1840 horizontally, and holding a fence rail, say ten and a half feet long, he was enabled to turn it around. The tree fell about 1864.

SARASVILLE is on the B. Z. & C. Railroad, six miles north of Caldwell. It was the original county-seat and so remained until 1858. In 1884 the town was mostly destroyed by fire. It has been rebuilt and has 3 Methodist churches, several tobacco packing-houses and, in 1880, 249 inhabitants.

DEXTER CITY is on the C. & M. R. R., nine miles south of Caldwell and twenty-seven north of Marietta. It has 1 Methodist church and about 350 inhabitants. It is on the county line and centre of the Maxsburg oil district.

The other small villages in this county, with twenty to fifty dwellings each, are Sharon, Hoskinsville, Renrock, Hirambsburg, Rochester, Bell Valley, Ava, Mount Ephraim, Kennonsburg, Freedom, Carlisle, East Union, South Olive, Middleburg, Harrietsville and Fulda.